

The Yellow Birds Vocab.

CHAPTER 5

Innumerable (99) - ...it seemed I had left the better portion of myself as one among innumerable grains of sand...

Lurched (103) - The doors opened and we lurched down the gangway towards the bright shine of the airport.

Preoccupation (108) - It took her hands on my face to rouse my from my preoccupations.

Apparition (108) - Her grasp was firm, and she touched me hard as if to prove I was not a fleeting apparition.

CHAPTER 6

Momentum / Detritus (115) - Everything was in its proper place, waiting for a pause in time, for the source of all momentum to be stilled, so that what remained would be nothing more than detritus to be tallied up.

Lethargy (117) - I was stuck by a kind of lethargy, in awe of the decisiveness of every single attenuated moment...

Downcast (119) - When he only died, their faces became downcast and surprised.

Disintegrate (120) - I was disintegrating, too. How was I supposed to keep us both intact?

Morbid (123) - Some lay at odd angles with backs curved slightly off the ground and others were wrenched at absurd degrees, their decay an echo of some morbid geometry.