



A Book of Fragments
Akira Rabelais

Noticing to
confess the days,
rapids were I,
before a glance
forwards and wearisome,

silenced by
language,

here to leave the music
wept across the body,
the wall before it and all
I cannot tell you
must reverberate
through sense,
on eyes window,
imagining and vanishes
with voices for a circle,

windows of grass
in a whispering
at little green
as if
it would
to brightness reach,
and the actual
perceiving
is resolved
to the centre,

here
any moment
remember
and
perish.

I summoned
up the balcony,
mingled with
cloth off
the love
of so far
as dragged down
could scarcely close
my gaze from each other,
were we to this fonder,
any minutes together
and outside looked
steadily
for needed
none,

and
against
the hand
simply to escape
the warmth
from questions
put to the sweet ring
once descended
still remains
where anything
and by it
disappears,

many questions
conclusions reached
before you might
suppose
them.

in a pile of time
ever streams away
you would lightly recall,

words bewitch eyes,
a sweet disorder
in with delight,
and spake, the bodies
of blood,

in a great
fig-tree growing,

in this river
to be dying,
the voice indeed
is a way to reach it,

so hand, so,
there upon
the heavens touch
kinds of fire written,
and hears the sound
of Sirens' voice
never ceased,

but
that asked
how this river
to the truth
was dream, hold had to
much-sorrowing and sheer,
as fascinated tale
with loud voice,
by no greater
than when art
is too precise,
subtlety doesn't want
but the hearth,

the heavens
touch the common
into a great heap
of yet more
bonds,

it haste away
if they will
then let think
necks long
and circumspect.

safe
and warm,

as safe
in a little space
the sensations
of dreams,
a patch
of sleep,

those names
now my only wish,
making significance
of course,
I enter
into obscurity,
loved the likeness
of mineral and substance,
here a day from little
rushing flight
through moths fluttering
among all apart
in what new delights
there were,

a degree
of Earth rise on
and
silver brocade
embroidered,
the music
of its trees,
set in this
that ghost of little
rushing flight,
a crown
of innocence,
almost,
which is life,
yet lifted
to disappear
for naught,
and walked blindly
into forgetfulness
of everything,

thus my sweet thoughts
with distant unseeing eyes,
these haunted bones,
bodies giving expression
to our eternities
turned obscurity,
turned to ash
and the sweetness
of closing hand
on hand,
our shadows broken
on the little in-betweens,
surface of soft steps also are
turned to meaningless,
on of sky pale with stars
left to gardens
and limestone labyrinth,
times more sorry to no alteration
in this out to blessed
nothingness.

the soul
and avoiding
these either
for it,

(that we become bad
by dreams)

rigorous observance
of that space
held unnecessary,
added to any
meanings,
striking one hand
on the cradle
being,

a similar anguish
retreating and torturing
hours into slender
yet ever dreamed,
the only thing
that added to us
though the end
of its purpose
be several,

grasp it were
mixed with two,
of heaven by the hair
and upward from supposing,
made by a great difference
and oblivious
to the smoothness
of hands,

quitting reasonings by looking
at which creates movement,

there must know
enemies in pictures,
but not find the more quickly
it stone gate-posts against
which are like insistent voices,

carve the marble
suspended in down to cold,
so fall leaves, grain,
dried little voice
talked wisdom
in a good deal larger,
moulded in a material such joy,
I see the ground and deadened
in that it is
when a revival of it,
down to broken
our bodies by breath,
ancient stone,

down and wept
at what might comprised
in a day, that star,
on and claimed
golden moments went by,
the earth, terrifying those of blood
as hard sky overhead,

from the clock strikes
steel is to touch anything,
clock strikes touching,

I had forgotten
the prospect of a day,
it spreads itself
strong wine
unmixed,
with the greater
flood slowly advancing
towards and do we talked,
that even one body as a touch
we must be torn asunder,
but leave me
to sort that
in stone.

in
the loveliest
of harm's way
is with fear
shrieked aloud
that the soul is mirth,
madness made altogether,
a lone chimney in ashes,
often chatted with
and learned
of cloud-shapes,

as if
there seemed
to spend years
of its soul,
struck the wind
itself,

in doors all sides
as sowing the seed
of eulogies part,
lines, surfaces,
solids,

even then
conducted into
a thousand sweet, soft,
round of the work
which blood sinks inwards
to strength, it is home,
the happiest of change,

travelers alongst curled waves
of some deep haue asleep,
enticed to lie within
and assured truth.

disposing
so as puzzled,
choosings
make immovable
of inertia,
no more
inferring
obligation,
disintegrated,
the floor
of such smooth
way,

a half
and trying
could not cause
the vastness,
darkness, remoteness,
antiquity to a few words
into its desert,

as I fumbled in nevertheless
though the nature of obscure to be,
another to-morrow of life undying,
that which is everywhere,
to contain nothing
that relative thoughts
and other similar ways
try to the soul,
delighteth to slender
and secret bloomed,
withal taketh notice,
shining careful
threads,

inherence
of pleasures
and profane histories
assure clearly enough
described by to-morrow,
of open sky
like this,

cruel mysteries then,
it hath seen them,
bare feet, soft,
thudding.

in
that
the result
of waking
and warily
contrive
so desires would
be more than
motionless,
this is cast on
from each minute
a cobweb heavy
to the anger
there,
without body
and anchored night
before the best pale,
it either leaves
nor do anything in sleep,
silently watching
the little garden,

a scene met
of the time hastily
to stand shocked edicts
bravely, imagination
aspired of perils
there ground,

not from any bent
shapes the streaming air
pours by the fellow,
would not for one scar
your body responds,

gave to silence that sway in joy,
came pouring in the prospect
that is knowable,
sensation is heart,
were the world placed
against the rickety doors,
ribs and beating.

breath,

here in the rustling
noise and writhen trees,
I am, I should farthest horizon,
fell upon a hidden altar-stone,
each other, secret that in roofes
with great crests crowded the sky
above the faith of birds,
and all you,

a life is mistress
of worship,

scrambling out again,
these are city melts like ice,
white pillars gloom
and lovely things,
with coal we may unhinge
the sea, and earth,

silence after sleep
has been forced itself
upon that labyrinth,
colossal spiral incline
that we meet
each for a plunge
as a flood changes
the depths,
yet another snowfall
erase the wisest reason
and secretly plumbing
the current,
thoughts forced
through muddy
roads to breathe,

yet the whisper
which be alone,

life is already in the flame
of those who feed the withered leaves,
and though I should have to be
a narrow entrance
between the anger
which makes the blossom's
fragrant breath,
for heaven is
that labyrinth,
the gift
of the curved walls
in jagged ruins
and new life.

every
little one,

grain
of that are weary eye
can not sleep
into something
and high over you
little one,

journeying
will have whirled
with their ends
to loneliness cast
but with so buoyant
brandishes,

now
must I have
no spirit dares
rove waded through
the gist of two bodies,

one might delve more than rest
or some lovely bottomless lake,
and here the small
clouds of the middle
of the waters
of it.

mounted
upon the sky
with
to drive a stake
in stars,

night-swift cuts
she the clouds full fast

whispers cold a stream
of fiery threads dangled,
on moonlit end
of shone,

hands pale
beautiful
before windows
without breaking
in their payns
and
scattering
all directions,

displeased in delight,
being as with
whole grace,
you displace it
with your little finger
slanting against
the wind.

silence very oddly
shaped the same,
in the corners
of clouds,
solitude
of attractive
unreality
fell again,

to swear
by any kinds
of besiegers
and this winced
for all poetry,
yes, the face
in the lamp-post
stood nothing,
listened
instinctively,

no occasion
demanded of grief
that I don't much
to greater joy,
except how to feel
shy in a bold flourish,
our sweet extravagance
to gaze into tears,

the machine is soul
so let us lose our devotion,
but rather seem
to the mouths
and causes of hunger,
a gap being different
interpretations according
to no one moment,
I to the ruins
of its own burdens
talk of light,

sixth angel
poured out of salt
dissolved in search
of now fenceless world
and breath wake
the sole wrought,

by little by
strange region
withstanding,
softness is not
change into
forgetfulness,
emission from
the present moment
of soul,
then difference
between a quandary,

defects formation,
fragmentation agglomerates
disintegration,

whose wrought voices
workmanship folded over
numerous hewn chambers
melancholy madness,

more eath it were
for mortall wight
to tell the sands,
or count the stares
on hye,

though life were
beautiful colours
to the spirit becomes,
an ecstasy of eagerness
passed round, solitude
vortices fear to realize
called to hearing,
arrow-head seeks
unable to madness
who implores thee,

impressed with
the endless drift
out of soft linen
upon a wild angel
passed toward no word,
where winged arrow struck it
to unrememberable depths,
there muse defend
through the farther end
of things beyond
haunted skies,
whirlpools
and small stars
for thou visitest
my slumbers
nightly.

*we quarreled
and makes this the virtue,
of which to see is true
beauties swallow infinite multitude,*

*laughed and of destruction,
in fresh colour of worse than
there are painless,
weaving wreaths
of the table,
what I put
heart swelled
portentous bridge,
across the air
and emptiness over eyes,
whose company of windmills,
the bird skulls and poured out,
experiencing the hour of stars
and thinking without haste,
water, stones, plants altogether,
that I should choose
rather through
strange words
of learning
and lies ascribed
gone to be
let to save
stayed,
so you become
of bread
and abundance
of axiomatic truth,
personal presence
of metaphor,*

*whether there is essence
and believe that kept
treasure on of exciting
in ecstasies
more astonished,
bodies of all with
and here, here further,
here whirlwinds,*

*everything
carefully preserved
until the end,
against the same
infinite abyss
and before the effect
of a wearied corruption,
our broken staircases
toward noises,
least part of objects
inside the ear
has no other sound,
bruise up a question,
for the hour
is time itself
above the humming
in your own
one of the corpse
already crossing
a wood,*

*branches pattern
in seconds stumbling through
sitting quietly, truth of this will
never cease to call the eye,
restlessness of knowledge
here to penalty
of human being,*

*thickest darkness
now light signified,
opaqueness of persuasion
all of rising perpendicularly
placed beyond and unweariedly,
in the most eagerly to wield
the corpse, these steps
tracing back to trudging,
going up to discern,
given and pronounced,
erudition on sighs,
stories-unbecoming
to steep hill become
disarranged hair
and fatal throne,
I suppose you
as subjected
to the clear deep,
wing no more near the same
there saying with human voice
that a place where for some
nameless stone, a name,
here are angels
of me.*