Rule of Threes

I tend to read books three at a time surrounded by a trio of dogs as agreeable to me as a ternion of adjectives before a noun.

Aristotle believed in three unities for plays all set in one place, no longer than a day, without subplots, or flashbacks.

I need this sort of frame. Curios offer more pleasure in triads. Three repetitions renders things true.

We progress from incident, to coincident, to pattern. I arrange a cord of wood between a triangle of stalwart evergreens and consider the men I've loved,

believe the third offers something of a knotty twist. Like a triptych, I could display this fact openly or fold it shut.

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