

Not our best work, man said. Man refers to hu-man, by the way.

Man 1: Stoic, aren't we?

Man 2: Look at the broken minute hand on the wall clock on the other side of the dream.

Man 1: I see it. Time's rather stupid today.

Man 2: Assuming time has possessive agency, I'd stow some ick, too.

Man 1: Yeah, but will it be sunny again?

Man 2: Always with the prying sundial, why?

Man 1: Punctuation was never my strong suit. I prefer leather.

Man 2: I wrote a book about that.

Man 1: About garments?

Man 2: Yes, and no. It was a compilation of emails about weather.

Man 1: I remember that. What time was that?

Man 2: At least twice an hour, but the fabric wasn't water resistant.

Man 1 & Man 2: THE WAY WE LIKE IT.

Man 1: Wasn't there a dream about the sunny side of assumptions?

Man 2: I believe it was rubbery, like a wet suit, but with a flap in case you needed to go potty.

Man 1: One never knows when that time will arrive. Impulse control?

Man 2: Like this conversation, it's a bit constipated.

Man 1: True, but with bounce.

Man 2: The fabric softener?

Man 1: No, stools.

Man 1 & Man 2: AN ENDEAVOR.

Man 1: One can always dream, but I think I prefer daylight savings.

Man 2: Agreed. Like a piggy bank, it entices moments like this to try on something different.

Man 1: Well said. Don't let your dad see this though.

Man 2: The ham has it.

Man 1: Salted, like the misty isles of sleepwalking, but for purchase.

Man 2: If one cracks the seal.

Man 1: Persistence is futile.

Man 2: Resistance is feudal.