

Dream of the Sea

by Zach Dodson

I knew there was something wrong with the sunset when I woke up. The light was warm and bent and pink birds traced squares in the periphery. Can a dog see this? It felt like danger. Maybe lasers. The palm trees had me surrounded. I shifted for diamonds in the sand with my toes. I farted into the breeze. I wasn't the problem. It was the sunset. The sunset was the problem. I picked up the phone. "I'm calling my lawyer!" I scream-laughed. "Right now!"

