

Wordings

Chronologically, the nuance engine received more attention before the unusual eclipse.

Ramifications propagated, engendering seven chains of events.

This is one of them.

It involves the Kremulon, manifest emperors of the region in question. Stolid waxmen, they walk in yellow shadow, emanating a stink of whisky and whores.

We were sentries, armed and terrified, tasked to protect the yellow powder outside the mines from the hungry Wotnoby. The Kremulon were miners of sulphur, steaming amarillo in the night as we stood guard.

In the aftermath, the nuance engine should be seen as a dominant force. It is no easy task, predicting an eclipse so encompassing that we lived in icy darkness for a year.

It was coming.

Unbeknownst and unannounced, a chemical rainbow appeared, warning us, pummelling ice flows on the mountains far above.

In ripples of heat we stood below, painted in golden dust, experiencing pain, dry mouth, exchanging rebellious whispers, resenting our Kremulon dictators so bangled and unworthy.

Then darkness befell us as the Nuance Engine had foretold. And in the year long black silence I shivered in the night, and discovered you.

These are my wordings to you who shared my darkness, you glimmer in the night, in hopes that you will reconsider.

Perhaps perchance to reflect on our time together at least.

No shakespeare am I. Nor even Antegro, noble poet of our times. I am a humble sentry, a guard at the mines, and you found me in the darkness. We were both drawn to the cafeteria.

Railings to feel and food to eat, I felt your touch and I held your hand.

I touched your face.

Then we were hugging in the night to keep warm.

After that things proceeded naturally and then it got downright carnal.

I experienced feelings in that silent darkness that I'll never forget.

We spent a month together in animal bliss and when the lights came back on you left.

Clearly I feel better than I look.

I was impressed on my side, if it matters. The beautiful woman I held in the cold was real. Stood there naked blinking for a moment. Then you got embarrassed, grabbed your things, Made your exit.

I understand the scenario. You work in administration, perhaps a secretary or an executive. A lowly worker with a nice warm body was good to hold on to in the cold. I need to let it go.

Only a few white collars listened to the nuance engine and joined us underground. Most died up above in the chemical rain. When the chemical rainbows turned into hellfire. The disease that rotted wounds and spread infection through the towns probably killed most of them up above.

I was below with you.

You kept me alive.

These wordings are my long shot, my hail mary pass, and I send them to you, although I know not your address or even your name.

The silence engulfed us.

In the cold night we were unable to speak, some kind of explosion had deafened us.

That's why I endeavour to speak in a literary manner now. Because those few words you whispered on the final day said so much.

It was poetry.

If I am to amaze and ingratiate, I must impress you with my out-of-the-ordinary mind. You already know my body.

My father was home schooled and he home schooled me. Lame little asteroid with 50 people exploring the margins.

While Dickens and Milton are old friends I have gaping gaps in my knowledge in other fields.

My physics is awful. My math is a joke.

Just tunnels of mnemonic memory tricks taught to me by my father. That's what fills my head.

So I pin a tiny paper to the bulletin board at your work.

All it reads is your poem, which I have learned now and studied.

If you read it please call. I'm sure your office types know my numbers.

My name is Lance. Lance Gatsby. Human being.

4.

The nuance engine rolled into town like a circus carney, erecting a tent and starting a tout session complete with 'step right ups'.

But the pitch was unusually plausible. The engine seemed to model things more effectively than the status quo.

"The official model predicts that planet Entaurus 3 will pass us by safely," it began.

:The nuance engine calculates that explosions on far off Tares 2, have thrown planet Entaurus out of alignment.

It will actually pass inside of our sun, entraining with it, causing a year long solar eclipse,"

There were nervous giggles from the audience, and shouts of disbelief. But as the days passed and we understood the images and calculations some of us grew troubled.

We looked in to survival.

We built the underground.
That's where I found you.

5.

I got your words.

A memo from corporate headquarters, a Caysey Jarvis.

That's you isn't it. The legal department no less!

'Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.'

That's John Donne isn't it.

He also wrote:

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?

I am your servant Caysey. Treat me well.

6.

Ours was not the only story of bonding that occurred when the eclipse took place.

Many women paired up underground and they survived.

A thinning took place in the personnel. Stupid administrators (mostly pudgy stubborn males who wouldn't listen to the Nuance engine) all died, and the non-listening workers went with them.

Those of us left were smart people,adaptors, mostly female administrators, and their studly workers (smart enough to listen to the Nuance engine) who helped them through the darkness.

A natural selection hAd taken place.

Our mine got more efficient and made more money.

Everybody thrived.

Then the Wotnoby came.

I wasn't working, I had the day off, but the explosions could be heard from my apartment.

The Wotnoby aren't wild animals who eat sulphur, just very close to it.

If wild animals carried weapons and threw grenades.

They don't for example, have language, just a chimp-like series of grunts.

Next day at work I was taking open fire as I tried to protect the sulphur they were eating.

I thought of you,Caysey, as I battled these devils. They aren't very dangerous, just annoying.

I had time to think of our time in the darkness.

'Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.'

7.

Got your latest memo Caysey. About the cabin you've borrowed, the weekend away.

I'm in. Let festivities commence.

Thanks for an excellent weekend.

'If these are my memos to you then let the record show that you were tight again on this occasion.

In the darkness you were like that for the first two weeks.

Then on the fifteenth evening you softened. You were clay in my hands to mould.

We must reconvene and pursue this softening.

8.

What words are these that pass before my eyes, but tortured searchings from the centre of your soul.

In poetics you speak to my centre as well.

So I attempt a reply.

A holy communion of that which is at the core.

Let us gather our forces and overcome this speed bump on our love.

This zit on our passion.

You feel that I am an unworthy partner sometimes.

Your misgivings are written on your poetry.

On the things you order at a restaurant.

In your smile.

I feel that you are my opportunity.

My way out of the darkness.

If only I could reach into your heart.

Into your centre.

9

Thank you for your excellent reply. It was both scholarly and erudite.

I hit 280 on the bench press this week.

I shot some Wotnoby.

We have to meet in the physical not wordings way.