

Chimera (a wild and unrealistic dream or notion)

by Charlotte Hamrick

All I want on a Sunday morning is to luxuriate in my laziness. I want to watch old movies with the volume turned up loud, the newspaper crackling as I shift my supine body on the couch, the words of duplicitous politicians and photos of narcissistic socialites mashed under my ass.

I want to gaze out my window where heat rises on the street like steam from a gumbo pot while I lie, cool as a nectar cream snowball, in my Maggie The Cat slip, painting my toenails a color called Bad Influence.

I would sip Southern Wedding Cake coffee from the chipped china cup I knocked off the bedside table in a moment of passion and savor a fresh chocolate croissant, tender flakiness that melts on the tongue like vampires melt in the sunlight.

As the sun climbs the sky, I'd meander into the afternoon with the expectation of an early summer storm when we would go upstairs and slip between our cool, white sheets and not be heard from again until Monday morning.

