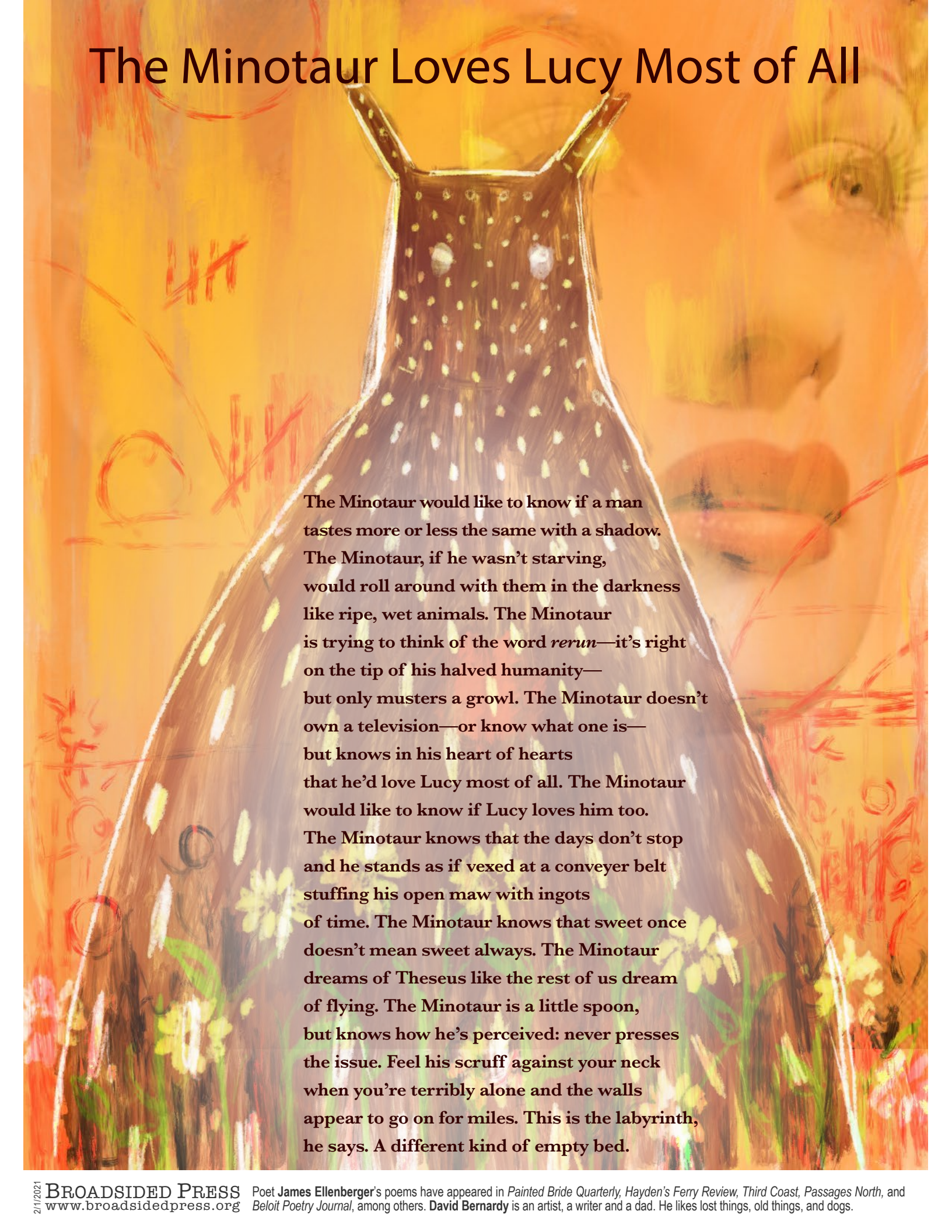


# The Minotaur Loves Lucy Most of All



The Minotaur would like to know if a man tastes more or less the same with a shadow. The Minotaur, if he wasn't starving, would roll around with them in the darkness like ripe, wet animals. The Minotaur is trying to think of the word *rerun*—it's right on the tip of his halved humanity—but only musters a growl. The Minotaur doesn't own a television—or know what one is—but knows in his heart of hearts that he'd love Lucy most of all. The Minotaur would like to know if Lucy loves him too. The Minotaur knows that the days don't stop and he stands as if vexed at a conveyer belt stuffing his open maw with ingots of time. The Minotaur knows that sweet once doesn't mean sweet always. The Minotaur dreams of Theseus like the rest of us dream of flying. The Minotaur is a little spoon, but knows how he's perceived: never presses the issue. Feel his scruff against your neck when you're terribly alone and the walls appear to go on for miles. This is the labyrinth, he says. A different kind of empty bed.