

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 8 | 1999

The Dwindlers

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THE DWINDLERS

Here's Dad, made of wood, six inches tall, blue fedora, and here's Mom, wood, almost six inches tall, green skirt. They're rushing downstream, nothing but toys in the great flow. I suppose I'm dead now too—no, its them—I've known them, I've dreamed of them—Little Father, Little Mother—dwindlers both. And me, left back at the beginning, not a stick at all, but fleshy, many-colored, separate. Once there was a stairway of bluegreen riverwater. They floated down it and out the door. I was on the threshold, they barely saw me, and then they were gone.