The following is a more or less direct translation from the visual images of a vividly recalled dream. One line only and the title were added.

IN MEMORIAM: T. T./S. T.

We grounded our boats by the saltflats & tied them to posts in the reeds where the shadows of galleons still hung in the halflight, each painted & carved deep with eyes like the tail of the peacock & sails thin as nylon pulled tight from your thighs in our nights of imagined lovemaking.

We found from the white sand the track through the forest & heard as its guardians conjoured their warnings to all who would venture within to the visions. Macaws & flamingoes and gold birds of paradise all rose as if seeing the cries & the cause of your climax elsewhere.

We watched as the wedding arrived at the clearing & ritual movement unknown but in music led bridegroom & bride to the couch of their union. But I from my terror drew back to remember that Tammi Terrell in the time I'd been writing had died.
I was suddenly awakened, as if by a black hand announcing the title of a book with which I had some intimate connection: *Paul où L'Insinuation*. The immediate recollection of other images from that dream made the connection clear:

Me estaba hundiendo en la oscuridad cuando of a mi madre decir, "Te estás hundiendo en la oscuridad. Vas a pagarla bien pronto." I rose quickly, thinking how a given sign may mean different things in different languages or in different contexts. I dressed and walked out into the white world to contemplate my situation. The city to the west and even the hills to the north were covered with snow, so far immaculate. I decided to pay a visit to an old acquaintance.

Quand je suis arrivé chez elle, elle ne lisait qu'un roman qui s'appelait *Paul où L'Insinuation*. C'était d'un auteur anonyme.