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Normandy

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NORMANDY

It was John who pushed Dominique to engage life.
It was life that flung John into Dominique's sun-burned
arms. It was Dominique who looked in horror at all
that life had to offer. She imagined terrible coincidences while clouds
pushed through each other. She was concerned with
the safety of children, with the fate of a bird
no larger than a thumb. It was Normandy who had rescued
Phil from a frighteningly long dryspell. Next day at
the lab he imbibed an absolutely colorless liquid which induced
euphoria and tinted his vision blue. Normandy was
startled to find he'd lost interest in sex but
preferred rubbing his thumb across the opalescent inside
of a seashell. Normandy started her car in disbelief
and backed into the cart of a roadside fruitstand.
She shut off the car and sat thinking. *I am inside
the eyedropper.* The car-phone rang. It was John
to say Dominique had "broken through." Normandy
was taken with John. She'd overheard him
using a metaphor that employed only one domino. That night
under her duvet she imagined John's fingers on her neck, gently
behind her ear—his lips to her closed eyes. She recalled
this as John spoke of Dominique "coming to" in the steam
of some shower. Normandy held the phone to her ear, she
stared ahead as the grocer knocked at her window with
soil-streaked fingers. She rolled down the window and gave
him the phone. She shifted into drive and
a pumpkin fell to the pavement.