

The shirtless cucumber slow dances to the slide guitar, lives in my basement. I sell scrapped laptops at garage sales and make a fortune. My magic trick is changing the locks, pouring more porridge. Did you hear about the canopy down the street that hosts hammocks made of gauze pads? I fell asleep during my last panic attack and woke up with only half of a tongue. I do a sway to shake away all of the blood and hop on a train to somewhere else, somewhere that needs dead batteries, somewhere with much more sun.