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The sun set early on the forest of coffee-stirrers, on the cold-blooded buildings, churches among them.

The light bent back the branches, where a mockingbird purled like a hack on trombone. I was involved in a physical act I was unable to understand—in love, but also walking back to the dining car on a train going 80 miles an hour. I strongly believed the Truth was a fixed point in the trees, watching me travel through the southern nightfall backwards recklessly. I misunderstood. My lover cradled a camera to her weakened eyes—“I want to take a picture of where the night just was.” Common decency forbade me from expressing my love down her shirt under the mothering eye of a town’s watertower. The tower said “Smile America” and “I plugged Heather Griggs.”