

Waiting to Disappear

by Carl Santoro

I'm waiting to disappear.
It is 4:03 a.m.
I'm waiting to disappear...still.
It is 4:04 a.m.
Hold it. What's this?
I'm driving a bus!
I can't stop it. I can't make a turn.
Phew! That was close.
It is 5:01 a.m.
I'm still on my back
waiting again to disappear.
What now? I'm wearing
the wrong Air Force stripes on my shirt?
Where are they sending me?
I thought I was waiting
to disappear.
They are aiming a blue light at my eyes.
Oh, it is the 6:15 a.m. L.E.D. clock face.
I'm again wanting to disappear.
There is no work today.
I can sleep late.
The 4 a.m. melatonin has long
since quick-dissolved.
I'm reaching for another 10mg.
I'm waiting to disappear for
maybe 3 hours.
She turns and pulls the cover sheet with her.
It slides over and across my chest
like a wave of peeling sunburned skin.
I vanish.

