

Old, Broken Toys

by marc macdonald

A boy sits in a room filled with old, broken toys. A mother is in the next room reading Cosmopolitan, dreaming of a life that should have been hers. There is the zoo and an unnecessary stroller on a very humid day, beads of sweat dripping slowly down a face. A trip to the bus stop, the rain, a father carrying a large yellow umbrella and wearing dark brown flip flops. The father is a figment, the canned laughter from a staggering boy's empty room.

