

The Awful Truth

Chris Edwards

Despite the vast data at hand
pertaining to his belief
in the charm and ease of exposure,
not much is known about Cary
beyond the simple decency
and consular good manners
his roles only occasionally
allowed him to exhibit.
The outbreak of war
had offered him boy scouts
on the docks, followed by a few
last letters to post, about which he was
curious but remained none the wiser.
Still, a pattern began to emerge
as if from the wallpaper
of his bedroom — a patter
too, like roaches. Formidable
omens? Probably not. Probably
just roaches.