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Propinquity
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PROPINQUITY

Someone once said that God created the moon to titillate the multitudes in each one of us. When that got old he created miniature golf under the lights. The idea was to keep a pock-marked sphere in front of our eyes. That is, we're destined for Outer Space but we'll never get there in time. There are radios blaring all over the kosmos and the place is lit up like a free-for-all Saturday Night. But nobody can go out because the air doesn't work. We sit around the pad and yak at each other in tv screen Exilese. Then something trips over a tricycle out in the hall. They're out there! They made it! A Superior Race! Miss Kim squats down by the door so I can peer through her slot, which is curved like a time-warp but adjustable by hand. Mimicking twin eternal Dark Ages dying to expire, we wait for her knockers to chime. Then the ear-oil phone rings. We answer. It's Herm down the hall. "Don't open your door. I can see them from here. It's the Zeuses in gas masks and zoot suits, and they brought their damn kids."