

## When We Breathless Sleep

By Sheri Rysdam

A woman rolls into town,  
no body, arms or legs.

“That bastard almost ran me over.”

“Party of one?

A drink order  
for that lady at the bar  
who just rolled into town.”

We watch.

I have invited Lorraine here to confide that I,  
an abstinent red head,  
have found a decidedly black pubic hair in my apartment.

The woman who rolled into town  
eyeballs us,  
one of the few verbs she can manage.

Lorraine’s eye twitching.

And I am thinking, *She is so damn weak.*

We lock eyes and both smell  
that fart smell.

Outside,

the bluebirds are in their birdbaths,  
the leaf trees shudder (in the breeze)  
and the Shih Tzu is humping the cat.

We watch.

Lorraine says,

“That’s Alphonse humping the cat,  
that’s Alphonse Jorgensen,  
—he’s just been diagnosed with testicular cancer.”

and the cat has a bald spot on his back

And the bartender says,

“Why the long face?”