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Prawns and cold wine. Guitars with loosely tuned steel strings.

Leg meat arched a few familiar degrees.

Let's just say you know what your hands are drawn to.

Mind, too. You've started thinking in French again,

the language you gave up at age three,

meaning it's mostly politeness and the names of colors.

Absolutely all apologies are purple. *Please* some putty gray.

Now you're adding four words a day. For starters: *rêve, aimer, morts, main*.

OK, so five if you count *serpent*, which in most tongues is the same.

In most tongues things become themselves by negating others first.

First you killed the snake, and then you started thinking.

Have you heard the good news? Your skin's gone puce.

Your hands much too ruddy to clean the dishes. Pity's never red.

You still fall asleep in English, saying *no dreams, just wishes*.

