The Problem
David Ignatow
Cockroaches are so stupid. I leave poison for them in an attractive can, with a small peephole through which they could insert antennae and, as they grow interested in the odor of poison, work their bodies in and come staggering out, about to die. Yet none learns the lesson from another. They keep marching up to the peephole, whole colonies.

My job becomes complicated, as they exhaust the supply of poison. I rush out to buy more. This could go on indefinitely. Every morning, I wake up to find scores of dead bodies clustered around the can.

I could go broke, simply by buying the poison. So who is winning the battle for survival, I must ask myself. Who is superior? Whose way of life is more enduring?