

Strangling the steering wheel, she bellows, "I DO NOT WAIT!"

Crossing the potholes makes me seasick.

On my left, a man is pissing his totem on the wall. He looks at his dog and me. Shrug. The dog shrugs too.

On my right, an atomic sun blazes off carapaces of ombré scarlet, pale green, turquoise, viridian, cobalt blue; waiting for their destiny.

I'm waiting. Hear her bellowing, "Hate Waiting!"

I'm waiting. Waiting with a big bag of stone fruits.