

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.

