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.