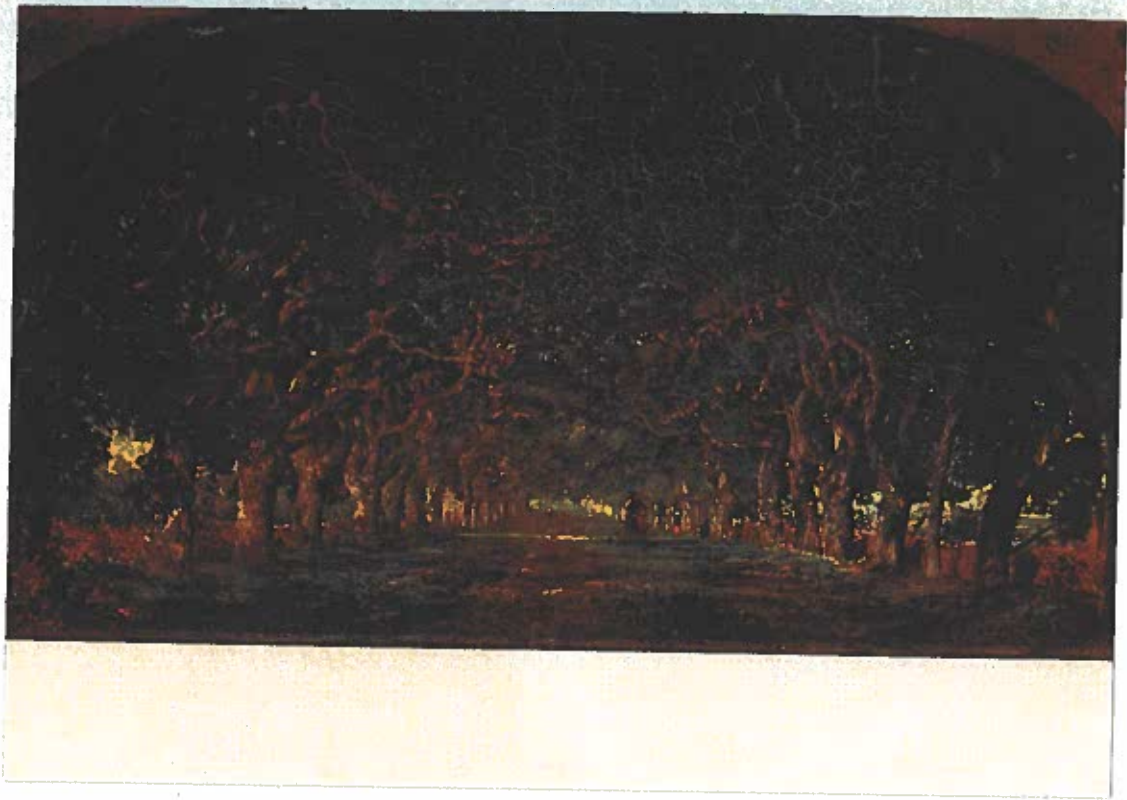


"Chestnut's Boulevard"
T. Rousseau



Where is the path
To infinitude?

Perhaps just before,
Enclosed
As the heavens' width frames
In the words
That an author
Receives
Through the grace which descends
In its rigorous strength.

Perhaps in his mark
Of the synthesis light
Converged
Beyond -
For otherwise man's
As the stones and the trees
Aligned in existence that fades.

All is in nothing contained
And nothings form all;
Beyond?
Lies it veiled
In the knowledge that limits
As chestnuts
Beyond?

The preface is finite,
Sacrificed infinites
End.