

The Beggarwoman of Locarno

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At a foot of Italian Alps: a marquis a castle a man.

Unmovement

until when someone from St. Gotthard comes, at which point there are loud drums and from the window the marquis can see a long way. This castle with white, laughing windows, some lumber made from straw and so on. So, downstairs, a man unshuts the door. An old cranky lady there standing a bright white beggarwoman with a hat she found held out. She is a housewife only middling good with words, she says, to prove it. The marquis, bearded (when in need of a razor he only uses jagged glass by the window) reading a book about flags, undisturbable in his study.

- What will befall an unwilling wife? (he wonders aloud).

Undisturbable and therefore undisturbed so downstairs she enters. Unwelcome though and there she is left to lag exhausted. Behind her she often hears flugel horns. In the kitchen where she has been shown, the beggarwoman looks in to the cooker. There is a glitch in her hair and her glad body is shaded by an almostsame distant white that follows with the flugels. That night she is unseemly. She stands, queer since the floor will not let her sleep. There are empty beds, she knows, elsewhere. With anger, in dark, she writes a curse by the window a curse of madness on the glass looking out something is behind her often:

“nothing under the stones and axes neither sank nor shining.”

The night withers, the marquis is thunder when he learns of the woman the next morning waning in his bed, his clinic, the most understood man, the greater man. He is fond of a Florentine named Ritter it is true and with him lives in this castle where

beautiful large weapons form in the closing walls.
The marquis, fiercely: "The beggarwoman must leave!"
so Ritter sees the lady out, all the friends overwatching, warning,
in the leering window stood shouting .
Here they are: the very beautiful and practical Alps, correct and
ununderstood . Yes. She walks away, cold, retreating now from
the almost-uncles smiling of soonvengeance and Ritter, nearly
true and blind inside his undercoat, hopeful and towering
togethered with the marquis, windowframed. Then,
of course, the window speaks. It is then, but quietly
at first. Now. Now that black wedding unsighed with a grouch, a
straw man late a windowblink that man standing with
lichen written long and brilliant where three windows ganged
up on one another. This happens often but:
"nothing under the stones and axes neither sank nor shining still"
a curse of madness just now so.

Later. The marquis, rocking, wonders himself not right. Not
quite. Why? His life . Ha, Ritter. Where is he? Ritter is with
a small boy, a boy with a higherkite out by the mountains sitting
, willing to be touched and outstanding. They are next to a
roadsign thinking of windows . So, the boy, Ritter bids him
bring the fallingkite oh ha ha ha! their loudlaughing back
to the house and after out comes a longstool to sit the boy in the
bedwindow overnight, and when the morning comes lying
and spanning empty with and resting still.

This foretells, out of order clicks outsees makes shrugs out. ◦
The curse makes it. The marquis holds a tangerine.
Whitewoman. More he is convinced that nearby
(under the roadsign? under the house?) he befriended - and
not briefly either - a grapefruit! And then another! What
kind of thought is that? In the windows, only the midnight and
there the moon its endshining, farness, neverwalked and
unbecastled. The sack for the next night's shelf of

underconsciousness. Damn lie! What? And beaming a branch, a twilight in bed in the best window outside his heart the only living thing only the midnight. But the shutters, the ghosts standing, an ungrieving aunt, somewherenamed. It was also that man made of straw, that lumber, him underneath knitted ovens over that the window going under hindered often undered. The straw man "safe and rocking neither sank nor shining." He reads. What is this?

The marquis, yet another morning, undercome, fragile with laughing and with showing unwhite teeth and black gums and next door in the tower. For sure that is when the roadsign spoke, and rightly so the marquis shrank. "You. In love" it said. A roadsign? Nighttime and therefore bat, therefore beaver, and therefore that sack of lice "You're known once more in his shell" A coldblueing proof to become unwearied. "You hear but..." A true bed enters the room "then your middlename is..." In his hat in the next night soused, unbelieving, desperate, ground and near the end once. The castle its cost in wool looseworded. What is happening? The roadsign: "You spoke" The ending "The you-grief" and goingwards "You dining, you underdrunk" until the sack falls now, urging one guilt but stillfalling. A sack wants only to endless fall, to endless almostshine. And that evening, the third, the beads grow from the sack out of the ground it comes with a heartclap widening its mouth "You the friendwindow!" A sack? What? Best and falling his puppy his housedog the man with the kettle has lost his glasses and the tower now decibels until the noise the beading "Be still, to learn". Violence and unwilling upsick. The marquis is tired, leavening to have the housedog with the window name. The almost-uncle, twice lighter than than tissues. The marquis unzipping, the marquis decent and all pistols, the out of shape naming.

Never sit. An hour later out of bed and wary of the speaking so “your undershirt sticks to your legs!” The dog, head and brain becoming in the middle of the window neither this nor that and not a draft. An eyeblink the midnight lasts and unsettles widen your hearing someone. No men with eyes can see a cracking, a windowblink, he hears the straw man overcome himself burning now both and with the former sounds tap! tap! What is that? The marquis and the dog. His plot, his ears splitting and the log and the bells and the end. The beggarwoman’s once-written comes a rupture to wipe it out. tap! tap! By these a stomachblink. This starts the marquis and strawbending, he should jump out of the window he will he will jump out of the window. And the marquis is wearing an urgent expression. tap! tap! “what’s that?” and the next last word a race to the right to the air. Him a lurch laughing spanning the endcastle looking back eyeblinking and next he looks to the city absolute. But he can almost certainly . He thinks of that sack, the rowers, he sees the beautiful, the castle in rings of flame above and behind him, unhearing . The marquis, this endsettling overright he mouths a curseword and oh better much better than the table with his bed and all four corners. In a mood from leaving the sacks behind .

Loud.

Unlucky,

rotting now out of the
lent light. Whitewoman, bearing toward him from
the road, oncoming now and him just still lying beneath the
window. Here she is. Our new landlord. Certain, that
roadsign . Yes. She is still just as white in the reflection of
the windows. We welcome her . Welcome,
the beggarwoman of Locarno.

You have outstayed us.