## Aids

I can't complain, he says. Yes, I know the demolished houses. I know the others due to be demolished, those with the two clay Caryatids standing on either side of the entrance. Last evening I saw the old man walking alone, rapping the osiers with his staff, his motion so young and beautiful, as though all others were gone from the world.

## NIGHT EPISODE

He nailed the nail on the wall. He had nothing to hang there. He gazed at it from the old chair opposite. He couldn't think of a thing, remember a thing. He got up, covered the nail with his handkerchief. Suddenly he saw his hand blackened, painted by the moon standing in the window. The murderer had lain down in his bed. His feetbare, strong, the toenails impeccable, a corn on the little toe-extended well beyond the blanket, and the hairs there curled erotically. The statues always sleep that way: with eyes wide open, and there's no reason to be afraid of any dream, any talk; the faithful witness you needed, you now havethe precisely spoken and discrete. Because, as you know, the statues never betray, they only discover.

