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Your Friend Dead with the Distance

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YOUR FRIEND DEAD WITH THE DISTANCE

But he is walking away from you growing steadily smaller down an endless hallway of slamming doors—keeping only one step ahead of the noises and over his shoulder whispering to you about the journey, telling you how it must be done, all the intricacies of wandering after the moon and her enormous flagella until you know all the secrets and sense someone being immensely pleased.

And so it’s finally caught up with you and you will now spend your life as you always knew you would, standing by black third-story windows perhaps to catch sight of him through glass floating by face down on the flood of the night with the sky so low where you are that it spills over into your eyes as into two wide open overflows of a white porcelain sink—filling you with enough perfect fog to inform you that you are the orphan now—standing full-length in the funeral by the open mirror.