

A Day in the Life of Mike

by S.H. Gall

This is a very impromptu piece written at two in the morning based on a prompt from Meg Pokrass, who insisted the following words be used:

fussy
hairy
blooming
slippery
flutter
damp
pale
weeds
yanking

“Maxfuss” was his password, which was appropriate, as he was fussy as a grandma. Hairy, too. The things he planted in his beloved soil bloomed as herbs; blooming, they scented the air.

He would be slippery in my hand, three nights out of seven.

“DAMN FLIES!” This was his default proclamation. The reverberations flutter like stoned flies.

Meanwhile, the doctor calls my hand “damp.” It is not damp. Damp is a very strange word. The “p” should probably not come after the “m”. I said to the doctor, “I’m beyond the pale,” and; “I wouldn’t expect you to understand.” He shook my hand and left the room.

The weeds he planted flourish, to his chagrin. Yanking them out, he exclaims: "DAMN WEEDS!" They were the inadvertent byproduct of a passion for growing things.

And he grew in my hand, three nights out of seven.

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomp Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

