

*Paysage à ce Tableau*

It wouldn't be false to say that I'm confused  
by seconds, or the lyring of time passed  
or passing: in the mountain of the embrace  
of preoccupation or the dislodging of the  
labors  
of autumn: this is exactly what I'm talking  
about:

the habitualization of that strange passage  
through incessant prying, or your quitting  
of the moment: the longness of it  
or it's repletion.  
The intrusion of a lumière through the  
chamber door.

You can't talk about the silence of the night  
without  
dispelling the magic of its hours: the  
reconnaissance  
of memory, already pushing into the simplicity  
of morning: the first instant

generally seen as a relative to the second,  
and each inhabited by  
the reveries of the garden maid, no doubt  
moved  
by the glacial rain,  
the indefinite forms of jetties  
in the clouds.

The voyage of that passing and the certitude  
that sleep would demand of me no different  
presented itself  
as materially inconstitutive. I retained it all  
through the window: the appointment  
of lucidity onto the pond of time: a swan  
assembling

a set of memories. Inevitably, the intervals that  
separated themselves from all the others,  
the mysterious romance of that solitude,  
fell away: and so in this way, my imagination  
set itself down into all the drawers of the room  
and a sort of future  
began to appear and disappear at the same  
time.

*Texte Intégrale*

The torque of the car had me until midday,  
so I rendered my letters to you in the toilet:

*There was a time when I found  
myself in the interior*

*of a disposition, and there  
in the face of its institution  
and the battlements that served it,  
and the dirty classes  
which formed its outer border- with care, I tried*

*not to disturb the files. Undoing*

*the squall  
might apprehend the song*

.

(travelling again)  
entirely in the car

and the peace of that flight

from the precise vocab-  
ulary of sadness, from

the language tiring in its books,

V. the inquietude

of the thought returns.  
But like the time before  
its passing, lengthens.

That he stops  
before the door of the demand,  
wanting to polish off

the bread: in the quiet, he thinks

of returning. Divers in  
an ancient town.

The very air has  
the evangelists rejoicing.