



"Yes but who will cure us of the dull fire, the colorless fire that nightfall runs along the Rue De La Huchette, emerging from the crumbling doorways from the little entranceways, of the imageless fire that licks the stones; and lies in wait in doorways, how shall we ourselves of the sweet burning that comes after, that nests in us forever allied with time and memory, with sticky things that hold us here on this side, and which will burn sweetly in us until we have been left in ashes. How much better, then, to make a pact with cats and mosses, strike up friendship right away with hoarse-voiced concierges, with the pale and suffering creatures who wait in windows and toy with a dry branch. To burn like this without surcease, to bear the inner burning coming on like fruit's quick ripening, to be the pulse of a bonfire in this thicket of endless stone, walking through the night of our life, obedient as our blood in its blind circuit." Julio Cortazar

