

Wishing Fountain

by Epiphany Ferrell

Just duct-tape it, it'll be fine. People go through life all the time with only one kidney, or with some of their female-parts removed. You won't be any the worse for going about with a damaged heart. People do it all the time. You see someone on the street, someone in the parking lot, chances are that person suffered a broken heart once.

There now, unzip your chest, put your heart back in, fits like a hat in a hatbox. See? It's beating again.

Listen to that bird flying overhead and calling, complaining about something, just crying out there in public in the heat of the day. Better than being a day drunk, I suppose. I'm not drunk. I've just got this bottle to moisturize a bit, soften up. Lubricate. It's ponderous this life, heavy and unwieldy and off-balance; and I hate the summer, and I hate the pretty flowers and I hate the women with their quaint strollers, and I hate the fountain where wishes cost a penny and they never come true anyway. I see you, young woman looking back at me from the water, and I know you have a rendezvous, and I know he's not coming, and here you are, still sitting with a whole roll of pennies.

