

# The Post & More

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (November 2025)



Fiesta Pig (Andy Warhol, 1979)

## The Post

When I got hired as a post watcher, I asked my boss, “What is a post watcher?” and he answered, “Just stand by the post and watch it. Don’t ever take your eyes off it!”

“What kind of pay do I get?” I asked after that.  
“Pay schmay!” he hissed. “You get one popsicle per day. And if it melts before you eat it, that’s your problem. Given AI, you’re lucky to have a job at all!”

Heading over to the post, I immediately noticed that there was a heart carved into it with my name and an ex-girlfriend from high school.

“I wonder if she’s still around,” I said to myself, not taking my eyes off the post for even a second...

### **The Shenan Ibins Story**

Yes, I did have a class with Shenan, but about half-way through the semester I heard she got deported.

Speaking with another student in the class—who knew her better than I—she told me that Shenan was deported because of her name—that the authorities singled her out and decided that on her name alone she posed a serious threat.

Now, as far as I knew, Shenan was a hard-working student who was doing very well, had no political axes to grind, and just wanted to do something special like the rest of us.

To tell you the truth, I never knew where she was actually from but I’ll bet it’s a country in which we’re no longer on favorable terms.

That’s about all I know of her situation.

### **Connected**

I have no doubt that I was a dog in a former life because I feel so connected to them.

When I pass one in the street I make up a name based on how they look.

Earlier today, I encountered three different dogs—two on my way to the store and one on the way home.

The first I called Bruiser because of his ominous expression, which he definitely acknowledged by baring his teeth.

The second I called Diva because of her stately looking face, and even though she didn't respond to the name, I felt certain I'd gotten it right.

The third I called Colossal because of his massive body which he bowed to me before continuing on his way.

Of course, I'll keep giving an appropriate name to each one that I meet, and hopefully return once again as a dog with a name that makes me proud.

## **The Awakening**

When I awakened as two-seater park bench, I threw everyone off until one day my favorite actress sat down on me, and even though she reeked of French perfume, I willingly put up with it, until all of a sudden I sneezed, which unfortunately frightened her, made her jump up, trip, and propel herself right into a bronze statue of Arnold Schwarzenegger.

And, of course, this made me feel terrible as she couldn't return

to the screen for almost a year, and then only get minor roles,  
which at least afforded her an apartment in a suburb of Los Angeles  
that consisted of mostly blue-collar workers...

## **Jack**

When Jack popped up from the box he said to everyone,  
“How would you like to be me—stuck in this dark corner  
of hell until someone flips the lid and I can get a breath  
of fresh air. And, of course, you all expect me to be smiling  
and full of good cheer, when the truth is that I’d like to smack  
your faces and put every one of you in a box while I go out  
and enjoy myself—eat some delicious food, drive around  
in a fancy car, and hit some beaches where the sun always  
shines...”

## **A Personal Story**

Soon after I was born, a bunch of harpies congregated in the  
backyard.

My mother went out with a broom to try to scare them away,  
but they just cackled and threw berries at her.

Witnessing this from the window, my father came out with a bow  
and arrow and shot one of them, who fell right into the pool  
at the back of the yard.

This made the other harpies fly away in fear.

"It's going to stink like hell out here," my mother said to him,  
"but I'm glad that you did it!"

Mother then went back inside, and assuming I was hungry, gave me her left breast, and once satiated I said, "Mother, take me out to the pool. I feel like swimming for the very first time!"

"That I will gladly do," she responded, "once your father cleans it out!"

Unfortunately, the harpies came back and got to him, which made her not want to go out there again until she remarried, and I adjusted to calling this new person father...

### **The Misunderstanding**

Bob told Nick, "You Nick, you're always talking like you have the answer to everything!"

To which Bill, who was standing there, queried Nick, "Did you hear what Bob just called you?"

"What did Bob just call me?" Nick asked, and Bill answered, "He called you one of those castrated guys who used to watch over harem girls and keep them in line for their masters."

"If that's what you just called me I'm going to slap your face!"

Nick told Bob who responded, "All I said is that I'm tired of being around people like you who think they know it all!"

“Well at least I know something, unlike yourself, who don’t even have a brain!” Nick hissed at Bob, before heading on his way.

## **Lucky**

Why yes, I was a pet pig in my former life, first owned by an old couple, until they sold me to a guy who offered them a ton of money.

For a while I thought my new owner was going to keep me as a pet as well until one morning he appeared in front of my pig bed with a hatchet in his hand.

Knowing that my only chance was to lunge at him and hope that he banged his head squarely against the wall, it turned out I was even luckier than that as he fell right through the open window.

And being on the third floor you can only imagine what he looked like when he hit the ground.

When the police arrived, finding only me lying there and no other clues, they left, but soon came back with a gurney, set me on top of it, and then deposited me into the back of a police van.

Around a half hour later, we arrived at a farm, and they presented me to some huge fellow in overalls who said to them, “That is the biggest pig

I've ever seen! I'll definitely keep him as a trophy, even though I have several others who won't be so lucky..."

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**Jeffrey Zable** is a teacher, accomplished conga drummer/percussionist who plays for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area, and a writer of poetry, flash fiction, and non-fiction. He's published five chapbooks and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *Uppagus*, *The Paradox*, *Bitter Melon*, *Verbal Art*, *Hot Pot*, *Beach Chair*, *Rundelania*, *Little Leaf* and many others. His selected poetry (from Androgyne Books) should be out soon.

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