

In the Tent of Princess Citronella

by Carl Santoro

While sipping Earl Grey tea in the tent of Princess Citronella, I could hear the nighttime burping of several camels outside trying to settle down. A slight breeze entered in through an opened flap and gently vibrated a piece of paper the Princess was handing me. A dog barked. I turned to look over my shoulder, but no matter. She said the paper had a lovely poem written on it by an acquaintance of hers. It was believed that the poem had the power to hypnotize people. She asked me to read it to her. It must be read slowly, mantra-style. I politely put down my cup and began.

The Market Place

by Jasmine Coriander-Semolina

Piccolini

Ditalini

Capellini

Tubettini

Cavatelli

Garganelli

Tagliatelli

Perciatelli

Macaroni

Rigatoni

Pipette

Penne

Rotini

Linguini

Fettuccini

Tortellini

Farfalle

Gemelli

Spaghetti
Rigati
Fusilli
Celantini
Ziti
Cavatappi
Rotelle
Campanelle.

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.

