

# There.

by A. Pseudonym

*There: you see a woman who has laid hands on the man she walks with. Tomorrow she will kill herself. Let me speak her life.*

*Born alone, without event. Moon, gibbous. Month, Julius, the tail end. A Leo. Many other signs and wonders seen to have been accumulating from her get-go, on which I may speculate. She walks musically; intimations of a double bass between the knees. You see its bow in her elbow's wide angle. And these revelations of gesticulation are many. This morning she read from Ecclesiastes. She ate a tomato. She talked with her mother, who is dying. She cried.*

*She is happier than most. I can see where she's come from now. A country house, where she is the only child. This is a well-tended idyll. Her mother is a composer. Her father — there, he passed earlier, just the two of them now, they grow close. At school she dances well and learns capoeira. In Shanghai for college she has a lover, a Chinese girl. They come close but do not last . ?????????, you know.*

*How like a bad novel this life appears. There is no grit. Yet. There is no grit yet. I will sift it though. There. You raise your cheek with your eye when he turns to face you. The colors shift in a spread of mauve and bruise. It's a brief struggle to control the pupil and the nostril; I see you are faster than him. But not faster than me.*

*Andale. She's safe in hand now. Stuffed down in my pockets. She'll keep overnight, claro. Pull her out when the pulling is good. There's a time for everything, you know. In its season.*

