

The Sticky Platypus of Love, the Novelists' Battle for Sedative Peace

by Shawn Misener

Let there fly the sticky platypus of love, resplendent beak of the sleek. Animal of the week, a Pokemon of peace as the fuzzy oddball gestures up with her beady, rheumatic eyes, wondering how the Enigma of the Sloth Fish came to be above her, as if bloating its way to HEVV-EN. This must be love, all these notebooks sopping up the waves, sucking the sea dry and leaving hungry naked novelists to battle for the last pink-tipped oyster. That one. Yes, the slick toe that makes pearls of morphine, which all writers love better than anonymous head.

