and her he of an inte the patio She could tyres they he bubble, erns whose - change ias surre sleeping h in Pample ce they left s tried and Sanfermi that filters in bed, sh the town, the cities, plain, and is changed I she sees is ty-five and appiness or 3ut at other er children of the fête During an endless occupies.
present an
is now be
time, she s
only one life
woman in
earlier sum
face coverwall while
films she v
form story
therein – 1
her a futur devastated divorce, to oments will vere having r eyes off a aken for an under the y the sound on the chil-to bed, she all she has

I was falling into the gutter, into the blur produced by scanning a book, which would not lie flat, unless of course I were to break its spine, for books are no longer bound in such a way that they fall open softly, with a gentle curve, so one may weigh each side in each hand. Perfect binding is not perfect; thus bound, the book will not lie flat; the signatures will not hold together for ever as they do when they are section sewn, each signature sewn through its folds into the following signature along the spine. Sometimes the threads show. The signatures are also called gatherings. A gathering starts with four folded sheets, which gives eight leaves. The thickness of the thread that binds them is called swell. This is form, not content. I did not approach the words today for words were failing me and at first I wrote that words were falling me. I had only those written or spoken by others, which I might mouth or ape, what a grotesque caper: they and bubble of whose the change She surren sleeping left in and Samfermines helpless felt filters same only re-in they the cities Cabezudos and of changed is During and an or occupies other present children is devastated time to only earlier will woman face having wall a films an form knee- therein the her She sound all chilshe 20. Costumed. There was sense of a sort that arose nonetheless, a non-sense. Meaning was as hard to understand as interpretation. Possibly it was poetry. One woman said that the thing was always someone else's, not hers. She said that she was not interested in pointing at things. The other replied that there was a man trying to live like a badger. There was something about the feral, the wild animal, the burrowing mole that does not excavate to bring anything to light but to drive down deeper into the darkness. There was squirrelling, but it declined. Gathering stopped. I asked myself (there was no-one to answer) if there were no longer any signatures.