

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!

