

There Were Giants In Those Days, and the Wickedness of Men

by Angela Kubinec

We laugh at them, parading two-by-two, the elephants rolling tail to trunk across the makeshift gangplank, wide slats flexing under their sway. A pair of snakes contemplates gulping a pair of frogs and their clandestine movements stun a cricket and his mate. Birds squat and tremble but no one eats anyone as the clouds form clusters and gnarl the sky. The atmosphere grows ever heavier, promising us its fury. The span for the animals is shoved aside, once they all enter, and a large door slams. Threadbare cackling reverberates in the wrath of the firmament.

