Godot is a Heartbreaking Figment by George LaCas

Got the call: Godot is on the way. Did the dishes. Cleaned up the cat shit. Made coffee. Then I get the voice mail: Godot isn't coming. Godot has plans. Godot wipes his ass with you. Now I'm sad. I hate Godot, yet I long for his visit. Sometimes I think there is no Godot.

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