Mul thinking

hung by the neck of the atring (hung while the fingers are rays of light blue, yellow, green, violet).

cajolingly (while the sinuous drawing winds around the finger and bites it tikkshineding to bleeding with it's teethless gums).

silently

(since the string at which end it holds itself in balance, lashes it's thighs and tickles at it's toes, the ashes of the dial plate of the clock suspended at the flame of the candle).

Scented smelling nicely of vervain (the cavalcade of the plates, the forks, the spoons, and of the kitchentowels, put on a cracking fire and wildly biting in the filthy hands of the jailer)

the liquid arms (are the arms of the word just coming from the lips and already drunk withe lack of attention Wrapped in cotton-wool of the tune lingering under the pillow).

spattering drops of sweat (means love , sorrow and something of the odor of the sandalwood of the fan).

to sound the alarm (I imagine a char with the four seasons was being pulled by geniuses painted in red like the brickstones of a wall).

in the cast of light (equal to 137 840 less the stamp put on the seam of her bridal gown).

clume at the temples (the light through the venetian blinds, attacked by a fusillade of the baskets with mandarines put on the table of the dining room - already dead).

the reflexes of the mirror knocking at the door (a fig , a raisin , as we say).

covering the scent of the rainbow-beams (order in the ideas, odor of burning coal, blinding headlights, the rays clinging to the keel of the boat break off and, falling from the ceiling, are served hot on some clothing left in the armchair).

the flight of the doves (the arms of the citizens who gave their life in vain burried in the earth and feeding on the worms of the dead).

comming accross the bills of the coalmerchant (to hear very far in the country the cries of three little girls attaqued by vipers).

to come in the nick of time (the reading aloud of the list of the winning numbers in the national sweepstake).

PI CASSO