

The Search for Pastina Continues

by Carl Santoro

To assist you in recalling some of Episode One of - "A Poem by Jasmine Coriander-Semolina":

My head lifted up slowly as I looked up through a gaussian blur of fragrant incense smoke and saw she was crying.

She whispered that her daughter, Pastina, was last seen walking in a trance in the market and was believed to have walked into a display of all these wheat varieties and disappeared. I could hardly make out what she was saying. Something about the magical power of the poem to make one either find Pastina, or enter the netherworld of where she resides. I felt myself rise up off the carpet, leave the tent and follow the sound of the barking dog...to the Market Place.

EPISODE TWO

Today walking in Mineola and rounding a corner I bumped into Chlorine, a close friend of Pastina. She too was trying diligently to discover the wherabouts of her friend. "I have not seen her in weeks! I have not been able to see correctly ever since I looked at a Toyota which was a color I do not know the name of. How can there be a color I was never introduced to, recognize, are aware of, can discern? Is it not true that the color blue was not discovered until 1654?

My vision is tinted with a strange greenish hue. I'm ruined!"

I realized this was not going well for her or Pastina or I.

"here...take this tin of Earl Grey home with you. Steep it in hot water and apply compounds to your closed eyes."

A dog barked, a car horn blasted and as we turned we could barely catch a glimpse of a speeding car as the glare from the sun obscured a woman flailing her arms out the rear window yelling, "Carl! Chlorine! Help!"

I turned to face Chlorine. Either my eyes were playing a trick on me or the sun's glare had done some immediate damage, but Chlorine definitely had a strange greenish hue all over her body.

