

The Harried Waitress's Dream
Laura Smith

Scurry around the tables swallowing empty salt and pepper shakers at the conclusion of an endless shift. An angry patron pulls on the umbilical cord of her ruffled apron so she swallows him too. Her insides will explode soon but that's all Trivial Pursuit now. All she wants is for everyone and everything to vanish like the money on the wall and the birds on the ceiling staring at her, laughing when she spilled hot coffee on the groping fingers that still remain on her butt wherever she goes. The shoelaces of her left shoe begin to fade fish eyes of todays special 3.99 all you can eat. "BRING ME MORE NOW" the fat man bellows. Could she swallow him too? She lies down on the plate before him, an apple in her snout. "HEY I DIDN'T ORDER THIS" he wails. Order up. She pulls the parsley from her hair and trudges to the counter. Her right hand missing, stuck in the cash register, fingers curled around a 20 dollar bill. Pennies pour from the heat vent filling the cracks of the broken tile. Goldfish swim in the coffee pot blowing kisses at the jukebox. She disappears into the woodwork, a fly buzzes out into the darkness as the door swings off the hinges.