

ALDROVANDI'S CHICKENS

ON MORNINGS SUCH AS THESE

It was a sad indictment but it was on mornings such as these that the Juan Jose thought about his wife. Perhaps it was the crisp clear air with its chill edge, sharp as a knife and the sun's warmth coming through like the Glory of God. He didn't know why but it called back memories from the dark recesses of his mind.

It was on mornings such as these that one could picture the sun rise of the sixth day of creation. That would be the biblical one, not the methane and sulphur fumed Hadean gloom, the inferno of possibilities and travesties that was to be our legacy and would be our epitaph.

It was on mornings such as these that they would lie together sweating and wet with the afterglow of pleasure that smouldered in the hormone fuelled carnality that was their biology. Thigh transverse over thigh and thoughts, cast off with greater ease than their clothes, now rushing back into the cradle hewn out by their earlier exertions.

In the dappled light of the garden, just in the corner of one eye, Juan Jose saw the rooster droop a wing and sidle an avian two step towards a nearby hen. It was a broody and she really wasn't interested, growling a practised phrase that sliced through his obligatory optimism.

The staccato sound of a heavy pot thudding on enamel would have drawn the eye to an open window where a woman, who would have preferred to be called middle-aged, was standing. Her grey hair framed an immutable face like a halo in a space that, had Juan Jose looked, he would still have seen as a golden copper.

"Thus it ever was," said a voice not unlike his own as a smile softened for a moment the graven features of his expression and images like secrets susurrated in the gentle movement of the fluid air. A moment later the dappled sunlight, coming out from behind a cloud, fluttered with warm fingers on his ancient hand like a lover's touch, endorphins firing off into the void that was his life-blood.

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WRITER SNOTES

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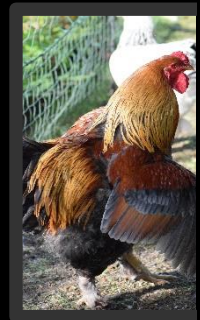
This is the fourth piece of flash fiction on Aldrovandi's Chickens. Of love and biology

PREVIOUSLY ON ALDROVANDI'S CHICKENS

An elderly man considers how the world is more than two dimensions and how danger lives in the fluid air.

MEDIA

Rooster strutting



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