

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 1 | Issue 2

Article 23

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October 2022

## Closing Down

Bruce Bennett

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### Recommended Citation

Bennett, Bruce (2022) "Closing Down," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 1: Iss. 2, Article 23.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol1/iss2/23>

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**Closing Down**  
by Bruce Bennett

I. *Toast*

My father-in-law  
spreads the butter  
with a spoon.

"Here," my wife says,  
showing him his knife.  
"This will work better."

He picks up the knife,  
holds it,  
puts it down.

He picks up the spoon.

"That's for the coffee,"  
my mother-in-law says.  
"To put the sugar in."

II. *No Point*

The same story  
in the same words  
over and over.

“We used to visit here  
when I was a kid....”

None of it true.

“This was the house.  
It belonged to Aunt May.  
Isn’t it amazing  
after all these years?...”

No point in contradicting;  
in correcting.

“It’s the good old days  
all over again.”

We have tried and tried.

### III. *Missing*

He can think  
only of his car.

“Where’s my car?  
Where’s my car?”

“You care more for that car  
than you do for me,”  
goads his wife,  
but it’s no use.

Bruce Bennett

“Where’s my car?”  
he repeats,  
louder now  
and angrier.

“What have you done  
with my car?”

He fingers keys  
to the house  
they have left for good.

“Where  
is my *goddam* car!”