

## The Story

by Laren Grey

The story was unwritten.

There wasn't time.

There was time for a car wash. There was time to pay bills late, and to fall in love too soon. There was time to fulfill imaginary obligations, such as attending weddings -pre-divorces- because a small wedding is invalidating. It is a direct attack against the fantasy.

The wrens choked on falling rice. That's what happened. The rest flew away.

The story remains unwritten.

The tragedy is not that the story was unwritten, but that the story was unlived.

The comedy is that the unwritten story is yet to be lived, and may never be.

There was time to notice the autumn sunset flashing like Morse code from the corner of an eye while driving to some unlivable time, passing life by, trying to be punctual to some place that was not now, that had no sunset.

The Sun was signaling: S-T-O-P. Repeatedly.

The signal fire was too dim. The ship sailed away, avoiding the shoals, circumnavigating, playing it safe. It did not notice the shipwrecked soul, the one with no story. It continued with puffed-out sails, and left a story unwritten.

The present circumvents itself. Perhaps that is the story.

Unwritten, like sand untouched, like a ship falling off the edge of the world.

It made no sense, because the story was unwritten and unlived.

The wrens, the ones that survived the holy union, flew south when the last flowers died.

They, too, fell off the edge of the world.

Unwritten.