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Arms Too Short to Cross

Seek Constance

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A spirit was trying to slip out of a little body, as a television cast light on the California king. Some gibberish documentary about Carl Sagan with slides of the cosmos cascading over closed eyes, making them cold shades of blue and silver.

Also, in a dusty bestseller, a seven headed beast rose from the sea, with ten horns and crowns.

The little body hated twilight zones like those, when the senses floated away, leaving legs sore and stretching.

Trying to convey disapproval that day, with arms too short to cross over a tiny chest. The inherent loneliness of human being hadn’t even entered the picture. Instead, an intimate relationship with seven imaginary friends, moss, swings, tears and monsters worse than those in closets.

According to Public radio the apocalypse was rescheduled on October 21st 2011; the world is right on track for complete earthly destruction. The leader of the cult says sinners won’t feel fear. They’ll just slip peacefully to sleep. Spirits freed forever from little bodies.