Staying Occupied in Retirement

Tyler Morgan
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yesterday, I walked
to the supermarket,
wearin a dress shirt
and tighty-whiteys;
with long strands of
white hair, fly-aways
from my wrinkled head,
people assumed senility.

I stuffed two oranges
down the front of
my underwear,
to see who would
accuse me of stealing.

and mumbled vaguely
latinate phrases:
semper ubi sub ubi,
as if I were at church.

and adults averted their eyes
and children stopped to stare,
before being dragged away
by concerned parents,
scared of offending
or having to talk
to me.

at the register
I wrote a check
for an onsale candybar
and signed it
Seymour Buttz, playing
with my oranges the
entire time, they
didn’t have the heart
to call what passes for
grocery store
security.

walked home
on shaky, white,
varicose twig legs,
slumped with arms in
front of me, making
Frankenstein moans.

after the front
door was shut,
the oranges removed,
giggles turned
themselves into
belly laughs and
I spent the rest
of the day with a
smile on my face.