1-30-2013

It Will Never Be Enough: A Fable

Pat McKeage

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1997/iss1/23

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
Pat McKeage  

It Will Never Be Enough: A Fable

The wind drew in self sighs, emitted low chattering moans, while inside the children gathered around the stained covered table. One dog stretched out by coal-banked fire, the other pacing about. Cats perched in smudged corners stared out with yellow slit eyes.

Drunk were the children, their eyes seeing double, minds spinning within seasoned cycles, bodies growing with despair as they railed against the faraway mother, a stick like figure still driving her children after lo these many years, her voice burrowing out--

"No matter what you do, it will never be enough."
"No matter how hard you try, it will never be enough."
"No matter how much you love me, it will never be enough."

And, as if on cue, the children raised their glasses and, in manic rage, howled, "It will never be enough. Bang! She's dead."

They clapped and prayed.

A hundred miles west and in the same hour, the mother stepped out, out from her low-slung home, out to her November-numbed garden, out onto the frozen sloping field. A bullet slammed through her ancient head.

The hunter, new to the area and target shooting, was stricken with remorse.

Upon hearing the deed, the children lay terrified between cold sheets.

Later, much later, a hooded figure shuffled out from the forest, out across still frozen fields, out to the dread-filled spot, performed her incantations, wiped the slate clean.

Thunder god, waking from his winter sleep, drew up an eyebrow, took note.

Tiny children danced and played...