The Emphasis Is Different

The dire consequences of non-normative living were wearing on The Bettys. Repetitive mourning cycles exhausted their spirits. Two Reds at the long, slow end of the spectrum’s frequency range had perished. The Bs had no clue what to make of it all. Didn’t bother trying to work out the efficacy of Redness. At least not yet. As the Bettys convulsed with, how did VB put it, fear and loathing, life went on.

Black Betty was inconsolable. Ensconced in the warehouse studio he’d drifted into what looked to the world like a meditative posture. Or perhaps, they couldn’t know, a catatonic state. Cross-legged, sheltered behind infrared filtered goggles, his body was motionless save for the faint in/out of his breathing. Brown Betty occasionally put a make-up mirror beneath his nostrils to insure to herself he too hadn’t passed. She’d heard of monks that died while meditating, their bodies resisting decomposition for months. The condensation on her tiny mirror was slight but visible. Like the Nepalese Buddha Boy he didn’t move (as far as anyone could tell) to eat, piss, shit. His dreads not yet to his neck at the time of IRB’s fall were now well past shoulder length.