

ALDROVANDI'S CHICKENS

A confusion of crows

THE SEÑOR PLACED THE BOOK THAT HE HAD LONG SINCE CEASED TO READ ONTO A SMALL TABLE TO THE LEFT OF HIS SEAT. HE THEN TOOK OFF HIS GLASSES AND WIPED THEM WITH A CLOTH THAT PROBABLY HAD SEEN TOO MUCH PREVIOUS ACTION TO BE EFFECTIVE. THE GLASSES WERE PLACED WITH CARE ON THE FRONT COVER OF THE BOOK WHERE THE PATINA OF GRIME CAUGHT A TRACE OF SUNLIGHT THAT PENETRATED THE OLIVE LEAVES, LEAVING SMALL RAINBOWS SUSURRATING ON THE EDGES OF HIS VISION.

HAD THE BIRD SPOKEN?

BESIDE HIM, THE COCKEREL WAS STRETCHING OVER HIS BACK TO RUMMAGE AMONGST THE BASE OF THE SICKLE-SHAPED TAIL FEATHERS THAT HUNG LANGUOROUSLY BEHIND HIM. HE OFFERED ALL THE DILIGENCE AND ANXIETY OF SOMEONE SEARCHING IN A DRAW FOR SOME LOST ITEM. ANYONE WITNESSING THE ORCHESTRATION THAT WAS FORMING BETWEEN THESE TWO CREATURES WOULD HAVE ARGUED, WITH GOOD REASON, THAT THE BIRD HAD NOT SAID A WORD. AFTER ALL IT'S A COCKEREL, ISN'T IT?

IN THE MIND OF SEÑOR JUAN JOSE WORDS WERE WRIGGLING AROUND UNDER THE INFLUENCE SOME ENERGY, PRESENTLY UNKNOWN, BEFORE COMING TOGETHER INTO A STICKY MASS THAT WAS A SENTENCE. A SNORT, PERHAPS AN EXPRESSION OF SURPRISE OR MAYBE EVEN THE VESTIGE OF A SNORE, ESCAPED HIS MOUTH. SOMEWHERE IN THE VISCOUS AIR AROUND HIM AN INSECT BUZZED ENTHUSIASTICALLY, BRIM FULL OF LIFE FOR A MOMENT BEFORE THE COCKEREL SNAPPED HIS HEAD SIDWAYS AND THE BUZZING STOPPED. SWEET!

FORMED AND YET UNFORMED, THE WORDS BOUND TOGETHER AS IF IN A LIQUID MATRIX, VACILLATING THROUGH VARYING DEGREES OF FOCUS, THE SENTENCE WATCHED THE MAN. OFF STAGE, AS IT WERE, FROM ANOTHER LIFE, THE COCKEREL PUFFED UP HIS GOLDEN NECK AND POINTED SKYWARDS TO CROW.

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WRITER SNOTES

CONTINUUM

This is the second piece of flash fiction on *Aldrovandi's Chickens*. Although sequential, each piece is stand alone and will vary in its form and mix of media.

PREVIOUSLY ON ALDROVANDI'S CHICKENS AN ELDERLY MAN AND A COCKEREL ARE CONSIDERING EACH OTHER IN THE SHADE OF A MEDITERRANEAN GARDEN. IT SHOULD PERHAPS HAVE BEEN APPARENT TO ANY OBSERVER THAT ANY CONVERSATION MUST BE A MONOLOGUE AND YET IT WAS THE COCKEREL WHO SPOKE

MEDIA

There is no media file attached to this piece



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