

# Sixty words or less

*by* Melissa Ann Chadburn

She wakes up sad. She can't shit. She spreads out the foil. no creases. folds it in half. She puts the stuff in the crease. holds a lighter under it. A zippo. then smokes it. Well smokes the smoke. It's like kissing god or the kiss of the spider woman or the kiss of death. whatever. a kiss. The end.

