

When the Depression Comes

we'll have to tighten our belts, scrimp, save,
squirrel our money under the mattress.
When the depression comes we'll have to teach
our teenagers the meaning of "frugal"
ignoring the rolling of eyes and gnashing
of teeth and even toddlers the real,
I mean the real, meaning of "No!"

When the depression comes they'll be no
more mocha lattes, or fancy hairdos, just
Cal-cutters and Uni-sex for us all.
At last we'll learn to recycle paper,
pieces of string, elastics round the doorknob.

No, new shoes --check the fourteen pairs in your closet.
No, new purses--consider how they never did match.
Net- Flix twice a month-- and one at a time.

The cleaners for shirts? No!
Dining anywhere but the local Chinese? No!
Pedicures and manicures? Do your own!

Thus our thinking when the depression comes,
to move in with each other, many folks
for each McMansion not yet torn down.
The friendly skies will be empty, strip malls
cleared for fields of barley, wheat and corn.

So before the depression comes we must
hoard sugar, pepper, butter, Espresso
coffee, fine Dutch chocolates and Chardonnay
to bank the pleasures of our yesterday.

Ginger Williams