

Wishing for the Shadow of a Perfect Cube

by Gary Hardaway

The noise of the gunships- whack-whack of rotors and crackety-crack of automatic weapons fire- has moved on for the moment to another part of the wrecked and smoldering city. Resistance is futile. We would welcome the Borg and the pleasures of certainty and assimilation. There is new smoke far-off and the specks of the matte-black ships hum a faint version of the death song they made for days in this neighborhood. Neighborhood- such a quaint and queer old word. Words darken with smut and irony over time.

