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Your madness was a kind of genius; your genius, a madness. The hollow quills of birds sprocket from the tenements. Or suppose there was no tenement. You were coddled and given a front row seat. An imprimatur, you emit your auratic power. We had the sense time was endless. Given a room, we took the room. Given a wind cloak, we would animate the skies. Poised on our heads an entire Japanese city. Entire villages tore into paper. Whole cities collapsed.

But we forgot to be discomfited. Remember our last rites? Remember our dreams? The aberration of birds, the apparition of a house poised on your shoulders.

Behind you, the metathesis: your pet names for women, the flawed games to show us you were violated. When you clothed me in the dress of razor clam shells, how could I not cut my palms rubbing what was left of my torso?