

The Girl With the Bobby Pin Hair

by evntho

Ajanta. Curry and Nann. White elephants held tails along the paper perimeter as he leaned and placed palm over it. She had covered her laughing mouth, trying to prevent him from seeing a storied past. He reached to grab, but she protested. You mustn't look, she said. It was then her black hair fell in a J curve towards the center of that dark face. He knew he loved her then. Would return it some good morrow. Resting it quietly in a place where sure to notice. But for now in his pocket it would keep. The one no one ever uses.

