

# Wax Lips Opiates

*by* Shawn Misener

From his corner of the sewer the universe was populated by unbelievable creatures.

The Syringimals were filled to their 60 ml capacity with a gelatinous ocher blood. They fluttered around using sparkly wings stolen from Disney fairies, and attempted language through wax lips that were usually secured with scotch tape.

His morning ritual was to somehow lift his incredibly huge head up from a crack-smothered mattress. This task used to be easy. A curious baby only a few months old could do it. But, as his body still inverted in on itself and his head still continued to expand, he began needing the help of the fluttering druggie equipment.

They sensed his need and were there for him. As soon as his leaded eyelids cranked open, even a little, three or four of them were there, tapping for veins with their lips in an awkward, drunken hummingbird dance. They slid in the needles as soon as they struck gold and patiently waited for him to plunge each one in order. For those few moments, as they anticipated his awakening, the Syringimals rested, and the universe sighed.

