

Losing our Marbles

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We were losing our marbles.
But always finding more, stored
in the deep, purple-felt pockets
of Crown Royal bags
starkly repurposed
to hold a child's currency.

Our kindergarten stock market
saw power change hands
in peewees and jumbo crocks.
Each commodity unique
and valued accordingly,
our portfolios diversified
in a rainforest of orbs:

Glass globes injected
with ribbons preserved mid-twirl
realistic and mysterious
as jarred pimentos.

There were solid ceramics,
surfaces pepperminted like circus tents
or dropped into backdrafts,
licked in flames.

And Tiger's Eyes
plucked straight from
amber sockets,
still glaring.

Some glowed hard as if holding
their breath to the neon Draper point,
while steel ball-bearings projected back
the funhouse lust in our eyes.

There, on that grassy backyard trading floor—
our version of Bay St.—
we cut our teeth on economic concepts,
rode the teeter-totter forces
of supply and demand floating

and falling

as the unblinking prairie sun
baked our shiny wagers
into deals.

We greased the small palms
of friends for first dibs,
learning early the art of barter,
how to propagate need. Then dreamed

of taking our collections global
beyond the pressure-treated borders
of a suburban grid
to whet the relentless appetites of urban masses
clucking for more, more, more.

We were losing our marbles,
alright, with our childhoods sliding ladderless
down a snakepit of a hole
our wide-eyed minds couldn't realize
was never-ending:

We'll always need more product.

And bodies.

We'll always need more bodies
to stay in this game.