

Butter Pecan

I want some ice cream.
I have a coupon.
But I am in the
store and it's at home.

It isn't my fault.
I can't predict pre-
cisely what I'll crave.
Am I supposed to
carry every cou-
pon every day and
everywhere I go?

Last year,
on the thirty seventh floor,
Brad,
with spreadsheets,
pie charts,
and color scatter plots,
convinced his boss
to get the board
to send this
cannot-be-combined-with-
any-other-offer coupon
to me.

Brad had always dreamed
of playing oboe
in a wind quintet.
It's in a closet.

His boss had always
wanted to be rich.
He is and has a
corner office suite.

I had wanted ice
cream, not a coupon.

Lee James Chapman
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