The President is Giving the State of the Nation Address Today

by XXXX

I wasn't able to finish my sausage and eggs, or my coffee. My mother broke the glass counter on top of our dinner table, a crystal spider web, missing its diamond spider. It is a cloudy day.

The protestors have burned a yellow effigy of the President. They and the police have begun to dance a tango of stones.

We fought during dinner again in the Japanese restaurant where they know us by name. Mr. Mercado & his special friend. What is so special about you? I've seen you naked. I still cannot figure it out. But the world is smaller when I see it from the crook of your neck.

Your love is a blessing in disguise but the blessing has been fooled by his own costume. He himself believes he is a misfortune.