

Cocaine

O, puppeteer why don't you put on your glasses? I keep running into things
and all I hear is laughter, and I'm sick of being funny because you have an astigmatism.
Also I think we need to work on my head turns, I'm not blinking at the right moment.
I think I am a little too prancy as well so maybe we could do some legwork.
Oh, and you have to stop drinking before the show, it ruins everything.
And should we find a new piano player
because Earl just isn't cutting it, that's a fuckin' shocker.
I was thinking about my voice too because the way you do it now seems
a bit too slow. I think we need to speed it up a little. Are you going to
get up because the phone is ringing and I can't really answer it now can I, all of our hard
work would go to waste. Stop looking at me like that, you
know it wouldn't work, and are you listening to me! I sound
like Tweedy Bird, I said quicker not higher.
God,
you're just impossible.

-Laura Partridge

The truth is,
every time I get caught watching the news,
(once or twice a year), nothing has
happened.
On those nights, viewing nights, seen nights,
ever assassination-free nights, they always
run the same terrifying healthwatch report:
American Childhood Obesity.
Fat kids and statistics forever.
Gruesome footage, flashing
happy, hefty, headless kids,
with protrusive, unquestionably
newsworthy,
bright pink bodies, playing in the public
pool.
Flesh, sunburning anonymously.
Hooray, the unsolved mystery remains.
Nothing has happened.
No one has died.
No news again.
We're fat!

-Helen Straight