THE TALE

INVENTION OF THE INVISIBLE

And always someone's missing and the light left for him in the window is now the oldest one on earth and still each day his shirt, bowl and spoon are washed by his mother and sister and the front door is unlocked just before nightfall because that's the time when the ones who have been gone so long like to return

but nothing happens although we heard his messengers behind the wall and yet when we go looking for them there's only his empty chair around which, the old ant, now barely able to move has almost made a circle.

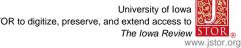
INVENTION OF THE KNIFE

Its blade imagined by the hanged man in that split of a second as he glimpses with raised eyes the rope for the last time

yields itself to his executioners who then go home at daybreak over the snow that makes no sound to cut the bread fresh from the oven.

INVENTION OF A COLOR

Already it's thousands of years old. Who can say its name? Neither black nor white. No one sees it twice.



How strangely everything is soaked in it: that finger straining to lift itself and that face. Even the trees and the animals are still, that is to say, if there were any here.

This color announces a visitor. Somewhere no doubt a door has been opened. It is a color of waiting, color of patience. No one comes. It is a color of an idea which will not complete itself in our lifetime.

The more I speak about it, the more I realize that it doesn't exist, like the steady dripping of a faucet which, all of a sudden, has ceased.

INVENTION OF NOTHING

I didn't notice while I wrote here that now nothing remains of the world except my table and chair.

And so I said: (for the hell of it, to abuse patience) Is this the tavern without a glass, wine or waiter where I'm the long awaited drunk?

The color of nothing is blue. I strike it with my left hand and the hand disappears. Why am I so quiet then and so happy?

I climb on the table (the chair is gone already) I sing through the throat of an empty beer-bottle.

errata

Where it says snow read teeth-marks of a virgin Where it says knife read you passed through my bones like a police-whistle Where it says table read horse Where it says horse read my migrant's bundle Apples are to remain apples Each time a hat appears think of Isaac Newton reading the Old Testament Remove all periods they are scars made by words I couldn't bring myself to say Put a finger over each sunrise it will blind you otherwise That damn ant is still stirring Will there be time left to list all errors to replace all hands guns owls plates all cigars ponds woods and reach that beer-bottle my greatest mistake the word I allowed to be written when I should have shouted her name