Sunshower

By Natalie Shapero

Some people say the devil is beating his wife. Some people say the devil is pawing his wife. Some people say the devil is doubling down on an overall attitude of entitlement toward the body of his wife. Some people say the devil won’t need to be sorry, as the devil believes that nothing comes after this life. Some people say that in spite of the devil’s public, long-standing, and meticulously logged disdain for the health and wholeness of his wife, the devil spends all day, every day, insisting grandly and gleefully on his general pro-woman ethos, that the devil truly considers himself to be an unswayed crusader: effortlessly magnetic, scrupulous, gracious, and, in spite of the devil’s several advanced degrees, a luminous autodidact. Some people say calm down; this is commonplace. Some people say calm down; this is very rare. Some people say the sun is washing her face. Some people say in Hell, they’re having a fair.

Source: Poetry (November 2017)