F. J. Bergmann - Phantom Limb

As the hand (a devoted opéra bouffe fan) applauded wildly, making an indescribable noise, it accidentally broke loose from its moorings. After a futile moment of dithering indecision and utter panic, it falteringly fluttered out into the sunset (alas, merely painted in garish grenadine hues on the backdrop), gashing it grievously. Rebounding from the canvas, it then fell to the icy, rosin-speckled floor with a muffled thump and heartfelt imprecations, and crawled off to sulk. Subsequently, it enlivened its miserable existence by caressing the corn-fed, curvaceous calves of the corps de ballet whenever they unthinkingly brushed against the moldering velveteen curtains where it clung.

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