Postcard from a local

by Thomas Pluck

Dear Moon man in cargo shorts:

Wish you weren't here.
The weather is beautiful. You, not so much.
Yes, it is always like this. We inhabit a unique latitude and longitude that makes rain clouds superstitious.
Having a great time listening to you speak slowly and just barely mimic my accent.
The water is so clear! Before I spit in it. Lemon wedge?
The food is delicious. I've never seen someone eat so much at one sitting.
It was truly awe-inspiring. You would surely frighten the goats.
Everything is so cheap! Especially you.
Go home soon,
"Ron"
P.S.: I know what lactose intolerant means. Enjoy the shits!

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