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Dandelions

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TINY BURSTS OF FLAME ON THE SPRING LAWN SPREAD SLOWLY INTO A THICK CARPET OF FIRE. THEN, IN A WHITE PUFF OF SMOKE, THE INFERNO IS QUENCHED IN THE SUMMER BREEZE. HOT, WHITE ASHES RISE INTO THE WIND, AND ONE BY ONE ARE GENTLY DROPPED TO SPARK THEIR PERPETUAL FLAME OVER THE COMBUSTIBLE GREEN PASTURE.

FIGMENTS OF A PEPPERONI PIZZA

A LAWNMOWER CHEWS UP MY BED PILLOW AND SPITS IT OUT.
I CALL FOR HELP.
MY WORDS MAKE NO SOUND.

A MATTRESS OF DRYER LINT FROM THE BASEMENT ENGULFS THE WOMEN DRINKING TEA IN THE LIVING ROOM.
I'M ALL ALONE.
SOMEONE TURNS THE LIGHTS OUT, BUT THE BRIGHTNESS REMAINS.

I'M LOST AMIDST GIANT BOWLING BALLS.
I CAN'T FIND MYSELF.
MY BRAIN SHRINKS.

FALLING IN BOTTOMLESS SPACE,
STARS STREAK BY MY FACE.
MY STOMACH ITCHES.

SLAM!
MY BODY HITS THE BED,
AND THE STARS FADE.
THE SMELL OF LAST NIGHT'S PIZZA LURKS ABOUT THE ROOM LIKE A MALIGNANCY.

Jon Steinhauer

-19-