Insurance

Michael Theune, Illinois Wesleyan University
He keeps arguments for the existence of God nailed next to the mirror in his bathroom and reads them every morning while he shaves, Anselm, Descartes, Aquinas. He parts his hair and puts on the suit his wife had given him back when everything waited for him, when the world was small enough to clench in his fist or stash in a cigar box.

Leaving his house, he checks all the doors, making sure they’re locked, and counts the twenty-three steps he takes toward his car. With one hand he fumbles for his keys; with the other he grips the policies he will sell today to old people, young couples, or anyone else with something to fear and something to lose.

He has Pascal’s Wager taped to his rear-view mirror, an argument that says it’s better to believe than not to and the way to believe is to live as though you had faith, not in your brakes or your dog or your storm windows, but faith in something bigger and harder to see.

Forcing his eyes closed, he throws his car into reverse, trying to recall just where he started from and how he’ll get back.