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No Church on Sundays

Jessie Fales

Western Michigan University, jessie.fales@wmich.edu

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No Church on Sundays

Jessie Fales

When people drive past the hospice center on Sundays, they never slow down.

Which always reminds me of that poorly dressed woman who bragged about working at a hospice center while eating a jelly-filled-doughnut.

Which reminds me of that dying man at the Grand Canyon who sat there downing gin as if it were liquid courage.

Which reminds me of that old woman in the bikini at the beach, who was either trying too hard or not at all.

Which reminds me of the way dancing looks when you can't hear sound.

Which reminds me of that college drop out who bragged about helping the deaf when she joined that sorority.

Which reminds me of too much makeup, short skirts, and duck faces.

Which reminds me of young women who turn too old too fast.

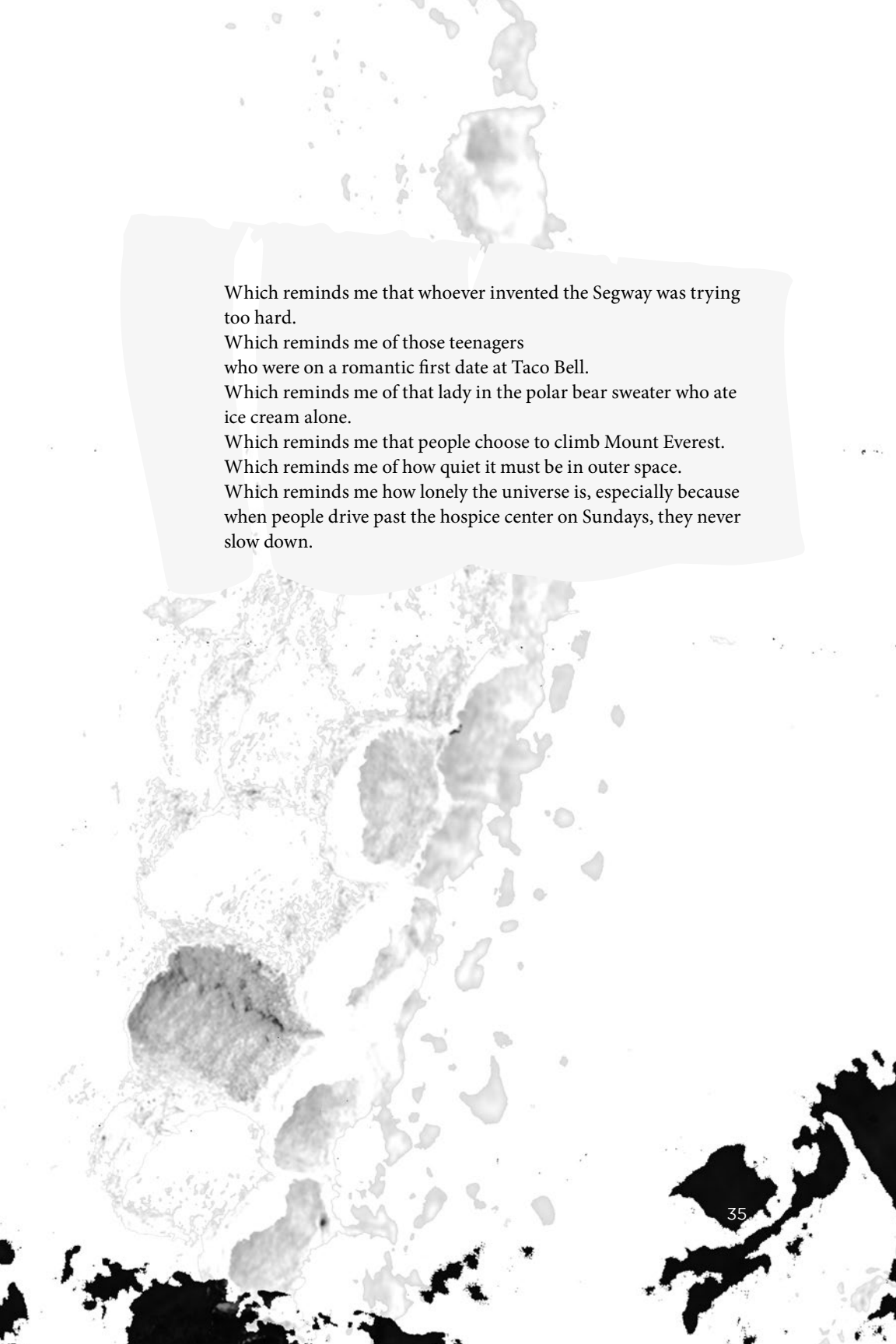
Which reminds me of that World War II veteran who guided his wife in a wheel chair so she could get her blood work.

Which reminds me of the teenaged girl in Vans who let her son play with her iPhone in the waiting room.

Which reminds me that there is nothing to love about a phone.

Which reminds me of the time I saw a stranger in a long and empty hallway when we both looked down at texts from our moms in order to avoid saying hello.

Which reminds me of the trophy wives who jogged while their toddlers ate McDonalds in overpriced strollers.



Which reminds me that whoever invented the Segway was trying too hard.

Which reminds me of those teenagers who were on a romantic first date at Taco Bell.

Which reminds me of that lady in the polar bear sweater who ate ice cream alone.

Which reminds me that people choose to climb Mount Everest.

Which reminds me of how quiet it must be in outer space.

Which reminds me how lonely the universe is, especially because when people drive past the hospice center on Sundays, they never slow down.