

Noodles

by Cooper Renner

It's Granny hauling her crooked soul into heaven. Guess who I stole that image from?

She doesn't start till it's ripe, and you know what that means: it's already shopworn, faded, about as interesting as that flattened newspaper on the platform.

It's my doom too, and yours. You think the future is vague? What about all those roofs the storms scatter across Tornado Alley, and nobody knows where they come from? You can mix and match if you like, but that emptied-out horse stall in Dimmit County's as likely as the telephone warehouse in Ponca City, the four concrete walls lying back like a forgotten hand of bridge.

Hauling and hauling until the underside fades from wear and the topside from the steepled sunlight...

It's a bargain, Granny, the kind Grandpa used to chase from one town to the next, saving a nickel on a gallon of gas, holding the ace so long there was a wet spot just below the center where his thumb rested.

