Minty at Eye Level

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MINTY AT EYE LEVEL

HANNAH FAIR

It started the way it ended. She drank orange juice after brushing her teeth. The floorboards were less bored than she. Her love dwindled like a fire and yet burned him like a charcoal smore. Except he always wanted more. For never in love. Venom in the veins. Tears on cupboards. Crisp veggies boiling in the tonic and toxicity. The plot plopped. There is no story here. She drank water when she chewed spearmint gum. The beginning.