

Late Adjustments in the Menu

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You ask for so little: that dust keep
its distance, ash remain with its own
kind; that the pocket not get out of hand.
These days even fire is creepy; no one wants
the taste of blood. Better: the stuff
of hints, the meal gone transparent,
the tame symptom isolated. Here's
a bit of good advice: Leave the tongue
behind closed doors. Sniff all
you like.