If Mice Laid Eggs, They Would Be Kalamata Olives

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Abstract
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of the boy’s locker room until a mouse nose burst
through and smelled moist-mold for the first time.

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I would dedicate all my life to storing these Kalamata olives in my mouth. I would be their living incubator. My friends and family would exclaim that I radiated.

They would want to fuck me just to feel my insides rattle and jerk like nine mechanical hands in a bathtub full of water. And after months of anticipation,

they would begin to hope that I would be normal, old me again. If I could open my mouth, I would say that I belonged to the mice and their Kalamata olive eggs. It is my calling. New fantasies would sprout from their eyes: to force me to eat tilapia until I vomited, to lock me in a room until I could turn a feather into a penny, to shove me against the wall and make me recant all my humanitarian ideals. I would not stop. I would be the Jane Goodall of the mouse world.
I would plop every Kalamata olive mouse egg in the world on my tongue. I would do this for all of them. I would love them with my tongue, teeth, and gums.

Brian Clifton has a spirit animal, David Bowie. His (Brian’s) work can be found in PANK!, Juked, burntdistrict, The Boiler, and other such magazines. Bowie’s work can be found on youtube, iTunes, record stores, and other such venues.