

The Name

“What’s your name?” she asked him.
“I haven’t got one,” he answered.
“You’re joking.”
“No, I’m not. I haven’t got a name.”
She looked at him quizzically.
“So, you don’t know who you are.”
“Nope. I never have.”
“What do people call you?”
“They don’t call me anything.”
“Then I shall give you a name!” she exclaimed.
“No, thanks,” he said. “A name wouldn’t help.”
“Why not?”
“Would we know the birds any better if we gave them each a name?”
“I suppose not.”
“So, what’s your name?” he asked her.
“I guess I haven’t got one either,” she replied.

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