Hypnagogia

by Eryk Wenziak

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The table's pants are long. Too long. Leaving it unable to run far. Nor fast. I sew it a new pair. A shorter pair. A pair the length that when worn would prevent me from catching it. I approach the table from behind. Clap my hands. Warn of my presence. I give it the newly sewn pants. The first leg in. Then the second. Followed by the third and fourth. I pull a gift from my leather bag: a checkered, green and white flag. The table grabs it and runs off. Disappears into the horizon's curvature. It will be waiting for me. Many years ahead. At a finish line drawn in fishbone powder. It will wave the checkered flag upon my arrival. Congratulate me on my endurance, while remembering to throw in a few lines of ‘appreciation' for my generosity ‘all those years ago'—*thanks* ignored at the time. But I always understood the table's intentions. It was young. (And the wood it was carved from was also young.) I will pick up the flag and trace a figure eight into the high sky. Like a child burning their name with a sparkler. The figure eight will fall on its side. Become infinity. But *this* time I'm sure I'll never see another finish line. And my sense is the table will already know that, and will no longer wait. No longer draw a chalky line. No longer give me thanks.

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