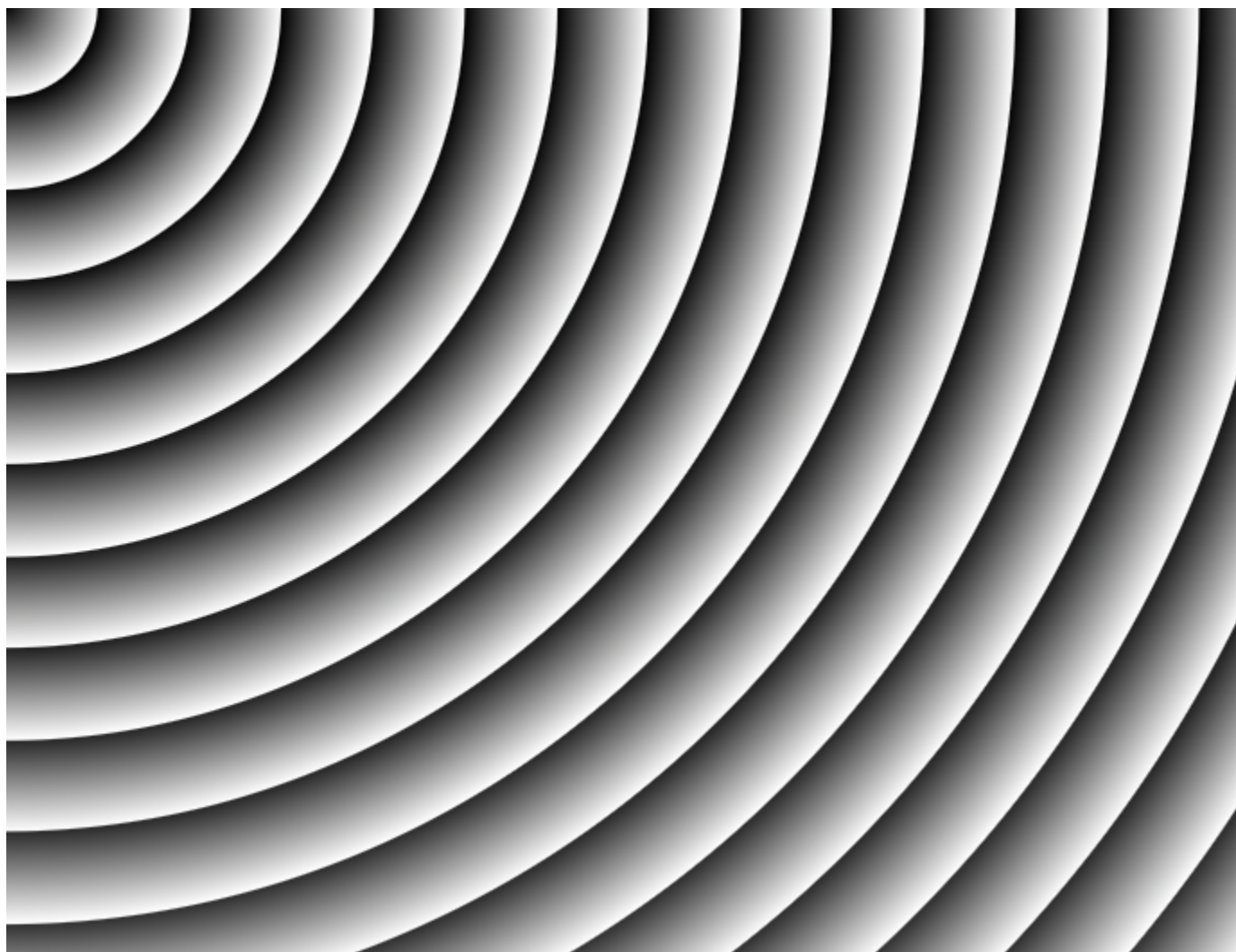


GES — TURES

I SAW A VERY SMALL THING CRYING

BY ITS NAME IT WAS CALLED LOVE, WHICH REACHED OUT TO ME AND HELD ME TIGHT



UM SINAL DA SITUAÇÃO

I open very wide—my good friend Lessl, do wait—I want to say something. It is because I am opening and saying—to you, I am saying this—it is that I want to say something. Look, I am entreating you to help me—it is sure, it is certain—there is something which I want to say.

Lessl, dear Lessl, hear me out. I rise from my seat. I am contorting my face—Lessl, my dear—look at the shape of it, look at my face—describe my face to me, please do. I want to see it, what I am doing—I make it, I don't know it myself, I don't have the sense of it.

My beloved Lessl, I want you to be comfortable—please make yourself at home. It is a wide home, Lessl. I remember we were young, and we would go to Almasy and play in the meadow. You laid down, and you are so slender—Lessl, you laid down, and the grasses came up and I could not see you—I looked between the leaves and I could not see you.

Lessl, there is water in the pot. You can have tea—just how you like it. I will put the tea, just so. There is so much here, Lessl—such a plenty, and I am full. Do look, Lessl, look—I never would have thought. I never would have thought of such a plenty.

Look at me, Lessl. There is a circle of cast-iron, and—the bright flame. And then there is you, Lessl. And then there is you.

O! I am swimming in the Aegean with my brother beside me and my other brother beside me.

You are standing in the foreground with a railcar beside you. I am very careful to separate things—I draw a line from the zenith and I walk to the left—you are standing on the left.

I slept well last night. Let me tell you a story.

Estou caminhando por sete anos em uma canteiro de rosas sem espinhos. Estas caminhando junto de mim e meu irmão junto de mim—o horizonte começa na esquerda e acima delo o céu é azul e recortado. O sol derrama sobre a borda, inteiro e prenhe—tem uma concha, uma casca fina—um calo.

NOS SONHOS
COMO NA VIDA
NÃO HÁ COMEÇO
NEM FIM

RESPIRAÇÃO

His breathing is labored. You hear it from across the lake, when Jan goes out mornings in the little row-boat, sets off to look at the reeds on the far side. He sounds as though one of the cat-tails—parte desde parte—perhaps he breathed one in. Those are flowers, right—it's a living, fruiting thing. Great gasps of air and a new colony—a new frontier. Life begets life.

I wish he'd talk to me. I've known Jan since he was little, you know—it's been so long. He goes off with his books and cameras, comes home late—there's a sense about it, you know—there's a sense about it, like the lake in the mornings. Placid, undisturbed.

PARECER

I wonder how he sees me. When he and I were young we'd play hide-and-seek—there was a book we read—a book together, when we were young. The book was about two boys—they'd play in the long grasses and chase after each other, and so did we. In the book they were farmers, there was a great big corn-field, and them being so small—it was a whole world to them.

I think it's like when you fill a great hole and then the ground settles. All of the earth moved to earth—parte a parte—you invert an edifice. Or—you erase an inverse-edifice. And then when you're done, the whole thing remakes itself, sort of puts itself into shape. It assumes a form—and you've got to add to that, which is a sort of insult.

GRAVAR

I want to remember him.

MARÉ ALTA, NA PRAIA

O OLEIRO É linda hoje, não?

O MAR ...

O OLEIRO I am weary.

O MAR ...

O OLEIRO A palavra, 'mar'—é demais velho. You're an old thing.

O MAR ...

O OLEIRO My father said you taught him the most important lesson.

Ai—meu irmão—a alma é providenciado POR UM
PASSADO QUE NÃO CHEGA. RECUERDA! NASÇA!

I want to talk about loving you, understand—I am not
brave.

Ai—meu pai—filho de homem—ele não podia falar. Your
tongue was ripped away—I am your image. Your eyes,
your sight—those too.

Quem rouba? Por que rouba? A living thing, a blind worm,
O VERME VITAL. This, that, it is an answered question—
look around.

Ai meu padrinho—sou um parricídio, e você é uma
invenção—I could bear no crueler fruit. Ai—como quiser,
qualquer—in this I am loved.

Logo, mais logo, é tão cedo na manhã da vida. Escuche—
os anjos falam! Falam todo, falam—serei solto com todos.
Serei solto, seremos imóvel e sempre, sempre, sempre
novo.

Walk with me, come now. I am doing my best, and I do not wish to hurt you.

1. HÁ UM SÓ FONTE

I see a field. There are rows of corn and a dark head slick with sweat—he is small, lithe, so very quick. I catch glimpses of him between the stalks again, now and then he looks up—when he meets my eye I lose the sense of it.

2. UMA COISA TENHA PARTES

I am staring into slick purple below heavy lids, little granules, ridges and variegations. I am a weak cloying thing and I am going to die horribly.

3. PARTES FORMAM UM TOTAL

Look! Little beautiful thing, little shining thing—look to me. Look to the pebble-beach—in the lee-side of the dunes. Look in a sheltered place, look with me—we'll find seashells and shells for seashells, in this we'll live forever.

AMOR FEITO DE SAL

We met in the summer—that last year, the earth turned again and there was snow on the ground em verão, a thick carpet.

Quem cala consente—I walked the land for what felt like days, but it was the Sunday shopping, and but a half-dozen eggs, you were on the shelf, unprotesting, querido meu.

Olhe, querido! The earth is drying out.

AMOR FEITO DE AÇÚCAR

Minha bonita—espere! Uma coisa pequena, a coisa mais importante, é desapareciendo.

I saw you—there was a feeling. Não foi permitido, so I ate myself, I ate myself sick.

AMOR FEITO DE ÓLEO

Oh! I hope you like the shape of this, I really do. If you wait a moment I can—look, I've got a whole gloss-paper here, and it's got an index here, and this one is me sitting down—this one is me standing up, and this with green eyes and this one blue.

I am—repeating in my head—o som da palavra 'caimento'.
In the shape of the bluebird, em queda—this is me, I get
off the bus and step down to the street below—here cars
pass day by day.

O passáro azul at one hundred kilometres per hour
barrels past me rudely. There is dust under my feet and I
am tired—looking up, there's an old friend, stooped and
glassy-eyed. He points—indicating something far in the
distance.

Estamos em desfile com o povo comum. They're pulling a
train out of the station, painted in blue enamel—a coarse
chalk surface—sou a unha em um quadro-negro. Run
your fingers along the main-line, down branches, off
sidings to the country-side. Where—onde, diga-me
onde?

I am in the iron-mines. I am in the steelworks. Os
metalúrgicos dormem na memória—so, weep with me!
We could have had heroes again—fazer a labuta, homem
quebrado é lindo, tão lindo no brilho e estou chorando,
por isso eu choro.

A line extends forever, then another line keeps pace—
come no closer, my dear—o milagre do trânsito forever at
the vanishing-point. I will meet you there and swear to
you on bent knee—minha fidelidade, verdadeira
fidelidade, eterna. O alcance da mão and another and
minha dama, mercê, mercê, I'm worn to the bone. But ai—
na distância, uma voz! Ai—que voz!

O MESMO—
QUE SEMPRE FOI.

O FIM DA LINHA.
É HORA DE SAIR.

NAO É O QUE QUERIA
—MAS—
É MELHOR QUE NADA.

E OUÇA-ME BEM—
QUE AGORA E SEMPRE—
LABUTA TE LIBERTARÁ!

Passa—instante a instante—
uma série de imagens—
um clarão! Olhe, olhe! Você viu?

Andamos por campo.
I am a child of twelve years—
and this place, onde nasci—
is new to me.

Little face—já viu? Não mostra—
mas não mostra muito. Little face—
olhe-me. Tenho salvação e um modelo—
do seu próprio futuro.

Seu próprio. Só você.