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Crescent Park
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CRESCENT PARK

The man who was jealous of the salesmen's clothes built the River Boat out of wood salvaged from the roller coaster. He stocked shelves outdoors, at night, in a narrow alley in the city. It was lit with lanterns and cloth floated from poles above his head. He wanted her to tell him why wood screws are bought by number.

Thirty years after she walked by she hears that was not the house where he pushed his wife down the stairs. She must avoid the observatory at night... avoid the bald birdman, his elfen nakedness surrounded by fur, the telling of those little pink mounts, the small swellings in the palms of the hands.

She does it for the usual reasons, and then pretends to make a point. She counts with her tongue and excels in the water like the web-footed otterhound.

He's not the one she tells about baptism. He's the one she tells about fucking. It involves fins and rent, anyway. Cutting the pictures out of books. "Seek your level" she always says. Other names for current assets are: liquid, working, or quick.

The twentieth century handkerchief trick kept them going for a while.