“The Examiner's Death”

Her life was blameless blameless so when the Drivers License Examiner died she went straight to the Vestibule of Heaven It was crowded but after two centuries she reached the desk 'Take a number' said St. Christopher 'We'll call you'

'Two centuries and you'll call me?' she said

'You should have made an appointment' the saint mumbled rubbing his halo like a hubcap

'How do you do that?'

'Not my department' he said 'Have a seat'

The Drivers License Examiner could hear choirs singing and the still hum of suns buzzing like mopeds through the empyrean This is timlessness she thought There is no time Shadows pooled and diminished diminished and pooled forests rose and tumbled between sheets of ice In her dreams her husband laughed his little cough of a laugh

When her number was called the man at the desk looked like God eyes dark as inkpads

'Do you have a death certificate?' he asked

'How could I? I was dead when they issued it!' 'Keep your voice down' said God pursing his lips 'We've got a problem'

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