

them which despair
 do we despise, being seated
 in the cave's oblong darkness
 having commanded our minute glasses
 of colourless fire.

Nothing is better than this
 except which has not happened, thence
 i bid you (as very deeply you near the gates of
 Hell) cast like Euridyce one brief look behind
 yourself.

Voilà Monsieur Le Patron,
 excuse me: I was talking. He pours
 quickly skilfully just.
 It. Glistens.

Voilà—the waterhued extract of Is

believe: sipping, enter my arms; let us invade sumptuously
 the hurrying extravagant instant.... come mon amie
 let us investigate suddenly
 our lives, let us drink calvados,

let us shut ourselves into the garret of Now
 and swallow the key.