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Truth

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TRUTH

A hiccup is the dog inside you trying to get out, I tell Miss Kim. She nods sagely and goes back to nibbling my coccyx. No practitioners of Timeless Oriental Sex, we invented this one ourselves and it feels good, the way each leap in evolution must have felt just a little bit better, each shortening of the tail and each tender new knob on the skull. And I am evolving, a secret I let out only when I gape into the mirror. The mirror gapes right back and says things like you Find Your Niche And You Fill It and other conundrums. Once it even spoke in something like verse: Tapyr Tapyr Burning Bright In The Florists Of The Night. I corrected its spelling and it would not speak to me for half a year. During this respite I began to read seriously. The instruction booklet that came with my electric coffee pot was especially engrossing. Now I understood exactly *why* it did not enjoy being immersed in water. I had always thought it was a religious thing, a matter of principle. You grow and you learn. Meanwhile, during all of this, Miss Kim continues to gnaw and I sail blithely toward Enlightenment or Oblivion, whichever comes first. From the instruction booklet I leapt directly to Sumerian clay cylinders. But whether you read up and down or spin them like a dowel I haven't figured out yet. The tiny filaments embedded in the gray cardboard core of a roll of toilet paper may contain the secrets of the universe, if only you look hard enough. And, oh, Miss Kim, the beauty of the terror is that some things never get old.