

# a random thought

*by* Matt Kang

An augur presents the future by looking at signs and omens. They perceive something from nothing, defying the laws of logic to produce conclusions from clues left by an omniscient narrator. It's perpetual discernment, an infinite energy of time and knowledge that can't happen, and does anyway.

Today my brother is getting married. He says he loves her, and I want to believe him. I talked to her, and she says "I love him," too. I look at her hands. I look at his hands. They shake, shake, while mouths say the words.

What does it mean to know? To hold the future in the palm of your hand, and pretend it means nothing? What do you call yourself, then?

