

Plastic Cars, Plastic People

by Mark Waldrop

The man at the table was surrounded by an empty kitchen.
Dishes were in the sink from the dinner before and
Everyone had gone about their days early in the morning.

They had left a board game out, scattered across the table,
Life, plastic cars and plastic people, and a spinning dial.
The man spun the dial.

He pulled the plastic people out of his car, the blue car,
Pinched their heads and pulled them out two at a time.

He moved the car four spaces with no driver, and spun the dial
again.

The man went around the board that way, with no driver. Things
were supposed to happen
In the game but he bypassed them. No one got married, no one won
a dance competition.
Just spinning and driving.

The man was an alcoholic, but he didn't have a beard the way you
might think.
There was no quarter full glass of scotch on the table, just a board
game.

The man finished, pulled the people out of another car, and
started over.

