

Chasing the carrion, we watched the silver bird explode. We tiptoed through the barrier of smoke and took a hand, but found it unconnected. We were dining on the wreckage - white napkins round our necks, we took our plastic spoons and ate. We ate until we couldn't move, 'til sunset turned the desert red and startled souls ascended to Oblivion.

A fat man with a guilty face held back and tried to hide his case as angels chanted, "You can't take it with you..." So we're told, Heaven's paved with gold-but it HAS to come from somewhere?!

Paradise. It has it's price. We're forced to crawl through needle's eyes. Our price. Our choice. We rarely make the right one.