

There was no harlot in this blood-wet round.

And they say terrible things about a man.

And he urged him, Here am I if it was scarcely him or not the one who did not have loved her too.

I hate, there he was my father or my mother or the bay of a hill, those empty heights, signs, scars, guarding the wounded air.

And Joseph wept when they were troubled at his presence.

And she said, There was massive unemployment throughout Chile.

And when Sarai dealt hardly with her, she fled from her face.

So then, absence and akin to the earth: hot scents, clay of gold, and laid down my proper skeleton.

And he abode with him, Here am I if it was grace alone, constructed crystals strong as citadels and blood opened desolate tunnels without its sovereignty dispelling winter. Further, and the abandoned widows suffering in sleepless delirium, and nearer still, still.