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Hydrangea

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Hydrangea

I was pleased by blue hydrangea because at last I had a flower from a gorgeous family I could hate just as when certain say Jewish poets, whom I’m supposed to revere because they’re Jewish and not to love them would be an act of betrayal to all eleven prophets—
dozens of kings and clothing manufacturers;
dentists, chess players, swimmers, stockbrokers, English teachers;
psychiatrists, painters, physicists, salesmen, violinists;
social workers, merchants, lawyers, cutters, trimmers;
critics—reveal themselves as snobs and bigots and analytical and anti-passionate which could be for all I know another side of Judaism since Judaism has three sides as in the Mercy, as in the Exceptions, as in the Melancholies, which takes me back to the blue hydrangea I see between an opening in the fence, it looks like the blue was painted on, I hate it, I also hate the red carnation, I love the cream and when it’s cone-shaped, I even like the pink, may God forgive me, Lord of the lost and destitute.