



Kafka As Son, Irrevocably

He always thought it best he smelled ashamed in what is called a body, but business is bad. Less daily interval than hat raised to strange goings-on. Without visible means.

No tales here in the office, no soap, no samples. What is this light, as if an emanation, falls and onto what?

Common sense or silence. Compare ticklish.

Material world specific the. Unmoved while the audacious soul back-strokes against its current. From which a flock of doves and colored ribbons.

Lemons. Bellies. Such misfortunes. [belly dance here] Be unsteady. Your not already state. Flings grain outside the mother tongue.

Of hand on shoulder. Of father climbing in bed with the son. Fallen light then falling right again. Impossible. Impass.

One must distinguish.

Between last night and hesitating to be born.

Accordingly in doubt. In exile among explanations. "In" "stinct." The son being devoured. Had requested and all manner of siren.

Here he allowed himself. As he was. Though not sleeping.

Unease. Unfinished wall. Sliding obstacles.

He didn't know if. Cheeks flushed with visitors. Foot dangling. Or why he was no longer young. Wearing a fur coat a few minutes before solitude. Then carried back to the closed door.



Stein As Exact Resemblance, Exact

Strangely simultaneous the larger the crowd at work. Strangely identical phenomena the more distant yellow splashed. Chatter angelic gesture polite honey so beguiling strangely.

Did spend time to be meant among opaque could save the sentence. Did spend into the world once an angry man is no wiser a sentence. Goes on elsewhere dragged we think along the ground did spend.

When we listen astounding no longer listen the midst of bewailing. When we listen a temporary umbrella a candle a quart of sleep. Of swept water flushed out of sound out of sound when we.

Plenty of space plenty of ordinary plenty of present. With plenty of dust to cover a single event and no comma it's nothing. Means nothing in spite of assembles assembles plenty.