

A One and a Two

“A real number is the kind of number you are used to using.”
Dr. Math, “Complex Numbers: What and Why?”

One: Unleash your inner rock star with this daring bandeau top. Concepts are affective.

Two: Have you heard anything I’ve said? They chose a periwinkle armoire.

One: Transitive space. A bilge rat wouldn’t eat this slop. Jovial emcees.

Two: Cigar butts, unwashed tumblers, and smelly undershirts. A trickle or a torrent?

One: Chock-full of free will. Closing doors, then silence. Sweet-potato pie.

Two: The structure of matter is still up for grabs. It’s such a kick to be on Broadway.

One: Type your search string here. They posed for photos with Darth Vader.

Two: Orgiastic greed. Are any cows carnivorous? Malfeasance gets you four.

One: Telepathy, clairvoyance, divination, and the like. Who’s Oriana Fallaci?

Two: Happy-hour chat. Sexagesimal divisions of minutes and degrees.

One: Because human nature can’t homogenize itself. Define symplectic manifolds.

Two: Bellicose remarks. Our cherished subjectivity? A bunch of old routines.

One: Quattrocento aristocrats. Tritheistic terms. Man, that is twisted.

Two: I slipped and I slid. Is all of existence the offspring of air?

One: Vocational patriots give me the creeps. She had to sell her Lamborghini.

Two: Moonshine, rotgut, hooch. They bought an utterly delightful dollhouse of a flat.

One: Are heat and cold primeval? Trajectories of gain. Equestrian footwear.

Two: A show-tunes kind of guy. I came to know the workings of various machines.

One: The connections we imagine between things-in-themselves.

Two: She whispered, "Hello, Sailor," then stroked his battered cheek.