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Beyond Confessions

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BEYOND CONFESSIONS

I guess we're old and kind enough to be trusted to watch your daughter while your wife leaves town and doesn't watch us. I guess there's wisdom in the final giving up of touch that we gave into readily for years, scalding somebody, or ourselves. Then I used to think there were too many confessions.

And so few sins now: only these stolen beats of salsa that even strangers in a dance class practice hip to hip, the brush of our elbows in the kitchen camaraderie of chefs passing big knives and wine.

Let me slip my fingers briefly as a comb's teeth through this silver that's become your black hair. That much will feed our present, cost the world so little there'll be nothing to confess.