



"In the deepest part of the cellar..."

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"In the deepest part of the cellar..."

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Consolata did not speak or ~~turn her~~^{move} head. ~~She~~

~~She~~ He leaned over, brushing her breasts with his arm and opened the passenger door. She stepped down. Then turned to see.

He touched the brim of his ~~station~~^{station} hat, smiling.
"You're welcome." He said, smiling. "Anytime," he said. "Anytime at all."

She ~~backed~~ backed away — repelled by ~~but~~ looked ~~by~~ into his eyes — chaste and wide with hatred.

~~They~~ The incident did not ~~stop~~^{halt} the fogfree meetings. He came the next Friday (~~smelling right~~)
and they fought a battle (with the right smell)

What did he do

Nothing. He just drove me back.

Good thing, he did

No

Why no?

I don't know

did us both a favor.

He was —

what?

He doesn't like me.

What'd he say?

He said want a gift and then he said anytime. Like he'd do it again

Probably not. Why should he? You want him to like you?

No, oh no. But —

But what?

You talk to him about me?

Never told him a thing about you.

Then how did he know I was coming to
find you?

Maybe he didn't. Maybe he ~~thought~~^{just didn't}
~~it wasn't~~ think you should be walking into
from, looking ^{like that} like that for anybody.

He didn't turn the truck around. He
was ~~taking me back~~ ^{driving north}. That's why I ~~know~~ thought
it was you.

Look. We have to have a signal. I
Can't always ~~be~~ show up on Fridays. Let's
think of something - so you'll know.

They thought of nothing. In the end she ^{told him} ~~she would~~ ^{she would} was ~~to~~ the Fridays - but only for an hour.

The regularity of their meetings before his twin
showed up had ~~knifed~~^{hoped} her ~~eagerness~~^{hunger} to a
blunt blade. Now the irregularity of their
coupling knifed at. Even so at least once a month
he carried her off to the place where ~~only they~~
fig trees ~~hung on~~ for dear life.

insisted on life.

He said if
I'm not on time
I'm not
coming at all.

N.B.
When C. Carves
the figure enters
her - and she
is fully possessed
of a memory of
a part she could
have how but she
not be abducted
from this

*Finds #400
Satchel brought
with her from
her homeland (?)
wood piece of
With woman
high hidden
writing*

~~Like~~ illegal urban houses, deserve
All illegal houses, ^{whether} in the city or the desert
have the same problem. Where.

She, at least, did not know it, ^{then} but this ^{would be the last} ^{but one.}
He ^{washed} a portion of the ^{ruined} house with a
~~fixed a blanket~~ ^{blanket} and they lay on an army
issue bed roll. Above ~~the~~ the pale sky above them
was ringed with "darkness coming" which they
could not have seen had they looked.

Cold
last time
together snow
fell on them
from the sky
that owned
the firehouse.

The falling snow lit her hair and cooled his ^{wet} back.

C. invites him
to House, he
refuses.
^{thinks}
Sleep Demby
but no motel will
take them.

↑ ^{They and Consolata}
~~least times~~ blocked by weather and
circumstances ~~they discussed there~~ —

He mentioned a town ninety miles north but
corrected himself quickly because no motel or
hotel would take them. She suggests ~~there~~ ^{the}
~~near~~ Cannet. There are hiding places everywhere
He snorts his displeasure.

[N.B.]
Twisted trees
growing by
rivers
houses burn
by themselves]

"Listen," she whispers. "There is a small room in
the cellar. No. Wait. I will ^{of} arrange it, make it
beautiful. With candles. It is cool and dark in the
summer, warm as coffee in winter. We will have a
lamp to see each other with but no one ~~can~~ can
see us. We can shout as loud as we want and
no one will hear us. ~~Many~~ ^{Many} jars are down there
and walls of wine. The bottles sleep on their sides
and each one has a name like Veuve Clicquot or
Medoc and a number: 1915, 1926 like
prisoners waiting to be freed."

"Where" gets too
complicated.
Hen house
Oh man
She has an idea.
Small room in
cellars. She will

fix it up. Describes it
to him: Cool and dark in summer
She does, but
he does not come.
Instead himself
does.

Warm as coffee in
winter. We will
have to bring a
lamp to see each
other but no one
can hear us. And
we can scream as loud
as we want to. There are
pears in the cellar and walls of
wine. ^{The bottles} ^{are asleep on}
their sides. ^{Each} bottle has a
name: Veuve Clicquot and a
number 1915 - like a prisoner
waiting to be freed.

Girls are begging
her for money
the next to Consolata
Where do you keep it?
C. distracted.
"They are coming for
us tomorrow"

"Do it," she said. "Please do it."
While he considered, her mind raced.

She did not tell him everything, ~~the~~ ^{that}:
that she would cram rosemary into the
pillow slips; [fill bowls with hot water
for ^{steeping} ~~Consolata~~ ^{Consolata}] ~~to~~ ^{steep} They would
slake their thirst with the prisoner wine
rinse ^{linen} sheets in hot
water steeped in cran-

amans.)

He laughed, a slow satisfied laugh, and she bit his lip which, on retrospect was her big mistake.

Consolata did all of it and more. The cellar room sparkled in ^{the} candlelight. of an 8 holder candelabra and reeked of ancient spices. (herbs?) The ~~never~~ name of which ~~he never~~ pleased him for he never arrived.

Never felt the slide of old linen on his skin, nor picked flakes of stick cinnamon from her hair. The two wine glasses she dug from ^{closet and} crates, polished to abnormal clarity, collected dust particles, then ~~an industrious~~ spider

Penny and Clarissa had washed their hair and sat by the stove cooking it dry. ~~and singing Algonquian lullabies~~ Every now and then one of them would lean ~~toward~~ ^{to} the oven door and shake a panet of it into the heat. ~~theater singing Algonquian lullabies~~ They had watched Consolata's days of excitement alter to ^{serious} boring distraction. They felt sorry for her and took her behavior as ^{serious} instructions about the limits and possibilities of love with them for the balance of their lives. Now, however, their own lives (their instant future) ^{claimed precedence} ~~was left perfect~~. Bags packed, plans set all they needed was money.

Where do you keep the money Consolata? Please Consolata. Wednesday they ~~are~~ ^{the} taking us to Norman Correctional. Just a little, Consolata. ~~Where is it~~ In the pantry, yes? But where? There was \$1.20 on Monday alone.

Consolata ignored them. "Don't pester me."

We helped you Consolata. ^{now} You ~~have~~ ^{must} help us. It's not stealing - We worked here. Please? Think how hard we worked.

They swayed their hair and looked at her with the ^{eyes of} glaucous eyes ~~of maddens in perh.~~

Singing #
Softly forbidden
Algonquian
lullabies

fx

fx/

10:00

Strawberry
Flax

What kind

~~I need~~ Your help.

~~I'm not sure I can.~~ I can't help you.

~~What kind?~~ You can, if you want to.

What kind of help are you looking for?
I can't have this child.

Consolata dropped the

Hot water splashed from the spout to the saucer.
Consolata put the kettle down and sipped the water
with a touch. She had never seen the woman - girl,
really not out of her twenties, but ~~she~~ there was no confusion
about who she was. His smell was all over her - all his
all over her. No matter. They lived together close enough.
long enough to breathe ~~and exhale~~ - flax
and exhale it in their wake. That and some other
thing: a ~~lovely~~ ^{the scent of} small children - the lovely
wreath of sweet oil, powder, and a meatless diet. A
mother ~~I can't~~ ^{unmotherly} but saying a brutal thing. That
~~exploded~~ ^{burst} at Consolata like a
of course she was sharing him with his wife - Nothing new there.
Of course ~~he was making love to his wife~~ ^(some)
but she had never once imagined what that meant.
in realtimes.

I can't help you. Why would you think I could?

~~Who else?~~ I've had 2 children in 2 years.
~~if I have another~~ ~~that~~ ~~you are a woman~~ ~~not a nun~~

Why come to me? Why are you asking me?

Who else?

This is a sin I can't commit

(see over)

You choose the convenient ones?

What about your own soul

I've already chosen.

It's that important to you?

What do you think?

To answer
Birth

This is a sin
I can't commit.
You chose the
convenient
ones?
Go away

She
Constatia ~~was~~ had bit him. Completely.
Forever. ~~Maria~~ His wife ~~wouldn't be here~~
~~if~~ ~~may not~~ did not know it. But C.
Remembered ~~that~~ his face. Not when
she bit his lip - but when she had hummed
over the blood she looked from it. He'd ~~gone~~
puffed air sharply. Said Don't ever
do that again. But ~~in~~ his eyes ~~first~~
~~the~~ startled, ^{then} revolted, had said the rest
~~if she~~ of what she should have known.
Sage, Clove, cinnamon. He ~~must have~~
thought she ~~would eat him~~. ~~And~~

Who would chance fears a l. walls?
were with a woman bent on eating him

Go away, please. Just go away. You ~~and~~
didn't come ^{here} for that. You came to tell me
what you ~~are~~ capable of. Show me what you are
like. And you think I'll stop when I know what you
are willing to do. I won't.
~~I'll stop~~

No. But he will.
You wouldn't have come if you thought so.
You want to see what I am like.
~~I don't want to~~
~~and~~ ~~that if I am~~ pregnant too.

He is doing something important. More than you
could ever imagine. His mind can't be elsewhere.
Over a hundred need him.

He can't fail at what he is doing.
You must be crazy. What do I care about
your ragged little town?
None of us care.

Go away. I have work to do.

Did she walk all the way home? (Another 5 or
6 hours) Did ~~somebody~~ ^{nobody} pick her up? & that why
she lost the baby?

Her name was Soane and when she &
Consolata became fast friends. Soane told her
she didn't think so. It was the rot in her heart
that caused it. Arrogance dripping with self-righteous-
ness she said. Offering, pretending a sacrifice
she was ~~forced~~ ^{forced} into making it.

Their friendship was some time coming.
In the meanwhile. Consolata threw a cloth
bag of coins at Penny & Clara shouting

taught her
how not to
deal with God's
ways.

I saw
 the horror of
 the transfer
 she had
 this was
 not Christ
 to whose one
 gave total
 sure her
 & then later
 since now
 the idea
 of flesh
 & blood.
~~And now~~

Had ^{picked} gone through the ^{scraps} ~~scrap~~ of
 her ^{gabble} ~~gabble~~ love. After ~~some~~
 stretching romance to the breaking
 point - it broke.
 ←

Shame. Without blame

Consolata crawled back to the little
 altar (where wishing fervently that he was
 there - glowing red in the —.) ~~the~~

No ^{blessed} ~~prayer~~ emerged, but ~~Sister~~
 Mary Magna followed her in ~~and~~
~~saying~~ and put an arm around her
 shoulder, saying "At last."

You don't know, said Consolata
 I don't need to, child

But he. Sha sha sha
 Never speak of him again -

Sha sha sha
 she wanted to
 say

Meaning he is one the same

* (here)

"Get out of my face!" (above)
↑

~~A month later at Hattiesburg (?) she crawled back~~
Estee Ralston

No one left but Mother. ^{Jenny & Clarissa} ^{had been} taken east and ^{as they later learned,} ^{left the} ^{escaped from} bus in Norman ^{for} at night in the stop before. Except for a money order. They were never heard from again.

The 3 women ^{spent} the winter.

Waiting their rat ^{waiting} for someone to ^{send for them,} ^{No one did.}

Meanwhile they made a modest living. ^{Can't keep their} ^{Counsel and} raised money but cost none

Sargeant Person leased land from them ^{a rough & alfalfa} for corn. They made sauces and jellies & European ^{Sold} ^{spread} ^{and} ^{peppers} hot relish. Even barbe cue sauce. Which a sign in the Country Road advertised. Most of their customers in 1955 were in trucks. Traveling between Dumbry and Texas. ^{Except for the peppers} ^{they sold} ^{every} ^{seldom} once in a while Ruby citizens stopped to buy anything. They were supreme dorks and ^{modern} ^{gave} what they needed. Only in the Sixties, did they join others. And look upon what they called ^{superior} ^{enough to their own to be} ^{as} ^{worth a journey} ^{added a few} ^{might also try} ^{Jalapenos} ^{Jelly} ^{or a} ^{corn relish} ^{Then they} ^{in 1948} ^{were} ^{fat with nuts in 1960} ^{them} ^{and made} ^{a few} ^{bits from the harvest} ^{they} ^{soon} ^{as posted} ^{as} ^{posted}

a few people in Ruby and within in winter

(above)

* She might not have agreed ^{so quickly} except the sun she had waited ^{for him} under - began to burn her eyes. Like a bat she began to see best in the dark.

She might not have agreed so quickly

but as Mary Magra led her from the
Chapel to the schoolrooms a sunshaft

~~struck her in the face~~ ^{threw} Consolata
~~felt it as a~~ ^{threw} ~~sharp~~ hat needles into her
eyes

It was an impossible request

but when sunshaft ~~threw~~
light

Sun dropped both of

its self into her eyes
as women do

scuttled back into arms understanding
where ~~sexual passion~~ ^{the body} (like a muscle
to a spasm) ~~without~~ has
no memory of its cringe



Patricia Consolata Lone Save-Morse

In the deepest part of

~~Super~~

~~Down~~ in the cellar Consolata

wake to the disappointment of not having
died the night before. Each ^{dark} morning, ~~in the~~
~~known~~ her hopes ~~were~~ dashed, she lay
on the cot repelled by her — like
life which she managed to get through
by sipping, sipping ^{sipping} from the ~~velvet~~
bottles with beautiful names. TK.

Kidnapping

lone affair

Already in her "coffin," already in love with
the dark, long removed from any appetites,
~~other than~~ craving only oblivion. She struggled
to understand what was ^{the} delay. "What for?"
she would ask herself ~~about~~ ~~and~~ collecting
what she needed ~~to~~ climb the stairs
and her voice was one among many that
packed the cellar from rafters to concrete floor.

Several times a week she ~~climbed~~ ^{left the cellar} the stairs
but only ^{at night or} in the shadowy part of the day. Then
she would stand outside in the garden
walk around a bit, look up at the ^{sky to see the} ~~sky~~ only
light ^{it had that} she could bear. One of the women,
Mavis usually, would insist on joining
her. Talking, talking always talking. Or
two ^(or more) would come. ~~Then~~ Sipping from the
velvet bottles made it possible to listen
to them. Even answer sometimes. Other than
Mavis it was getting harder to distinguish
among them. What she knew of them over
the past years she had mostly forgotten and

it seemed unimportant to remember be-
cause the timbre of ^{each of} their voices told the
same story: ~~chaos~~, disorder, ~~self~~-deception
and, as Sister Roberta used to ~~say~~ ^{warn} the
girls, ^{against} drift. OK. The three d's, she said,

that paved the road to perdition. TK

Over the years they had come - the
first ~~time~~ during Mother's long illness, the
second ~~time~~ right after she died. Then
later two more. Each one asking permission
to stay a few days - and never leaving.

hiding like — in a house no one
not even the tax collector
wanted with a woman in love with death.

broken girls, frightened girls, whiney girls, weak and lying,
When she was sipping she could tolerate
them, but ^{old Sober} ~~more~~ and ~~more~~ she wanted
to break their necks. That alone anything to
stop the fights, the X music, the raucous laughter
the claims. But especially the drift. The fact
that they not only did nothing - except the obligatory
but they had no plans to do anything. Sister
Roberta would have ~~but~~ ~~taken~~ ~~them~~ ~~out~~ to the
X and put pulp their hands. Instead of plans
they had wishes - foolish baby girl wishes. In
one wanted help ^{to cheat the others of its} ~~with a back~~ contents.

Although she had found a treasure chest
of money or jewels or something and ^{Another}
talked endlessly of ^{Crazy} business ventures:
hooking; something called "heat and breakfast": catering.

Another was cutting her thighs, her
arms, secretly. Making thin red slots in her skin.

Can't take it at them
through the bronze or
gray a blue tint of her
gingham and tan
mice?

On her worst days, deep in the maw of depression,
she wanted to kill them all. Maybe that was what
her own pointless — life was being prolonged for.

Without Mother's ~~forgiveness~~ ^{the father} this Consolata

And they talked of love, ~~but they~~ one by one
they would float down the stairs, carrying a
Kerosene lamp or a candle to sit on the
floor and talk of love. As if they knew anything
at all about it. They talked of men who
came to Caress them in their dreams; of men
waiting for them; of boys who should have loved
would have loved, might have loved them
except — except — except.

That and the ^{Cold} severity of God's wrath. To die
without His forgiveness — ~~her soul~~ ^{her soul} — but to
die without Mother's broke her heart. She could
have given it if Consolata had told her in time,
told her before her mind faded to sing-song.

Consolata had climbed into the bed ~~with her~~
behind her, holding the ~~feather~~ ^{body} between ⁱⁿ her
arms and between her legs. The small ^{white} head
nestled between her breasts. ~~And that is the way she~~
had entered death — like a birthing — rocked and
sung to by the woman she kidnapped as a child.
Kidnapped three, actually, the earliest thing in
the world for ~~her~~ ^{her} to Sister, X who was not a M.S.
Then refused to leave ~~the~~ two children on the street.
She simply took them to the hospital, ~~cleaned~~
them with in a sequence of D.D.T., ~~soap~~ ^{Gloves' Mangle},
soap, alcohol, Blue Ointment soap, alcohol and
carefully placed iodine. She ~~placed~~ ^{dressed} them and

Place Sells
Alonso
Ollie -
candleman

Thorne
turning pillows
on the floor
she raised
her up to

Gloves' mangle
Blue
Ointment

took them ^{with her} to the dock.

Who would question a nursing sister, among
five other nuns, ~~in~~ ^{was} paying passage for
three urchins - for there were three now.

Consolata being an after thought because she was
already 10 years old. It was called rescue: for whatever
life the ~~for~~ exasperated head strong man was
dragging them to it ~~to~~ would be superior
to what lay before them in the flavella.

When they arrived in Miami (?) Sister X placed
the ~~the~~ small ones in an orphanage - But Consolata
she fell in love with. Took her ~~with~~ ^{top} her ^{post} as ~~servant~~
to help with the Sacred - School in
Same desolate ~~place~~ ^{place} out west

There C. learned English from the Grapahs
Girls

For 30 years Consolata ^{worked to remain} ~~was~~ Sister X's pride
her singular accomplishment in a world of
rescue teaching, nurturing, tending in ~~countrymen~~ ^{to} her
Countrymen could not pronounce. For 30 years
Consolata slept in the pantry, minded students,
cleaned, scrubbed tile, fed chickens, ~~learned~~ ^{learned} it.

For 30 years she gave her heart, ^{Just} as surely as if
she had belonged to the Order, to ~~the~~ ^{God's} Son
~~He~~ of the ~~Passion~~ ^{bottomless} bleeding heart, and endless love.
He whose way was narrow but scented with ^{Sweetness}
Whose love was so great it dumbfounded wise men
and the damned.

God became ~~man~~ ^{man} so we could know Him. Touch Him
see Him in our blindest ways. God became ^{he} ~~man~~

The
green eyes?
the
tea colored
hair?
maybe her
adorability

became flesh so His suffering would be ^{like} ours
that his death throes, his doubt, despair his failure would
speak for and absorb throughout the ages what we
were prey to.

30 years of ~~His flesh was flesh~~ ^{devotion to the living God} cracked like a
robin's egg when she met ~~another's~~ ^{the living man}.

39

24

15

Ac's Groc.

Jerry's drugstore

Horse-Race

~~She was 30 years his senior but what took
place between them~~

~~Black skinned~~ people were building
houses and plowing ~~land~~ some 15 miles South
of Samed —. In 1954 they had
a feed store, grocery store and, to ~~the~~
delight a pharmacy. There she could purchase
the bales of anti-septic cotton (~~cheaper~~ for the
girls' menstrual periods, the needles that kept them
busy mending, embroidering, and the aluminium
chloride with which she made deodorant.

On one of these ^{rare} trips, Consolata accompanied
her in the ^{banged up} wood paneled station wagon

Horses were ~~running~~ galloping off into
yards down the road. The people were
streaming with laughter. Small girls with
red and purple flowers in their hair were
jumping up and down. A boy ^{holding for dear life onto} was ^{upside} a
off and declared winner. ^{horses} ^{neck}

insert for
ff →

~~It~~ It was a while before Sister x could get

The pharmacist's attention:

The men, ~~more~~ so very black, they roused in her a dim memory of her birthplace. Of just such skin and just such men. ~~Laughing and dancing~~ with women in the streets - ^{dancing} to music she had forgotten - music ^{beating} like a panicked heart, ~~fast~~ angled, rapid, torso still, hips making small circles above legs moving so rapidly it was fruitless to decipher.

These men were not dancing, but they were laughing, running, calling to each other ~~and~~ ^{and} to women doubled over in glee.

Finally he walked back to his house, with the front porch pharmacy section, and let them in.

Dialogue TK.

Consolata waited on the steps and there she saw him, clearly, for the first time. Sha sha sha Sha Sha Sha. The hurried ~~man~~ ^{anxiety-ridden} panic ~~and~~ ^{instead} sheltered in her chest.

She did not see him again for 2 ^{anxiety-ridden} months. Months of fervent prayer and extra care taken with chores.

The school was enjoined to close. The good sweet former girls were long gone. Now they had wards of the state: girls who clearly thought the sisters were crazy ~~at that time~~ ^{most of the time} - sinister guards ~~at~~ the rest of the time. Two had already run away - only four

remained. & the orders were to prepare for closure, re-assignment. The property a benefactor's gift, un-taxable and so far with no resources (except cash) was impossible to unburden.

Unless they could persuade the state to send them more wayward ^{Indian} girls

The state had wayward girls all right. since wayward could mean ~~going to public~~ ^{anything} from truancy to stuttering in class - but preferred to place them in protestant ~~the~~ schools where they could at least understand the ritual if not the clothes of the teachers. Catholic churches and schools in Oklahoma being rare as hen's teeth.

So with everybody ~~was~~ distracted, Consolata's fumbling, dropping things, sudden rushes into the chapel for prayer was a nuisance but not a ~~sign~~ ^{sign} of alarm, distinguishable from their own.

She ^{deliberately} did not return to Ruby - ~~the~~ but it didn't help. He came to her.

She was weeding ^{in the garden} on a clear ^{vegetable} ~~summer~~ ^{restless} day when a male voice said. "Excuse me, Miss"

His shirt was open at the collar and all he wanted was some black peppers

He was 29. She was 39. And she completely lost her mind.

Consolata was not a virgin. One of the reasons she
so gratefully accompanied Sister x was the
duty of kings her 10th year subjected her to. But ~~for~~
~~29 years~~ ^{Since then} she had known no made nor wanted to.

~~In the edible quality of her ~~was~~ love~~
So being love-struck after ~~29 years of~~ ^{29 years of} ~~adult life~~
adult life had an edible quality.

What did he say? Come with me?
What they call you? How much for the peck?

Or did he just show up the next day for more of
the hot black peppers. And she walk toward him
to get a better look?

With something like amazement he'd said. "Your
eyes are ~~green~~ like mint leaves." ~~What had~~
She answered: "And yours are like the beginning
of the world." aloud as were those words confined to her head.

And she really drop to her knees and
enrude his leg or was that merely what she was
wanting ~~nothing~~ ^{thinking}?

I'll return your ^{peck} basket. But it ~~it~~ ^{may} be late.
Is it all right if I disturb you?

She didn't remember saying anything to that -
but her face ~~must~~ ^{surely} ~~before~~ told him what he seemed to
know because he was there and she was there and
he took her hand in his. Not a peck basket in sight.

West 8th
A 3rd
Mardi World
50th
8th & 9th
59th but 2nd & Bth

000,000

First night
then daylight
burned down
house
fig trees

Dialogue?
Does he know/
yes, you told him no/
how he's my twin/
DESIRE

Arrangements

He skips a week
She works to
Town

Brother passes
offer a lift
He takes her
back to Convent

Chaste/innocent
hated/loathing
the same
wide innocent
eyes.

Asks permission to
bite his lip.
Startles him
She looks the little
drop of blood.
Whuh- Don't
do that.

Sorry

Gnawing love
never satisfied
always over the top
He is cool
Wrest from his
wife. Pugnacious.

Dialogue
CAN't bring
this one to town

then onto the ^{narrow} dirt road,
then a wider one
Once in his truck, ^{leaving} ~~dumping~~ down the ^{two lane} ~~barren~~ track, ↑
They did not speak. He drove, it seemed, for the pleasure
of the machine, ↑ the way it branched (penetrated)
near darkness and asserted itself beyond ^{into} the
darkness far away. The sky way it ^{simultaneously} parted near
darkness ^{and} vaulted into darkness far beyond.
(The roar contained, hooded in steel.)

They drove for what Consolata believed were hours. ^{no} words passed between them. The danger and its
necessity focussed them - made them calm. She did not
know or care where headed or what ^{might} ~~would~~ happen
when they arrived. Speeding ahead into the unforeseeable
next to him who was darker than the darkness they
inhabited sat in Consolata felt as though she had just
now been born, just now stepped away from the stone
walls of a stone cold womb. Out here where ~~warm~~
wind was not a help or threat to sunflowers, nor
the moon a signal for time, weather for
sowing or harvesting. But ^{just} for the two of them.

Finally he slowed and turned into a barely
passable track (where X grass scraped the fenders).
^{In the middle of it} ~~Then he~~ ^{would have taken} ~~braked and pulled back~~ her in his arms ex-
cept she was already there.

On the way back they were speechless ^{once} ~~again~~. What had
been ^{uttered} ~~said~~ during their ^{learned} ~~approximate~~ language
a gesture ~~more to distinguish themselves~~ gestured its
affiliation but in fact was unmemorable, ~~uncontrollable~~
^{or} ~~untranslatable~~. ~~Before dawn~~ ^{having been} ~~they~~
~~As he~~ They pulled away from each other as though ^{apart}
~~He~~ ^{each} were facing separate prison sentences without
parole. As she opened the passenger door and
stepped down, he said. "Friday, Noon."
Consolata stood there while he backed down the

Slack: he has been sleeping with his wife - of course.
NO.

PLEASE don't do it
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I would know?

I don't know what you know

THIS is child Consolata could have should have had >

If she helps she would be
a) losing him
b) counting ex-communication
But she helps anyway - risking both a) and b) because

Real anger is toward the muto life - is carrying

SOME HERE in hell.
RETURNS HERE to crawl back into his Mercy.

track. ~~He~~ She had not even seen him clearly for ~~x~~ not even once during the whole time. But Friday, Noon. They would do it in sunlight. Consolata hugged her ~~self~~ and ~~doubled over with the weight (burden?)~~
~~a harness of lust~~
sank
felt to her knees doubled over, her forehead ^{and} actually touching the ground. already completely harnessed by desire.

She slipped into the kitchen and pretended to Sister Roberta that she had been in the ~~garden~~ hen house.

"Well then?"
"Oh. I forgot the basket."
"Don't go soft headed on me please"
"No, Sister."
"Everything is in such disarray."
"Yes, Sister."
"Well move, then."
"Yes Sister, Excuse me Sister."
"Is something funny?"
"No Sister. Not at all. But..."
"But?"
"I was wondering, is today Monday?"
"Tuesday, why?"
"Nothing Sister,"

Eye's light begins to dim. → Sister's devotion to Mother; illness; sequence of the girls squatting in her house.
Chuen complete in daylight she "soos" her birth country more & more & resents interference
Begin to handle wood

Consolata snatched a basket and ran to the hen house —
Friday, Noon, the sun ^{has} so hammered everybody back behind stone walls for relief. Everybody but Consolata and, she hopes, the living man. She has no choice but to bear the heat. only

a straw hat to protect her from the anvil the sun took her
for. She is standing at the slight turn in the driveway
but in full view of the horse.

If Sister Roberta or Mary Magna
can to her or ask for an explanation she
will invent something (or nothing). This land
is flat as an iron. There is nowhere ~~to hide~~
for to hide.
? outrageous

head She ~~sees~~ ^{signaled} his truck before she hears it and when
it arrives it passes her by. ^{He did not turn his} But he had
His finger lifted from the steering
wheel and pointed ^{further} ahead.

Consalato turned right and followed ~~the~~
sound of his ~~engine~~ ^{tires} & then ~~the~~ ^{their} silence.
they ~~apart~~ ^{hit} the farmac. He waited ~~longer~~ ^{for her} on the
road shoulder.

Inside the cab (of the truck) they looked at
one another ~~as the for the first time when, in~~
~~fact it was the second third, before they smiled.~~
seriously, carefully ~~and then~~

He drove ~~her~~ ^{to} a burned out
farmhouse that sat on a rise ~~behind~~ of fallow
land. Negotiating blue stem and wolf grass he
parked behind the ~~chimney~~ ^{black} teeth of collapsing
chimney. Hand in hand they ~~waited~~ ^{waited}
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~fight~~ until they reached a kind of gully.
She spotted ~~two~~ ^{two} fig trees growing in to each other and
at once what he wanted her to see:

against all odds.

When they were able to speak full sentences,
he gazed at her and said.

Don't ask me to explain this. I can't.

I know you married.

And I aim to stay so.

I know.

What do you know?

That I'm way older than you.

Nobody's older than me.

Consolata laughed. ^{he said.}

Certainly not you. When's the last time?

Before you were born.

Then you all mine.

^{Oh} Yes.

I've travelled. All over. I've never seen anything like you. How could anything be put together like you? Do you know how beautiful you are? Have you looked at yourself?

I'm looking now

~~The figs ripened~~

during all the time they rot there

No figs ever appeared on those trees, but they ^{were grateful for the} shade of ~~those~~ ^{and} dusty leaves ~~was~~ ^{the} protection of the agonized trunks. The blanket he brought ~~was for lying on which they did until they did~~ ^{Later each saw the knots and bunions} of a ~~long~~ ^{dry} Creek ~~bed~~ ^{caused}.

Consolata was grieved. She refused to answer; diverted the inquiries into a plaintive "What's going to happen to me when all this is closed. Nobody said what's going to happen to me."

Don't be ridiculous. You know well

N.B.
C:
"This is a
terrible land,
No heights, no
flats, ~~no~~
throw yourself
off from
where to
~~beat~~ smash
the body
~~break it~~
and break
out of it
and leave it
Get the hell
out
wide
No [^] rivers
for drowning

Take care of you. Always.

^{prated}
Consolata ^{pretending} to be offended - with
worry and therefore unreliable.

The more assurance she got - the more
she ^{insisted upon} ~~wanted to~~ wandering off - by herself.
An ~~under~~ which stuck her
^ Mostly on Fridays, around noon.

Mary Magna left on business. Only
S. Roberta and three, now, feckless student's
to ~~the~~ pack, clean and maintain prayer.

One day she asked him, does anyone
know.

Sure, he said.

~~Who~~, Your wife?

No.

~~Who then?~~

~~My brother.~~

You told ~~him~~ > Somebody >

No
Somebody

~~He~~ Saw us?

No.

Then How ^{could they} ~~does he~~ know?

Not they. He. He's my twin.

There are two of you.?

No. Just one of me.

A man, eight feet tall, ^{hunched over} stood above
the fireplace, ^{His} sturdy, ~~wide spaced~~ ^{Cowboy} legs.

~~suggested~~ ^{for} the set of his jaw as he faced them
answered ^{immediate} ~~the~~ questions of domain.

~~Other questions were pre-empted by~~

The finger that pointed out ^{at the tip} of his long
black arm. pointed ~~out~~ toward the ~~camp~~
~~beyond~~ the collapsed wall. ~~Recommending~~
quick exit from his ~~pre-arranged~~
premises.

September marched through the land breaking everything before it: acres of alfalfa, ~~the~~ eye TIC

When October arrived, ^{and} guards were swelling in the place where X had been, ~~At~~ ~~learned~~ Mary Magna and ~~Sister~~ Sabenta returned with the news that was no news:

Everyone's ~~had a destination~~, ^{was being} resolved in Saint Pere, except herself. That decision would come later. M.M.'s age 72 was a consideration but also there was the upkeep of the property (They could not simply walk off. Could they?)

M. Magna called them all together to explain (over) Consolata ^{lovers} paid scant attention. She wasn't going anywhere. She would live in the fields if she had to in the abandoned house, if she had to - the point was to be there for him with him that had become her ^{mind's} home.

Three times now she had followed him through it - balancing on ^{buckled} floorboards ^{12hr red} smelling smoke (smoke that must have been years old) ^{smelling} ^{functioning} in dresser drawers where field mice ^{had surrendered to} ^{after nibbling} ^{on} propane gas receipts. ^{Snakes} ^{surrendered to} ^{the} Wind had smoothed charred wood ^{of} ^{the} Silk. Above the stone ^{the residue of} ^{a blast} shaped like a man pointing. ^{the figure is an 8 foot man painted}

(see above)

Above the stones. Residue of a mighty blast.

No one had tried to save the house. ~~But~~ ^{with not} ~~there~~ ^{will} even a tree line in view. ^{a house} ^{built on the waves of the} ^{lonely} ^{Sahara} ^{had no chance against fire}

Had it begun at night with children asleep? Or was it unoccupied when the flames first seethed. The husband

1953
1914
1939

1925
1929
1972

1952
1953
1972

47
22
25

8 ft
stone
place
fire
faced
pointing
tip
left
arm
the frame
a vision
must be

Penny and Clarence ^{listened} ~~in~~ in capt

attention as their future - the next four
years of it, ^{anyway} ~~was being shaped~~ ^{which had taken shape} in

Same old man in a gown's hands
was presented to them. They bowed
their ^{beautiful} heads ~~back~~ in solemn acquiescence
Certain ^{that} help was on the way.
out of this dungeon.

A. B.
Speak
to each other
in their own
language

⁶⁰
~~for~~ across a way, bundling, cutting, sowing. The wife bent over ~~the~~ a wash tub in the yard. She would have thrown a bucket or two - Then rushed to collect what she could. Piling everything she could reach, snatch into the yard. ~~Had they~~ Surely they had a bell - something to ring or bang so the other would know an urgency. When he got there

He would have ~~cried~~ from the smoke would have forced him to cry. But only the smoke. For they were not crying per se. He would have worried first about the stock & guided them to safety or set them free. For they ^{privately} had no insurance, ~~that~~

Other than what lay in piles in the yard, all was lost. Even the sunflowers at the northwest corner of the house. Near the kitchen, where she could see them while scrambling (beating) ^{morning} eggs.

← Neither Shapes took over the space ^{from which} humans had fled. A kind of statuary of ash ^{people} ~~people~~. Near the printing man. ^{give us} ~~was a butterfly~~ faintly etched on the once white wall. ^{the insect of wing} ~~the insect of wing~~ The opposite wall inhabited by what she thought were ^{men} fork and he said. More like eyes.

(Eskins)

Eskins? ^{What's an Eskins?}

He laughed and ^{staring} ~~staring~~ the cowboy's advice.

(or ^{if} ~~following~~ obeying the cowboy's order)

pulled her away, back to the ^{quietly} ~~fig trees~~ ^{figs} where they competed with the ^{for holding on to} ~~one another~~

eternal
entertainment

Midy October
a He skipped a week. A Friday came and
C. stood till — ^{road} at the turn. She would have
stayed longer but Penny and Elvira came and led
her away.

He must be dead, she thought And no one to
tell her so. All night she fretted. Next morning too.
~~I watching~~^{the} ~~life~~^{woman of the loving theme} dribbling away with his absence.
~~from the world of living.~~^{clogged heart} Finally when ~~she~~^{her} had

shrank (in her mind) to ^{clear} ₁ cellophane ^{tubes} she ~~left~~
the ~~shop~~ determined to ~~wait~~ ^{get} to Ruby and
find out or find him.

It was Saturday. A busy day in these parts. The once a week Trackways bus hanked her out of the way as she stode down the middle of the county road. She skittered to the shoulder and kept on. (Twenty five) minutes later ^{something} ~~a truck~~ glittered in the distance. A truck. (A car.) ^{Some} ~~He~~ ^{was in} ~~drives~~ ^{tailgating} ~~yellow~~ ^{some} ~~on the~~ ^{from} ~~passed~~ ^{him}

Consolata's heart ^{gurgled} ~~stood~~ ^{and} seeped blood
back into her cellophane ^{veins} ~~tubes~~. She dared not ~~catch~~ ^{let}
~~on~~ the smile in her mouth spread to her face. Nor
did she dare stop waiting. The vehicle came
slowly into clear view. Yes ^{Dear} Great God, a truck.
Afternoon sun glistened on its hood. One
person at the wheel. My Jesus. And now it
slowed. Consolata ~~turned~~ ~~stood still~~ turned
to watch it come full stop and ^{to} fear on the
face of her beloved.
He leaned out of the window ^{smiling}.

He leaned out of the window, smoking.
Want a lift?
She ran ~~toward~~ across the road, darted

around to the passenger door. By the time she got there it was open.

She ~~climbed~~^{climbed} in, and for some reason - a feminine desire to scold or annihilate ~~her~~ 24 hours of ^{hellish} desperation; to pretend, at least, that ~~she had~~ the suffering he had caused her ~~was not to be taken lightly~~ ^{his apology explanations} ~~repeated~~ was close to required her forgiveness, to that it must never be repeated -

some instinct like that preserved her and she did not let her hand slip into his crotch as it wanted to,

~~He~~ was silent of course. But it was not the silence of ^{the} Friday noon pickups. ~~Where~~ Then the unspeaking was lush with promise, easy in its anticipation with certainty. ~~He~~ Vocal.

This silence was barren.^a Mute as a line with acid. And there was then she noticed the smell. Not unpleasant. Not at all. But not his.

Carosolata froze*. The stranger he had become

~~He~~ ^{sat} the stranger sitting behind the steering wheel ~~the~~ inhabiting ^{into} the body of him but ~~was~~ not him.

~~He~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{always}

Where was he taking her - this trip

Should she scream - throw herself out of a moving vehicle. Fight him if he touched her,

They were approaching the dirt road to the

She had ~~hardly~~ no time to ^{consider other options} ~~plan further~~. ~~She~~ ^{was} ~~about~~ ^{to} ~~turn~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{right} ~~road~~. She was just about to make a fling open the door when the stranger braked. and ~~came~~^{glided} to a standstill.

* She glanced sideways at his feet. He had changed shoes - not the black high tops but Converse boots