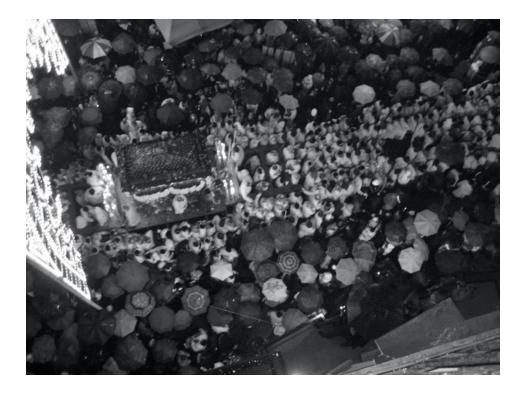
sway Alan Bern



walked never more sleepiness warm this middlenight rain no di Sant'Agata predict nevermind just walk funeral cart down the streets meet it toward pulled by the whiteshirts ropes arms also touching to see the cart coming a near crawl a swaying the goal already met just side-to-side walk the different than standing



slowly in such Catanian winter forecast for the Festa the future obstacles all the way to the dangerous most slowly coming on hundred-and-more through their arms linked arms about face behind then slowing to to stay inching forward ahead also perfect in without distance no an endless ending