



Aurīgae

[?]

So

too

all things

compounded:

They form water, ex-

it openings, a stack of ov-

erlapping lines, the lines of lands bordering on
mad-

ness and melancholy—always, always [...] I'll

burn away [...] always—if ever ye re-

turn to your desolate fields, cracked and scorched by

poisonous suns, the author brooded in a humble

state, a question mark hanging overhead.