Venus and Patrick (from “City sketches” stories)

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*An ask from the author: Just trust me and let me drawn you in the images. No need to understand everything. Don’t be that much curious, you will find the whole quotes in the end, so read it without stopping. Just trust me, just trust yourself. Thank you.*

To cling tight to the wall… It is such a reliable prop in the world where walls fly and crumble and all of a sudden turn out to be as brittle as a dry leaf. The dry piece of paper thrown into the fire is the way eternity avidly burns searing with its fire glittering stars, words and prayers which turn into tiny grey butterflies that fly through the storm and die. On finding them, we see black spots on their bodies – the holes in space – and cry. The heavenly flame scorches our hair and it turns pale. Eyes become blue like ashes. And lips covered with ice crystals sparkle.

A telephone rang and for a moment one could hear a Gabriel Faure composition. Pavan. Guitar and orchestra. His melody is like a wonderful glass ball inside which there are tiny figures in elegant clothes, they move and bow to one another. And the white sparks are falling.

She stretched her hand and answered, the room was spinning in the insane rush of movement. There was a voice resembling yellow oil paint of the warmest colour.

“Hello… Yes, I was waiting for your call… I’ll come… Shall I call a taxi? Is it so urgent?.. Ok, agreed.”

To go. It means that she will have to light the lamp and take medicine. However, can these wisely made pills cure me from the wind that settled in me and slows down my motion whenever it feels like it and then it hurls me forward as if I was a bird?

Let my name be Gwendoline that from this day forward means the toll of bells and the kings’ wrath. I cry, run, fall. I will. I will grovel before the heavens! I am the one who gives birth to primal darkness and chaos that create light and harmony. I am the fruit of eternal life. Rejoice, rejoice all earth creatures!

She dialed a number.

She has forgotten how it feels when you want something. Obeying the charter of necessity every single hour, every single minute, she was getting older, fading and turning into porcelain. Once someone kind and clumsy made her heart from a juniper twig.

“Taxi service.”

“I need a taxi.”

 I need a taxi to the city centre, the city with seven churches, the city that is always covered with snow. To the highest house in the suburbs behind which there is eternal darkness and eternal wind.

“Your order has been taken”

 You will be given a gold star with stained-glass windows and a license plate painted in coal.

 “May God take care of you!”

She switched on the light. She set in motion a thousand invisible slaves rushing through the wire and running as mad, exhausted. There was a mirror in front of her.

I am like a book with no sense and no content, there are only syllables and dried chestnut leaves between the pages.

Her face used to bear some resemblance with the faces of some poets of totalitarian countries, soldiers-liberators and political prisoners faith and determination that characterized. However, t that moment… she recollected tired faces of the people in suburban trains. Their eyes were big and sad, small and sunk deep into the bodies in order not to see.

She watched them this morning through two pairs of dusty glasses. When you are in a compartment the difference the classes cuts into your throat and is absorbed into your blood…

It’s so strange… Just yesterday she was in another city, another day in April filled with the songs of birds, the screaming of cats and the rapturous outburst of tree blossom… And the shake of the train is like the first erection of a boy who is alive deep in his bones. His first timid shouting, “I will live forever!” and the first understanding of the mortality of this body.

Yesterday she was hurrying across the paving stones by the cathedral where people had been hiding not a long time before. Every century they were running here barefoot and in boots and they were chased by people with arms. The arms that were created to deafen, cripple and make stab-incised, deep, perforating, killing forever wounds.

All of them knew what arms were meant for, however, they did not believe in everything happening with them as history cannot repeat each time in the same way and in fact, I cannot be its participant. However, they could not stop, as they were overwhelmed with insane pursuit.

And Angels-humans separated two crowds with gates. Someone probably failed to escape and was caught, now nobody could say the exact number, there were so many of them. One of them ran to the bell tower and one could hear the bells toll loudly, tunelessly, at the wrong time. The passers-by stopped, caught by sudden and senseless horror. The bells were tolling the way the angels’ trumpets sang. OUM OUM OUM Nobody dies here, but there are so many corpses. She, along with others, was hurrying across the paving stones to the stage so that to speak about other things… People are running, running. To play with a plastic packet up and down, up and down, ploughing the sands. There was a tall grey depressing building with columns in front of the cathedral. That was the way the Romans used to build - the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with plenty of colourful flags, flags, flags. The buildingwas also looking at the pursuit and its windows must be trembling with indignation. But everything went to rack and ruin and there is no sense in recollecting. A couple of kilometres from the ministry one could see a dump beside the river. The water seemed brown in the twilight sunlight and brown grass and brown trees grew there.

However, the building has nothing to do with it and how can we blame people that they are not angels in human form. They are just those who got tired of running and do not have strengthany more, and oil in the lamps is running out – and that is a much more serious problem.

But! I hear the night coming on. There are no lights outside the train. Only black plants stretch upwards flowing into the darkness. Cognus’ constellation is drifting above you, it looks like a crucifixion, like a shaman’s boat in winged sandals with a double-headed stick. To dissolve and move together with heavenly stars and planets, not by the law of gravity, but in the slow flow of silence.

She opened the window blinds. There in freedom a bright day was playing with its rays of sunlight, and the lamps grew sad and she switched them off all at once and burst out laughing.

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Invisible dust falls on her shoes, the car is waiting for her. Its sides are glittering in a selfish way like the sun, like somebody’s reflection portrayed in the mirrored surface of some black lake somewhere in the Czech Republic or Norway. “Fall into my arms and let’s go somewhere. It doesn’t matter!” The tired smell of the upholstery which experienced a great number of touches of huge, medium and small hands. The smell of sighs, whisper and mint gum.

Venus takes a taxi, not funny?

She was feeling hunger being born deep inside her, the way a parasitic plant is growing on a tree takes its strength.

I am looking for a path leading to the sea.

Je cherche un sentier qui descende à la mer.

So that to hunger at the seaside like a gull locked in the open sky.

The soul is winding,

if I were a snake, I would dance amid pine-trees with my fiancé,

if I were a cat, I would sharpen my claws on the bark of an old oak tree and having climbed on top I would argue with the moon till the dawn,

if I were a swallow, I would fly to the point of exhaustion.

But I am only a human who is gradually killing herself day by day.

She looked at the driver. There was sunlight on his skin. From the back seat she could clearly distinguish his chin, cheek and his earlobe from which blood would slowly drip if it were bitten through… Tiny, perfectly rounded drops…

To stop a handsome Polak with a deep, an only kiss, and to leave him behind forever, dispersing like a palm of sparkling beads on the yellow pavement of the evening city.

To pass a night in a hotel in the north-west of London kissing black lips of a native Babylonian, who came to his hometown by chance, on his way from Germany to Portugal. To love you is the same aslappping up a ripe mango, fleshy, as pine-smell. Now my blood will become pink like the roof of your mouth, and yours will become as green as my eyes.

…for your love is better than wine.\*

“At times I gave gifts to kings, over and above what I paid to their sons who travelled with me.”\* That’s what Patrick used to say.

She noticed suddenly her reflection in the rearview mirror and felt sick. It was the sameas she felt when she was a child and had to eat in public.. Such a wild, barbarian and absurd custom.

The trees were stirring outside. They were the creatures that were the first to learn to love and forgive.

Venus is coming to the city. The dress is foaming on her with white fury. Keep, keep your eyes down, mortals. You’d better never catch her gaze, you’d better never see which flowers grow under her feet, you’d better ignore the abyss which opens in the sky when she is coming to see her Chosen one.

I will get up now and go about the city, through its streets and squares; I will search for the one my heart loves.\* Where you rest your sheep at midday?\* Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.\*

Houses covered the narrow streets with yellow and grey skirts. And the alabaster sculptures on them were quiet and detached, outcast by asphalt, covered with spittle and pigeons shit. And no end, no end, until they got finally to a huge enormous square.

There was a square in that city, too, where people were fighting with *other* people. A year ago? The help arrived to those who were in the minority. They were running through snow and fog along the cold roads and streets, kilometer after kilometer, crushing in their way those who tried to stop them, becoming an unconquerable army. Falling on his knees, the leader was thrusting his gun or a two-handled sword into the ground, and the sword was glittering as if archangels had given him this weapon, though everything around him was in smoke.

Please, forgive me, my king, we were the whole night late. And there are tears in the king’s eyes because of teargas, because of fatigue and because of the thought, “I will not die alone”.

Brother will betray brother to death, and a father his child\* with closed faces and barehanded. My children, cover your eyes with black crepe, you shouldn’t see how you shed people’s blood. Do not look into my soul, my brother, let me kill you like a lamb to sacrifice.

* I went blind, blind, mother!

And breathless they are falling on the hot pavement, and on Holy Sunday the God is moaning about his dead children and trees planted in a line are crying, and a house is burning.

And almighty angels helplessly kneel down by the triply dead Christ.

Only the beginning.

Where are women who will stop the fight between their husbands and fathers?

Where is the woman that will go out with a child on her lap, stand in the middle and say,” I am a woman in whose veins there is the blood of all the nations, spirits, gods and animals, and this is my beloved son. In the name of my son, I conjure you to leave the weapon forever and all your sufferings will be reckoned. Go home and there will be mercy for you and let the wounds heal”.

The sun is running around the Earth, the Earth is turning around the Sun creaking its way like a rusty wheel. My dearest, my beloved, forgive me, I have been created from dust and I will turn into it.

And mothers are cursing and daughters are crying – sores and wounds open on their bodies and pain flows out of them. What will you find when you come back? You will find the barren land covered with salt and your grief will grow.

And it will pass off.

Once everything will pass off, and there will be only Venus and Patrick left. And I will be called silence and you will be called wind. And we will give birth to a new Demiurge that will again create his world again and we will become his clay.

I love you absolutelynd infinitely.

* It’ll be 40 banknotes.

Man, what does it mean for you to respect money with such significance?

* 10 - here is your change.

She thanked him and said good-bye.

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Now she was standing on the square as if it were the skyline and she was watching the sounds wake up and sink in space.

The Universe was creeping above her like a giant caterpillar.

“We were? Are? born here, as nowhere else we could have so much fun.”

Patrick.

“Today I had a green, sour apple for breakfast, and I guess I ate one apple warm. Requiescat in pace.”

Patrick.

“If I was writing an autobiography I would title it “Un chapitre de ma vie”\*, but I don’t remember, I forgot French and, actually, I have nothing to add to that very colorful beginning.”

Patrick.

“Venus.

Over the wide sea
As I sail and look around,
It appears to me

That the white waves, far away,
Are the ever shining sky. \*

I called you to have a walk with you along the bronze street today at midday.”

Patrick, ink cuts, stanched with silk ribbon.

Venus because your skin reflects blue lights of stars and your eyes are shining like gold. The city lies down to your feet like a thick bitter carpet. You’ve jabbed a finger with a thin needle of fine silver, let me nestle my lips to this inexhaustible Grail. My thirst is endless.

Patrick, Patrick, young patrician, why have you left your moon servants and who have you left your warriors for? Your name dooms you to wandering, to slavery.

What am I to you, a pagan goddess? Sometimes it seems to me that once you should touch me with holy shamrock and I will die like the princesses Etna and Fidel, like Cinnia and Ulstera, like Monina. Oh, flaming Patrick, your face is true alive and your figure looks like that of ancient kings, as if you, Patrick, an exile of the Moon, ruled all the nations.

My name is Patrick. I am a sinner, a simple country person, and the least of all believers. I am looked down upon by many.\* And you are my consoler during those heavy nights, when the yellow Moon mourns for her children and my psalms dissolve in the sky like clouds.

The king has brought me into his rooms.\* Our bed is the greenery; cedars are the beams of our houses, cypresses the rafters.\* He brings me to the banquet hall; his banner over me is love.\*

Where did such a great and life-giving gift come from then, to know and love God, even at the cost of leaving homeland and parents?\* I would pray up to one hundred times, and at night perhaps the same. I even remained in the woods and on the mountain, and I would rise to pray before dawn in snow and ice and rain.\*

Patrick, a faithful guard of firebugs and a meek novice in the temple of rain. Your skin is honey, you lips are nectar. I am gasping in your arms.

Fasten your hair for your fiance, generous Venerian, he is getting mad. Offer a cup of water to your beloved, as any drink, offered by you, perplexes the blood. The sun which we see rising for us each day, that sun will never reign.\*

Set me like a seal on your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death\*

We will pluck a guitar,

Until the waves flood

The pines on the mountain Soue\*

Venus, for sure, it is worth living to hear your voice on the blind surface of the world. Lay down on the waxen planks of a bridge – the grey Seine is foaming under it – I will cover your body with a crimson cape. But you, I will never be able to cover you, as you are bigger, than the Universe can contain.

Who is this, shining forth like the dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun” — but formidable as an army marching under banners?\*

I had gone down to the nut orchard to see the fresh green plants in the valley, to see if the vine had budded, or if the pomegranate trees were in bloom.\*

Oh, many-faced Orpheus, give me your voice, I want to fold it to my breast, I want to drink your melodies in the grape-garden in hot day and frozen night.

That for we are enemies of the day, as when it falls,

Like flood in a channel, like wind in a heath,

We sit to the table, when the moon wakes us up

And clink goblets till the very dawn.\*

I am silent. Speak Thou, O Soul of Soul of Soul,
From desire of whose Face every atom grew articulate.\*

The road finished and they were climbing a hill. Venus despised stairs except stone ones that were made by somebody’s hands in another eternity. Except the footsteps that were slippery, trampled and polished by by the incessant tramping of feet, like the sea erodes the shore.

 Have you ever stood at the edge of a great wood on a high ridge when a wild south-wester broke over it in full fury on an autumn evening?\*

Have you ever had a desire to fling a shuttlecock so high that it could recall the origin of its feathers and would fly away flapping its wings after migrant birds?

There on the fields when you lie among herbs and breathe with freedom, time seems to lie upon you with its rings twisting in a funnel.

“How are your new shoes?”

“Perfect. Like if someone has cut my feet.”

“Damned! I will carry you to the buss.”

“Kidding”

Patrick raised his right eyebrow – he perfectly mastered his superciliary muscles – and swept her up.

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“Agony.” said Patrick, looking for free places. “why are there so many boring people on the Earth?”

“You’ve said something, young man?”

“To whom have I the honour of speaking?”

“Let’s go, Patrick” Venus took him to? the depth of the bus.

“My dearest, we’ve just started a very promising conversation. Hey, vous exit, go out, ou moi crier! Garde, faites go out cette monsieur! \*” shouted Patrick, turning back.

Venus wrinkled.

“You should have a good sleep”

“Cacophony” replied Patrick.

She sat by a window, Patrick sat next to her and fell asleep his head on her shoulder. I will see railroad guitar and a soiled smell of platforms in my dream.

Silent rain-clouds went reclined against the city, as if someone was sewing pieces of grey skin.

It was her third day of insomnia. She put her tight, bamboo arms on her knees and looked through the window.

When did it happen? Just a week ago?

Patrick dragged her to the third floor of some building. Through the cracked glass of closed doors she could see a stairwell that was bleached, broken, littered, quiet and dismayed.

“This is the way a battlefield looks like” Patrick said. “The soul of a dead person is so obvious and unreachable, and the body is so unnaturally tangible.”

Not a cloud can be seen far away,

But the smoke of funeral pyres,

And the night sky would appear so close\*

And then she saw a dream… soldiers, laying in line in scarlet, fire-coloured uniforms, with moustaches and six tarsus each one. And Patrick was leaving her, as slowly, as if he didn’t move at all. And she grew into the ground and she couldn’t speak, and Patrick didn’t turn back, didn’t look, and she knew she would never see him again because he was dead.

She looked at the reflection of her frightened face in the glass and saw the windows of other people’s houses pass by it.

Telephone phoned. Gabriel Faure. Pavan. She didn’t get it at first. Guitar and orchestra.

No, no. The second “no” silently, like a voice of a mad girl. Everything is OK. She didn’t answer.

Must not cry. Because if you do two black Styx will spread down your cheeks, two fathomless Styx – no one could sail over, no one could ford.

In the peaceful light
Of the ever-shining sun
In the days of spring,

Why do the cherry's new-blown blooms
Scatter like restless thoughts? \*

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They were going to her place passing by the wonderful lion-cats and children’s playgrounds.

Pain is a flower bud, pushing through bark, it’s a fog, hovering the city, it’s your hot lips, whispering my name in delirium

Sviridov war waltz… Spin, spin, red and white, as fresh as a daisy, like doves united in the air by a kiss, slaves of corsets and curved sabres. Spin the way I will spin once when I turn twelve again, spin like violins, spin like trumpets, together with the planet spinning.

The swings are spinning creaking like an old man’s voice and squealing like children. Swinging up and down the whole eternity, hair is tamed into a tight stub of a ponytail. Listen, listen to me, brutes, I am a man! I am mad and I am going crazy about the match of colours and about the willow that grows upwards in the reflection among the clouds of river lilies. Here, just a couple of metres above the ground, holding only on the rope, any other dependence looks funny and useless.

I’m falling down.

I’m flying.

There was a hum of a military helicopter somewhere above their heads. It spread out, occupying the sky and coming closer.

 “Today the performance starts at 7, we’ll come earlier?”

“Yes.”

“You prepared your costume?”

“Yes.”

“Patrick…”

“Yes!”

They could see a huge metal carcass, flying over the houses. Patrick followed it with his eyes.

“Whorechildren. All of them. When will they have enough?”

“Sometimes you are very cruel, Patrick.”

He turned to her and she remembered that case in Paris, when he had a nightmare and he seized her throat and was strangling her until she believed she would die. And at that moment he opened his eyes, and there was no Patrick in them. There was nobody.

 “I am scared.”

“Sorry” he kissed her forehead.

There was an enormous clap of thunder. And rain burst from the sky.

Death appeared from behind a corner and she had a spade in her left hand.

It was a spade?

Yes.

My goodness.

Indeed.

She appeared from behind the corner and was coming closer to them. And there was nothing to do it.

But suddenly a ginger boy ran between Venus and Patrick, leaving a sunny trace behind him, and the air filled with a smell of ozone, and Death turned into an old woman.

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The house received them with softness of sounds. It was good to hide and rest there. Patrick did not live at her house, but much of his stuff was there.

“No wonder that it’s raining on the day of your return” he smiled. Venus loved water and spilt it always and everywhere.

He turned on a tap and steam rose over the white tile.

A kettle was boiling in the kitchen and the windows were fogged up.

Venus was taking off her clothes. Necklace, bracelets, dress, off, everything off.

The windows of her bedroom were curtained off, but suddenly a thin bar of a chance ray of sun fell on her naked body and she froze in amazement.

 “I spilt the tea” she heard the stunned voice of Patrick, as he came into the room and stood motionlessly on the doorstep.

She felt with her back the movement of his eyes. A yellow current streams through the fingers and burns the floor.

Open your windows for the wind, for the dark eye-pits of night and for awe-inspiring Mars, the god of flaring trees and grey smoldering ruins of towns.

Green leaves and yellow dandelions, drink from my white breast, drink from my pink nipples, drink, drink, I believe in life.

A golden gaze hunts me in darkness.

A pale silhouette on a pale sill, my enter. To fall, like a squeak of a string, gripping the emptiness with thick fingers.

My days pass by as quick as lightning, but I am always staying at the same place, stretching my hands to the horizon. I am the blood sister of the one, who will see the dawn first. But he will keep his vision. And will the sun have mercy to my eyes?

Green, white and black – what a happy union.

Eight-fold cherry flowers

That at Nara--ancient seat

Of our state--have bloomed,

In our nine-fold palace court

Shed their sweet perfume today. \*

The brew dispersed over the table and dripped down. Tiny perfectly rounded drops. Tile, glasses and mirrors were covered with a thin layer of steam.

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The theatre bustled and was in a flurry. But that was just phantom, illusion, mask. He was hiding under it. He, the total emptiness, the best lover in the world.

Don’t open the box, Pandora.

Don’t light the lamp, Psyche.

Don’t touch the apple, Eve.

You never listen to me, but how splendid your hair is. A king is held captive by your tresses.\*

Maria, Maria, you are my last hope.

The flows of long black curtains embraced them. Strange spirits come here, in the total darkness, and observe you with their huge deep-blue eyes.

To sit in an empty obscure house at 8.30 in the morning, observing your God, playing for a man is the greatest miracle. Do I dare to speak? No, let it remain a secret forever. A secret that doesn’t exist, which never existed, which will not exist.

Patrick colours his lips with a black stick, Venus puts a red paint on white.

“I will stay with you tonight”

“… I know”

Hush! The mystery begins, He is calling for me.

Now I commend my soul to my most faithful God. For him I perform the work of an ambassador, despite my less than noble condition. However, God is not influenced by such personal situations, and he chose me for this task so that I would be one servant of his very least important servants.\*

You walk on the river of light and don’t sink as if you were a God’s Child.

Forward, to the stage! Three steps to the right, a turn of the head, the voice. I see you, I hear you, I am acting, I desire.

Like a storming forest,

Like a traveler caught by a shower in an unknown town sleeping during siesta-time,

Like a drop of fresh water falling down into the ocean,

Like a bumblebee inspired by nectar,

Like a mask falling down from a face.

I have travelled everywhere among you for your own sake, in many dangers, and even to the furthest parts where nobody lived beyond.\*

The words are tired. Only the voice spilts out and bathes your feet.

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Evening-flavored tea and sweets: black chocolate with cognac.

In order to keep the city from night darkness, in order to permit the citizens to rejoice longer, the lamplighter should diligently light street-lamps with coming of twilight, in spite of driving rains, profuse snow and bitter cold. He should service well all the night-long watching their proper work.\*

You are jealous, my queen. All roses, all freesias of the world are immolations for you.

Don’t rein your silence, it bursts like a storm.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.\*

“At bottom it’s all about hunger” said Patrick pensively.

Venus didn’t answer and the street-lamps were blazing outside.

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It is for your sake
That I walk the fields in spring,
Gathering green herbs,

While my garment's hanging sleeves
Are speckled with falling snow\*

If I lay my head

Upon his arm in the dark

Of a short spring night,

This innocent dream pillow

Will be the death of my good name. \*

Lay down on the waxen planks of a cold city, I will cover you with a crimson cape. I am jealous and waiting is impossible for me.

That same night, Satan strongly put me to the test – I will remember it as long as I live! It was as if an enormous rock fell on me, and I lost all power in my limbs. Although I knew little about the life of the spirit at the time, how was it that I knew to call upon Heliam?\*

“Heliam, Heliam!”

They were laying on hot bad-sheets, holding hard and breathing. It seemed to Venus that the sky was about to open and that she was about to see the sea as for the first time. She closed her eyes and disappeared. Imee Vinus Patrick yellio pio tolmeri.\*

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Narwhals break through a tremendous block of ice with their corns, gigantic boulders drag through a desert, the moving turns into music, paper gains a voice, a candle revives adjoining fire, a prayer turns into a dove, flesh revives. Narcissus blossoms into a myth, and in the pupils of his eyes you can see Maya creating new fairy tales like a chain of labyrinths overgrown with fragrant gardens. Eros closes his eyes and puts his finger to the lips, and his lips are nearly smiling. And through gauze of the dream, clearness which lives till the morning appears.

\*…for your love is better than wine. : Song of Songs 1 : 1

\* “At times I gave gifts to kings, over and above what I paid to their sons who travelled with me.” : Saint Patrick “Confession”

\* I will get up now and go about the city, through its streets and squares; I will search for the one my heart loves. : Song of Songs 3 : 2

\* Where you rest your sheep at midday? : Song of Songs 1 : 6

\* Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense. : Song of Songs 4 : 6

\* Brother will betray brother to death, and a father his child: [New Testament](http://www.lingvo-online.ru/ru/Search/Translate/GlossaryItemExtraInfo?text=%d0%9d%d0%be%d0%b2%d1%8b%d0%b9%20%d0%b7%d0%b0%d0%b2%d0%b5%d1%82&translation=New%20Testament&srcLang=ru&destLang=en), The Gospel of St Mark 13:12

\* “Un chapitre de ma vie” : (fr.) A chapter from my life

\* Over the wide sea
As I sail and look around,
It appears to me

That the white waves, far away,
Are the ever shining sky. : Ogura Hyakunin Isshu, Fujiwara no Tadamichi 1097-1164 (76)

\* My name is Patrick. I am a sinner, a simple country person, and the least of all believers. I am looked down upon by many. : Saint Patrick “Confession” 1

\* The king has brought me into his rooms. : Song of Songs 1:3

\* Our bed is the greenery; cedars are the beams of our houses, cypresses the rafters. : Song of Songs 1:15, 1:16

\*He brings me to the banquet hall; his banner over me is love. : Song of Songs 2:4

\* Where did such a great and life-giving gift come from then, to know and love God, even at the cost of leaving homeland and parents? : Saint Patrick “Confession” 36

\* I would pray up to one hundred times, and at night perhaps the same. I even remained in the woods and on the mountain, and I would rise to pray before dawn in snow and ice and rain. : Saint Patrick “Confession” 16

\* The sun which we see rising for us each day at his command, that sun will never reign. : Saint Patrick “Confession” 60

\* Set me like a seal on your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death : Song of Songs 8:6

\* Until the waves flood

The panes on the mountain Soue : Ogura Hyakunin Isshu КИпХАРА-НО МОТОСУКЭ 908 – 990

\* Who is this, shining forth like the dawn, fair as the moon, bright as the sun” — but formidable as an army marching under banners? : Song of Songs 6:10

\* I had gone down to the nut orchard to see the fresh green plants in the valley, to see if the vine had budded, or if the pomegranate trees were in bloom. : Song of Songs 6:11

\* That for we are enemies of the day, as when it falls,

Like a flow in the stream, like a wind in a valley,

We sit down, when the moon wakes us up

And clink goblets till the very dawn. : Rūmī

\* I am silent. Speak Thou, O Soul of Soul of Soul,
From desire of whose Face every atom grew articulate. : Rūmī

\* “Have you ever stood at the edge of a great wood on a high ridge when a wild south-wester broke over it in full fury on an autumn evening?” : C. S. Lewis Prince Caspian  Chapter: 14

\* vous exit, go out, ou moi crier! Garde, faites go out cette monseer! : “Teleny, or The Reverse of the Medal” whoever but no Oscar Wilde

\* Not a cloud can be seen far away,

But the smoke of funeral pyres,

And the night sky would appear so close : Genji Monogatari

\* In the peaceful light
Of the ever-shining sun
In the days of spring,

Why do the cherry's new-blown blooms
Scatter like restless thoughts? : Ogura Hyakunin Isshu , Ki no Tomonori (33)

\* Eight-fold cherry flowers

That at Nara--ancient seat

Of our state--have bloomed,

In our nine-fold palace court

Shed their sweet perfume today. : Ogura Hyakunin Isshu , Lady Ise no Osuke (61)

\* A king is held captive by your tresses. : Song of Songs 7:5

\* Now I commend my soul to my most faithful God. For him I perform the work of an ambassador, despite my less than noble condition. However, God is not influenced by such personal situations, and he chose me for this task so that I would be one servant of his very least important servants. : Saint Patrick “Confession” 56

\* I have travelled everywhere among you for your own sake, in many dangers, and even to the furthest parts where nobody lived beyond. : Saint Patrick “Confession” 23

\* In order to keep the city from night darkness, in order to permit the citizens to rejoice longer, the lamplighter should diligently light street-lamps with coming of twilight, in spite of driving rains, profuse snow and bitter cold. He should service well all the night-long watching their proper work. : A writing on a stone in Brest

\* For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. : Song of Songs 2:11, 2:12

\* It is for your sake
That I walk the fields in spring,
Gathering green herbs,

While my garment's hanging sleeves
Are speckled with falling snow. : Ogura Hyakunin Isshu, Emperor Koko 830-887 (15)

\* If I lay my head

Upon his arm in the dark

Of a short spring night,

This innocent dream pillow

Will be the death of my good name. : \* Ogura Hyakunin Isshu , Lady Suo (67)

\* That same night, Satan strongly put me to the test – I will remember it as long as I live! It was as if an enormous rock fell on me, and I lost all power in my limbs. Although I knew little about the life of the spirit at the time, how was it that I knew to call upon Heliam? : Saint Patrick “Confession”

\* Είμαι, Venus, Πάτρικ, γελώ, πιο τολμηρή. : (New Greek) I, Venus, Patrick, laugh, braver.

For they,
Seeking that perfect face beyond the world,
Approach in vision earthly semblances,
And touch, and at the shadows flee away.