

Safe

by stephen hastings-king

He is drilling the door of a safe to access the keys he locked inside.

He was concerned that they would be discovered.

The flaw soon became apparent.

He is drilling and talking to himself like you aren't there:

Sometimes I feel like an out-flowing tide.

Around the edges of the conical indentation small curls of metal are a growing pile.

I'd like to make this about angst. But really, my kids have been stealing my weed.

He brushes the curls away and peers at the indentation he's bored into the door.

Fucking little pricks.

