

I fell asleep on the balcony and when I woke up it was covered in birds  
The birds' eyes pointed in different directions because their heads had been swished by kids  
I ran after them and the kids were faster than me  
Their youthful legs pumping into the ground  
I imagine how their skin looks without any hair  
Like plastic  
I put the birds into a container and I pressed down on them until I felt their bones snapping  
I could feel it in my teeth and I had to throw up  
I thought about what it would feel like to have boiling water injected into my brain  
But I didn't do it  
The kids might be back  
I thought  
I thought they might be back  
It was after lunch now  
I grabbed a couple of bags of old garbage  
And a lamp I couldn't fix  
And threw them off the balcony  
But there was no one there  
The sun had dried the blood and there wasn't even a stain  
And then the container didn't exist either  
I used my razor to cut down the shag carpeting in the living room  
After that it was the next day and I didn't know if was a school day or not  
The sun was still shining so I wrapped my head in towels and slept in the bathroom  
There's no window in there  
I could feel the bones snapping in my teeth again and I felt sick so I got up  
Someone had broken into my apartment and stolen my television and replaced it with a smashed up one  
I threw it off the balcony but the kids had gone to school  
I hoped that they grew up to become doctors or tv hosts or brick layers  
There wasn't much left of the couch so I sat on the chair  
Everything smelled terrible  
I had to get outside but the balcony was sinking further and further down and the sounds from upstairs were really loud today  
I can't imagine what happened to the broom  
So I had to shout at them but it didn't work  
The noise was worse and the balcony kept sinking down  
Pretty soon anybody who wanted to would be able to walk in off the street and straight into my window  
I set a trap with some tar and glass out there  
And a bell to tell me if anyone was getting in  
It smelled worse  
There was a door I hadn't seen in years and there was a feeling I got looking at it that made me nervous so I left it alone  
And pretty soon it was gone again  
My shoes had started caking open like dirt  
My feet were open  
There was glass and tar stuck inside them and blood all over the apartment  
I had to cut it out of the shag carpeting and it made my head pound  
There was something growing out of the side of my face  
And I tried to cut it off with a piece of the glass  
But there was a bright light and I passed out  
The blood on my face had cauterized to the carpet  
I decided to lift the carpet entirely  
But I had no tools  
So I started out by cutting big holes with a knife

I was pulling it out and I didn't know what to do with it so I burned it  
The blue fibers were made of plastic and melted  
It smelled a lot better than it had  
The kids were back  
And I could hear them doing terrible things outside  
I grabbed the last thing I had of hers left and sat by the door waiting for them to come in

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