

Holiday Special

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Antigone's Brother is probably dead and I am spitting up mucus in a pearl-white bathroom while fighting down a festive thanksgiving panic attack. Antigone sits atop the closed toilet seat to my left; she sways under clawfoot grief and the knowledge that her sweet potato pie didn't come out quite right.

Aliens took Antigone's Brother last week on his way home from a late-night CVS shift shifting purlescence made his eyes reflective like an animal and the Aliens were looking for an animal. They found Antigone's Brother. Funny boy—he was supposed to carve the turkey.

I also brought a sweet potato pie. I forgot to check the group chat before coming. Mine's from Kroger which is where the Aliens first went for victims, but they didn't realize all the turkeys were already dead. They took a couple anyways. To respect the culture they also took a deli counter worker who has not been missed yet, except by her punch in punch out clock she punched her uncle last year and hasn't been invited back her cutting skills will be missed but no one will say anything. They wanted

Antigone's Brother to explain what Humans mean by the Ontological Question, but he dropped out of college halfway through Sophomore year and mostly just listens to NPR podcasts on his walk home from work which only ever ask questions of why incision through his heaving open casket chest, right down to his spine, gutted and conscious and considering the symptoms of his own probable demise. Intrusive Alien thought: You could fit some stuffing in there, make a meal. My mucus globbing up the drain should be studied. I don't think it's mine.