

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.

