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## Proverbs

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## PROVERBS

Everything falling into it and not coming back,  
like coins into the bottomless pulpy hand of a leper,  
the palm is a round mouth without teeth  
straying over velvet and doorknobs.

Like coins into the bottomless pulpy hand of a leper,  
everything in the world seeks a burrow or is one.

Straying over velvet and doorknobs,  
Breath lets itself in and out without a key.

Everything in the world seeks a burrow or is one:  
the egg, the fist, the tongue, and the soft mouse,  
Breath, letting itself in and out without a key.

The resemblances of the body are too many to be counted:  
the egg and the fist, the tongue and the soft mouse,  
the skull and the one bright kettle on the shelf.

The resemblances of the body are too many to be counted  
by the eye or the needle, their straight and silver glance.

The skull and the one bright kettle on the shelf  
bless the knees at the brunt of the body.

By the eye and the needle, their straight and silver glance,  
the throat is blessed, the wing of the answer.

Bless the knees at the brunt of the body,  
Sadness, sleeve of the hours.

The throat is blessed, it is the wing of the answer.

A window is a door both open and closed, swallowing birds.

Sadness is the sleeve of my hours,  
a palm, a round mouth without teeth,  
a window, a door both open and closed, swallowing birds,  
everything falling into it and not coming back.