

## WORKS AND DAYS

NEVERTHELESS, no-one could yet predict the end — it was, as I recall, dusk, a time that is pledged to God and bodes the executioner — in any case I was troubled also by the enigma of my birth — I mean to say that my parents were mortal, whereas I had other aspirations — and the spout, like a slit throat, would sing in autumn — or, who has not burned their hands in the fire of this world? — but one will wonder, will they not?, why I would sleep with my arms around the very phonebook which was betraying my principles — ah! this too was a pledge for a little less loneliness, some booty from the everlasting anonymity — until day would break

and a new sorrow would come to save me from the previous one.