

Everybody Chipped in for the Princess Titanic

C.B. Auder



Some people bring a lover and crotchless underwear. I've got Seymour and my inner mom.

The polar bears are gone, Becka. Not if, but when. It takes seven-hundred-ten gallons of water to grow the cotton to knit that shirt that says, "I refuse to engage in a battle of wits with a woefully unarmed person." Meanwhile, Big Agra sustains your cravings for Tweezles and Chocco-Snapz. This morning's Bacon Slams carefully carved from overcrowded pigs. Wrap it up with a pesticide bow? Hell to the yes! We're all bought and sold to the chemical ditty of four billion bucks a year. And cars easily sput more than fifty miles a gallon, but every last one of your kind-hearted neighbors texted their HAPPY HONEYMOON!!! from a gridlocked 23 MPG.

Don't even @ me with your own half-baked inner GOP. "We love babies so much we'll give them three guns apiece!"

Now that Seymour's closed the courtship deal, he's been sleeping like a priest. Calls me Jesus as a joke. "You're overreacting, Becka." He licks his tiny umbrella. "Stop trying to save the whole world. Go vjog the track. Take a detox on the Stack Deck. Can't I read one Forstchen thriller in the ever-loving sun?"

You tell me how to enjoy our perfectly-prepaid cruise, when not twelve drunken paces past this luxury berth, a sweet grandfather stands trapped inside a giant moose?

Hour after hour, he bobs and hugs, bobs and hugs--just another dazed DREAMer luring all the jiggle-eyed lambs into the Pizza-Pan Bouncy House.

* * *

www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com

#MMPPisLIT

