

The Earth Squeals

by Shawn Misener

It went down but normal language can't describe it. Yellow steam puffed out like aerosol from tiny holes in the land. The planet began spinning and farting across the universe. Many creatures died that first day, unable to hold on. Me, I found a sturdy mangrove to wrap myself in.

So I was saved. At times, I wish I wasn't.

I'm constantly having glass surface conversations with disabled giraffes under the trees. They clue me in, like private reporters. One of them said that home is nothing more than a big deflating piece of shit. The proboscis monkey had to concur.

I found my dad a while back, floating through the swamp next to the coffee-maker and bowtie deposits. He instructed me to give up hope. Give it up quick.

Time is like a memory from the womb. Who knows how long I have been crouched here, tied down by kelp and thin vines, trading laments with animals? They all look terrified.

