口
Simply had to start and to lay aside fear. Not wait. She's where the burn blurs.
...up the wrist again, hunting for the head...
The fingers seize what the eye conceals. She rushes into the image.

vegetation as wall
all that's good for nothing
on the wrist the mark
stretches
the walls are white or old rose
she bends her head
"but the forest rules in the antecedent"
later
the magnified detail will be easier to see

air drops into the locks
her head grazes the soil

1

The child speaks already to the multitudes. His hand recognizes the outdoors.

2

Attention is to the rear. He comes from too far away to stop.

3

Ruins, some characters the painting detains—divided or set off by the square.

4

Red. Blue. Violet. Green. These colors to complete a gesture.

5

Pain. Body rendered to sight. Sensa resides in the possibility of recognizing...

6

The steps of the temple. The dead rise up, upsetting old categories.

7

The visual ground is, in essence, ownsless. The light no longer jostles objects.

8

Among the plants, I can hardly make out the animals. A transparence. And this landscape without water. This verticality which pushes back the sea. Air and cries. Solemn or shrill. All that was uncertain. I move about the edges of your sleep. Surprise is in the mouth.

9

Maternal rustle in the voice. A few words before fear. She rummages and rips. Words came from the mouth like a bludgeon. Settled on mischief. Objects contain the infinite.

not cognizant of the phrase not spreading the disaster in each room according to the density of things he sets about tearing down the whole
EVERY FRIDAY  INFOLIO70 APRIL 24TH 1987
FRONT: TOM RAWORTH & INSIDE: CLAUDE ROYET-JOURNOUD
M. ROYET-JOURNOUD'S POEM WAS TRANSLATED BY KEITH WALDROP

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