

# **Story Rhyme**

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## Self and The Master Color

The bell sounds. She sits up, comfortable. Takes a few breaths.

After the seven chakras align at twelve o'clock, the sun rises within.

Rhyme, the Wolf, Raccoon, and Ms. Vulture walk, tread, scatter, and swoop through. They head toward the sacred water of cleansing.

Rhyme: "Something unlike before, I feel."

Wolf: "Keep it all in line."

Raccoon: "I feel... alive, let's play!"

Vulture: "You play, I'll watch."

Rhyme looks at the vulture, connecting with her presence, assured. They know the work will be done. All business cleaned, even if the core is temporarily bruised.

Black will fade to purple, then orange, yellow, and self re-appears. It's like watercolors spilling onto a mixing palette.

The murky combination of the rainbow follows each of them as they wade through the clear aqua blue.

Cleansing, purifying— the journey ahead is long.

The bell sounds.

Rhyme: "Without words, truth will guide."

The others nod, jump, and rustle their feathers.

At the crown, the door opens. A clear bubble floats down to the platform, fueled by breath.

The group steps inside.

As quickly as the body experiences momentary absolute ecstasy, the bubble takes flight.

The group looks back down at the shrinking platform, disappearing through the window. A city jungle seen from a bird's eye view quickly shrinks into a seed, a country, an earth, a bead, strung amongst the galaxy's necklace.

The bubble ascends without fear, jumping solar time zones like a squirrel jumping trees, unaware of the falling. Just grabbing, a computer quest.

Then, it comes in full view:

WHITE,  
BLACK,  
PEARL,  
GOLD.

The last treble, and time stops again.

Wolf: "Everyone's here."

Raccoon: "Do they know we are here?"

Vulture: "Does balance know either end?"

Rhyme: "Itself... Let's go."

The bubble now floats through the universe of colors.

The group is not in control of where they end up. For now, the colors choose them. Looking around, like a puppy lost outside while its mother gets coffee. Right there, but vulnerable.

A sudden change of wind and the bubble heads in a different direction.

Before their eyes, it lights up. The Master of Colors comes into focus.

It's neither one color, like electricity, the surface changes with each eye micro-shifting.

Glorious in size, it's a giant, water-colored, electronic orb.

The bubble pulls up to the orb, like two particle atoms. They merge, and the group steps out inside.

Raccoon: "This is something, but what?"

Wolf: "Should we give it anything?"

Vulture: "Who guards it?"

Rhyme: "A feather and no gravity. Can words weigh meaning here?"

Master of Colors:....

Rhyme: "Our questions have come far to be asked, Master of Colors. How do we collect answers?"

Master of Colors:....

Wolf: "If I care for all..."

Raccoon: "If I show my face..."

Vulture: "If I'm misunderstood..."

Rhyme: "How do I believe?"

The Master of Colors shimmers.

Master of Colors: "...DO'eth witness, for you are here, and you are all. The colored path."

An invisible hand reaches out towards Rhyme. The other animals step forward, ready to protect her, but Rhyme looks back, reassuring them. She must face this alone. She steps onto the hand, pulled upward into the exact center of the orb. It's a perilous perch – far enough to fall, far enough where help is too far. Anxious and frustrated, Rhyme turns towards the Master she cannot see, but whose presence she feels.

"How do I believe?!" she cries out. "How can I live content? How can I make my dreams come true?! I've been sitting in different colors, up and down here, for so long. I'm wrestling with time, sick of 'I'm' and 'me,' of desires that aren't fulfilled.

But WHO am I? How do I trust this Colored Path?!"

The Master of Colors replies, "Are you ready?"

"Am I here because I am not..."

A sudden, deafening *PSSSSHHHHHH* Rhyme plunges, hurtling toward a grim fate. Time slows, desperate and shocked. The Master's hurricane wind blasts Rhyme down, a cruel, masterful test.

Rhyme's legs reach the edge of the hand platform. In a last, desperate attempt, her imagination saves her. She notices a rope – what rope? – and clings to it for dear life. Holding on against the impossible wind. Holding onto something, not there. Holding onto what she's held onto all her life.

Below, the wolf howls, the raccoon squeals, the vulture squawks. Then, dead silence. Rhyme looks up. The Master of Colors says, "DESIRE is weak like the wind. Now, what do you want? Content is white, but you cannot live without color. You are awake, yet dreaming this. Where are you sitting? Who questions truth is one who is not here, hear me."

Listening, Rhyme closes her eyes. Where no color lives, she presses hard against the outside of her eyes. She begins to see faint clouds of dust floating by. Electronic, water-translucent color fills the inside of her tears, blurring her view. Is it true?

She loosens her grip and hears:

*Take your time, watch colors pass.  
Write your rhyme, learn words in class.  
If you seek answers, move in stillness.  
If whistles blow, waves roll illness.  
Whatever be your sanctuary, whatever be your life.  
Whatever number plates your destination trust you'll keep on driving.  
Whatever treasure in the depth of your quest, trust you'll keep on diving.  
Stare into the reflection, stare what you want.  
Speak into a language, listen what is what.  
Yes you, believe,  
Yes you, because.  
You are still here,  
Against the odds.*

Hands sore from holding on for so long, Rhyme lets go. Gently, she floats down to the ground. With no words spoken, yet the pack understands. Rhyme turns before the invisible exit. There is no one to thank, but she utters to the great all: "Thank you."

A faint alarm begins to ring, slowly gaining volume. It's from earth.

Wolf: "I'll take the lead, I have you all safely."

Raccoon: "Let me play music with the ringing. I can't help it, beauty in harmonics."

Vulture: "There is blessing in this eco-system, I can take it back home."

The group jumps back into their clear bubble, leaving the orb. What is done, has been. The field of colors bounces between each other like a playground of balls. The last moment where no time moves. They near the gates and look down.

The ringing becomes louder, a free fall, a leaving.

GOLD,  
PEARL,  
BLACK,  
WHITE,

Space, each flying through the portal combination.

Each bead of the universe, each beat of the alarm, flying down, dizzily spinning in speed. The earth appears, and there's not enough time to look back.

They know they will return when they will. Over the concrete jungle, the bubble with them flies, looping through the streets, dodging planes. Back through the glass, her crowned platform appears.

The alarm rings loudest here. Rhyme, The Wolf, Raccoon, and Ms. Vulture sift out and, like a diving board, use her crown to dive seven floors deep, back into the aqua within.

Only Rhyme now opens her eyes, blinks into earth's daylight, stands up, and walks over to turn the alarm on her phone off. It's 7:20 am.

## Look Up

\*\*\* *I just have a little crack in my neck\*\**

Throbbing, the top of your spine.  
Sobbing, you can't find the time  
To fix it, rolling side to side  
Crack to crack.  
Checking back,  
on your digital calendar,  
When can I schedule that?

Oh yes I'm on top of the cyber age,  
Yes just look here to that I've saved!  
I'm on all day, I can walk and text,  
I'm so good even, camera on while sex.

I watch all day, I watch all night,  
I pick it up when nothing frights -  
Me, it's mine, I'm here, I'm there.  
I don't care if they are watching me bare.

I need travel less, I don't have to read paper.  
I'm a modern junkie, I shoot selfies not flavors.  
And if you ask me a favor, well I favor numbers as such,  
sure I'm your friend but it comes with a crunch.

I'm a generous profile, I'll like what is catching,

But really who are you? How many followers are latching?  
I'm multi-cultural and multi-currency,  
I like multiple layers and editing is fun for me!

Dam, there goes my neck again and shit look at the time!  
Got stuck another scroll hole again but have you seen the user @\_rhyme\_ ?  
Teeth grinding cause work steals my days  
And tests are flying end of term, I forgot 'Does the sun have rays?'

6 alarms beside my bed,  
the other side no space for a human head.  
Besides this is my time, My prime connect,  
Plus I've got my friends on-line instead.  
I don't like to sleep, I don't really dream.  
I can learn more on my hand held screen.  
I'm just thinking, yeah that.. need..to..want..eyes, neck sore,  
Hmmm I'm tired, I'm out I'm gone. Zzzzz...SNORE.

DING. Sleep. DING. Sleep. DING. snooze. DING.  
On the 5th time, I'm up alright 'THINK'  
My neck back on the pillow, staring up into the ceiling grooves.  
The sounds of city pours through the window, ah this really soothes.

I stopped buying or searching for music, besides theres playlists for all that.  
Others can choose for me, thats why I'm king on my phone black.  
Okay need to shower, I'll leave my phone outside,  
Ah this waters refreshing, down my spine, my tired eyes.

DING. Oh shit my 6th alarm, I should of turned it off.  
Okay I'll reach it quickly now my shower temperature soft.

...

Theres a few worst moments in our lives now, I think this is the worst.  
My wet hands slipped and down she fell, tile, shatter, screen now cursed.

Stop the heat, stop everything, get out, is she alive?!  
Oh my god, it wont turn on, no no it has to or I'm fired.  
I'm screwed my notes for my assignment was there,  
On '*the great wonders of life*'... this can't be fair.  
Okay c'mon before the test, I'll take it to the doctor.  
Next to chinatown, I know a guy who fixes fast a shoulder.

On the subway I don't know where to look,  
My pulse, my paranoia starts to cook.  
Faster, hurry up, I can't wait any longer.  
I wish I could ride my phone, it loads stronger.  
Looking into my hands, empty I'm stranded.  
Okay I'll rub my shoulders, clicking neck un-banded.  
It's all just temporary, I'll keep reminding myself,  
Just let it go, just be yourself.  
But who am I?  
My numbers died, I don't know  
I don't know...  
Ohh...

What to think about or do with this time.  
Alright pull it together, the next stop mine.

Without my maps I'm lost I'm stuck.  
I don't want to ask anyone, but 'hello, whats up'  
'Do you know this street, it might be close..'  
But she looked at me blank 'Hmm.. I duh know'  
She walks away looking down,  
I'm bent over like a clown.  
I'm sore, I'm confused, I'm giving up.  
Wait a voice, I look up.

*Hear ye! I'm blue with clues.  
The street is east and its the morning fool!  
Follow the warmth, don't you remember?  
You cant like me, snow storm December.  
But this is when you need to stop, re-coup and lean back.  
You're over hunched and trusting much in something that can crack!  
Wander more and wonder less, stop thinking, watch your tracks.  
Looking down wont get you answers, it will give you sorest back.  
Now water blue drink, fill the cup, lock it, put it down.  
Take a breath, tilt your neck, look up and  
drown...  
I'm blue and birds fly here,  
Buildings tall and kites come here.  
It's good for you I promise thee,  
Just follow the clues I set for he.*

By the bell, church nearby rings,  
Sent back to standing I look at things.  
People staring down,  
No one noticed 'did I just drown?'

At the timing across the road I looked at what I found,  
The shop owner un-locking doors, my heart set sound.

The hour I waited, I walked around the block,  
I didn't think, so I end this book.  
I have nothing to say to you so close these words shut.  
Please go and wander, oh don't forget... Look up.

## A Count in Pink Couture

The new world order has formed, where rules previously policed are freshly abandoned.  
Wild with chaos, yet pregnant with freedom.

Each being, still human but **conscious of their potential**, looking collectively in the direction of peace. Thus, the air crackles with anticipation as the bi-weekly assembly convenes into a sanctuary of open minds in this ruleless world, where souls are nourished and knowledge flows freely."

Transparent crystal walls enclose the open formats of these assemblies. Spread throughout each town, these monastery like buildings, offer a space for free thought. They are not churches, government offices, refuges, or stations. Attendance is voluntary. Here, knowledge flows through speech, dialogue, song, dance, and even outlandish discourse.

Anyone can speak, but in this era, **we** know when to speak. Not for fame, money, or self-aggrandizement. The true speakers, like shamans, are those who understand the depth of their own knowledge and guide others with it, they speak from a place of personal guidance, without effort or uncertainty. They entertain, educate, and illuminate.

These buildings are spaces where talks and debates unfold without judgment or categorization. History is not used as a weapon. Here, the present moment is paramount, and two different perspectives are allowed to exist side by side. These speakers, **known as Count-Parlays**, each bring their unique viewpoint to the table, creating a dialogue of understanding and mutual respect.

This is a citation of a memorable show by Count-Parlay Ezra.

Count-Parlay Sto, his voice rich and resonant, addressed the gathering: "Our hearts, aware, hear ye and keep listening. We gather today not as kings, but as the presence of wisdom..."

The hall hummed with anticipation. Hundreds of people, their faces aglow with the soft light emanating from the crystal walls, murmured in excited clusters. The last of the Count-Parlays arrived, gliding through the

shimmering doors that shifted seamlessly to accommodate their entry. There are no walls, only crystal that permits sound be heard and leaked to the nearby streets, yet a container of space is felt by all.

The very air inside felt charged, a living, pulsing force.

**Above, the crystal roof dissolved into an ethereal mist, casting a soft, otherworldly glow over the assembly.** It was as if the sky itself had been captured within the building, its swirling patterns of light reflected in the faces of the crowd. **The mist shimmered and danced, a living tapestry that seemed to breathe with the energy of the hall.** In the center, a transparent, adult-height table stood, a delicate stage for a breathtaking display of swirling, vibrant flowers. Beneath it, a group of children in pristine white danced with practiced grace, their movements a mesmerizing blend of fluidity and precision. **Their white costumes seemed to glow against the backdrop of the swirling colors, a visual poem of purity and joy.**

“Have we gathered?” Count-Parlay Sto asked, his voice booming through the hall. “Ok, alas the time to converse begins. Firstly, on the tail off current events the next hall serves information on Indo-asia’s climate findings. Integral information please swap later.

Now, hear, **who has ears**, the abolishment of last decades policing system is in its final stages of closure! The team...”

A wave of jubilant cheers swept through the assembly, a tide of emotion that carried on the air. "Beeha!" men cried out, their voices filled with relief and exultation. The weight of the old system, the fear it instilled, had vanished, leaving behind a heady sense of freedom.

Count-Parlay Sto raised his hands, silencing the cheers with a single gesture. "Yes," he said, his voice firm and unwavering. “The team has reported, their findings felt in all our hearts. No individual has fallen prey to injustice since our last meeting. I repeat NO singularities have fallen to in-justice since our last meeting making this, yes, the first time in our collective history, the great worldwide peace with no police engagement...”

The cheers returned, louder than ever. "Beeha! Beeha!" echoed through the hall, as the crowd surged forward, their voices a joyous symphony of congratulations and liberation. The children on the stage, their movements echoing the energy of the crowd, twirled and leaped, their white costumes a stark contrast to the swirling colors of the flower arrangement. The air vibrated with the rhythm of their dance, a joyous melody that spilled out onto the surrounding streets. The energy of the assembly was palpable, a collective sense of triumph that reverberated through the crystal structure, a testament to the historical moment they witnessed.

Count-Parlay Sto smiled, his eyes reflecting the shared joy of the crowd. "This is the dawn of a new decade," he declared. "We move forward with the promise of a new era of peace and justice, an era where true freedom flourishes."

He paused, allowing the thunderous applause to subside. "With great success, though, comes a responsibility for balance. As we step into this unknown territory, we must remember to live now, with peace in our hearts and respect for all beings. This is a realistic step towards true justice."

"Now," he continued, his voice regaining its authoritative tone, "I present the detailed report of our accomplishments, the accumulation of our shared efforts."

Silence with whispers and energy is held temporarily in the room now. The girl, sitting middle front corner with her mother and father, feels the buzz of anticipation vibrating through the crystal floor. The air around her smells of polished crystal and something else, something a little like pine, but more electric, more alive. She glances at her father, his face aglow with the soft light emanating from the walls.

"Father," she whispers, "Pass me some olive. I know you're snacking!"

"Can't a joyous man snack with news, haha," he chuckles, "I know you want the key to the music instrument storage, my cunning daughter."

"Okay fine, please borrow me the key to the storage... and an olive."

Her father hesitates. "Fine, but can't you wait till after the announcement?"

"No," she says, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I need to run, I have someone to meet." She pauses, "Tell me what C-P Sto informs us of, oh, and give me that olive please."

Father looks to mother.

“Darling” Mother begins “do as you feel right but I heard special guest C-P EZRA will join today”

The girl wrestles with her childish fun and responsibility for educating herself “Oh! Hmmm.. Okay I’ll listen to know when I shall return”

Father passes key and olive to the girl with a friendly pat on the shoulder and reassuring nod.

Her mother’s words buzzed in her ears as she slipped backwards through the crowd, her movements as fluid as the mist above. The air outside the hall was crisp and alive, charged with the echo of the speakers. As she sprinted down the street, the faint hum of the hall faded behind her, replaced by the rhythmic clatter of the tram tracks. She couldn’t shake the feeling that something important was about to happen.

Something both exhilarating and terrifying.

She found Trigano leaning against a metallic lamppost, a bored expression on his face.

“There she is!” Trigano exclaimed, a grin spreading across his face. “Got an olive?”

“Haha, yeah, I snagged two to share,” she said, pulling out the olive and the key. “Here’s the key!”

“Thank-you, I need to unlock something with the brass tuba on cc100 synthmlod. Plus, I’m a little bored listening to Indo-asia’s climate update...”

“Yeah, I heard,” she said, “fact me about it later.”

“Wait, you’re not coming to the studio?”

“No, not now. I feel like I want to observe the C-P Ezra show.”

The news that C-P Ezra was joining the show had sparked a flame of curiosity within her. It was as if the world itself was holding its breath, waiting for something extraordinary to unfold.

“Ahh, that’s cool,” Trigano said “Tell me what the C-P says, all this news recently is giving me the chills. It’s incredible.”

“Right! What a moment to be alive. Well, send me your session. Kick it!”

“Your word.” in a godspeed attitude Trigano returned to the girl.

As she turned and sprinted back towards the hall, the melding of the speakers reached its crescendo. The air vibrated with a powerful, otherworldly energy. She could hear C-P Sto's voice, a wave of sound echoing through the city. His words were a whisper on the wind, carrying the weight of something momentous. She could almost see it, the unfolding of something spectacular.

C-P Sto's voice boomed through the hall, "...and now, presenting C-P EZRA!" The girl gasped. The lights dimmed, bathing the hall in a deep, velvety purple. A single spotlight illuminated the stage, creating a halo of light.

From the shadows, Count-Parlay Ezra emerged.

He was handsome and chic, his white suit shimmering with silver crystals. His presence was magnetic, radiating truth and mystery. As he spoke, his eyes met hers, as if he knew the questions dancing in her mind.

"Observe thee and who has ears listen," C-P Ezra began, his voice resonating with a strange power. "I heard just now a warning for all to know. At this great time of unveiling..."

The music swelled, a symphony of vibrant strings and pulsing drums. She could almost feel the energy flowing from Ezra, rippling through the crowd.

"My lords of citizens upholding our quest, thee who raised by mothers breast.

Among us we have come great afar. Now where do we go, how do we start?"

C-P Ezra paused, his gaze sweeping over the hall. Then, a grin spread across his face.

"I say... a great party! I feast be in order! A dance! Olives for all, acknowledging the past!"

Father yells 'Beeha!' At 'olives for all' The girl giggles.

"Now we're floating but we still work, let's lessen our dues."

He jumped onto the table, his white suit shimmering under the spotlight.

“I want to make combs in factories for muse of hairs  
that reach the floor, that soak up soap from the crystal chairs-  
-we’re standing upon to reach higher, DARE! Dare to stop us,  
Us, this is our time,  
I’ll stand, I’ll yell, I’ll dance, I’ll Rhyme.”

And with a roar, C-P Ezra leaped into the crowd.

He ran through the corridors, his white suit a flash of light, kissing and dancing with everyone in his path.

The crowd erupted in laughter and cheers, a whirlwind of joyous chaos.

"...We’ve been so serious, abandon discipline you are free now, you are free now..."

He twirled a ballerina under a cascade of flowers, her laughter ringing out.

"Kids you are free now, Dance!"

The music reached a crescendo, pulsing through the hall. Everyone was standing, cheering, their voices blending in a powerful chorus of joy.

"YOU ARE FREE NOW, YOU ARE FREE NOW, WE ARE FREE NOW!!!!"

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"YOU ARE FREE NOW, YOU ARE FREE NOW, WE ARE FREE NOW!!!!"

A white stallion hover bike materialized beside him. Ezra leaped onto it, his laughter echoing through the hall.

He shot up the walls, his hover bike a blur of white against the brightly colored walls.

"We are free now..."

The girl stood, her heart pounding in her chest. But a wave of anxiety rolled through the subconscious muscles of the body of people.

A man in the crowd shouts "C-P EZRA you are wise to show us our energy back but we cant be creating senseless gatherings, what does this teach our children? Can we balance our laughter to the rhythm of our forward motion?"

The audience erupted in a chorus of "Beeha!" but the cheer felt hollow, as if they were all desperately trying to drown out a nagging voice within. An uncomfortable tension snaked through the crowd, row by row, as if a cold wind had suddenly swept through the hall. The girl's fingers twitched, counting in her mind. One, two, three, four... This wasn't just a celebration; it was a test.

C-P EZRA, de-mounted his hovering bike, floats back on stage and without a word pulled out the most magnificent pink and white feathered petal, chiffon, saffron textured floor length couture coat. The light from the spotlight caught the shimmering fabric, casting a kaleidoscope of colors across the stage. He placed the coat on his shoulders, adjusting a pink head tie to match. The transformation was complete.

The tension in the hall seemed to deflate, replaced by a wave of astonishment. The girl blinked, unsure if she was dreaming. The man in the crowd stared, his brow furrowed. And as C-P Ezra turned to face the audience, a mischievous grin spread across his face, a hint of defiance in his eyes.

The crowd was speechless, their gazes glued to the figure on stage. C-P Ezra had not answered the man's question, but he had certainly shifted the narrative.

Outrageous to even more outrageous, reverse psychology at its finest.

his gaze sweeping across the assembly. His voice was softer now, tinged with a deep understanding.

*"Wise man, you make point, for that I am indebted to you  
and to all, thus take pink of thy feathers."*

He reached into his coat and pulled out a single, delicate pink feather, the color of a flamingo's wing. He offered it to the man who had challenged him.

*After trials and tribulations, the long winter, the heat summer, not a drummer could find the rhythm of  
our current state.*

*So with great heights I ask you to share,*

*Keep a balanced perspective, keep yourself aware.*

*We can enjoy our humanly pleasures,*

*lets not neglect our desires and measures.*

*Laugh at the fool, laugh at your said*

*Cry for the born, cry for the dead.*

*Cry then eat an olive sweet, rejoice our achievement, observe our freedom, indeed.*

*Take in your counsel, share what must.*

*Take my feather, a bird can trust.*

*The next phase we work towards*

*Holds clue in craft and laughter applause.*

*My counsel, my lords, my children who are not mine to own,*

*Mind your own when leaving this crystal dome.*

*For the weary still require and expecting mothers retire.*

*Our children watch examples. Be it careful what conspires.*

*Let's keep to be awake as bodies up-grading towards our purity stake.*

*Crucify **me**, **see**, anyone who disagree's,*

*But remember I am you, remember you are **me**.*

A hush fell over them all, like the mist above, The man in the crowd took the feather, his eyes meeting C-P Ezra's. He looked at the delicate pink plume, then back at C-P Ezra, a flicker of understanding in his eyes. Then, a low murmur began to ripple through the crowd. "Beeha..." it started, soft at first, then growing in volume until it filled the hall. It was a hesitant "Beeha!", a mixture of relief and uncertainty, as if the crowd was still wrestling with the conflicting emotions that C-P Ezra's words had stirred within them.

The girl felt a wave of warmth wash over her but she was still unsure about C-P Ezra, his enigmatic ways and his cryptic pronouncements. But there was a truth in his words, a wisdom that resonated within her. She reached for another olive, its smooth green skin cool against her fingers. The taste was tangy and sweet, a comforting reminder of the polarity that life held.

C-P Ezra bowed, a fleeting gesture of gratitude. "Thank you for now," he said. "The great assembly news will unfold. Do you my origami citizens of this new world?"

He stepped back from the stage, his pink coat shimmering in the spotlight. A fine mist, the color of rose petals, swirled around him, the scent of delicate blossoms filling the hall. He turned, a mischievous smile playing on his lips, and vanished, leaving only the faintest echo of his words and a lingering sense of wonder.

The girl stood, the olive still in her hand. She looked at the shimmering mist, then at the feather in the man's hand. C-P Ezra had spoken of freedom, but he had also spoken of responsibility. And as the mist slowly dissipated, the girl realized that the path ahead would be as uncertain as it was full of promise.

## A Phone call with the Sun

*Resistance, a door handle un-greased. In black, between her hands creased.  
Lava telephone on the other end, a heated conversation; two old friends.*

R: It's always about you! I simply cannot keep up with your schedule. If we're really friends you'll make it to my party on time!

S: Oh you're so cold this night. Just wait me, I'll bring it bright. I know how you get, we've been friends 24..

R: Yes, 24 red turns! So approaching a quarter, can't you stay a quarter longer?

S: I... I just don't think I can. Call me a yoga pose but I'm not as flexible as I want.

R: Be it true then. Don't come at all!

S: I admit I've been a loyal friend, but only on my schedule. Please can you just forgive me this time, again?

R: Friendships cannot function on-going whispers. Shout to me when we balance a see saw.

S: You'll regret this, you need me!

R: Burn your fire, you must require, me more!

*A fabulous party came and ended, candles burnt to their stems. But a bitter night between a birthday girl and the sun, no longer friends. The very next day, light was no more, they couldn't see who walked through the door. And in the dark, how many, and what of a drink. Did it matter what people think?*

*The girl, an instrument. The sun, a guest not shown. In walked some darkness, new face for a phone. And backfire what dark mesmerized while light was still remembered.*

*Blamed the girl for a gesture of inclusion now one-sided when co-dependent. Everyone was washing their whites, hanging out with no sun to dry. Moving forward with time, a girl was asking 'why?'*

*Sun was hotter and had no release and soon Sun could hurt all. Itself, discomfort, unable to spin un-invited to the ball. Looking to space, taking no service.*

*Thinking to dial an apology earnest.*

*Sun questions, not even a Sun can answer. 'Can I solar my own routine? Or am I stuck this heated forever?'*

*Girl questions, not a women can point directions. 'Can I do this by myself? How long will my stubbornness live in darkness?'*

*Both fearing unknown the facts presented beyond a simple gesture of fairness.*

*So the great creator sees this and calls the Moon. Then the next cycle she visits a girl.*

R: Oh Moon! You always surprise me with your timing!

You enjoyed my party? This new dark is fabulous for you, no?

M: Dear girl, I'm here to remind you. What's going on with you and Sun? I can't take sides but you always made great friends.

R: You're so double sided Moon, even if you tried less. Look I know you're working with Great Spirit, but I'm not sick of always revolving around Sun's plans! That's not a friend to me.

M: From one side yes, from another I think sun revolves around you if you look lighter...

R: That's ridiculous, I'm looking how I do!

M: Wake in your dark, then ask sun to rise. Watch your day, wash whites, then dry. When you're tired ask sun to set and wave goodbye, after all you're friends...

R: I guess your side has perspective, I guess I haven't been asking enough, my expectations revolve around me.

M: You and that only. Let go your expectations, thy girl and witness your friend rise again.

*A girl wants to call an old friend. She waves in dark and asks 'Ascend'.*

*In the horizon a friend answered a call.*

R: Sun! You came when I asked! Will you forgive me unbalanced? What I said in the past?

S: My old friend it doesn't suit us to fight. But I admit I wasn't a clear light. I got so wrapped up in my spinning affairs. Our last call was heated, I gleamed, I glared.

Listen I appreciate you and our friendship, anything you ask I will go my best to shine through. We both have our lives, our routines and purpose. Let us help each in the best way surfaced.

R: I'll accept your reason and forgive my expectations, after all I know your busy spinning that, that what I am not made for. We both want to impress each other and feel like we belong. So I'll stay till set, meet you around 4?

S: The horizon line is best to meet, I'll answer to your ask. Let's keep checking in view of each other, the sides, the moon, we indeed move fast with phone calls now.