

CRACKER JACKS

Any more, I don't buy Cracker Jacks.

The last box was stale.

Jacks clinging together for safety,

sticking to the sides of the box.

Eight tasteless, limp peanuts

nestling at the bottom.

The prize? A tear apart paper puzzle.

The Quaker, Susan B Anthony.

The woman who devoted her life to promoting women's suffrage,

but didn't live to see it.

Her voice reaches me through this

cellophane world of murder and mayhem.

I wish, as she must have, for peace, equality among humanity.

I wait, as she must have, for these things to manifest in our world.

I vote, but

I no longer buy Cracker Jacks.

You see, there's too much history in there

and I am not prepared.