

Tom's Job

by Jim Gold

Tom's job was to create the world.

He rolled in bed causing earthquakes in his mattress springs and a few primordial oceanic waves.

But it was too early, and nothing worked.

He turned to his favorite madame, Mrs. Coffee, and drank up her delicious elixir.

Bubbles bounced in his stomach, endorphines poured into his spiritual eye-tunnel. Soon he was ready to bereshit.

Meditating on his archetypical caffeine, whose water had originated during the great biblical flood, he thought about Noah, his ancient ancestor, who had practiced putting couples in health-giving, loving, and long lasting relationships.

Tom began every morning this way.

His job was to create the world.

from Carlos the Cloud

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