

~Vanessa- Silvas

11/02/2012

Even Feathers Fall Faster

You know those words that sound just so odd and irresistibly funny: the ones you say out loud, sounding them out with careful, over-enunciated emphasis? There are many of them, and it can get utterly dull, soaring around the great blue giant all day. Dodging puffy pockets of precipitation can only fill so much time. So what is a harpy to think as the dragging suns and moons pass lazily by? Hungry... A healthy, overgrown sapling seemed to do the trick for appeasing a hearty appetite on most occasions. Diving through a mass of water particles in the air is where my search for a bountiful snack commenced. As I swooped and soared, growing ever closer to hanging shrubs filled with tasty, arboreal morsels, I stumbled upon a familiar scent, a putrid, yet tantalizing odor. It filled my nostrils and resembled a recognizable flavor.

Our paths have been in crossing before, in some way or another, little sloth. Where are you dangling? Slowly, he clings to the shrub. A slave to the boughs of a tree with sleazy, slinky appendages, slithering from limb to limb, he is on a search for a scrumptious bit of afternoon snack as well. There's such an odd way about him, sagging there in perceptive disarray. His horizontal head is puny, which makes his bulbous, overgrown eyes look a bit much for his face to handle. His nose is short and flat, one of those blink and you miss it types, his ludicrous smile all but engulfs it. His ears, well, they are an insignificant and simple excuse for auricles. His fur is stunted, hugging close to his little body, with the same amount of terror as he seems to hug a branch. He is a grimy brown color, matching his bark colored lover.

Go ahead, you sluggard, you slacker, scour for those tiny shrubberies. Sluggishly and purposely, he slips from underbrush to underbrush. Fatten yourself up for me, for soon we will enjoy yet another close encounter.