

Jay settled into his chair and gave the monitor a stern look. "All right, Monkey. It's just you and me now. Hit me with something good."

*~ But their brothers, who are themselves donuts, increase the kind; they cannot hide far.*

"Oh, you say that, but you know you miss me when I'm gone. You've been saving all your good stuff for when my shift starts, haven't you?"

*~ Secrets can break, you understand.*

"Why keep it a secret? Why not just admit your feelings for me? Why not proclaim your love to the world?"

*~ Dawn fell in carbs with him and swept him off, and after making sex at him in Lugones, they kept the front of all oceans.*

"Well, that's just rude." Jay folded his arms. The Monkey was blank for a moment. Eventually, Jay said, "They're looking for people to go paint Mars. It's a new movement: Post-Earth. They want artists to go create a new visual language to reflect an alien environment. I could apply. I could send them a work sample."

*~ Time time symphony, O he sleeps! and the man who fries to go; and she who funnels, and ze who grants, Certain of me, bent.*

"You think so? See, I'd like to believe that I could get picked, but I'm only just finishing my degree. And who knows? Tomorrow, you might give me the next winning lottery numbers, or a story scene that will inspire my great masterpiece."

The screen stayed blank. Jay sighed and zoned out for a while, imagining possible futures and lost in thought.

*~ About three things I was absolutely sure.*

Jay blinked. "That's almost coherent! What things? Tell me!" He tapped the Forward button to send that sentence on.

*~ Ere introducing the scrivener, as he first imprinted to Joe, it's fit that I make some mention of the Horn.*

"There's no need to mention the Horn. Just tell me what you're sure of."

*~ I think I'm going blind.*

"Really?" Jay forwarded that one. "That must be really frightening. What else?"

*~ And the time? The time matters too. Well then: Clock-hands joined palms in respectful greeting as I entered.*

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"That doesn't explain anything. That doesn't help me understand what I should do with my life."

*~ Note: plenty of blood capsules and comedy here. It's a lovely little cherry, Madam.*

"You were on a roll there. At least give me some Shakespeare, man. Come on, gimme Hamlet. You can do this. The statisticians said so. You can!"

It was blank for a moment. Jay liked to imagine that it was really trying.