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A Brief Explanation

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A BRIEF EXPLANATION

I'm alone on a June night in a small New Hampshire cabin. I've had my guide dog for precisely four months. Tonight we lie on the braided oval rug and make noises together, visceral tunes, ossuary music, rubbing our backsides on the wool, emitting a mutual recumbent tongue and throat discord and suddenly it's good, the dog and man making together a tonal anti-type, and the exhausted parts fall away.

We are all self-walled, lamp-lit, hypochondriacal, jumping nervously on narrow bridges of appetite, waiting for Hermes to come and release us. But no more. In booming, rug-raving eloquence, dog and man are alive on the ridge of impediment, feeling something of the sacred beasts. The cardinal center of the well, a place of floating.