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Aubade

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This naked man, her first in months, a clown. Still, Eunice is a fool for love. She will forgive his human flaws—the drinking, his hairline and island clothes—with a tenderness that could flourish for years. It’s the men who rodeo through sex that Eunice hates. She’s smoked in the tub while that kind dressed and left gashes in the gravel drive like bulls charging the gate before the buzzer rings. So often solitude is all—a can of soup before The Oyster Bar last night. But not today. There’s something of a dancer in this man walking to the kitchen in his socks. He went for sweet rolls. He’s got the coffeepot on, the radio soft. When Eunice opens her robe she can’t believe her nipples are so pink.