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Butterfly Hunter

I collect nymphets. Like butterflies. Carefully arranging them on the page and impaling them with a pin. I catch them in my net. It isn't hard. I stroke their angel hair and search for their wings. Just because it helps me remember. My mistakes. My heartaches. *Infanta Defunta* clearing the haze. I specifically collect my predecessors. Damsel flies. Fireflies. Gad flies. After I find the ghosts of Humbert's past, I find their latest conquests. I was once one of them. They are perhaps me. I watch them become me. I wait to hear the clinking of the chains. To see my doorknob morph into a grotesque face. But it doesn't happen. I think about tying a handkerchief around my jaw or putting a candle snuffer on my head to extinguish the light but instead I collect nymphets. To pass the time. There are no ghosts of Humbert's past, present and future. No shrouded Humbert beckons me towards my grave. Bah Humbert!