Getting Places

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That red gash in the hills, I told her, is bauxite, not clay. I saw that it was gash that made her smile. What about those cows the color of Irish Setters grazing in the lowland? she asked. Oh, just big, slow dogs. Thank you, she replied, like Elvis, thank you very much. That over there, I said, feeling it now, is bougainvillea, and see, up the trail, that house, the one gutted by fire? It once belonged to a famous bandit and his high maintenance woman, dear friends of mine. I like the word cornucopia, she said, the sound and size of it, that’s the kind of girl I am. I understand, I didn’t say. Instead I told her that beyond the red gash in the hills are the caves, and beyond the caves are the monasteries beyond sleep where you get to lie down. Good, she said, we’re getting places now.