

our year a night
steeped— straw thru seams
 we wandered:
slight stars. a basket
of grass our task
 of sleep

bicycle, broom

 a man selling
potions in poor
rooms up &
 down
county—reckon he
won't hurt none & might
 cure some one

Manuscript

It wasn't filled with books, per se, or at least not ordinary volumes. Rather, it was populated with innumerable presences, radiant masses of light and dust, each emitting its own frequency and taking shape under the reader's eye. Whirlwind, ladder, a woman's torso, a galloping horse; all composed of glittering particles animated by an unseen force into constant motion. Surprisingly, I felt no desire to touch these magical books, and no impulse to analyze them. My pleasure and absorption were complete as I stood in their peripheries, reading.

Spoons

"I have lived in this little town all my life, with my deaf brother to look after. We walk together in the dusk, season after season. Does time pass? Children pass us but no longer squander their laughter on our progress to the cinema or the bakery. My brother works in the evening at his great project: a text of all the films we have seen. Perhaps you imagine a screenplay, or the flat script of subtitles, but you are wrong. At our kitchen table he weaves scene and character, plot and movement. Every cut is described by his text, every change of light. All that is missing are the words and music. These you must complete in your mind. Please respond to the address below, if you would be interested in translating such a manuscript."