Mini Opera

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Mini Opera

We were still stranded on the stilts of winter. I had a job and my heart wasn’t in it. I panted on my bike there in the icy darkness. I had a light that made a tunnel for my work. There was a wig I wanted. I thought it would make me feel better. I looked at it in its yellow store, through the window. Once I went in and let a tiny woman help me. She was covered with moles and had a torrent of hair that didn’t appear to be wig. “A transvestite in South Berwick is very interested in this one,” she said. It was red. A head-dress. Putting it on was capping myself with fire. A swarthy back blanket, a molten hiding. A wig. She lifted it from its dusty box, pasted my hair back and let it sink. I couldn’t even look at myself and I looked and looked at her. We went through time like living in a rope, cut off in the furry dark. A chemical singing. A plastic ending, a plastic being born.