

Just Stopped In For A Raspberry Slushie

by Angela Kubinec

atmosphere interfered
in the space between
soles and soul
leaving a balloon
head floating and filled
in the depths of a roaring
pressure sea
while waiting for a hot dog and a drink at Sonic

so loud
barely could hear the doctor speak
on the phone only
laughter bubbling inside and out
sparkling with happy crystal
fear
and the wind-up toys
behind the dash of the
car scraping to get out

Jacob the doctor
said are you safe do not drive stay where you are call your
husband, oh, and take more medicine

in a somnambulistic state
later dragging all the old bed linens out
taking pictures
sending the pictures to everyone
begging them all to take away the tired
comfortable fabric

where it might rest in peace on someone's
unfortunate bed, because it deserved
greater respect than the attic was
providing

cleansing all of it, twice
heavy duty, soak, softener cycle
the chugging of the washing machine
pulling forward
to the same place again

