

the night of sleep: stability of recognition unpenetrating, while beneath
vision's habits walls softening, and in sympathy, in and out curl more
effective forms, a privileging obtuse. Pervasive as to enfold trains of
will, immobile underpin pellucid angles, immerse in fluid harmless
where once had been evoked a set.



Nothing, it seemed, could survive the flood, the profusion of darkness
which, creeping in at keyholes and crevices, stole round window
blinds, came into bedrooms swallowed up here a jug and basin, there a
bowl of red and yellow dahlias, there the sharp edges and firm bulk of a
chest of drawers. Not only was furniture confounded; there was
scarcely anything left of body or mind by which one could say, "This is
he," or "This is she."

I am not quite satisfied with this method of picking things out in the
room and being reminded by them of other things. Yet I can't at the

moment divine anything which keeps so close to the original design
and admits of movement.

But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the
darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a
faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave.
Night, however, succeeds to night.

Moths, I suddenly remember, don't fly by day. And there can't be a
lighted candle.

As if snake; was it the same now and if where had it disappeared, to
emerge and reoccasion entrance or exit, then the eye wavers eclipsing
which had slithered. To be forgotten like evocative things.







Inarguably, the ambient intimations, complicit as something fragile –
on the verge of disappearance. A pre-scripted ringing that required
many genuflections of enumerate limbs –fastened in the hour, until
nature, distilled had rose, conceived as light on an amorphous floor,
almost autonomous—

[There is a question of faith in phenomena conditioned by virtual
stabilities.]

At length, desisting, all ceased together, gathered together, all sighed
together; all together gave off an aimless gust of lamentation to which
some door in the kitchen replied; swung wide; admitted nothing; and
slammed to.

[Here Mr. Carmichael, who was reading Virgil, blew out his candle. It
was midnight.]





