

Alta Tail
by Karl Zander

Moon ice covered her Sky. Her hair was red. She burned like the snake in Winter. He sees through the mirror of fire, smoke, souls, captive in the night sky. Buried before the Moon was created. Phantoms. Ah, I remember. (.

The river. My father used to take me fishing. We had great fun. Once I caught a catfish the size of a melon. But you kids are too old for such tall tales.

In the valley, that's where sun hits the hills just right so that you can hear gold. The well say he that drieth up too quickly falls short of her copper skirt. Heh.

Violet things like matches beat with her heart. She cried milk. Blood was the sky that night. Until the worm at the end of the bottle gagged me. .)

O, we old men, we have our ways. It's the rocks. That's what my mother used to say.

Pass the pepper, please.

End?

--- PreScript

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