

Now there's the battle its long claws dug well into their backs the  
young girls,

There are Birds so no one falls, no one believes enemies twisted lines  
in the bucket bottom, greedy lines that fight, hope and the sky turns  
to evening, three drops from above come below and dead water awakens,

Patient opens his arms, lord, lord-closed-eyes  
Lord-black-hands-hidden

*Call call for help, oh, trees! oh, frogs on the edge and that  
swell quiet with the moon, bare-chested, much too late much too night,  
greedy night I'm coming already*

It's up to me now right away he said, and I'm coming

*"May you be on two knees May you be bathed in sweat on the path May you be in tears May you be  
Exhausted, Renewed"*

*He hurried his two swallows' hands hold the last evening at the front,*  
thus, so that this might be more flight than the caves' child prisoner, the  
wells in the cave in the sky a look a couple saved from time,

There, A bridge elsewhere one trembling stride cuts the town in two,  
one ran one fled, from *bridges it's like steps, they join, they*  
*separate*, A battle, oh, soldier! comes here to start, rapes, deaths,  
cries, help, rupture, burning, betrayal, sacrifice, medals, citations,  
betrayal, burning, rupture, help, cries, death, rapes, citations,  
medals, sacrifice, all battle the world over

Winning it back,

three reeds rustle under the wind, sorry, He is hot he can put his jacket there,  
scorching summer is back, who are those there in the photo overexposed  
outline of a man far away, bends, rangers planted near the young girl, he  
marries her, her blonde hair,

In leaving, This one, didn't turn around, taken by traffic, all hours intense on the  
bridge and then the purse that pulls on her shoulder, days before,

The man fades until he disappears at the end of the bridge

*The headquarters opened on a row of courtyards, and doors, a closed down Ivy college, perhaps an old hospital, priory? A waiting room jam-packed with men of all ages, all places, all languages. He sat where he could and he recalled the vacuum of fever, it stuck. A little old man folded up a sort of beggar's pouch in blue cloth who hadn't even lifted his head when he had come in, burst out laughing and greeted him: "Mister, these are the circumstances that make a man or unmake him!" The voice was very strange from the body which it left. So young, and so beautiful really that Daniel who was not especially attentive, was surprised by it.*

She adored the fragrance of his fingers,  
she called him Petie, they played tea party, with guests!

*An explosion, big stinking drop, rang out suddenly and shook the panes. Everyone down! cried a leader, only the old man with the beautiful voice stayed sitting, he pulled out a piece of champagne cookie from his bag and nibbled throughout the alarm.*

She brought a bouquet of zucchini  
blossoms to her grandmother Rosemary, but  
she was deaf,  
or she was not there,  
or really dead,  
too bad!

*The alarm ended, we tried to make the donkeys leave one by one, poor animals were crushed against the door and shat each one more than the other, one local looked for a son voluntarily enlisted, had to absolutely get in, why the donkeys and not her? She was fat and sweaty, she had jewels on her ears on her fingers around her neck what fervor! and then she was too agitated, she wanted to see her son her little one, who left the house hit on his head because, etc. The leader arrived reestablishing some sense of order by a long whistle-blow which hurt everyone's ears. He calmly read a list of names on a sheet, with addresses, professions, distinguishing marks, favorite occupation, each Designee signed and a very young girl smiling with a beautiful blond braid added herself.*

If I meet the wolf, I will not speak to him  
but I will take his eyes and his teeth,  
in order to have a handsome child.

*A burst of pigeons crossed the sky on the left. We left the very narrow straw mattresses which still smelled of the cave's dampness where they had spent winter, piled up, and aligned them to lose the least space possible. We needed to have a chance to fall upon good neighbors or have a wall against which we could turn over. Daniel thought suddenly about his wife at the other end of the bridge.*

—Please, one more  
moment to pray high on the  
mountain that you see from here,  
and she threw herself  
at the feet of the monster  
with the blue hair,  
she would have moved a rock to pity  
with her tears and  
fresh breasts palpitating  
but the god had  
a heart harder than a rock.

NATALINA. – My love left this morning for war.

My love left this morning for war, with a fever.

*(She is in the kitchen, sitting, cup in hand. Or she*

*smokes. In shirt or pajamas or almost nothing)* Across the street, they  
fight, if I were to go and stand on the balcony, I would be able to see them,  
my God! There had been nothing but the bridge to cross “Don’t worry,  
my dearest, I will come back as fast as I can.”

Yesterday, they pointed to a young woman, she had blown a  
blowgun pfff! pfff! the round note climbed up to the  
window on the other side of the street, despite the trucks which

didn't stop circling, a boy came, he looked, he  
blew a flying kiss, below. The girl laughed open-  
mouthed, to swallow the kiss, and then she shouted in her  
two hands, "I looooooovvvvvveeeyouuuu, I will come back tomorrow,  
be braaaaaavvvvvveeeee!"

—*Now, come down, cried the enormous voice*

—*But it's the summer rain, I am slipping on the rock piles, my  
ankles hurt*

What she would've done just to be able to touch there, the small face  
surrounded by wire mesh? Me I have arms  
of a butterfly, it's empty. The evening, just before night, it's  
much heavier than night. It's made of a terrible weight,  
which goes across, pillages, scrapes, silent, heavy-light-heavy,  
evening falls, day lifts, the words are right sometimes.

Who am I speaking to? Who is there?

*(She listens, making a big effort to seize something  
in the silence of the house)*

*Or he will climb up high, and will find the lost lamb, peeping  
and will Tie it  
to the post, its neck so tender,*

From here, we hear nothing. No. A little rumbling with bell-shaped wings, deep under the impact. This isn't the peace in us, not the peace between us, across the street battle between them and us. But this-is-not-the-peace still holds the roof over my head here, three turns of the bolt close the door and outside stays outside, despite feeling turned upside down within. (She wedges a lock of hair behind her ear) I would like not to leave sky of eyes, I would like to drive my eyes into this height and this roundness, to crumble myself, melt myself there,

*Waits for her brothers,  
waves her handkerchief so that she can  
she has  
a back full of smoke  
The god works enraged and whimpers, he  
is going to climb, h-e c-l-i-m-b-s r-i-g-h-t n-o-w  
a king listens to the door  
of his horse-drawn coach Girl is naked*

*at the riverside concert  
of water and crickets, everywhere  
down in the fields  
the poor lift their heads  
Going the harvesters are going  
Bell ringers of months  
hunters of magpie*

What can we do, despite good intentions, the rage that we have! And what will be left of my fiancée? more nothing, nothing of nothing. When leaving, he did not turn back, “My dearest, you know, I am not for you nor the future.” He faded faded until disappearing at the end of the bridge. He did not turn back, a hero doesn't turn back, he has swollen feet because in every sense he travels the earth, and that the mountains, the streams enter his socks, the oceans too, in the bag on his shoulder he carries his thought, he moves a block of cement, sometimes, he puts it down but too light an animal he feels unwell and takes it back very quickly, he takes it back.