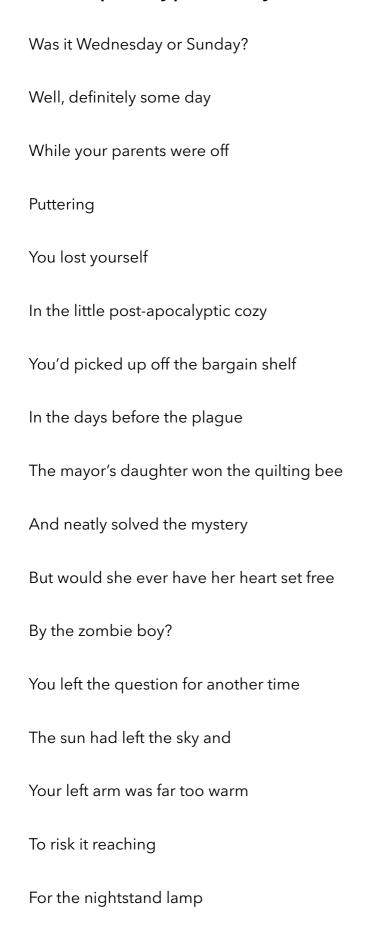
Post-Apocalyptic Cozy



So you stretched down toward the bottom edge
Of your full size bed
With your bare feet
Wedged between top sheet
And fitted
And the bed spread out for miles
Or were you tinier than a mite?
A game you'd played since forever
And ever
And even in the days of the plague
As rain pattered from the eaves
You could always fall asleep
To the thrum of the Speed Queen
Tumbling two floors down