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Resurrection
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RESURRECTION

Business had picked up, so we decided to expand, we pounded down walls and shattered large panes. We dined with designers. We contracted builders. We bolstered our line, added health and beauty aids, new bulk bins. We progressed with conviction. We stayed closed for three weeks, then took out a whole page ad in the local rag, aired a jingle on the radio. We hired a harpist, a flutist, a cellist, a bassist, a sound healthy band for our Grand Re-Opening. We re-opened on a Sunday. We strung a banner across our facade: We Rice Again. And people packed it in. People came in cars, came in couples, came with their kids. We'd put our entire stock on sale, so people paid for anything. Anything sold. Then everything. Then we called to replenish the tofu and tempeh, the asparagus and cilantro and six kinds of potatoes, the rice cream, the licorice, the organic chips and mochi, vitamins A through K. But no deliveries could come till Tuesday. Still people came. Still the band played. We put our peanut butter grinder on sale, slashed down our shelves. People paid cash for our freezers. Our gravity bins. Our walk-in door. We opened an auction, and people bid on the cashiers. Then the cellist. The flutist. The harpist. The bass played on. We sold everything in the store, then the store. Progress is good. Progress is great. Progress will come again. The bass played.