

A Good Night's Sleep

by Brad Rose

Candy said, *No matter how much money you've saved, Lester, you'll run out of cash after you're dead.* I have to give her credit for her religious problem-solving skills. I told her, *Yes, but in quantum surgery, the wound remains undecided until someone looks.* She shot me a glance like I was a preferred customer. Fortunately, it was only buckshot. After I drove home and climbed into the tub, I felt relaxed as a noose while the executioner is at church. Amid the warm water and furry bubbles, I imagined myself as a Venus flytrap in a carnivorous plant terrarium. Got out of the tub, and took a long-sleeved nap. I do my best daydreaming in my sleep, I even fixed the on/off switch, so now, my house is lit by crepuscular shadows. It reminds me of an albino blackbird. In the circumambience you may feel a little spooky, but not to worry: the library will reopen at 2:00 p.m., right after the book burning. Like Hamlet said, *The rest is silence.*
I'll call you.



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