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Road
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ROAD

The canal ran along and occasionally crossed the factory road ending at a point within the gates—on the other side of which the street ends—Something had been promised, something now to be identified that had once been committed to memory—known not by its appearance but by its position—somehow smaller—or larger—staggered—there seemed breaks, turning into seams of rough equality, undulant and graceful, a simple irregularity in the rocks—up through the trees involved— and still extending—tracts from the mineral kingdom—a remnant grouping in a diorama shadowed in shades of red on canvas—measured from the canal that ran along and occasionally crossed the factory road to a point beyond the gates—on either side of which the street now extends—the etymology of a severe superstition scratched and bleeding slowly into a file—read only through a hole in the clouds— To begin where the hat blew off opens the parenthesis—To begin where the string broke—now there are 19 words that remain establishing closure—far sounds, one instance expelled from 20—out of which radiate 17 and one to be identified—this was the first thought that struck him and he looked around for a spot beyond the simple form of words and the tall wide gate which was locked and covered with rust.