

Cereal Polygamy

R. A. Christmas

One of his had just spilled
some Cheerios, and one of hers

was griping over the Grapenuts.
He was about to holler

for his new wife, when the name
of one of his exes rose up

and caught in his throat—
and he almost choked on the notion

that nothing is really ever over,
that maybe they were all going to have to live

together unhappily forever after, because God
had found this crazy way

to bend the rules. Meanwhile,
there was a small mess to attend to,

and a complainer to console,
and new life number three to get on with

in a life that just kept unraveling,
but refused to come to an end.