Almost

Paul Kratoska*

*Iowa State College
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Abstract

I read a poem that almost made it. It told of love in almost perfect rhyme, And I read it to my almost love At the almost perfect time... And almost made her...
“There’s three different kinds of churches.”
“How long have your folks been over here?”
“Over 100 years.”
“Oh, really? Say, do you have good farming up here? The soil looks pretty bad.”
Nemo lifted his chin. “We have good soil. It’s quite rich. Been a dry year, but the soil’s good and we have a good farm.”
The woman walked over to the car door. “Are you going to be turning those bottles in?”
“Yes’m.” Nemo kicked the edge of the blacktop.
“Well, here, then.” She leaned over the front seat and pulled out a six-pack of Coke bottles. “Take these. We won’t have a chance to turn them in.”
“No thanks, ma’am.” He pushed his bike by them and shoved off.
“Sure you won’t take them?” The man called after him.
Nemanya didn’t answer. He pumped hard, rattling the bottles. The wind whipped tears across his cheeks. Why did they have to stop him? Why couldn’t they ask somebody else. He rode past a bottle in the ditch, not stopping.

Almost
by Paul Kratoska

I read a poem that almost made it.
It told of love in almost perfect rhyme,
And I read it to my almost love
At the almost perfect time . . .
And almost made her.

I went home almost happy
With what had almost come to be,
But I saw the writing on the wall:
The sum of your almosts equals your all.