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The Rest of My Life

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THE REST OF MY LIFE

This photo carries sound or at least one sound. Ernesto's set his raccoon overcoat down by the liquor cart, and Jasmine's got her foot on top like a big game hunter. Her own left hand's another kill—draped like a stole over Mrs. Visconti's shoulder. Even Randolph's smiling, as if he doesn't mind or doesn't notice or enjoys being riddled by light bounced off the cocktail glasses as solid as artillery ricochet. And you remember how infrequently Randolph smiled. But here he's smiling. We were all so happy—the trophy, of course, and the first green April lacework, and more, though even then it was inexpressible. Anyway, maybe Randolph's not smiling—the light pretty much eats everything. We'd never meet as a group again. The clearest thing's the corner. I don't even know the man in the corner. Everyone's actually blurry but him. It might have been Veronica's overcoat—you remember Veronica's overcoat? Everybody's smeared, like white noise. I think I'll live the rest of my life with that man in the corner, his fist so sharp as it pounds on the table—a gavel, its sound.