F. J. Bergmann - Marshmallows

As the road nears the entrance to an industrial park, the traffic light turns red, and stays that way. The woman in the car next to mine has one pudgy arm draped over the steering wheel; with the other hand she is feeding herself marshmallows, the big ones, as fast as she can, not even bothering to chew. I can't imagine where she is finding room to put them all until I look up at the factory smokestack and see them squeeze out, one after the other, huge cylindrical white puffs. Clearly, no one has considered the environmental impact.

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