

Afternoon Nap

The dishes washed, and the plates stacked neatly in their cupboards, he scooped up a section of the Sunday paper and slipped into the lounge, his belt stretched around a second slice of cake.

He dozed off over the picture of a scoring hero and came to again at four, the house quiet, and brightness gone from the sky. He felt weak, knowing that this day had been wasted,

and thought about his school, how they used to run for miles around a grass track and never get tired. He thought of friends who had fallen into ambition, success

and failure. He should have written letters but didn't. What was it he had wanted, running around that circle? What would he now say he had missed? Nothing. He felt

that day's paper slip from his hands, his muscles loosen, lids closing over eyes that still stared into a near-dark garden where small birds flitted about unnoticed.