

Perimeter and Paramour

by Brian Michael Barbeito

Jack and Jane went up the hill.

Give us a drink, said Jack.

Here go, said Jane.

They watched a bit of the city below, the city that was lit up by soft electrical lights.

What say tonight Jane? Why so quiet?

Many spirits are out Jack. They are all around.

Isn't it always the way?

Actually no. It is not always the way Jack.

Ask them, Jane, what they say?

What they say about what? asked Jane.

What they say about the ones I have loved and the ones I have lost.

A horn honked in the distance then, and a small bird flew through some patch of lights from a lot down the way while a grouping of birds could be heard overhead.

Well? said Jack.

They said that you are loved also Jack, and that there are various levels of love, and also that nothing is really unknown.

Really? asked Jack. They said all that?

A long silence pronounced itself between them and then Jane burst out laughing.

Nope. I made it up. I was just having a piss.

Jane?

What Jack?

Are the spirits even there, like you said?

Yup. They are all around. In point of fact, they are all around all the time, like you said. It is always the way.

Jack and Jane sat back a bit more on the summit then, so that their elbows felt the cold of the grass and dirt even through long cotton shirts. They sat back like that for long whiles and sometimes

a runner went past far underneath and sometimes another horn sounded, but always the lights tried to show the place to itself and the place to Jack and Jane and the place to resident and traveling spirits. Jane felt all three of those things to in some way be the same thing such as the sides of an equilateral triangle or even the parts of a trinity.

