

{ 1 }

various and manifold

she had taken all his categories by surprise
to say much in proportion to his little

as if her art were all an innocence
her innocence were all an art

"I see *you* in it"
"then you see more in 'me'"

"I'm going to treat you quite as if I did."
"By which you mean as if you didn't."

it's why one came out
it's why one has stayed
why one's going home
"It's why everything!"

"your coming out belonged to my having come before"

"It wasn't for you they came out, but for me."
"I only found you out. It was you who found me in."

You put everything in!
You get everything out!

Nothing!
Everything!

nothing and nobody, every one and every thing?

"It's all so vague. One is when one isn't. One isn't when one is."

“Everything’s impossible.”

“Everything’s possible.”

scarcely less, or perhaps even more
what indeed was he talking about?

not to take many things out of it
but to put as many as possible in

“I have no secret – though I may have secrets!”
and these clues to clues were among them

the way it boldly took was to make him want more wants

{ 2 }

thanks to his constant habit of shaking the bottle
in which life handed him the wine of experience

almost any acceptance of the great bright Babylon
twinkled and trembled and melted together, and what seemed
all surface one moment
seemed all depth the next

they were touching bottom assuredly tonight
on the ground of his spicing the draught too highly
and pouring the cup too full
he suggested, invented, abounded

this ghost of the importunate
held out his small thirsty cup to the spout of her pail

dipped into the waiting medium at last

with all it had thrown off
and all it had taken in
and found neither surge nor chill
nothing but the small splash of dipping
the safety of dipping and dipping again
dropped into his mind
to turn him inside out

to wait a moment to hear the splash
to swallow *that* quantity

the clock of freedom ticking loud
into which, a helpless jelly,
one's consciousness is poured

discomposures were a detail
to deal with them was to walk on water
what wonder that the water rose?

{ 3 }

the private pledge
of that handful of seed
consented to the shrinkage
as part of the bristling total

It all depended of course how the "too much" was measured:
he was there on some chance of feeling the brush
the faint sound, as from far off, of the wild waving of wings

brushed and blurred it made a warm vast fragrant medium

overwhelming, colossal, but somehow portable

unhurried unflurried unworried

whatever it was it was everything
a form and a surface, almost a design
the great sponge of the future
the real right thing for all of us alike

“therefore don’t be, like me,
without the memory of that illusion”

“well I *did* have the ravishment”

he had by this time let himself recklessly go
names in the air
ghosts at the windows
signs and tokens too thick
like an open letter in a foreign tongue
opening all the windows of his mind
the innermost nook of the shrine
as brown as a pirate’s cave
in which time told only as tone

the very climax of the foretaste

a meagreness that sprawled

it was as if he had sold himself
but hadn’t somehow got the cash

for ever missing things through his general genius for missing them
it was others who looked abstemious
and he who looked greedy
it was he who somehow finally paid

and others who mainly partook

he wondered if he felt as the impudent feel
poor dear old sombre glow!
without the occasional ornament
the right to the sacred rage
a quick blurred view of
questions, answers
flights and drops,
hesitations
plunges

the feeder of his stream fairly deepened
wastefully abounded with the chairs and the flower-pots
the cigarettes and starlight

somebody was paying something somewhere and somehow

his impunity, his luxury, had become – there was no other word – immense
though it would do, as everything would always do

it would somehow turn his wheel for him
it somehow always did turn his wheel
freshly and consentingly rubbed it into him
the droll mixture of art and innocence
he wanted fully to appear to stand all he might

“everything” “too much” “too little”

always more behind what she showed
and more and more again behind that
endlessly absorbent
embroider as she might
disclaim as she might

why could she think she had made him infinite?

trying all along to suppose nothing
he found himself supposing
innumerable and wonderful things

he had given all he had had to give
to make the whole place hum

what is it then? the charming melon
the great commentary on everything

"Yes. No. That is, I *have* no ideas.
I'm afraid of them. I've done with them."

a great difference no doubt
it built him softly round
it roofed him warmly over
it rested, all so firm, on selection
all comically, all tragically, away

"Then there we are!"