

Silence.

Twilight.

He is alone.

Relief. Many minds, many voices would have been unendurable to-day.  
What a restful voice his.  
Silence of snow-covered roof-tops. New York is best from the back and from above.

He is telling me this \_\_\_\_\_ laughing clowns \_\_\_\_\_  
to find out whether I have dared to live. \_\_\_\_\_

Windows

— one

— two

— three

How can he bear to speak of it if it was real to him?

PARFUMERIE DE NICE

dots  
Red on  
whiteness.

Not our grey passions pathetic as that struggling city tree—  
evanescent as that melting city snow.

Ah, why cannot all the loves of all the world be mine? . . .  
without the sacrifice of any of those things I think of when I say

MYSELF

Ah, there you go, sitting in judgment again from the personal point of view. He has the ability to give his very self. Be big enough to accept whatever is given you.

Sacrifice? Coward, cheat.  
Yes, we women, cowards, cheats all of us who, when our kingdom is offered, stop to calculate the price.

PARFUM ULTRA PERSISTANT

Crèmes

Shouldn't it be a circumflex?

But is it fair to the woman? Does it make her less—or more?  
Parfumerie-de-Nice.  
N-i-c-e.  
Sunshine.  
Flowers.  
Color.  
Land of eternal loves.

At best her life, her whole life, was nothing but his introduction to himself. Why not? Most lives are less than that. What after all, is—mine?

Those eyes of his. I cannot get away from them, cannot guess what his greater experience can see.

Windows

windows.

A different picture behind each.

Crèmes,—parfums.

Clock booming

—one

—two

—three

—four

—five

—six

Their bed-time.  
They will want to say good-night.  
I must go

He gave himself—I find—myself. So it goes.

How annoying.  
Those eyes are twinkling at my expense—

I feel him making a mental note:

“Experiment No. 987.

Reaction perfect”—

Now if I were a man I should want to prove that I had lived even more dangerously. Being a woman, I am—silent.  
Outlines snow-softened.  
Lights appearing.  
She died young? What matter? All of life had been hers.

Clown.

Dancing buttons.

Tilted hat.

Why will my lip twitch? How much can those eyes see?  
Soothing light within—without—

Odd. He gives me all he has to give.  
I think about myself.  
Are the passions of others ever real to us  
—or only—  
that sudden glare of whiteness  
hurts  
—something to pity  
—something to envy?

Why do we all object to being the common human denominator?  
I really must go—  
Whenever I pass that canvas I want to put my foot through it.

Good. It's still running.  
I shall be in time for a last romp. Coward? Common human denominator? Who cares?

M. de Zayas