

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 1 | 1992

The Next Morning Tom Whalen

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Tom Whalen

THE NEXT MORNING

"I'm going to pieces," Rodin said one sunny morning getting out of bed. "I've been bitten by miniscule monsters. And the giant eye that swirls in the fluid, what of *it*?"

The silence descended and he began to chew softly the air above his head until he made a space large enough to slip his body into. Which is how I found him when I came in.

"What are you doing without your spacesuit?" I asked.