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**Saved**Barry Silesky

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## **Barry Silesky**

## **SAVED**

Like that dream where she really wanted you—gleam of skin, breast, cock—The usual compensations? Then trash on waking, mixed with the swollen leg, throbbing while someone tore up the back door in the night, and the house was stripped. All over the world the shooting goes on. Then the doorbell rings and the pain is actually gone. With the notes buried in the counter's daily junk pile, you had no idea you'd even entered. Now it's another city. No paradise, but all the blood, sex, he, she, flushed away. It's not all luck. You have to pay attention, send in the entry. Now, I can quit this stupid job, take over the building, gifts to all our friends. We can be lost again, actual ghosts wandering the streets. All we've got to do is keep out of sight. Of course that's impossible. It's time to clean the gun.