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Plague Man

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Plague Man

We have plucked the bulb of day lily, scraped the crust from an owl wound, and taken the scum from a hill woman in her time of month. And still your sickness floats across fences and corrupts men. We burn mustard seed and cardamom, push saffroned nuts between our black and softened teeth, pray until our knees ache. Yet in the darkness of our lives your death swims like a fish in still water.

Menu of Head

olive heads skewered on small white plates with red radish heads or stuffed head of tomato served beside white head of butter and two roll heads followed by head of veal smothered with black heads of mushroom together with small heads of potato skinned and boiled and for dessert: mixed heads of pear and pineapple drowned in syrup