

Beard-Men

by Michael J. Solender

My beard is really a group of tiny strange men trapped on the inside of my chin.

The Beard-Men see light through my open and non-oily pores which entices them in their futile attempts at escape. They stand on top of each other and thrust their tiny heads of coarse hair upward, threading strands through the pores in my chin.

They do this mostly at night.

Sometimes they bleat like sheep when I shave in the shower. They live in a complex social order. I know this because my barber informed me. He has established a small coalition of interested parties in freeing the Beard-Men. He refuses to be complicit in Beard-Men imprisonment.

When I asked him how they got into my chin, he said he'd have to get back to me.

