



? [CONTENTS](#) **The Minotaur**

? [Art Gallery](#) **By Bill Kte'pi**

- 28 October 2002

? [Article](#)  
[s](#) "Beware the Minotaur."

? [Column](#) The voice crawls across the damp bedsheets,  
[ns](#) asexual and low, breaking through a collage of  
dreams fanned out like a called bluff:

? [Fiction](#)  
*--pale brittle girl dancing with caribou, her  
feet crunching through blue frost--*

? [Poetry](#)  
*--clouds with cherubic faces swallowing the  
sun--*

? [Reviews](#)  
*--paved streets crawling across a barren  
landscape--*

? [Archives](#)  
*--old men walking painfully up walls and over  
ceilings, skin stretched over their bony joints--*

? [ABOUT US](#)

? [Staff](#) Not sure which dreams are mine. Not sure whose  
head the voice came from. Waking up is like that,  
feeling blind around a stranger's closet until you  
find yourself, remember which one you are.

? [Contact](#) It used to be different. The past was quieter,  
[t](#) drawn tighter like laugh lines.

? [Award](#) No one ever really sleeps anymore. No one ever  
[s](#) really wakes up. No one lives alone.

? [Banner](#) I grunt and stumble out of bed, the sheets sticking  
[s](#) to my bare legs and dragging across the carpet  
until they snag and drop. The apartment is cool,  
central air conditioning and sealed windows  
keeping the New Orleans humidity at bay, but the  
sheets are soaked with chilly sweat. The dreams  
must have been particularly intense last night.

? [SUPPORT US](#)

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? [Bookstore](#) I have to step over seven-inch tall couples having  
[ore](#) sex on my bathroom floor to brush my teeth, and  
the mouthwash is filled with blinking floating  
eyeballs, optic nerves clinging in the green alcohol  
like tadpole tails. The eyeballs are mine, but I  
think the copulating couples have meandered in

? [COMMUNITY](#)

? [Forum](#) from the neighbors. The neighbor on the left was  
once a Catholic priest before his diocese  
dissolved, one of the casualties of the rapid  
attrition following New Mexico; the neighbors on  
the right are a young couple with a newborn.

? [Readers' Choice](#) When I moved in a few months ago I used to  
have fun trying to guess which dreams came from

[Before Paphos](#)

by Loretta Casteen

8 January 2007

It starts again. The baby begins to cough and  
choke.

[Locked Doors](#)

by Stephanie Burgis

1 January 2007

*You can never let anyone suspect*, his mother  
told him. That was the first rule she taught him  
and the last, before she left him here alone with  
It.

[Heroic Measures](#)

by Matthew Johnson

18 December 2006

Pale as he was, it was hard to believe he would  
never rise from this bed. Even in the darkest  
times, she had never really feared for him; he  
had always been strong, so strong.

[Love Among the Talus](#)

by Elizabeth Bear

11 December 2006

Nilufer raised her eyes to his. It was not what  
women did to men, but she was a princess, and  
he was only a bandit. "I want to be a Witch,"  
she said. "A Witch and not a Queen. I wish to  
be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if  
he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

[Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00](#)

