

to day

by Dorothee Lang

a fragment of a dream

It's early morning. I sit at a desk, in front of a huge screen. The screen is filled with hundreds of icons. Some I can read, some I can only guess, some look like Chinese signs. The icons come in the six spectral colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. Like a memory game, or a visual horoscope. The screen isn't for play, though. It doesn't refer to stars and planets, either. It is a tableau of the immediate future.

The key to it waits in a hologram, patient. A six-word question.
"What day to you want today?"

I turn my head. Time starts running.

I look at the screen full of icons.
I still try to find it.
The one to click, to day.

