

PURSUIT

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I sang in the morning, having arisen, a song-bird, from my dreamless sleep amid the shadows of the abyss. The low sun full in the face set me off at a burning flight.

I searched for her throughout the town, scanned all faces, sent emissaries everywhere. No one found her. No one knew her.

Happiness lay firmly on my brows. I scarcely knew her. In the end she came to my table and, holding my hand, she said:

— I have not slept all night. I have not slept all night, my friend, said she. Says he:

— You have not slept, he says. Says he: you have not slept?

He says. Says he.