

DEBT (A POEM)

by KitsuneJey

*“What’s this stuff?” you just ask,
In the middle of the night,
To the fox who’s working now,
Taking most of after hours.*

*“Please, come here,” I reply.
“There is room for you and me.
Do not mind the lack of chairs.
On the table you can sit.”*

*“What’s this stuff?” you repeat,
While you sit beside of me.
“That is not your purchase ledger
You got pending from last week.”*

*“That can wait,” I tell you.
“Got another things to do.
Just a couple of short stories,
And translating a new book.”*

*“You got paid?” you observe.
“Living cost now skyrockets,
And paychecks are not enough
For the bills you have ignored.”*

*"Just relax," I ask you.
"It's not even end of month.
There're things much more important
Than my current daytime job."*

*"Oh, you writers!" you just laugh.
"You are such a hopeless case."
And then you pat my shoulder
While you smile before my face.*

*"Seems that you" I begin,
"Understand the things I'm doing.
You ask often for my writing,
And not much for other duties."*

*"For all these other duties,
You're not showing the same passion,"
You tell me, now concerned.
"That's not going to call compassion."*

*"I don't care," I protest.
"Narratives have saved me
From the bitterness of life
That put people on their knees."*

*"Without this, my dear friend,"
I continue to tell you,
"I'd abandon inner homes
That protect both me and truth.*

*»Illusions build our world,
Meant to enslave us with its lies.
Any better way to battle
Than the fire against the fire?*

*»Remember too, my dear friend,
That narratives are our beacons
That help us to find each other
In lives that hide their reasons.”*

*“Love that, but don’t forget
Some groceries for this table,”
You encourage me with a smile.
“You might starve before that paper.”*

*“First things first,” I request.
“Got scenes that need some care
And some rhythm full of life
That assist to pay my debt.”*