

LEFTOVERS FOR BREAKFAST

The world started sometime a while ago, although I'm not quite sure of the F.A.C.T.S.

Scientists speculate about grand designs and point their fingers at chalkboard graphs in dusty laboratories. Religions debate and argue over lines in ancient biographies. Some earlier societies predicted movement through the stars. I get up to microwave leftovers

for breakfast. Mathematics is hard and complicated, too big for me to feel the shape of. I know that science is how I'm reheating yesterday's pasta, but I don't know how they built a machine that allows me to

eat cold food hot or how I arrived into existence through the atoms of my parents. Here I am, suddenly existing. I get confused and contemplate Buddhism. Swat at fruit flies from a puddle of grapes.

How long is a piece of string? How do eels procreate?

I imagine the universe begins with a pathetic whine about not wanting to get out of bed

and some universe's older universe appears out of nowhere to say *you have to go outside, the sun is shining, look at all of the billions of bio-organisms being created.*

We all contain micro-societies. The germs that live in me hold local-body elections. My gut bacteria riots at the school canteen. It's best not to think too hard about who's in charge of anything.

The Milky Way wonders if anyone else knows where it came from.

I yawn, pierce some penne with my miniature metal trident, and watch a flock of scavenger pigeons shuffle their feathers in response.

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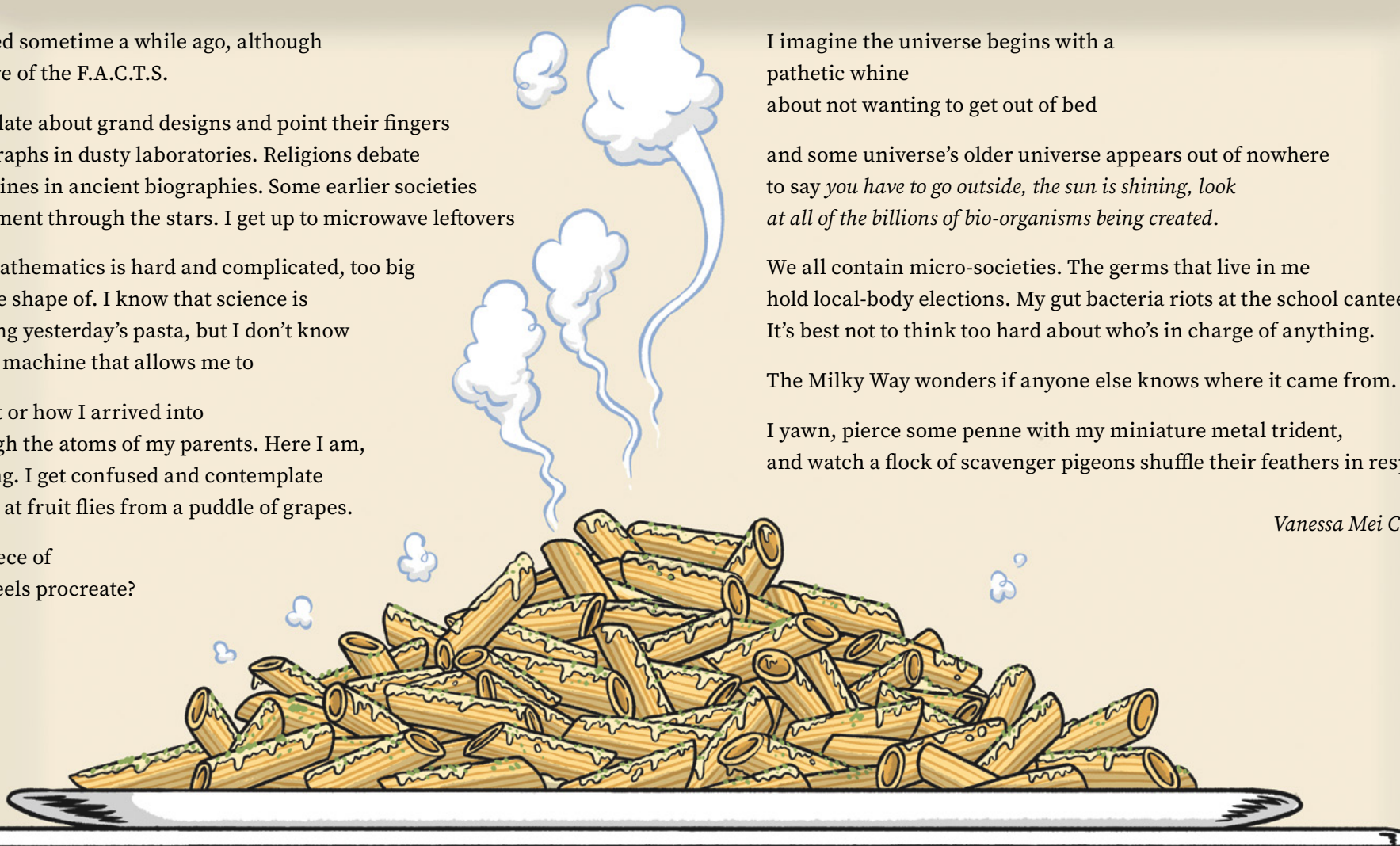


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