

Empty Pockets

by JANEY SMITH

We dance on rooftop, then I fall off.

You're like, "oh shit."

Pale blue lobster finds me. Says, "hello." Taps me with claw, "wake up." Looks around, concerned. Shakes me with two claws on collar.

Scuttles away for a second.

Comes back with warm, perfect, round glazed doughnut. Puts it in front of my nose. I slowly awaken, eyes twitch. Lobster looks around, quickly eats doughnut.

I rub my head, it's sore. Lobster sits there, looks around. Then scuttles away.

"Hey."

Napkin floats in air, though. Not so sad now, I think. Hold little napkin on bruise, forehead tastes sweet.

