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After Being Called Childish by My Lover

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AFTER BEING CALLED CHILDISH BY MY LOVER

I've found my way back to the island again. This block smells of fish. Over there, laundry, frangipani.

The emptiness of the cemetery: a white ibis pecks silk flowers, its bill a sharp retort. My lover is keeping his wife.

Last night I got drunk on Mexican beer. At the bar, he pretended not to see me. His hands loose on her waist.