

# The Sound Invisible

by Joshua Moses

“Behold!” cried the Lord, on a late September morning,  
“I have created the following:  
Gum wrappers,  
Quik-dry plaster,  
Hip flasks adorned with skulls,  
And two-ended vibrators.”

This was on the two millionth, one hundred and six-thousandth,  
four hundred and seventy-second day,  
long after the award-winning creation,  
and the market yawned—  
just another declining talent hanging on to fame,  
slouching into irrelevance.

The gum wrapper fell between the sofa cushions of the universe,  
the plaster dried upon the radiator, unopened.

The flask God used himself;  
filled with cheap bourbon he flashed it in pool halls along  
Flatbush Avenue,  
crying for attention.

The vibrator found itself in the back of a closet, forsaken,  
unused by the lesbian couple who bought out of goodness  
and faith in the Lord.

On occasional nights,  
Midwinter,  
they consider:  
where has it gone?

Too quickly forgotten, this bit of God's handiwork,

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/joshua-moses/the-sound-invisible>»*

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sloughed from attention  
by the heavy prosthetic, the sound invisible of Life.

