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Flash Fiction

by Robert Paul Cesaretti

with a touch of hope we die

it was his place. other guy came and went, not so much lately. coffee, smoke, talk. sometimes they would walk to a park or go for a drive, a few different places. a movie now and then, whatever caught their interest. good to have company you know, share a meal. a good laugh. talking about people they had known, things they had done. the world and its ways, what moves us through this life. and little things, a memory of joy, the pain of sorrow. what holds us and takes us away. with a touch of hope we die.

only to live and be touched

he raised rabbits and killed them for their leather, for the gloves he made. it was his living. soft loving gloves, touching. bred to have fur of gold, the inner linings. gold so beautiful. no one knew how he did it, how in the world it was done. he would laugh.

a special circle of people were blessed by his gloves, sure made good use of them. word had gotten around. a kind of famous people you might say, what they had suffered. he gave himself over to his craft, with his soul. exquisite and precious. *sacrament*. you should hold it in your hands, the affection of god, and know it well. this man in his solitude and holy thoughts, accompanied by his beautiful golden rabbits. such peaceful creatures they were, wanting only to live and be touched.

now the day came, the man who had done it to them, with his hands, he was at the door with a sickening smile. "can I help you?," said the man with rabbits. "yes," said the man at the door, "I would like to visit. you know what I mean."

"please, wait a minute will you? I have something."

"no problem," said the man at the door, "I have the time. I will be waiting."

he went back to his rabbits and picked one out, stroking it gently while he brought it forth, praying. "here, take this. I give it to you, what you really want."

the vile man took the rabbit to himself and as he did so it died, making a terrible little cry as it did. gold became black. *sacrifice*.

Robert Paul Cesaretti has published in Plain Brown Wrapper, Gambling the Aisle, Dark Matter Magazine. He is the founding editor of Ginosko Literary Journal. He is a native of the San Francisco Bay Area.

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