

I am wearing a green dress, it is golden light, I am alone. Water in the creek, water in the dirt, water in my body, and water on my tongue. And this knife, sharp as my once firm breasts attitude. Sharpened not by me, not by God, but by a professional knife sharpener, and carpenter. Not so romantic that he would made the wooden coffin my dead body would lie in too. Actually. the knife would probably have been purchased in a shop, or stolen in a kitchen. I am in France. These are the thoughts I have had - maybe they will vanish by the mere sight of you.