

Is this what you wanted. Is this what you had in mind

remember when, badly
lit and cheap
quarts in hands,
precarious plastic chairs balanced
on loose grit like quicksand,
we saw that sneaking rat at
Kitchen scramble into a bin, rummage,
capsize it and scurry
in our direction?

We laughed at that silly and
raised our legs in unison and unity.
Meanwhile we were sinking.

It was close, then.

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