

The Baby With Monster Truck Wheels

by Shawn Misener

The baby has no legs. Just monster truck wheels.

She rolls around the yard, fifteen feet high. Nine months old, such amazing control.

Grandpa sets up some things for her to crush. The old Gremlin. Al's doghouse. That dilapidated barn.

Baby has the spirit. We can hear her cooing from down here. Under the porch.

We start to wonder if the electric fence can hold her in. She's taken to killing the sheep and sucking them up with a drain pipe. The once cute baby noises now sound monstrous.

Somebody needs to call Frank. The pediatrician who fixes cars on the side.

If there's a storm rolling in we might be able to make a break for it. She's bound to run out of gas one of these days.

