

# Poor, Underappreciated Adjective

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*After Mathea Harvey's "First Person Fabulous"*

Adjective knew there would be trouble when she asked for a hissing elixir from the white, cavernous freeze-box and Noun handed her a pop from the fridge. After that, Adjective would hide behind the prepositions and leap out in front of Noun, making him “shrunkened” or “moldy” or a “particularly unpleasant shade of puce.” But even then, Noun would caution the rest of the sentence about the “overuse of Adjective” and she would be vanquished in a cloud of rubber eraser dust. So Adjective hovered off the margin of the page, dangling modifiers in front of Noun like they were sugar-glazed donuts. *Randomly arriving sun-colored transportation?*, offered adjective. *Taxi*, replied noun. *Great internal emptiness*, said adjective. *Starvation or loneliness*, replied noun. *Shimmering nocturnal sky jewels*, added a hopeful Adjective, *stitched throughout the heavens with a steady hand, their flames frozen, shining, crystalline, as beautiful and uninhabitable as a thousand ice castles in the velvet sky.* *Stars*, Noun corrected. *A constellation of stars.*