

They have prayed to God,
here;
they have sat on your bed, talking loudly
amid your lack and little items;
I forget who has taken up your plow, I don't know
who went to see you, returning from your empty horse!

Ramon Collar, here, at any rate, is your friend;
good luck to you, man of God, kill and write!

FOUR

A man goes by with a loaf of bread on his shoulder.
Am I going to write, afterwards, about my double?

Another one sits down, scratches, extracts a louse
from under his arm and kills it.
How does one dare speak of psychoanalysis?

Another one has entered my breast with a stick in his hand.
Is one, then, to talk to the doctor about Socrates?

A cripple wanders by with a boy at his side.
Am I to read Andre Breton a little later?

Another one trembles with cold, coughs, spits blood.
Can one ever refer to the Over-Self without shame?

Another one searches through muck for bones, peelings.
How does one later write about the infinite?

A bricklayer falls from a roof, dies, and thus foregoes his lunch.
Is one, therefore, to experiment with trope, with metaphor?

A merchant cheats a customer out of an ounce.
Is one to speak, afterwards, of a fourth dimension?

A banker juggles the accounts.

With what face dare one weep in the theatre?

An outcast sleeps with one foot on his back.
Can one, later, talk to someone of Picasso?

Somebody goes by in a funeral, weeping.
How does one subsequently join the Academy?

Somebody cleans a shot-gun in his kitchen.
With what strength can one speak of the Beyond?

Somebody goes by, counting with his fingers.
How to speak of the No-Mind without screaming?

