Fast, fast, faster, to the closed, tightly closed-eyes of the corpse. Faster, faster to dig the flesh, to dig the life away in dirty earth-muscles. Devour, devouring everything: the black mothball-smelling formal dress of the funeral, the stiff white shirt and the collar, the white clean underwear, all. But first to the eyes, the nose, the lips; this is where the worms first rush; the corpse lying there always quiet, calm and in peace, in the breast and the blood of the first and last womb, undressed, tortured, made fun of by the worms, devoured and calm. Nothing, nothing to bother about, no annoying tickling in the nostrils and the corners of the eyes, no worms to tickle the limbs, and the naked, candle-naked shoulders. Deep, deep, deeper buried in eternal resignation and pleasure, deep in the mud from which we are or are not created but for which we always secure a repressed admiration, deep buried the corpse breathes a breath of its own, a calm breath of seadreams, an eternal breath singing and laughing, covering the whispering of friends and relatives who plant flowers and sigh over the graves. Sleep, sleep, always sleep, sweet death and the dead. My lover’s corpse has taken a sleeping-pill of necessity.

He lifted his eyes up and looked at the coffin-lid. It was a very regular coffin-lid, wooden and regular like the forehead of a young boy that has fallen asleep with a finger in his mouth. A red shadow, though, with a shape like the breast of a dead prostitute; and what to think when there are people who can never understand and they never will because they are mere accidents, accidents.

Once, who ever heard of the existence of somebody else when there is no way of knowing, when the child is asleep and there is no way of knowing whether he is asleep or not. And then the dream. A lake of green shadows raping your thighs, and the red shadow on the coffin-lid without any meaning but the meaning of itself. There are no meanings perhaps; and always trying to find one. Whoever thought of something having a meaning, and when we impose meanings on things because of our unsatisfied wishes, when we impose meanings there is nothing left of the object that the meaning has been imposed on. Nothing left, because meanings have no colors or anything else. They don’t even have mouths, and they cannot speak, they cannot cry, they have no tears. And what can you do without tears, how can you take all the fire and the force which curls and fights in the breast...And just imagine that he pretended that he had no idea about it. He pretended as a mouse pretends that he has not seen the cheese on the trap. I could have blown his face up and then he would have to smile facelessly. His smile would be a mere meaning; how ridiculous. Maybe a public scandal would be better... But how can one receive the unexpected kindness which is sincere for sure, but, again, the doubt, a swollen aberration of a doubt; pity? Love? Spite? Which?

Down in the valley there are naked women washing their clothes, and the grass is growing, the grass is growing, and where can the kiss be, the sweet kiss of the Mayflower, and the Maymoon, and all the Maylittleloves which wander above and beyond in pools of light. And the sea grows all the fish in her eyes, the sea, my love, a million years' passion, the moving force which is an eye and a womb and a body and a breath and all, all, all the red/blue pulses of
my blood. Kiss me, kiss me as you walk over the clouds, and he
answered that he was not walking over the clouds because it was
going to rain. But the rain is weeping, he remembered some lines from
an old little play when he was waiting for the people to love and
cherish him in their dreams as his mother and his lovers used to do;
or didn't they? O light with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes
and a thousand loves, love me. And as he walked down in the street
with the curves and the danger waiting in every one of the curves,
he played with a little god of a chain in his right hand, and the
left hand was full of all, of all the nothingworthwhilesofar, and we
will consider your case again, we will give you a definite answer
in a week's time and then you can go to hell or you can go on
masturbating while young girls fly out of your windows. Little, little
to think about, and little to cry about, and much to despair about,
you despair, despair, until you are full of little sympathetic
pleasures, everything old like an old pair of shoes discovered after
ten years in a cupboard with old things in it. The two birds flew
away and hurried to make love at the top of a tree, an ancient,
prehistoric revenge for old spinsters who always lack imagination
because their imagination has faded away with all the orgiastic
exertion repressed down to the center of a featherpillow.

Pavlo among the nightingales his father used to call his when
there were visitors at home. The nightingales are queer birds, he
used to sigh, they sing unceasingly without having any compre-

hension of the real problems of life, like the wife who has to be
satisfied at least two times a week. And Pavlo was now deep buried
in an unwelcomed grave. Thinking and breathing, looking at the red
shadow on the coffin-lid, and where is hell or paradise, though there
is an eternal life, a nauseatingly eternal consciousness of death or life,
or both, deep buried in the bones of the corpse. How can there be
an eternal life which is linked to the soil and the waters and the
spade of the sun after the rain, but still, but still, never before have
I embraced the soil so tightly, feeling its fertility between my thighs,
and the taste of dead and eternal birds on my lips, and the taste
of the sea forever forgotten in an ancient dream with curtains wel-
coming the white waves and their softpalmed love on the shell of
one's heart. Who can embrace so tightly that earthly eternity but
the corpse, my love a corpse, more alive in the eternal clutches of an
everly recurring earth. This is where eternity is: in the deep cycles
of the water or the dream, in the feminine movement of the sea where
Pavlo was drowned when he was twenty years of sun. Nothing to
please as one wants to be pleased, nothing to last eternally but the
depth cycle of death which is the cycle of life and of recurrence.
Death in the breast of the sun, and Pavlo loving the element like an
eternal mistress, in her deep thighs the eternal orgasm, the eternal
moment, death, life in its highest point, an absolute and unalterable
everything. Lying drowned and alive at the bottom of the sea,
between two black rocks, the water green around him, the taste
procession of fish and mermaids approaching him, playing through
eternal fate. Naked, beautiful and calm he would have watched the
procession of fish and mermaids approaching him, playing through
eternal fate. Naked, beautiful and calm he would have watched the
eternal mistress, in her deep thighs the eternal orgasm, the eternal

and Pavlo swollen in the sea looking straight in the sun’s eyes. Waves
lulling his swollen flesh, winds whispering between them in horror,
the rotten flesh projecting its shadow on the faceless sky.

The sailor with the angry hands looked at the sea lovingly:
Mother, God, Virgin Mary, how beautiful she is, how false, how
deceiving, moving her hips between my thighs, O, Mother, God,
Virgin Mary, when she knelt and buried her head between my loins;
she looks calm now but the tempest is hiding in the center of her
breasts . . . those breasts, when they jumped and whirled excited on
my face, and into my mouth, and on my breasts, like the sun that is
rubbing the belly of the sea now, and there could be no God who
created all this beauty, but beauty itself, the sun, the sea, her belly
on my belly and our thighs clutched together in the promises of
death; there can be nothing like her lips, a pear, a mouthful of sea
when there is no tempest in it, when there are no corpses of dead
horses.

Years without number, and years without meaning, years under
the sun penetrating the surface of the earth and of the sky; all ages
drowned in the sea, the cradle of eternity, of existence, of everything
which we have or haven’t known, the kiss, the tempting arms of men
and women, the tempting sky, fish with their dead eyes and dead eyes
of young decomposed lovers who loved and hated and suffered from
life, in life, creating and annihilating life in one, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight, nine, numberless eternal moments. Eternity rolling
on the sea, from wave to wave, from shore to shore, from color to
color, from body to body, from sailor to sailor all of them with angry
hands, all of them brothers of the light and of the night, watching
the element, eternally watching the element and eternity rolling on it.

Detached.

The sailor detached and the swollen corpse detached from the
sailor until they meet and they surprise each other. The sailor lifts the
body, the boat hast toward the shore, the policemen, telephone
calls, relatives with their swollen eyes and empty hearts, the
consumatum est, tears, the soil, the flowers, the incense burning holes
in the nostrils, the coffin, and the coffin-lid heavy with artificial
mourning, and then darkness, the eternal darkness, motionless, eight
feet down in the breast of the earth full of worms and sterile
imagination.

Pavlo among the nightingales, his father used to call him, and
when his father died burying forty years of meaningless handshakes
in a dark cool grave, Pavlo waved his joy to the long black hair of
his young mother: maternity on top of the sun, on top of life, on top
of everything meaningless, maternity like a seaweed in the eternal
womb of the sea, the big black eyes and long black eyelashes.

Nobody has ever known the name of what I carry at the bottom
of my being: a dream perhaps, the desperate fingers of the creator,
the eyes of a mother searching the forehead of a newborn child, the
newborn child older and younger than everything, everything new,
everything different for everybody, everybody different, dragging
behind him the unknown, nameless, faceless, motherless something
at the bottom of his being. And who can understand? Who can ever
melt the unknown name, his unknown name, into the unknown of
another? Who can ever say: this is the beginning and this is the end,
when there is no beginning and no end? Who has ever seen his self
springing from the orgasm of a man and a woman who unite, love
hate, and are destroyed in the clutches of a meaningless boredom?
And the sun setting in his eyes, the sea, his hands, his yellow face,
those eyes, my eyes, o, have I ever seen, have I ever touched the
existence of all these things, the anxiety of this age, time, the
present and the past linked together? Is there no beginning and no
end? Pavlo? (Or is he?) The coffin-lid? The sea? The worms? The
red shadow? The maternal rose? What?