

Rubber Chains

by Shawn Misener

They told him he was a monster and he believed it. They brought cigarettes to his house and he smoked them.

He turned metal chains to rubber with the force of his mind. He prepared tacos for the paperboy.

The sun spun in the sky like a glowing basketball on God's finger. He smiled because he knew.

When the moon inched its way over the trees he set up dynamite around his bed. He called his mother and asked for his smile back. When she refused he lit the fuse and blasted through the roof.

In the sky, in the bed, in the throes of nicotine addiction. In the eyes of his friends. In the end the brilliance of his spirit.

They told him he was God and he believed it.

