

The Green Disk

originally called “Darkest Africa”

It was a green disk.

It sat there and glowed.

It carried a message.

There was no mistake.

There must be!

Sharna looked up and shuddered. It was three weeks or four, since she had come home.

From watching the dams blow. The smashers at work. The rivers all in running.

Back to their old beds. Away from the new. Never to be caged. Roaring and ripping beneath her as she flew. All the merry.

Running the airways. Riding the cresty. Riding in low to see if the lowlies got hit with the skag.

She had run with the lackies.

Seen all the jive.

Seen how the elephants now were alive. And jackals. And monkeys. And tigers, too.

Better than they were at the zoo.

No one to hunt them.

Not anymore.

They had moved into the place at death's door.

It was a green disk. A death notice.

She had no more time.

She had always been carefully. Always been clean. Certainly she had been.

She had bought a gay-boy. To party all night. He had bound her. And tied her. And done her up right. Just like she paid for.

To add to the fun.

Sharna clenched her fists and cryingly wondered how right.

She had six weeks for good byes. For visits.

For needed emoting. And crying. And needing.

She dropped in a downer, to slow her thoughts down. She needed to think. Not all the kiting.

Real needs. Not the fun.

It was ended.

It was a green disk.

It had a green light.

She had six weeks.

They had her number. They would know what she did. If she tanked it. Or blew it. Or ran in the wind.

But gay-boys were clean ones. Screened so they squeaked. They were not walkers.

Like she was it said.

The package with the disk was open. A tape by its side. She read it and listened and continued to cry.

It was a green disk.

Africa!

Once crowded.

Once darkly. Once nothing else lived.

Now things were different.

The people all gone.

All died. All the children. All the mothers. All the fathers. All the uncles and the aunts.

All dying.

All dead.

Surely some were alive.

Some had slipped into where. Where she was.

The tape was relentless. The gay-boy in holding. He was not official. He was not clean!

The tape said.

It was a green disk.

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Note: for those of you looking for the **Green Disk Journal**, this is not it!