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Beach

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Her memory is a hazy, hot day;  
the hummingbird is trying to escape.  
Salty sea spray is thick on her tongue;  
the clouds are in her eyes and cotton in her ears. Paul Rodgers sang to her on Oceana Drive one day. But all she can remember is that Paul Rodgers didn’t show. He looked at her with only one eye open, and said he had run forever but ended up backwards.

The beautiful sand of her mind drifted, the sun sent chills down all their spines. She cart-wheeled across the waves, Sunshine clapped and cheered. The bed lay across the ceiling, promenade sur la plage avec moi.