Richard Royal*

I am soft, says Neville, I comprehend the true aesthetic of sensuality.

I am hard, says Bernard, I comprehend the true vision of nature.

I am an artist, says Rhoda, I comprehend my own redemption.

I am a thinker, says Louis, I imitate other people's comprehensions.

I am a sex object, says Susan, I comprehend the superiority of the oppressed.

I am a child, says Jinny, I comprehend the needlessness of age.

I am a yawn, says Jinny, a picture looked at too long.

I am an embryo, says Susan, graying yet unborn.

I am nostalgia, says Louis, stuck in the second time around.

I am bureaucracy, says Rhoda, the echo of a feeling.

I am a wave, says Bernard, staking my claim in the water.

I am a brilliant idea, says Neville, suitable only for fiction.

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