

It's In Every One Of Us

*** Zon Mundhenk

So I had a super wyrd dream last night.

I was trying to explain to someone, like my mom or SSI, all this stuff I was doing to rehab myself this last year, like to justify my continued existence on the rolls. All the PT, all the other therapy, all the struggle after the stroke and stuff like that. It was quite a list.

And then God, (Gender Neutral, but I swear s/he looked and sounded a bit like my buddy Zack but with really long hair in killer drag, smelling like Pennsic and petrichor and roses and cookies) walks in and says:

"Baby, forget all that shit.
I just want you to get your sparkle back.
Come on, outside. Out. Go play."

