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The Perpetual Singularity of Experience

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The Perpetual Singularity of Experience

I stood still like Heraclitus in the flux of a shopping rush. You wore the clothes and expression of someone else now. Thoughts poured from a ziplocked memory: A romance like a search-and-destroy mission, a relationship of mines detonated years afterward from a slammed door and silent unforgiving.

Life is filled with graves, and there you were exiting the bookstore, exhumed from a past buried by other liaisons. You fumbled with your purse, a clutter of packages, gloves, keys. I stood under the hot flourescent lamps, my hand balancing on the spines of mysteries not yet solved, witnessed by a thousand eyes.

But my eyes were fixed upon you like a voyeur waiting between the stacks of a library, hoping for surprise. And when you left, I stepped into the flow of shoppers again, but not in the same place twice.