

Oklahoma r e v i e w

Noel Sloboda

Salesman of the Quarter

Honor held little allure
for Darrell: time away
from the road he could
ill afford at the end
of the month. But
corporate called
and he knew he had to
go downtown.

Not at first knowing
what to make
of the certificate
embossed, marking
dates of distinction, he was
sure the credential must be
concealed from fish leery
of artful baiters.

Dreaming of a hiding place
he worked on
something new
for tomorrow, a hook
inside his head
that never came. After
the party characters danced
on the award.

Something clicked
as he popped the paper
from its golden frame

created scraps. Claspings
quarter out of sight
on cold calls, he thought
about what it said
what he was worth.