



## "leaves darkness behind and the dark is me..."

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leaves darkness behind and the dark is me. I am at home.

Tk: 8 Soledad

Tk 9: Florens arriving at smithy's

Tk 10: Mother

11

You will kneel to read this, squat, perhaps in a few places. I apologize for the discomfort. Sometimes the tip of the nail skates away and the forming of words is disorderly. Reverend Father never likes that. He raps our fingers and makes us do it over. I stop <sup>my</sup> the telling only when the lamp burns down. Then I sleep among my words. The telling goes on as dream and when I wake it takes a while to pull away, leave this room and do chores.

Tk [re: Mistress, Lila, Soledad. Loss of the smithy]

There is no more room in this room. The floor is covered. From now you will stand to hear me. The walls make trouble because lamp light is too small to see by. I am holding light in one hand and carving <sup>my letters</sup> with the other. My arms ache so but it is good to tell you this. I did not know it when I hurt the child, when—tk I am near the door and at the closing now. What will I do with my nights when the telling stops? All of a sudden I am remembering. You won't read my telling. You don't know how to. Don't laugh. Maybe one day you will learn. If so, come to this house again, climb the stairs and enter this room in daylight. If you don't read this no one will. These careful words, closed up and wide open, will talk to themselves. Round and round, side to side, bottom to top, top to bottom all across the world that is this room. Only here am I Florens. In full. And forgiven.

The story of a life is not a life. Life is much better, or worse, than its rendition.

So, trust me.

All will end well, and if not, the cost will be deferred.