

SPECIAL COMBINED EDITION

TWO BLUE WOLVES

NIGHTWORK



HYDROGEN MEDIA

POUGHKEEPSIE

FIRST PRINTED EDITION

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Edited by Wythe Marschall
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Hydrogen Media, LLC
P.O. Box 4737
Poughkeepsie, NY 12602
info@HYD01.com
www.HYD01.com

For
G.

Photograph mosaic, deep-blue.
Dark night's tectonic friction, you.

—*Untitled*, Michael Evashevski

They were more likely to bomb London, so we chose Paris instead. We had already celebrated Christmas once that year, before the snow had fallen at the house in Brockport. My father drove into town for a bottle of wine and returned with two bottles of expensive French champagne. He'd gotten them at half price. France had not supported the war, and America no longer drank French wine. America no longer did anything French, for that matter. Maybe that was why we had chosen Paris after all—not for safety's sake, but because we longed to be abandoned by the war as well.

You knew Paris better than I. You had spent your summers there, in apartments rented by your mother while she met with curators from the Louvre and the Pompidou. You told me the story of how, when you were twelve, the two of you were beside yourselves without your father there. You rushed out the moment you arrived and bought a chicken at the market before it closed, but had no idea what to do with it once you got it home. Your mother called your father in tears, and the two of you ended up eating at the café on the Place des Voges where the glowing heaters make warm canopies over the tables on the square.

This was where we came when we arrived in Paris, suitcases and all. You didn't touch your menu. You ordered in French exactly as

you had seven years before, as if nothing could have changed. That was peace, I thought.

That day, you wore your emerald green coat, the one with the black buttons that I bought for you at the vintage store upstate. If someone had taken your picture just then, as you sat at the table with your fur collar turned up, warming your hands with your tea, the person looking at the photograph would be challenged to name the time or the place in which it had been taken. Your clothes were part-costume, part-time machine, and fit you in slim dark lines, as if they had been meant for your body alone. Others had worn these clothes to play pretend, to re-imagine themselves as different people in different times. But it was you they were truly suited for, like fragments of a past life.

Our apartment was on the fourth floor of an old stone tower on Rue Saint-Paul in Le Marais. There were windows along the south wall that brought the morning, frosted and blue, and the evening, warm and pink. The windows were hung with thick burgundy drapes, heavy as quilts, and we would keep them closed in the evening so we could be naked and make love whenever we wished. When the drapes were closed and the lamps were lit, the room—the apartment was no more than a room—gave us a deep sense of warmth and wellbeing. When the curtains were open and we were not cooking or eating or making love, we would write—I in my notebook, you at the keyboard, fingers striking the keys like gunfire. The typing fingers of a journalist at wartime, I thought—deliberate and clear.

There's a picture you gave me of John Lennon and Yoko Ono, taken for the cover of *Rolling Stone*. In it, a naked John lies curled in bed, fetus-style, around a fully clothed Yoko. That bed was where they protested, at home, alone. Even with the reporters and the flashbulbs bursting, they were still alone, weren't they?

There were days when I would walk around the city while you were in class, and I would pass the Dakota and imagine John and Yoko still there, still in love, still wrapped around each other. And I would stand across the street, looking into the mouth of the entrance where John was shot, and I would think of how an agent of death had found them, too.