

Chapter 12: Patricia

She had never looked older to herself. Sure, the bathroom night-light lit her from below, starkly accenting every wrinkle and pouchy skin droop. But, there was something more. Some different aging in her eyes that betrayed more than the calendar suggested.

Chapter 13: Dwayne

They had sat in silence for a good 15 minutes. Not really silence... Rick's asthmatic mouth breathing was doing overtime filling the void. It wasn't like they had nothing to talk about. There was a myriad list of small topics they could chew over. But, they both knew that small talk wasn't going to cut it this time. Neither was going to be the first to launch into the deeper talk that was sitting on the conversational horizon like a storm that just won't fucking break.

Chapter 14: Orson

When he was little... who was he kidding? He was never “little”. When he was younger, Orson used to believe that you could hold love in your hands. “He's got the whole world in his hands.” he used to hear sung... somewhere. Suddenly he couldn't remember where. Sunday school? He never went to Sunday school. He had a vague memory of being in a church and hearing songs.

Another vague memory of being in a generically friendly, carpeted room listening to something religious, and all he could stare at was his teacher's (or teacher's aide's) eyes. That stuck out in his mind, probably for no reason at all, but does there need to be a reason for random ideas? The eyes were green and he was looking at them from the side. He could see the clear part of the lens of the eye perfectly extending out from the eye. He pictured a laser cutting that part of the eye off with a clean slice. The eye would still work, maybe even better...

“Orson” by Mike Eserkaln www.eserkaln.com

Focus Orson, focus.

Love as a tangible thing. Love in your hands. Something that you can acquire. Something you can lose. SomeTHING.

It had certain specific physical properties to it. Warm in his hands. Just big enough to fit in both of his hands held out cupped like they were holding water. Warm. Glowing with an amber golden glow. That was “love.” But the most important part of this image was the fact that if it was something you could gain or acquire, and it was something you could lose.

At any moment it could just fall away from your hands and dissipate into the ether. The hell of it was, if you held on to it too tight, in an effort to keep it from disappearing, it would actually disappear more readily.