

# The Calendar of Minutes

*by* Carl Santoro

Every minute is the next day.

No, wait, every minute is a new day,  
Vaughn mumbled.

He lay back with his head  
resting on a 2015 calendar.  
The many squares of December  
to be exact.

The moon, the sun, the stars,  
they don't know what's written down.

His arms outstretched above him  
he held in his hands  
his freshly-printed homemade  
2016 calendar.  
The 1,440 minutes of January 1  
written in tiny, wavy scrawls  
within the large 12" x 12" box  
that was page one.

He was prepared for this event.

He stared at it, smiling through  
a wispy curtain of long grey bangs,  
bushy wiry brows and cloudy eyes

Page two would be three years  
or more in "their time."

He didn't care, he was fifteen.

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His arms tired quickly of  
the weighty volume so  
he hugged it tightly  
to his chest.

There was loud banging  
and voices shouting.

He closed his eyes,  
embracing it harder.  
His nostrils burning now  
from the pungent fumes.

He began to see images  
behind his heavy lids.  
It was a man in a suit  
riding atop a  
huge glowing sphere

The noises surrounding Vaughn  
now seeming to reach a crescendo  
yet fading at the same time.

Yes, that's it!  
That's him! Vaughn thought.  
I will name it  
The Dick Clark Calendar!

The people burst in  
but it was too late.  
Vaughn's skeleton  
lay on the living room floor  
partially covered with sheets of paper.

"Look here!" a neighbor called out.  
The stove was turned on,  
but no gas coming out.  
An unpaid bill  
on the kitchen table.

