

Communication

By K.S. Dearsley

In the park, someone had been tearing pages from a dictionary. The paper bowled across the football pitch along with crisp beech leaves. A dog chased 'mongrel' down a path and hunted 'scent' in the hedge. 'Betrayal' lay beside 'loyalty', and 'joy' and 'grief' danced together, confounding the definitions as much as the alphabet.

The dog-walker searched for an 'explication: an account for, explanation' for this 'inordinate: immoderate, excessive' fall of words, but found only 'enigma: mystery'. Had the owner been left speechless with no thoughts or words left to express them? Had they thrown their words away hoping someone would listen? 'Mournful' bowled across the grass with 'glee'; 'freedom' and 'escape' were in the air. Perhaps the only word left in the dictionary was 'silence'.

The dog-walker looked for someone to tell, but no one was there to hear.