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Making special, the wedding, the funeral, the escape an absence in the circle of fire — what word could do justice to our continuous wire of sympathies — we search for in the face of another, prodding with skillful lies, that of course, the best we can do, to love regardless, to try to be descriptive, to infuse lack of comprehension with language — fanatical excerpts passed along as if sage, or radical, choose one belief system or another, to define ourselves once and for all.

