She sat upon our discovered bench, counting cracks in sidewalk eyes. The Sunday Tribune even though it's Tuesday, made her wish for psychic anthills.

She wished to merely tell a fable about some old lady with spindly fingers like old golf clubs, disfigured from years of misuse.

The lampshade would have to be bent at an arousing angle reminding me of high school and fumbled moxy.

She ate the ornament in a way that seemed infallible as if violence was grown, not learned. She couldn't understand why the paper falling from the ottoman, unswept. Her hair left me wandering through broken promises and breakfast.

And I don't want to even light a match, at all. I wandered past the applause and our overheated two act play just thinking "No one's interested in something you didn't do."

*Quote attributed to Gord Downie*