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Delirium in the Morning

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Delirium in the Morning

Waking up is definitely on the bottom of my list this morning.

Rolling over, I notice the tip of a chainsaw effectively tearing its way through the carpet surrounding my bed.

Hoping to block out the sound, I slam my pillow over my despairing face.

Suddenly my bed drops away from my body crashing to the floor below in a pile of creaking springs and twisted metal.

Skillfully twisting my half-awake body I manage to grab the edge of my splintered bedroom floor.

While dangling from the kitchen ceiling, I catch a glimpse of my mother through mung rimmed eyes.

Grinning shrewdly while leaning to the side under the weight of her chainsaw.

Gosh, I don't know which is worse.

a mother who yanks the covers off of you,
or one who cuts your bed from under you.

by David Miles