

hanging on the neck of the rope	(hanging while the fingers are rays of light blue, yellow, green, violet).
cajoling <i>playful</i>	(while the sinuous drawing winds around the finger and bites it till bleeding with its toothless gums).
silently	(while the string at which end it holds itself in balance, lashes its thighs and tickles at its toes, the ashes of the dial plate of the clock are suspended at the flame of the candle).
scented nicely with vervain <i>perfumed</i>	(a cavalcade of the plates, the forks, the spoons, and of the kitchen towels, put on a cracking fire and is 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 by the 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 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).
clinging at the temples of the head	(the light through the venetian blinds, attacked by a fusillade of baskets with mandarins set on the table of the dining room – dead already).
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, fall from the ceiling and 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 buried in the earth and feeding on the worms of the dead).
coming across the bills of the coalmerchant	(to hear very far in the country the cries of three Little girls attacked by vipers).
to come in the nick of time	(the reading aloud of the list of the winning numbers in the national sweepstake).