

## PURCHASE

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Bryce Christensen

The shrink-wrapped package promises a sheet  
Of blank days primed to hold our plans and dreams.  
We've bought the year, designed for us, it seems;  
The sales clerk even tenders a receipt.  
The months must march (on mercenary feet)  
Beneath bright banners, sparkling with the gleams  
Of January's snows, May's silver streams,  
October's leaves. Cold cash conceals the heat  
That smolders in two dates that we abuse—  
Once-Holy Days we fill with spending more  
Than we can pay: A drunken Christmas rout,  
An Easter fete.

Our datebook hides a fuse  
That burns until the charge blows wide the door  
To Him who threw the moneychangers out.

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