

A hundred questions unanswered: Alice String

'So what are you doing today?'

'Meeting friends.'

I know not to ask who.

How about coffee?

Oh I have things on that day

I know not to ask what.

'How was your holiday?'

'Good.'

I know not to ask more.

'How is the family?'

'Fine.'

I know there is more to be said.

A small betrayal comes to light.

I know not to ask why.

And then a more painful betrayal prompts me to ask, 'Why?'

The non-answer leaves me bereft.

Now that my questions produce no answers, I find I have no questions left.

Life has moved on because with every end is a new beginning.