

**thrice great hermes**

#9

by stanley lieber

atop the water tower there were fewer interruptions.

vidya pulled out his portable system and began to play. his mind wandered. he found himself unable to complete any levels. before long he replaced the portable system to his bag and simply leaned back, hands spread against the bright, cold surface of the water tower, and tried to think.

tried to think about what.

when the exercise failed, as he knew it would, he decided to dwell on something, anything else, leaving spaces for the revisions he was certain would lately arrive to fill in his memories of the next few moments.

in retrospect the afternoon had been rather nice. he appraised his memory and discovered that he recalled all manner of texture, of detail, that had occupied his mind and senses.

he preferred this version.