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“BLIPS”

Here comes Mike. Camera ready, so he can keep up with himself. Ahh, the hair, the scruffy chin beard, the muscle . . . OOOOO ahhh. The click. A finger for the game. One big text and he's Zippo the Moon Clown. On the run for graphic design and film, yes film, the blink and swash of circumstance and me. What's the guy to do? Sing?

He dates the music. Suzy Whiff 'n Snoot. Miss Bomb. Born on the fifth of everything, destined to play Radio City Something and maybe, when and after fame, a tree house in Costa Rica. Maybe babies together. Maybe babies apart. It's a flip. A toss.

They parade the galaxies, tossing and wiggling, dancing and giggling, a sweet little finger for the sun, a boink for the credit card to heaven. Ahh, the hips, the smooth skin; she's such a luscious and he's an SUV to be. Turn up the volume, the tank is almost full. Photos of each other on-line. A pair in motion. No refunds at the end?. So what?

It's love at first sight. They look into each other's eyes. Their reflections bear the mist. Clouds in the distance. Holding hands. Groping stars. Heavenly Pizza. Ice cream with cherries and home made corn bread. What a treat. The sequel? Ask them.