gruity, its danger was dissipating in the soothing quietude of our constructed fable. Repetition and habit tend to diffuse excess. A*** was no longer systematically imagining the worst, no longer predicting disasters at every turn; the scenarios were becoming less catastrophic. Our union, by dint of simulation, was no longer inconceivable. The game of "and if" wore down A***'s reluctance; every day, we already belonged to each other in our imaginations. My desire was gaining power through a trick, was gaining life through a fiction.

CARLA HARRYMAN
PROPERTY

1982

"Come you are a mad revolutionary," said her uncle with a smile. He pointed at the wildflowers. "My vision of the aspects I more or less fortunately rendered was, exactly, my knowledge. Anything nature puts in the sea comes up. A fierce man's rainbow is in his head. If there is no Spain? If there is no Oakland? The original field, once cultivated, returns to high weeds where privacy is absolute. The shape of the story ought to be that of a spiral of doubt. The landscape demolishes the house in our heads. The conclusion is a point of departure for the speculator, but the spectacle is lacking in furniture. The pack of lies is insulted. The song is sung but where do we get the words compelling us to repeat it? My blood runs cold at the sight of death so I tell the story. If the wide obtuse inside is a yardstick in this sanctuary, perhaps the universe views the world like I see a two dollar bill abandoned in a cashbox. Kiss my ass." He stood up straight.

"Anything pleasurably tolerable but only endurable when it is remembered in the middle of the night, fields we walk on as carelessly as bamboo shoots creaking in the tropics flooded with gross species of rodents nibbling stains on trikes, dictate to any happy man what he can't live without." He held her up so she could be closer. The crystal ball glowed with murk. She cut her finger on the left front fender while trying to smash some limestone with a stick. Her uncle led her back over the property.