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This Encounter Russell Edson

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Russell Edson

THIS ENCOUNTER

A hand was resting on the table in front of me in a sleepy fist. Suddenly it flipped on its back and opened its fingers as if asking to have its palm read.

But as I looked into its lines it suddenly flew up and slapped me in my face.

I began to cry...

Then this same hand, I forget which, began to wipe my tears away...