

and
I knew
what
destiny
the
Leaves
the
Flowers
of
Consciousness



David J. Feela

THE HERO

Friday night. Exhausted! Flip off
My shoes, flop down in front of the
Television. A man steps from the
Blue-grey screen into my living room
But I pay no attention. He makes a
Sandwich, takes off his shoes and
Shoulder holster, tosses them on the
Floor, sits down. He must be a cop.
When he grabs for my beer I pull it
Away. "Get your own" I tell him.
He snarls a bit, reaches for the gun
But my foot flashes out and pins his
Wrist to the cheap shag carpet. He
Whimpers, explains to me how he is
The Star of this show I am watching,
How he always wins. 'Not this time'
I tell him and boot him back through
The screen. I have found my hero
And he is me.