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I showed up alone and waited for three hours, where were you? I listened to your voicemail message five times, tasted a different emotion in your voice each go on the merry go round, in the words of your message. “You’ve reached me — Lenni.” Clearly, I had not. The ice in my first drink melted slowly, at one point looking for all the world like the shape of your lips, closed. Then later looking like one of your pupils. Then finally a little of your breath in night air. “Leave me a message and I’ll get back to you.”

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