

NUMBER

Anthony McCann

I was wandering around in the abandoned downtown.
I was walking the deathstrip, shadowed
in helicopters. All was simple
doom and gloom and then
the confetti began to fall like snow
and I was waltzing in a winter wonderland.
Suddenly the lights of the town lit up
over my head, individual and together
and I didn't feel so bad.
I clicked my heels the glitter
glittered the clouds went away and
the moon arrived, happy and big.
It came out of nowhere like a sassy stagecoach
and slammed on the breaks. Perched itself
on the Empire State.
And everything began to sing.
The twisting doorknobs, the lanky lamp posts etc.!
I was feeling quite animated at this point
my head was bigger than the rest of my body
in fact I was called pumpkin head
but with great affection
by all the universe
and everything was just a hop skip and a jump.
Bounding up the stairs of my now fashionable address
I waved hello to the laundry room,
"Hullo Laundry Room!" I said
making a key change to a higher pitch I rushed
into my tasteful apartment
threw open the enormous windows
looked out over that magical town.
But there was something weird.