Castling

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So whose story is it anyway? Which one holds the glass of whiskey while someone else dreams another night, twists a damp hankie and a withered leaf of wandering jew stares back at the next blank morning? I want to erase the part that stuck in the middle, the unnamed animal escaped from the zoo whose invidious breath seeped into dinner, and suddenly I didn’t understand how we got here and the city’s lights blinked off one by one like secret weapons in someone else’s hands. Now I just want to start over, without any memory of those greasy clots mining the kitchen.

Here, let’s take a walk in the bright afternoon, really, I like your story, that elegant gesture of hand, the way you touch something I can’t explain and won’t leave me alone . . . but it’s bitter cold, sun glaring down the razored air, and both of us frozen with what we can’t take back. Still, I told you once, I don’t give up easily; it costs too much to get here— castling, you called it, this trading back and forth, hands, places, all right, I’m still playing . . .