Yakkety-Yak

by Gita M. Smith

The chatter in my head ebbs and swells in volume depending on the information load du jour, but it is always there.

Recent broadcasts included the fact that there is a real town called Chunky, Mississippi; that, eerily, the cost of car repairs always equals my freelance earnings; that Zoroaster has been misinterpreted by Westerners as being an astrologer; that Whitney Houston's ex-husband, Bobby Brown, couldn't be bothered flushing the toilet, and, when she complained, he told her, "Drop it on the poo."

My internal signal doesn't shut off at midnight with the playing of the national anthem. It merely changes frequency and continues while I sleep.

Last night, the station played me a dream of sexual promiscuity that included -- but was not limited to -- imaginative acts involving numerous women and strap-ons, with a side of boy-toy. I, of course, was much sought after.

At the blatting of my morning alarm, the signal shifted again to bring me the smarmy voice of Rick Santorum, a menacing rumble from the streets of Greece, and a bitter harpy of a chant that said I now have more past than future.

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