

Song Download: THE SONG THEY SANG WHEN ROME FELL by Anais Mitchell.

Text Challenge:

i) baby what did i tell you
about the house being bugged?
They can hear us making breakfast...
They can hear us making love...
- 1984, Anais Mitchell.

ii) the ghosts that haunt your building
are prepared to take on substance
and the dull pain that you live with
isn't getting any duller
- The Young Thousands, The Mountain Goats.

iii) she wore faded jeans
and soft black leather
she had eyes so blue
they looked like weather.
- It'll All Work Out, Tom Petty

Pick a lyric, take an hour.

You get super duper brownie points if you somehow manage to use all four prompts. (3-28-06)

Title: Section 27, Article 3, Subsection 467-B

Author: that would be me.

Prompt: The Song They Sang When Rome Fell; 1984; The Young Thousands; It'll All Work Out. Pick a lyric, take an hour.

Time: 20 minutes and 4 months of agonizing over it.

Note: Yes, this is late. And it's influenced by Equilibrium (starring Christian Bale), Nineteen Eighty-Four (written by George Orwell), Fahrenheit 451 (by that Bradbury fellow), and any other suppressed/repressed/oppressed society. Hentai is an American way to say anime porn. Oh yeah... and I'm terrible with titles.

He remembers her in pieces. Snatches of a photo she let him take once. He's got them hidden somewhere where no one will find them or take them away. He can't remember much more than that he has the pictures and she was real. More real than this.

When he feels the first strike of pain, he remembers her eyes. The one thing he wishes had been in color when he took the photo. Those eyes were mesmerizing, seeing through him and the lens he hid behind. He told her that her eyes reminded him of storms, of lightning and thunder and rain that goes on forever. He can recall her smile, how she drew the shades tight at the window, and said

His body numbs to the pain as time goes on, and they continually try now things to break him down. Even as he breaks the law with his silence, he brings to mind the picture, black and white, of her frame. Some notion in his head of the way her hair, blown wetly across her face, made him think of gothica and hentai and A Goth superhero, too close to comic-books to be real. A ghost of a memory taking substance. He can still hear the record repeating over and over, a snatch of sound playing at odds with

“Where are the pictures?”

When he sees the photo in his mind, he never remembers the tension in the way she held herself. The ways her eyes shot nervously around the room.

“You’re violating Article 3, Subsection 467-B, Winston. Tell us where the pictures are, and we’ll be more lenient with your punishment.”

He still can’t hear her voice, just the record playing long after she left. He feels he should, that there’s something missing about the scene.

“We have your accomplice. We know you broke Section 27 of the New Covenant. We heard you.”

Making love. He can remember that now. How strange of them to remind him. The feel of her skin beneath his, hot sliding flesh with no words of endearment or love. He can remember slipping into her and her filling a void in his life at that moment.

”I want to photograph you.”