


~true myth zoo spa~

by aksania xenogrette



true.myth.zoo.spa

chester pettygrove is not the world's most interesting man. indeed within, complete without, he was exceptionally bland, only typically bright, of a reassuringly masculine height, neither troubled nor happy, he wandered the earth with ordinary grace, was an adequate lover with a practical face. he enjoyed the cinema and practically all types of music and moderated his pleasant smile with acceptable taste, in the ocean of humanity he was medium rare, to what sardine shall we, this specimen compare? let us not, lest our minds swim away with him. not remarkably clairvoyant, nor without a degree of intuition, river-nymphs adored him, from the nihilist plains of andalusia, basilisks slinked up and knocked on his door, gargoyles and pixies climbed down from their cathedrals, stopped zipping back and forth and stayed in one place, the true.myth.zoo.spa, literally his back yard, for he knew, as the sky is blue, these dreams of ours have needs too, said nessie, receiving a good belly-rub, in his bathtub, count them if you dare, there are 2017 space.dragons playing speed.chess in his hair. true.love and marital.bliss are playing badminton on the lawn. financial.security is knitting him a scarf on the porch swing. reasonably level headed, conservatively optimistic, he hoped for a better future and received it in stride, even when asteroid#3104 and arizona collide, he will see a show on friday, enjoy a pint and a slice, and even have the common sense to tell his wife, she looks nice, when she wakes up, in their well trimmed bed, with all the hosts of heaven hovering over their head, to glimpse this pair of earthlings in their "natural habitat".

