

Her Head Sounserals Away

by Shawn Misener

He screws on his hat until it clicks into place. His child's head is loose and keeps sliding off the neck pole. He tries seven times to secure her head into place, but as soon as she starts toddling it wobbles for a bit then falls to the carpet and bounces away.

He sees a lot of things that there are no words for. He wonders if, in other languages, they have words for them.

The movement of his child's plastic head as it sashays/ bounces/spirals away, what do you call that? Sounseral. *Sounsr!* Her head sounserals away, into the dark closet.

Once her head is on for good he carries her onto the balcony, and they are speaking in a tongue he's never heard. He has no idea what they are saying to each other. But they seem happy enough, lots of smiles.

They sound like two Swedish Chefs, one big and with a deep, comforting voice, the other small and possessing the squeals and honks of a large bird. "Bortste fornert de dort!" he says, bouncing her.

"Bortne! Bortne! Shushort!" she exclaims, shooting her hands over her wobbly head in pleasure, causing it to again pop off. This time, it's a three story drop from a balcony.

Terrified, he yells "Sneeeew nuuuu! Oh nee padoooo!"

Her head rolls into the deep grass. The grass is neon yellow, like shredded cheddar. Her detached head makes it's way, rolling from stalk to stalk, chewing contentedly. He's never seen her so happy. He hears a muffled "*Booboonoo!*" from the tall grass, and smiles as her headless body, which he is still holding, gives him two thumbs up.

