F. J. Bergmann - Information Technology

On the far side of a shallow river, washed with a rosy luminance as the dim eastern glow lit the vivid flowers of its resplendent gardens, the Temple of Questionable Authority opened for business.

In its dubious bowels, an apprentice acolyte slumped on a marble platform, waiting for the Goddess to speak through her unsatisfactory lips, stimulated via a syzygy of starvation and somniferous fumes.

The Bright One invariably answered questions with other questions, and amused Herself by making obscure and alarming references to matters of state discussed in former cycles of incarnation.

All Her riddles were metaphors for failure to understand a situation until it was too late to do anything about it.

first appeared in *Cthulhu Haiku*