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last night beside the menstrual shadow of the corpse I saw my mother's legs (her enormous legs) opening and closing in a voluptuous trance sweeping the thick current, the amorous pity of her legs which with my mouth I imitated, still pregnant, or, became, by way of imitation, innumerable, in the meantime, her foot, her toe, which refused to dissolve, and which I could see still climbing the transparency of birth, her foot in the piedras continuing to suckle, to

insist, thickness, aie-aie-aie! who is this still mothering with the rags of a mouth, coughing and defecating in the middle of life and continuing to urinate, in the occultation of the middle!

snow, and the gravediggers having gone, drifted north in gusts, phalanges, nourished by numbers and the supernumerary resemblance of the turnstile, here, it is nighttime in both directions, and in these human temples, I attend, I

dream, and I carry my grave clothes under my arms, mother,

with the cadavers entering childhood still trembling like sunflowers,

I dream,

and flushed with humanity I approached my mouth, with the vanity of the dead, and dressed like a woman, in the path of the coffins, foot in the piedras, living, as it were, no more poorly than any oth-

er, with no more blood, sperm, te-
ars, saliva,

fungibility of the mouth,

snow,

dripping from mother,
from the window observing the
snowdrift,

and her legs (her enormous legs)
opening and closing in the thick
current, which I, with my mouth,
imitated, in the meantime,

the corpse's one bare foot, with-
out pedestal, without protection,
in the ruined street,

I,

DREAMING YOU,

FLOWING IN MY BODY,

BODY OF THE OTHER,

WRITING MYSELF,

with an illegibility that leads back
to nothing,

DON'T DIE,

as long as I am still alive,

OR,

and tonight,

having been born,

for no reason (it happens, but I am
not there),

bear with me,

it seems, I am growing less and less
precise, this desire to live, to
continue to live, and without de-

monstration, in a night of infinite
reversals between the 1, and the 2,
and the afternoon, having establi-
shed its yesterdays,

between our poor day and the gre-
at night, at two in the immoral af-
ternoon,

the island swam toward me and peeled off its dolphin skin, this legendary business of cracking eggs with a laugh that pinches the anus, the cloaca, the miniature coffins, at the point where reality is, except for that rivulet of saliva reflecting the Milky Way, and there, in the dish pan, catch a glimpse of you,

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