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 pryings, 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.
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 vocabulary 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.