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Zakiya Reconstructed

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sore. He's unclean. Unwashed. I feel too much attraction for him."

Hearing those words I sprang to my feet.

"Nothing that can happen to me now could matter so much," I said. And that was all there was to it, beyond help and all of that course, beyond help and all of that course beyond help . . .

Standing nude in her garter belt that I whipped her with. That's what she envisioned from me and she had a right to tremble, because that's what I had in mind.

Zakiya Reconstructed / James Mechem

I loved you in your slip approximately. Blue stems out of reach. Marigolds on table. You skewered the suckling pig. A very pleasant evening spent in your company.

You showed me around your garden. All your power on display. You had me in thrall. Power raiment sparkling. I couldn't do anything. But open my eyes and gawk!

How have you done it? I've often wondered. Recollected in tranquility. I can't understand it.

Even at the time. While the music plays. You dance before my eyes. And I don't understand. I can't fathom it. What drives you?

If I knew the truth I'd know better surely. But how to reach that! It's not to be apprehended at once. Seized for this occasion.

In the thicket of this life I have come upon you often, have spoken of you.

You always show me the creek bed. Indeed, what is it about you? I am the head stuck in the ground that you dance round idolatrous.

I like to do these one-page things. After writing a hundred novels I'm sort of burned out on novels . . . (from a letter to the editor)