

A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



by libble nelson

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Home

I'm home, I just got home. Home is where the heart is. The heart of the home is the hearth. The Vulcan heater looks at me, dormant and cold. I leave my suitcase near the door, next to Kurt Vonnegut, who is on the floor, a last minute discard before leaving for the airport. While Mortals Sleep. I'm tired, so tired. But I turn the heater on, the stiff dial releases the gas, or however that works. Whoosh. Flame. Heat. Silence. It's early, too early to sleep. I fall onto the couch. Another whoosh. The stench of myself washes over me. Sticky, itchy. Need a shower. A shower for an hour. An hour of power. Power nap.

About Author

Libbie Nelson

Her stories have appeared in Antipodes, Going Down Swinging, Voiceworks and Wet Ink, as well as online for The Literarian and Verity La.

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