

Some nights next to your bed a candle is burning.
Midnight one o'clock two, still awake now it's three in the morning – hour of the wolf of the devil the witching hour.

Wolf devil witch. You don't believe in them. Even though your brain at this hour is not its usual fortress. And the ceiling over your wide staring eyes is hosting those specters of old – wolf devil witch—released from the flickering candle next to your bed, no no they're not coming to get you wolf devil witch, they're not what's keeping you awake.

Twelve hours earlier on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange the last hour of trading earns its name – the witching hour of high volatility, three PM posting decimated digits, fractions, small numbers you know represent dollars in the millions attached to actual people walking this same earth as you. Like the banker man with 241 million dollars of performance based equity reward on top of a 2.5 million base salary on top of 5.5 million in shares equaling 249 million dollars, one year of one banker's income.

Like some villainous nonstandard standard of living:

There's one banker and his 249 million dollars at the witching hour of high volatility. There's you and your tiny circumference of food clothing shelter cinched up tight in bed at this hour...going on four in the morning a bad rumble is nearing, a dread huffing on your heels on a wide boulevard in a part of the city, gray and broken, a labyrinth of streets says everything depends on getting out of here left right you're making mistakes with men a cluster of men a conspiring cluster huffing on your heels the way out is left right is somewhere ahead of you the hunted the designated prey in a sweat, blood pounding, you make it back to your pillow. Four twenty-seven AM, no no you're not going back to sleep, back to that place called the mystery of our double existence in the dark by Elizabeth Briland. There she is among many who are a pile of books next to your bed, page 37: "... night after night, with calm incuriousness we open the door onto that ghostly underworld, hold insane revels with fantastic specters, weep burning tears for empty griefs, babble with foolish laughter at witless jests, stain our souls with useless crime, and with morning, saunter serenely back from these wild adventures into the warm precincts of the cheerful day, unmoved, unstartled, and forgetting."

Close the book, blow out the candle, five going six whatever the hour, you're not forgetting. Not forgetting the Wells Fargo banker with his 249 million. Not forgetting his villainous brother bankers of Barclays, JP Morgan, Chase, HSBC and more recently you read, Equifax Chairman Richard Smith will retain about 18.4 million in pension benefits, shares worth 23.6 million, and bonuses of 3 million in 2015 and 2016, though Mr. Richard Smith agreed to waive any bonus for this year, the year of the Equifax hack.