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He is risen



I stood at my window staring at an arching streetlight.

A sudden wind made me pull my shoulders to my ears.

I pissed into the dark. It smelled like canned tuna.

My swollen lip throbbed. I could still taste the blood.

My eyes rolled back looking for memories.

I stopped.

I was changing details in my mind, remembering only what I wanted it to be, not what it was. I had only a short time to do what had to be done, after that it would all be forever absorbed by my Imaginary Jack.

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