

# THE MAVERICK VARIATIONS

## Variation #1

The saga of your brokenness remains incomprehensible to whomever it is told: fragments usually murmured from the corner of one mouth to the next, often shared hurriedly on thresholds, sometimes spat. You are only glimpsed on the periphery of life, a fog shifting under a dim and distant light, a shadow dissolving at the edges of vision.

How it was you came to be known as Kintsu, the one who knit calamities together not with gold but sprezzatura; the one who appeared as thoughtform whenever spoken of, who would evaporate when the utterance came uncoiled and incomplete to a breath's end in the idle air. How it was you came to be bound together by sangfroid and apocrypha - an indestructable and impossible being.