Speaking pigeonhole - by Chloe Elgie

How many heads would it take to be able to offer everyone in this city a single strand of hair. Every one unit gets one unit. The guy was confident in presenting this hypothesis. I asked: What about those in a city who do not get offered a hair. Surely, the populations of cities have not been maintained as common denominators to the amount of hairs, on let's say, some heads of six million dumbfounded and suspiciously apathetic people. (But could it be that's what immigration services abide by)

The guy accumulated hypothetical equations. The only means of acquiring and sharing them was by conversation. I was tired of it but ambivalent of how it affected me. He was a mathematician who liked talking rather than equating; because somehow, it excited him when things would not be equal or better yet, uneven, arbitrary and somewhat blind.

(About misunderstanding)
Staring at his self-made eureka'd expression, I made sure to decrease the size of my irises in increments, blurring his explanation in sync with a certain register of his volume. Totally blurred: Didn't catch his reply. Such is the butter of talking. And that is the thing about what the guy told me. This appeared as a joke to him.

(Illustrations)
The butter from my vantage point: How many eyelids would it take to offer everyone in this city an eyelash. How many eyebrows to offer everyone an eyebrow hair. How many crotches to offer everyone a pubic hair. How many mouths to be able offer tooth. How many fingers to be able to give a nail. How many dried scabs to give a damn. Ouh he liked that one.

(Further questions)
You always get at least one. No cutting or splicing. The equation is an offering which factors only those who consider it. Is named Confusing. Is named after a sense that things that have such clear destiny could have a stagnant upper hand. Or have been given a director, mathematician or aesthetician. Speak! I do believe probability is becoming junk.