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A Note

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A Note

It was night on the streets of what I imagined to be Italy; but only because the streets were stone and a restaurant to the left spilled a red and yellow glow on the round tables and umbrellas outside. I stepped out of the painting by an artist whose name I neglected to look for once the purple ceiling fan caught my attention.

I never noticed it before.

Past the coffee shop, I looked through windows that displayed a carved bear, a wolf, an owl, a dog—nevermind. The dog was an actual dog.

I saw a wedding and gargoyles,

three women in black,

another wedding,

a squirrel that sat with its arms stretched out

like it was using a typewriter.

He reminded me of Ulysses, whose super power

was the ability to write poetry. I forgot the title

of that book. I didn't think

that squirrels could write, and street signs had name tags:

“Hello, my name is Peter Pan.”

But I saw that even doors will leave

you a note that says, “Close me tight (I get stuck)

—Front Door.”