

**I**

By the time you read this I will have gone.

**II**

Delist all exits and entrances. Reinvest space with a thousand irrelevances. Call them words. Remember the place in the centre has been reserved for you.

**III**

1971

**IV**

To hell with philosophy!

**V**

Today, and Tuesday; Friday, 11 o'clock, later; 3 o'clock; even now, sleep soundly.

**VI**

*Circle the Rose Window. Follow each radius pointing to nothing. Walk beyond the step recounting the last. When you remember make a wish to forget. Continue walking.*

**VII**

We were married as it snowed with rings of obsidian.

**VIII**

Each portrait borrowed from the other. The room filled with hundreds. Yet none complete despite each revealing the same face, the same two eyes, the same gaze.

**IX**

What touches you like an ellipsis?

**X**

Two gamins sitting in an alleyway producing scores.

**XI**

The city at night.

**XII**

They say simultaneously in three voices, *leave all information outside.*