Spelling Test

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Outside rained over the tetherballs, but here I held the world. The joy of getting it down, down right, the sharp purple scent of page under pen—I scratched away in love with the word.

Number six: squirrel.

Squirrel. The heady scent of what we call what we call—by then no more word than sound, no more sound than itself.

Pure strangeness, and the sweep of the clock. I handed back my page, its blank blurred lines. Then the bell, the door. Tall grass at the edge of the blacktop.

Nothing could be named, though we moved our lips.