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Semantics in the Night

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I'd heard the joke before a single sigh could sum it up,
but, I smiled and laughed in plural
corrected his grammatics along the way,
cleaned my glasses and searched
for a book of matches and Bukowski
before it was too late;
I hate driving at night night blindness I think they call it.

His cat, shedding hair and indifference, stands glowing-comparing the top of the television with the sofa - well worn but comfortable. SUDDENLY it attacks some unseen prey running with the established rhythm similar to the windshield wipers running the rain off the glass running after raw meat STOPPING unsatisfied and remaining so through the night.

Forgetting his other joke, he tries to rehash last weeks argument and asks, "Do you believe in a forgiving entity?" I smiled, twisted my mustache and said that I just pray for mail and he said, "I <u>too</u> pray for victory." On the way home I passed a dead dog sprawled in the margin and I swear it was smiling. The mail boxes stood leaning towards the road

like hitch-hikers in the rain and they flashed by motionless, the wind rippling their paint.

Jeff Wills