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My Kingdom for a Thermonuclear Paint

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My Kingdom for a Thermonuclear Paint

The grass blew gently in the soft breeze of autumn as the wind ran through my hair like the fingers of a lover long fled and I closed my eyes, letting the sun beat upon my face, warmth spreading to every limb of my body like the waves of mankind slowly covering the edges of the earth until one day there will be no more room and people will simply fall off the cliffs into the ocean where the sharks and the whales swim in oscillating patterns like those of a pendulum on an old grandfather clock in my great aunt's house next to the antique from the 1940's which at one time sat in a store display for window shoppers to gaze at and marvel at man's technology which can't even cure disease or stop hunger or keep peace or even make a stain resistant paint for the kitchen walls. It can only blow stuff up.

Jonathan Fisk