

Post-Apocalyptic Cozy

Was it Wednesday or Sunday?

Well, definitely some day

While your parents were off

Puttering

You lost yourself

In the little post-apocalyptic cozy

You'd picked up off the bargain shelf

In the days before the plague

The mayor's daughter won the quilting bee

And neatly solved the mystery

But would she ever have her heart set free

By the zombie boy?

You left the question for another time

The sun had left the sky and

Your left arm was far too warm

To risk it reaching

For the nightstand lamp

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