

Heaven
by Emmy Schroeder

I'm standing in a parking lot in the middle of nowhere, Texas. Population: somehow enough for a Wal-Mart.

People are pushing grocery carts back and forth from the store to their cars like harvester ants. The yellow flowers sticking up through the cracks in the cement are satellite dishes positioned to receive a signal. A plastic bag sails freely along the feeder road, floating underneath a dilapidated billboard that reads:

GOD IS GOOD AND HIS LOVE ENDURES FOREVER.

A body lies motionless between two parked Cadillacs. A woman has fallen from her wheelchair and lies sprawled on the asphalt. Her body is a crumpled piece of paper. I hold out my hand but she doesn't take it.

"Are you an angel?" she smiles.