

Rob Riel

YODA IN LOVE

Invocation: "Take a look at happiness!"

Response: "What the hell is that?"

Rebecca Barnard, *Empty*

Fire in the hole! the syncretic high warrior priest shouts (through the rose in his teeth), but it's raining pretences — divine sibilant whisper — thin smoke collapses like a third world economy into an alternate universe where Princess Leia finally kisses a wookiee and decides she likes it, though the metaphysics of modern revolution hasn't changed: both the Nice and the Dark sides of The Force prefer their victims to die badly, screaming at their burned-out laser cannon *FIAT LUX! FIAT LUX!* as hoards of bug-eyed imaginary green lovers mass under the half-empty bed for a final assault, and the message is (*here insert delicate syncretic epiphany*) to quick, finger the infinite rosary of small round virtues and mutter the truth: Herod got two out of three right on Calvary, a far better average than most marriages, and strong recommendation for a career as a 50 cycle *hummmmm* in the alien rainforest of postmodern romance, where most leaves have already divorced their branches, and every greenly tree still knows from birth which bits have to grow down for the rest to grow up.

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