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Pipe Dreams

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KATY NEWBERG

PIPE DREAMS

The sky was falling—

It really was.

Cruised out of the White Rabbit
after inhaling nine tequilas
and stood there.

The sky had finally given up
and pieces were dropping all over.

I couldn't believe it.

I mean, hell, the *sky* doesn't fall down.

Rain, maybe, but not the *sky*.

But this was it all right, the genuine product.

Whole sheets were falling down and denting cars.

Mothers were taking their children off the streets.

But I knew the truth—I wouldn't be fooled.

They were cotton clouds, man.

It was an omen. .

I cruised back in for another.