

Somewhere in Ohio

By Cecilia Philips

He stayed up all night - until
three, imagining a tacky land
where a two-headed girl would
write her motel manifesto right

before evaporating into the
wreck of poverty, expired coupons
and smoking Marlboros on stoops
of this cluttered wasteland that
breeds almossts and maybes. Before

she ceases to exist, she'll reveal
the question that forces an
honest introspection of personal
philosophies regarding humanity:

How much money would it take
for you to kill a man?
He doesn't claim to know
the value of a life or how to

get away with murder but
the two-headed girl said she can
teach him how to make the best
of a bad moment so it doesn't

feel like he's carrying the dead
weight of the wrong choice
and if he wakes up at 11 he'll
have gotten eight hours of sleep,
which is all he needs.