

XIX

i will cultivate within
 me scrupulously the Inimitable which
 is loneliness, these unique dreams
 never shall soil their raiment

with phenomena: such
 being a conduct worthy of

more ponderous
 wishes or
 hopes less
 tall than mine" (opening the windows)

"and there is a philosophy" strictly at
 which instant (leaped
 into the

street) this deep immediate mask and
 expressing "as for myself, because i
 am slender and fragile
 i borrow contact from that you and from

this you sensations, imitating a few fatally

exquisite" (pulling Its shawl carefully around
 it) "things i mean the
 Rain is no respecter of persons
 the snow doesn't give a soft white
 damn Whom it touches