

## Travel Guide to Nowhere

All the trees look like broccoli. So come on over.

Across the street, an 18-wheeler, makes a U-turn at 2 mph. The driver is laughing with Cheetos in his mouth—tears like face paint trickle like sunshine.

Overhead, the clouds break apart, like former lovers parting for the last time, leaving the sky more beautiful than before.

In the church, the pastor is known for his unique hand gestures, which he uses to reenact Biblical plagues and Mary's virginity. I prefer church when no one is in it, so that my thoughts have full use of the acoustics.

Next to the church, lives a guy that mows the same square of grass all day like a 1990s computer screensaver. His life has been boxed in by his own making, and I don't think he leaves to pee.

The grass is plastic, by the way.

The poor lady across the street has had this same view for years; yet, she has never bought blind nor curtain.

Do you know that the mayor hasn't been elected  
or reelected in seventeen years?

That the bookkeeper remembers people's garbage, not books?

Failure is the option everyone underappreciates,  
but not here.

Over there, a dog buries a backyard with his bones.  
And there, a man is saying he loved himself in his despair,  
as he walks on the water, fish underneath  
eating dead skin off his feet.

The rumor is that the founder of this town virtually never stopped talking  
and did not need sleep, reportedly even in death.