

## MEMORY OF A DEAD MEMORY

Death left you your chance: a deadly season without fruit.

The sea assimilates us to the wave. Up to us to surge and wear down the rock.

After death, the sea takes our measure.

Time searched through the past and made inseparable faces march by for us, ours among them. But Elya's was lacking.

You could not suppress a gesture of irritation, Yaël, and you said to me:

"My memories will supplement those of the days. I have never lived within time."

*(" . . . possibly dead"  
—is how you described life close to our steps.)*

After *Yaël, Elya*. After the word in ambush for the book, a book of the refused word.

And as if autumn was only the falling of summer, and spring but the fable of winter run down.

Nothingness is our All. The sky is a repeat of its own absence on which the void bestows a relief of disintegrated constellations.

So that there is nothing at the beginning, nothing at the end but a procedure caught in its hesitations and turns.

The beginning of the book is a beginning for being and things.

All writing invites to an anterior reading of the world which the word urges and which we pursue to the limits of faded memory.

We can only write what we have been able to read. It is an infinitesimal part of the universe to be told.

The book never actually surrenders.

*("I imagine a writer who cannot reread himself."*

*"Imagine. Imagine."*

*"I imagine a book which cannot be abridged."*

*"Imagine. Imagine."*

*"I imagine a word become night, become all nights."*

*"To this word we were prey.")*

Speaking of the book, Yaël said:

"The word would have to revive before we could approach its life tied to ours with every syllable.

"But on what page, in what plausible space conquered outside time?"

And she added:

"What we take for a written page is only a wager, on the level of the letter, to appropriate man and the world—which could only be done on the morning of death."

On the threshold of a rejected birth we write in the shadow of what has been written, but never read.

The book veils itself in the book.

As God does in God.