

I wear my square sunglasses

by Walter Bjorkman

Eddie, standing on the outskirts of SLC, thumb out, getting hot, thirsty, tired and pissed off.

“If I see one more damn pair of horn-rimmed glasses go by me with a mannequin-wife in the seat next to him, trying not to look at me . . .” he raised his fist to the one cloud in the sky that danced around the sun but never passed in front. Sure, why does he deserve any shade.

“Damn glasses are square glasses, for squares wear them, so their square mannequin-wives don't have to look in their eyes, lest they see lust, which they won't anyway. And they are solid black square eyeglasses which is a relief to their square mannequin-wives who can't look in their eyes. And their two tiny square-clones in the square backseat in the boxy square-car, that can't look in their square-father's eyes either, and won't look at me neither, wearing the same square black glasses at the age of three squared, nine. And, you, cloud, I swear you are changing your shape to be square as you not block the sun — if I could look directly at the sun, I'd probably see that it's square right here in gaddamm Utah, a square state in shape, even the cutout in the northeast where Wyoming juts in is square!”

“Whew, glad I got that off my chest, I feel better now.” Eddie apologized to the sky, which wasn't square, then immediately burst into square flames.

