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Custom
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CUSTOM

"This is no dark custom"-Gertrude Stein

Somedays you wake up and find gold in your shoes and you don't know who put it there. Or the little gold clocks in your irises or the long stems of sun on your desk. So you just dress in coffee and beautiful rags and be glad of it, ashes and all. And you hum to yourself some ridiculous tune that sounds like a handkerchief, like you've stuffed a handkerchief into your mouth. Which means that you won't get a single thing done, oh no not today, but your papers don't mind. They lie around like wanton brides and admire you anyway. Fat apples blossom in baskets left on your table; wine turns into wine. And the windows, my god, the windows have gathered absurd amounts of sky. *If the shoe fits, the foot must be mine.* Someone who loves you dreamed double last night.