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Doublewide

Day Libby Merrill

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Day Libby Merrill

Doublewide

She sat at the dinette and watched snow blow through the crack in the trailer wall.
Damn! Matt had promised to fix those holes before winter,
but it had snowed early this year.

Since the factory shut down,
he was off every day God-knows-where in his truck,
at least for now—
they had already repo-ed the flat screen,
so she had to watch *Ellen* on the little portable.

At least he hadn't taken to drink
like her sister Jean-Marie's husband.
She had stopped going over there, tired of seeing the bruises
and hearing about the latest "accident."

She looked down at her swollen feet.
Everything was so expensive, and that before the baby was born.
They'd lost their insurance when Matt lost his job,
and she didn't work enough hours at the grocery store to get benefits.
How would they pay the doctor bills and the hospital?

She thought about her other sister in Canada—
everything covered and a year-long maternity leave, protected by law.
She was no Commie but that seemed to be a better way.
Everyone she knew here was down on Washington.

Uncle Fred said he was sick and tired of them politicians
putting their hands in his pocket every time he turned around.
Saw Obama-care as the latest scam,
said he wasn't about to pay for benefits for the indigent poor.
Live free or die—that was his motto.

Indigent poor—guess that was what she and Matt were,
unemployed and uninsured.
Live free or die. What exactly did that mean?
Nobody she knew lived very free these days.