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## 50 Word Stories: Glimpses

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### Yesterday

"Yes," she replied tersely. "I was told there was no prospect."

"But still you persisted," he hammered with a look of self-satisfaction.

"You . . .," she paused, raised her eyes to meet his gaze, "I will always write the light of the truth, even in the face of cynicism and expulsion."

### Don't Know

Why couldn't he be more like them, pretend a little, or at the least remain silent, but once again he was running-off at the mouth, forcing her to choose between their friendship and her desire to be a member of the league. Her stomach cramped; his fingers drummed.

### Sign

They believed the truth would be revealed if they paid attention. But they didn't know what to look for and it didn't matter anyway. He was guilty. Everyone said so and how could the whole town be wrong. He was the only one who insisted on his innocence.

### Dusk

, her mama said, was the time of day when, if you held your breath, you could hear the earth talking to the trees and insects, and when, if you were so lucky, you could fall in love with the person who would always love you more each dawn.

### Sheer Curtains

They needed to be washed, but the thought of bare windows made her remember what she had not wanted to see that day she peered through her neighbor's French-doors and saw Mr. Walters with a gun to Jimmy, his youngest son's head, who was sucking at his crotch.

### Inside His Stomach

The sultry day lulled him to sleep on the hammock strung on the fruit laden mango tree. Spittle bubbling, mouth open in a deep snore, the fly tip-toed in anticipation and was swallowed in darkness before the wind could wink. He woke with his stomach whispering tales.

### An adventure

I had not intended to go that way, but the tree with its head full of pink bulbs caught my eye. I glanced up to marvel at the blossoms and I spied him swinging from one of the branches. He called out,

"Marry Me!"

"Yes, when?" I replied.

### The Secret

She sat on the aisle seat next to me, on the express bus going to Geary. She smelled of orange rind and twisted her fingers.

"Don't tell anyone," she whispered. "I'm going to the ocean to drown my father." She smiled, patted the wooden urn on her lap.

### **I Always Dream**

of the hurricane winds that blew down the light-poles. My older sister and I were trapped outside in the dark, in the aftermath, the wind blowing our clothes to threads, the sound trumpeting our bodies like a mad musician. But we held tightly to each other's hands.

### **Afraid**

The one thing he won't allow is anyone to get too close. The memory of the week he was locked inside the bantam closet with his siblings wailing and gripping his arms, and he not able to comfort them or even yell for help, congeals his voice every time.