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Simple Thoughts on a Sunday

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Simple Thoughts on a Sunday

Hammer and chisel in hand, the clock strikes my skull. The tock sound ticked by the hollow silence of what's (not) inside. A good time for writing. When I stop to think, I stop thinking.

Where did the world go in seven days? Why did you float away? Did gravity grow tired of keeping us grounded?

"Were we ever grounded?" asked the child.

Don't worry, I grounded him for asking.

I dive head first into Jelloed abyss. Flippers on, it takes about fifteen seconds to reach the tasty part. Oh no, I think, I've forgotten my oxygen mask.

Suffocation kicks in at about twelve thirty. Just in time for lunch.

I grab

brown bag.

(Ah, the wonders of rhyme)

"Peanut butter and jelly again?" I whimper loudly, hoping Mom will hear. Maybe next time, I'll at least get ham and cheese.

Jello for dessert.

Instructions for being lost with no place to go:

1. Declare that where you are is where you're supposed to be.
2. Be there.
3. Improvise.

Footnote 1: See subsequent footnote.

Footnote 2: Two footnotes make a feetnote.

I once began a math test by signing my name. I missed that question for, and I quote, "lack of mathematical creativity."

—Jordan Quaglia