

If After A Comes B

"That story is over, but my rhyme ain't done."
LL Cool J, "My Rhyme Ain't Done"

A: And so we begin. There were clouds, weren't there? And many frightening lies.

B: We decamped quickly. The olive satin pleased her, smooth against her skin. What does memory store?

A: Or drop, hide, pretend?

B: Forms of proud wisdom and enlightening cries. We were there illicitly, ready for a fray. When others think of oracles, they tend to think of holes. Drinking from receptacles--

A: Clearly, you could say--

B: Was not entirely possible. We had to try again. Birds flew above us as water slapped the shore. Who knew we'd choose the little ones? Our friends learn to desire us, disappointing though we are.

A: You would make amends?

B: As suitors, we could listen. Think of circles, squares, and other shapes that entertain the mind. If we hadn't picked the cherries, we'd have grown thin. Her hands were rough and scarred.

A: Do you remember loving anyone?

B: Consider falling from behind. Ideas that we relish can seem to be enough. Do you calculate your winnings? Are there roving, trolling bards? What comes before the ending?

A: They betrayed the others' trust?

B: And who expects a miracle? For those who understand, equations can be pleasing, like a favorite shade of gray. But contemplate the stars. It's twilight--hear the moaning?

A: Will you attend the festival?

B: She's trying to convey she's been unhappy thus far. The sailors were annoying. Do accidents of syntax really matter in the night? We can't explain the intervals. Forever seeking parables, we grumble, stumble, fight.

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