

SKELETONS

What a lot of trouble it would save if we were all bones. No more racial tension, hair restorer, or diet plans.

We would clatter to the store for milk (there would be a wide variety of that) and chat with our neighbors, all those clacking mandibles giving the 10 Items line a south-of-the-border flavor.

Ah, but I would probably prefer the cashier's creamy femur and you might want the box boy to play the xylophone of your vertebrae.

Nothing, not even Halloween, would console us from the certain knowledge that we are, even stripped to the barest necessities, still human.

—Ron Koertge
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