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## Transegmentals

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## Zed Ander

### TRANSEGMENTALS

She didn't look forward to going out to meet her friend for lunch. It was two degrees, and wasn't the fire inviting?

She went, though, out of a sense of social duty, out of the knowledge that she should have friends of her own, out of the memory of a day last winter, when she had canceled the lunch, because of the cold, because of the fire. Her friend had not been amused, nor had the friend's co-worker been amused; abused, perhaps, they had felt abused in the lawyer's office, where there was no fire, and no lover reading it.

Over lunch they talked about her friend's project, a one-woman play using only selections of Emily Dickinson's letters. The question of a title came up: Emily Unplugged; A Taste of Emily (they laughed for the connotations of it). Papers. Emily's Papers. The friend said, "Vellum," and she said, "That's it!" The friend said, "What?" "Vellum, Emily, that's it, Velemily, something. It's the word, it's the right word, better than Emily Verso and Recto—Vellum."

The table erupted into textures. The napkins, suddenly, were thick and writable. It was a question of the bite of the paper; how lovely it seemed that paper should have teeth, that Vellum may have the strongest teeth to go with the sword of a pen. It was better than tongues of fire.