

EIGHT & THREE

It takes three and eight to get to 11.

An infuriating premise.

Why would uninspiring ones, plopped next to each other, be allowed to come from such rotund charmers like 8 and 3?

Eight and three are the sweethearts of the group.
They are innocents.

They are youthful in the way surprise trips to Dairy Queen to redeem a Tuesday - where your workforce worn mother scolded you for not doing a thing you didn't know you needed to do -
are youthful.

When the soft serve escapes from inside your cheek to the corner of your mouth and
you see your mom - one second ahead - scoop hers clean with her tongue, you issue a pardon.

You determine that because she pulled back the veil to reveal the silvery glow of her humanity, the two of you are square.
And that ends up being a
"best day ever"
in your childhood passbook.

That's eight and three.
Their coming together should give us a fresh feeling.
They are a love story.
They're a riot of kids crowding the candy lady's table.
They are a football flying over the power line on a dare.
Finally.

Eleven, the one with no angles, no intimacy,
and no imagination
doesn't deserve such bountiful ancestry.

But here we are.