As long as we can see the facts, you said, your eye frantic for touch, not a body of water which is beautiful in itself, but still a source of satisfaction in the stress of the air. So I tried to get the fact of rain down on the paper, the way it appeases the green, the haze rising too subtly to make me believe in an unbroken circle. It seeped away, into the pores, watering landscapes as removed from the pressure of perception as the nature of between, though the traces of ink looked a little like the shadows of clouds written on the ground. But any body being penetrated, all that is looked at

Rosmarie Waldrop

In the middle of rainy weather, sleep was pinning me down on the bed, lids barnacled shut with adjectives in color. Sleep, which cannot be divided from itself or into parts of speech, pushing a whole sea at my body so unable to swallow its grandiose and monotonous splendor. The air already slowing to the crucial stillness of noon. Would there ever again be ground for walking? I mean, the field of understanding does not extend to lying down. Later, writing would articulate the absence of voice, pictures, the absence of objects, clothes, the absence of body.

Rosmarie Waldrop
"You understand, Sir James, it is to be worn around the mouth."