The Beautiful House
Georges Godeau
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A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

In the crowd, they see each other from a distance, they move toward each other casually, they wait until the last moment before kissing cheeks like an old married couple, brother and sister, friends. Their fingers, accustomed, intertwine, their lips move, their eyes finally meet, they smile, barely, and stand still, heavy with this enormous thing they’ve decided to hide like a beautiful house behind the trees.

Translated from the French by Daniel Biggs