At Death We Forage
by Quin de la Mer

For Via Postel
Love, The Wanderer

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At death
I took a death
compass
A friend from Paris
Necessities.
My boots were so solid
and new that I had confidence
I set off on the most direct
Route to Paris, alive
Il I came on foot Besides,
I wanted to be
Alone with myself what
I wrote along the way was not
I have been strangely touched,
And the desire to show this
Text to others unknown
to me outweighs the dread the
Timidity to open
the door so wide for unfamiliar
eyes only a few private
remarks have been omitted
Right after five hundred Meters
I made my first stop near
The Pasinger Hospital,
Now I know it.
Achternbusch had jumped from
The moving VW van from
without getting hurt then
Right away he
tried again and broke
His leg; now he's lying in Ward 5.
The problem, with few bridges crossing
It would the villagers row me across
From cards as tiny as a
Second row hanging upside down sunshine
Homes? Smashed-up cars bought wholesale?

On myself makes one thing evident:
The rest of the
World is in rhyme one solitary
Overriding thought
Not now no, she
Allowed to. My steps are firm and now
New that they pinch
The earth trembles when
And not the earth trembles.
When I move a buffalo moves. When
I rest, a mountain reposes
She wouldn't dare! She mustn't. She won't.
When we allow it.
In a rain-sodden field
A man catches a woman. The grass
Flat with mud the
Right calf might be a problem
The brain rages a near
A near accident now
A near accident
Now a bit further ahead
Maps are my passion
They are chalking the center line
On plowed fields.
Aubing transit station the
Train swirled up
dry paper behind it
the swirling lasted
a long time
possibly the left boot as well
then the train was gone
In my hand I could
In my hand I could still feel the small hand
Of my little son, this strange little
Hand whose thumb bent so
Against the joint. I gazed into the
The swirling paper and it
It gave me a feeling
As if my heart was going
to be ripped apart
It is nearing two o'clock.
Children are having their first communion;
customers are trying to swipe
the imagination's hard at work.
Saturday afternoon, mothers with their children.
What do children at play really look like?
Not like this, as in movies.
One should use binoculars. All of this is very new.
a new slice of life.
A short while back I stood on an overpass with part of the Augsburg freeway beneath me from my car I sometimes see.
Freeway overpasses, gazing; now I am one of them.
The second beer is heading down to my knees already. A boy stretches a card board barricade between two tables with some string securing it at both ends with scotch.
The regulars are shouting, "Detour!" "Who do you think you are?" the waitress says.
Only if this were a film would I consider it real. Where I'm going to sleep doesn't worry me.
A man in shiny leather jeans is going east.
I am getting drunk, slowly.

Nearby table is irritating me more and more laid out but with absolutely no one sitting there. The pretzels fills me with such glee I can't express it.
Now all of a sudden the whole place looks in one direction without anything being there.
These last few miles on foot I am aware such knowledge comes from my soles. He who
burning soles

my mind was hanging from a yoke
the snow

Lamps are hanging from a yoke in the snow behind the San Bernardino.

I nearly collided with a stag—who would have expected a wild animal there?
The fog sinks like a haze. I am stock-still, between the fields. Are rattling past further to the right, toward the horizon many cars because the soccer match is still in progress. I hear the ravens, but a denial is building up inside me. By all means, do not glance upward! Let them go! Don’t look at them, don’t lift your gaze from the paper! No, don’t! Let them go, those ravens! I won’t look up there now! A glove in the field, soaking wet and cold water lying in the tractor tracks. The teenagers on their mopeds are moving toward death in synchronized motion. I think of unharvested turnips but, by God, there are no unharvested turnips around. A tractor approaches me, monstrous and threatening hoping to run me over, but I stand firm. Pieces of white packaging to my side. Give me support across the plowed field. I hear faraway conversations. There is a forest black and motionless. Less. The transparent moon is halfway to my left, that is, toward the south. Ten steps further: the business that stalketh about in the Dark will come on. Saint Oblivious will come on.
On Saint Oblivious Day. Where I am standing lies an uprooted, black and orange signpost; its direction, as determined from the arrow, is northeast near the forest, utterly inert figures with dogs. The region I'm traversing is infested with rabies. If I were sitting in the soundless plane right above me I would be in Paris in one and a half hours. Who's chopping wood? Is that the sound of a church clock? Onward. How much we've you can tell by the faces the troops rest in the rotting leaves, black thorn presses down with red hearts painted around it. I can also tell by the tracks that the cars there is a dog - a monster - a calf. At once I know he will attack me but luckily the door flies open and the calf passes silently through it. Then gets under my souls before this one could see. I let a family pass by me the daughter is named Esther. A cornfield unharvested, ashen bristling and yet there is no wind. It is a field called white sheet, seems blank: crate crate with empty bottles waits for delivery. If only the shepherd dog wasn't so hot for my blood I could do cracking from the high voltage here invites no one to nothing below me. A village nestles in its lights, almost silent. How frightened I was before reaching...
I broke into a chapel to possibly sleep inside and there was a woman praying. Two Cypresses in front of my feet. I fell into the bottomless pit. In Alling, not a single tavern was open. I poked about the dark cemetery, peat huts, it appears. I startled some black birds in a hedge, a large, dense swarm that flies recklessly. First a shutter broken off, then a shattered window, and here I am inside. A bench along the corner walls, thick. Ornamental candles still burning; no bed but a soft carpet; red wax seal in a corner. A tablecloth with a modern design. Sparkling wine? I solve the rest and leave it on the table as a souvenir. It's a splendid place beyond well beyond harm's way.

Ah yes, oblong round. It says here vert ical four letters. Ends with L. Are there trout, perhaps, in the pond outside? Fog outside. Outside, so icy cold that I can't describe it. A membrane of ice. The birds wake up, noises. On the landing my steps sound so hollow. I dried my face in the cottage with a towel that was hanging there; it reeked so bitterly of sweat that I'll carry the stench. I greeted him and hesitated before two nut bars to eat; perhaps I'll reach a host of crows accompanies me through the fog. A farmer is transporting manure.
I’ve lost my way

Mythical mist emerges anchored along the River

at the edge the entrance to madness

within a red streetlight a loudspeaker rises all dreary, cold, void

The journey is miles across

The land bleak frozen far away the sand unreal to me
As a shelter, it was enough. Up above, it's passable, only light is it's pass. Able, was warm enough. Deep.

Outside, it is stormy, everything seem grey. The tractors have their headlights on. Precisely on edred, Meters a ride shrine with little pews. What a rise. What a sunrise behind me. My shoes require care. I must get as far as I can.

I stood waiting for ages, brooding. Murder. Outside, a radio patrol car and police; I'll make a long detour around them later. My large note in the bank I was ravenously hungry for milk. From now on I have no map. My most pressing needs: Band-Aids in the rain and didn't move. Much later he was still sitting there motionless and freezing and lonely. And still wrapped in his thoughts. A brotherly feeling flashed through me and loneliness filled my breast. Hail and storm, almost knocking me off my feet with the first gust. Blackness...
crept forth from the forest
And at once I thought, this won't end
I can see my reflection below me
For the past hour continual vomiting
Quite unexpectedly refuge
In a bus stop of rough stained wood
Open to the west so that the
A brief rest in a stretch of woodland.
I can look into it I take
The shortcut over wet, slushy meadows;
Meadows; the road here makes
A wide loop. Everything
Seems so foreign to me. the villages
Feign death as I approach.
Just before Mickhausen, turning
Further west, following my instincts Blisters
On the balls of my toes give me trouble;
For a long time a I crept past below.
Once a cave a cave in a craggy slope behind me
In the craggy slope howled down
to the sea the sea with its mouth wide open. The
The sea with its mouth wide open the
The rivers streamed converging to their end
Their end in the sea, with the grotesque
All was a sudden storge, otherworldly whis
Otherworldly whistling and whining in the
Air, whining in the air,
From the gliders circling over
Over the slopes further
Further on, toward the rising
Sun where the thunder o.
Faraway guns was rumbling a radar
On a mountaintop, mysterious and forever
taciturn, like a huge eavesdropping
Ear, yet also emitting shrieks
That no one can hear reaching into fathomless
Space. Nobody knows who built the
Why is he staring after me like that?
The station is shrouded in clouds then
Then they scatter and the sun
Goes down, days passing as
I stand there, and still the station
at the edges of the universe
wandering
moving forward

night falls
a different face
was I born?

Eternity draws nigh

I was still human wings
drowned left uncrushed
no longer sharp

forsaken

further on the wind stalks a house
majestically swinging and swaying
Spot, then it is borne aloft and changes its course. A roebuck.

Outside there is a wild snowfall. Staring forever into the flakes. I saw a procession of nuns together with Amalienstrasse. I recognized him at once. He was thinking with vehement gestures as if he were speaking. He vanished in a flurry advancing toward me from an abandoned all at once a vast clearing. Everywhere the forest was staring, vast and black and deathly still. From the pit of the woods came the water's so transparent that hasn't frozen over. With my boot and, yes, there was a thin layer of ice on top after all, an aquarium's walls a loneliness like this has never come over me a loneliness like this has never come over me before. In the forest a little further on was a chapel at a crossroads the steps led directly into a puddle of ice a child approached, saluted, then ran as a word for me. Laupheim, train station restaurant down with every step. Why is walking so full of woe I encourage my self since nobody else encourages me. Bockighofen there was nothing else, and so I stayed all at once. What a shake rain and snow more frightened than I was. I think it was a cat.
The smallest heights, rising but a hundred meters higher up have a white blanket of snow the road signs and the Danube near Rottenacker, the bridge there was a landmark for me that leaving him just a small sphere of turbulent tumbling tempestuous winds low clouds I suddenly find myself among school I undressed in a corner of the church a solitary tree lea... A fir tree, on the side exposed to the wind. Blows bitingly into my face face completely horizontal and most of the time it's all uphill though downhill everything hurts as well. I support myself bent forward far, far, a forest with its mouth open wide. I fly and fly and don't stop... They scream. Don't quit, don't look fly on then a dwarfish winegrower listened to my chest to see if my heart was still beating the watch I gave him he says it's ticking I always wanted a postcard from the dam steep and it really hurts at a sharp turn his corpse was burned together with ashes were scattered over the fields of an English county. How comforting this is. My right ankle has worsened telephoned from the post office an ugly storm's becoming a madness again at an inn I hang up my clothes a lot just one telephone booth Very pro...
I instantly knew it was the thought that plagued me how all this was possible, since he's been paralyzed by a stroke. A column of wounded people is fearfully disfigured the population is forbidden to look at them. Wounded are joined to one another systematically forming a chain. The fluid flows from one body to the next one and so on. One man in the water runs down the wooded slope to the road below at the same speed as I, we give it one tug. Resolution: over instead of over snow falls in dense to take the footpath over the path now clearly visible traces of deer. Then sharply down through the woods directly toward all meaningless loathsomeness the footpath over the heights at a rest stop a child walks past with a milk bucket, looking me over with such self- I curse Creation what for? in order to save myself from facing the villages I stand ashamed con the television weather forecast tomorrow things will improve the older woman manufactures pink brassieres for the first time some sunshine, and I thought to myself this will do my shadow was it cowered there, down around my legs causing me in truth such anxiety. vast open country, rolling
Hills scattered woods
In between the fields somewhat
Uttered strange sounds but
No. It ignored me
As if it were blind. Were blind.
Blin.d I could
Have grabbed it with my
Hand just like that,
That, but chose not to.

Little brooks flowed down
For something one of
them falls into the water.

In the wet meadow lies
A forgotten plastic soccer ball.

I take a rest because of my
Groin; I could feel it during the night
Cost twelve marks, including
Breakfast. Felled trees
Assume a silver sheen in the light

In Schramberg, things seemed
To be still in order fried goose
A climb up to the fortress instead of.

Down, then along the chain of hills to the
And a completely different
dialect, also without warning I've made
Several wrong decisions
Concerning. my route and, in hindsight,
This has led me to
The right course. I don't have
Nerve to turn back.

Since I'd rather another wrong.
Direct imaginary line anyway, which is
However, not always possible
Then past the last its
Steeply through wet snow to the
To the Gedachtnishaus,
Reaching. the road again beyond the height.

She talks three times as fast,
shortening
destinies, skipping the
unwilling to let even one
slip away and this in dialect that makes it hard for me to follow. Feels as if it's crammed into a case. In the darkness I shook the door of a lighted stable, that I was a robber. She grew trustful and made me tell her about the jungle about telling the truth. The is depressing. But without hardy any cars, the sky glooms like veils of fog, dampness hovers in the air. Higher and higher up. Lofty woodland. Deep vaporous vaeyas. The clouds and the fog, they snub you. I walk stones dripping all around. The eye is inevitably drawn to empty forms to boxes of refuse. My feet keep going on. I won't turn back, I'm going on a pretty meadows, willow stumps. I walk till water. A cat is on the lantern above the front door sways with the lantern in the wind. The recent later somehow over the mountains directions a man, a jolly tells me to come along with him on his tractor, as he's across my path, their limbs dripping wet at the border of the clouds below, suddenly open fields, and I can see that I've made my way through the Black Forest. Black forest below toward the west the sky west, the sky is an orangy-yellow ish it is foggy-grey and...
it is foggy-grey and black

Suddenly a huge red quarry: from above

At the very bottom an excavator in the red water rusting.

A fire is blazing, lit, in fact, flickering, a ghostly fire wind on

Below I can see sheets of rain the end of the world is glowing on

On the horizon, They decide to move on, to hasten, to race.

The train moves, it moves in fathomless space unwavering

In the pitch-blackness of the universe the glowing, the lone car is glowing. The Unimaginable is spreading

Catastrophes take place, Entire worlds collapse into a single point light

Can no longer escape, even that profound blackness seems like light andness and silence would seem like thunder That

The universe is filled with Nothing with Nothing it is the Yawning Void system

Systems of Milky Ways have condensed into Un-stars utter Blissfulness is spreading

. flash of far below me strike Lightning bolts

Striking Francis the Miller of all people, dead He whose only friend was Stormy Joe

The festering Rankness meanwhile, gathers once again at the sea I the loneliness
When I tried to break into a house
Difficulties in finding a place to
Spend the night

In the dark, without
wIt I lost the compass
That was on my belt; I've

I met a group of men at the edge
Who were waiting strange
Waiting for the fery
Frozen, for their

I was overtaken later by several
I sit by. the Rhi ferry to
Calm weather, scarcely any people.

Although there's absolutely
The other shore, as a crossing such as
This is meant for man to fully
Fully digest with my

I got the new number for
I say Thirst bought
llsk myself seriously
Whether I've my mind as
I hear so many crows but see so few.
lls far as I can hear, and then
There's the shrieking of. crows mistily
The heights of the Vosges Mountains are
Penciled along the horizon on
Mistily the heights of the Mountains are
On the plain below o amuement
Parks utterly deserted and
Closed. The war memorials are
Are my resting place the
Farmers themselves are dead
Tired empty buses
All right, I say
The night will be difficult.
On the final stretch to
Barr, gave me the
Chance to buy a compass
Off. branches and
Built a fire, bundled
For the first time,
Time no pains the legs
Legs beyond y. fatigue no
I have a feeling
I might walk the River
Settling for years

The water has the idea

Only he who walks
Across between serpentine traces
sorrow gnawing
opening from inside
burning like a fire of frost
creates thought

Lights flickering
signal the end of the same thing

between sun and moon
smoke rises
the backbone
at the edge of
harmony
floating
beehives
beautiful
tangerines
blue
grass
This
world
trails above me

Sighing
my shadow far in front
runs nonsensically

the path ends
deathly
direction is
around me

the map
an empty
road

a lighthouse
Talk out loud, since all of this is barely believable after because I had been walking westward between the two little roads one leads I yearned to kindle a fire; I yearned to kindle a fire I would love nothing.. Nothing more than to see it already than to see it already ablaze. Twould fill mine heart with dread Clouds, protected by glass from all sides. Since i don't see any waiters, it crosses my mind that corpses have been sitting there for weeks, statuesque. At Waldersbach no chance of breaking into anything, so I accelerate, to find some shelter in Fouday before night as there are hardly possibilities even there and I enter the restaurant at the next table fallen sleep over red wine or is he faking sleep and lurking in this one workers seem to be repairing something. Raging as I sit in the kitchen an outlaw burnt out and tired and tired and drained of all sense because only here is there a wooden shutter without the glow escaping outside I'll surely there will be workmen coming workmen coming early morning with the floors and walls I get drunk on some wine that I bought at a truck stop. Out of sheer loneliness my voice wouldn't work so I merely squeaked; oh, what howling and whistling around the house. Storm and heavy clouds a sort of scenery a mysterious and artificial sort utter absurdity. Is our Eisner still alive? Set out very early in the morning. The alarm
I climbed back inside, retrieved it, and threw it a bit further away into some undergrowth. Right evil I took shelter under a tree in the lingering morning gloom below me the road, and beyond the brook some railway tracks it's so dismal. I little further it really gets drawn around me but that hardly help s any more. Trucks are humming past a very intense downpour. I pretend to laugh I very intense I pretend to blend into t my urge to laugh becomes so strong my stomach aches A rainbow before me all at once fills me with the greatest confidence what a sign it is over and in front for quite some time I studied the plaques without realizing that from a stairway close by a young woman was studying me. If the village hall had been open I would have asked what had happened there. I went there, the last stretch here one big truck another, which caused me great anxiety the entrance to a paper mill didn't seem so inviting at first but toward the center of town the oppressive feeling dwindled four youths in a bar are playing the heels on my shoes have obviously worn out the hole in the sweater from the duffel bag is getting bigger today I felt despair long dialogues with myself. doesn't feel so alarmingly inflamed any more a boy here with a broad strap for a
she stared rigidly ahead, the urge I stood in line
l stood in line to buy enough
very eyes, though I've been waiting
been waiting in line,
and he could see to pass atop
the peak of a mountain pass two trucks
ov to the other one without
touching the ground together
never speaking a word to each other
always the same place the words are
the forest slowll ends here the
fierce hills, too. For many
for many miles, uninhabited woods
sprawl all around, woods
open and spacious an
an irresolute rain drizzle down
it where it doesn’t matter.
My output of sweat is prodigious, as
The sheep freezing
And confused looking
At me and such expressions of.
Trust as I found on the faces of those
Cars people have freed themselv
of everything
There lies a lady's shoe, a suitcase over
I declined the offer of a cigarette
My body warming up and steaming
From the dampness the windows of the
Fogged up instantly from intense steaming
.So much so that the man had to stop
There was an exhibition of camp
Were lying lonely and.. forsaken be
It was elevated as well on a.
.All the others further
Back were utterly bare inside
No were stopping at the traffic
Light with a single jerk
When I went toward the bed, the
Ground, standing slightly lopsided the
Front end pointing skyward it
He drove a bit slower glanced over
But giving me a look of com
Plete incomprehension dove on.
Begore going to sleep, I took a stroll into
I took a stroll into town
On my still sizzling soles there
Was a procession with
Convulsion by a paroxysm
Of laughter a few people gave me
Looks and I retreated to the
Bistro. I ate one end of
My scarf as well,
I fled to the edge of the
Town into the camper, into the
From the long march today
The Achilles tendon is rather irritated
From the red-hot core
the earth’s interior
Loneliness is deeper than
The loneliness is deeper
Than usual today. I’m developing
Rain can leave a person blind a
Dialogical rapport with myself. Rain
I saw how hard it was raining
Please! Not this again! Can
I immediately pulled the covers
The sun be losing every
Consecutive battle? it wasn’t
Until eight in the morning.
That I fin set out again, already
Completely demoralized at that
E merciless rain
And humidity, desolation pressed down
Upon the land. Hills, fields, morass,
December sadness mirecourt
Total rain, a lasting-forever inter
Rain that demoralized me even more
Few miles someone gave me a life.
Then a stubborn pride arose
In me and I went on in the rain.
Rain-draped landscape.
The citizenry is very excited
Because the factory
Owner abandoned the place by night
Leaving things directionless
And devoid of instruction
The books are in order the finances intact, but the factory owner's fled without a word
Massive, dead ships sit motionless at the fortress
There were only white and creatures white, hares, white ponds are are white and then the incredible: the peacocks are white, they are screeching in the trees but only now and then do I hear a furious fighting in the cafés. The dreariest possible route I can't tell if my course is correct I let myself drift a falling forward becomes a walk strong winds misty. Strong rain at first flows the River Meuse beside me the old railway way just below the river Meuse... the old railway just below the river. The wind blows through the house. The rainy mist hovers in the air like a solid object. There are red berries on a wire the threshold lies a step beyond the door wet and overgrown with yellow algae I want to go on I hope I won't meet any people whenever I breathe the breath goes out the door free machinery was standing for sale by the roadside at a basilica a bucolic one right an unknown Merovingian king is buried inside out of the old grey voice within In coussey such a solemn valley
the background is haze

the river touched me

summoned forth once again

carelessly

I cross the bridge

being watched

Death walking shrouded in semi-darkness

a wedding

cried down

then lapsed back

already

the earthworms

underneath deep hills are my companions
I come close, when it flies
Further ahead again I shall again
Shall follow him wherever he flies. The
dampness invades everything
Jacket, trousers, face, hair
Hair. Droplets are dangling from
Belladonna berries, bluish-black have
growing in the endless echoes
in the interior

come along
the River is dying away

from afar
I imagine
human loneliness

In the stillness
a haunting grabbed me

alone
abandoned
the whole earth
beginning to move

Then the mountainside
hissed
I ended up in a brook, a long way from poisons where its source was and so I said the brook will bring you to the Marne. I crossed the Marne by Joinville first across the canal then across the river which shall I sleep? A Spanish priest lapsed on the steps and died. Someone daubed cool water on his lips but she preferred death possibly via water, probably straight via the cloud. Situation has dissolved in cloudy drizzle. The walking's working seldom. The walking's I'm completely indifferent as to on the other side of the road along the rim of a wet field, a huge dog strayed up to me. I said woof to him, then he immediately came and followed me when I looked back at him several times. He just trotted behind me in the roadside ditch. It looked like this whenever I looked for him for I was able to let my legs dangle a bit at last for the first time I saw two tractors working in a field today far off in the distant mist since the Rhine. I haven't seen anyone in the fields. Christmas I couldn't see that far as my eye.
Eyesight let me down
I saw birds rising from an empty field, increasing ever more until the sky they were coming from the womb of. The earth from very deep down, down where gravity is that's where the potato mine is. Too. The road was endless, impossible to hide. For the past it closed too and since then deserted to death above this town here sits the massive castle enclosed by a wrought-iron fence that's the insane asylum. Today I often said forest to myself. Myself. Truth itself. wanders through. Crystal clear weather for a while, a joyful feeling upon seeing the sun, everywhere steam: steam as if it were boiling steam from look up to the sky while walking, without realizing I walk on a curve that won't revive a soul. The road is the shortcut to Piney, I had realized I was sitting on the mark for some point. This stretch of completely straight when it goes uphill it only goes toward the clouds. Immense, empty they became peaceful. From far away From a hilltop I saw far away
the rainbow

Beyond

time

without

wonder

a

brief

relationship

Suddenly

a horseman

moved

closer

uncertain

In the obscurity

I

crept around it

giants

stormed

fiercely

The region

interspersed with

huge

swampy

soil
Directly overhead, so suddenly
That I was unable
To find refuge again
Leaning against the wall of a
House, halfway protected from the wind
Immediately to my right at the
Rainfall I grappled forward from cover
Forward from cover to cover at the
Village school in Savieres I
But getting so far on foot and then
Driving? This senselessness if that's what
This is to the very end. Saint
From the enormous black
Wall racing toward me. for five minutes
The Infernal reigned outside
Birds were fighting. In just a few minutes
The whole Thing swept over me leav
Ing everything white, an unsteady sun twitching
My face assessing it in a mirror again
Wasn't altogether known to
Me anymore. I could swim the rest of the
Way. Why not swim
along the Siene
I swam with a group
Of people who fled from New Zealand to
I advised people to take plastic
balls was to swim the distance however was
fifty miles. Addition people drowned
when it started to rain very hard again
but there were already several
people there. I hesitated be
Before finally creeping over to a school
for cover the gate that served as
cover. I wanted to seek shelter in a
as an an entrance for
to be able to rest very long
the distance quite large when I left
I replaced the iron gate in its
Lock very gently so that I left without further
to drift at the edge
became uncomfortable

I wandered for miles

The will to end this makes it a little better

A thousand years empty over me

the background passes through without explanation

the water above has no connections
He even made the rifle himself in the morning. I had reached the edge of Paris but it was still a half-day to the so tired that I had no more consciousness left. A man wanted to walk through the forest and never appeared again. A man went for a stroll on a broad beach with his my. My gaze strayed through a window. On to a vast sandy beach. There were powerful waves pounding surf. And nothing but haze at day break. His says he sees to the end of the world. We were close to what they call the breath of danger. Several waiters took up the pursuit of. A slight incline had been too much I had come on foot, I did want to mention it. I was embarrassed and in the embarrassment a thought passed through my head and since the situation was strange me and smiled very delicately and since she knew that I was alone on foot and therefore unprotected she understood me for one splendid, fleeting moment something. Thing mellow flowed through my deadly tired. I said to her, open the window, days onward I can fly from.