

The Day Felt

by S.H. Gall

Hoverboard plate glass of being upon within, splay palsy mothership. Sparks drift from beneath crouched workman's butt in front of a building that was ours last week. Tents with eclectic offerings pitched along thoroughfares winding through neighborhoods under dim shade of cloud. Hoverboard plate glass of being, upon within splay, palsy mothership. Crumbling paint on crumbling factories advertising crumbling services. A nursery under plexiglass and a church with beer vats filling its apse forming new era of worship and divinity rooted in hops and lesser hops. Hoverboard, plate glass of being upon within splay palsy, mothership. Curves on hills pitched under buses rolling fast enough that bags slide off seats of velour and strangers offer to point them out, the fallen bags, to their elderly owners, or not to point them out and let the elderly owners figure it out their damn selves.

