

Colin Campbell Robinson

## the kafka variations - part 4

No, essentially disappointed.

37.

Things are becoming desperate. The further he walks the less distance he covers.

Suddenly he comes to a cliff edge and his despair evaporates as he falls through the air toward the rocks beneath.

From a certain point on, there is no going back, he whispers.

38.

A number of possibilities occur to him all at once.

Firstly, the tower without stairs could be built, then, if the leaves are not swept soon they will be sodden and, finally, there are places he's never been where breathing is different.

Once again he took to his bed, agitated.

39.

You are the task. This has been said before.

40.

Perhaps this is the wrong place, he thinks that Berlin might be preferable or maybe Edinburgh.

The film he saw about Venice also impressed him but to go to the Venice he'd seen in the film required time as well as space travel.

See the workers celebrating Gramsci at a festival organised by UNITA. Days long gone. Now crooks, with the sole aim of fleecing the impressionable, will be running any celebration.

41.

He will not be tired. He will plunge into his fate even if that should shred his face.

Nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind, he says and rolls over, like a dog.

42.

Who succumbs to the devil's distractions?

Who engages in his dialogue?

Know thyself, he says and turns away leaving you to your own devices.

Invitations to see the stars by day are not forthcoming. Miracles are off the menu.

Perhaps the worm-stew will do.

43.

What is true, then void?

The closed circle is pure.

Judgement of the word is true.

44.

He lies in bed waiting for the duck down to suffocate: Downhill to eternity.

It's not that the party's over it's just you have to leave.

45.

A trilogy:

The book of trembling and palpitations;  
the book of assertion and possession and;  
the book of understanding.

46.

Gravity is not an absolute value, he says as he falls.

Do not believe the rumours about yourself.

I can't actually tell a story; in fact I'm almost unable to speak, when I try to tell it, I usually feel the way small children might when they try to take their first steps.

47.

Taking the infinite way you try to measure your footsteps.

48.

There is the constant dream of deserts, mountains and inevitable exile.  
Never is exile explained.

What does he mean? What does exile mean?

And the dreams continue as if they meant nothing or next to nothing.

Later, he wakes like a butterfly.

49.

To be throttled on a torpid afternoon.

50.

He wondered about the benefit of reading newspapers particularly on November 27th.

51.

What did he have in common with himself? An important question few would ask.

52.

If you sleep, wake, sleep, wake, is this a miserable life?

Of course we all freeze when the train goes passed.

Do we surmount all obstacles or do all obstacles...(unfinished fragment).

53.

Delivering messages, written by no one, to no one but themselves.

The same song sung at the same time by those with nothing to do but honour the oath they made to non-existent kings.

It is a wonder we wonder.

54.

Who comes not on the last day but on the last day of all?

Is any of this necessary, he asks over and over?

Forget the sight, remember the gaze until the final moment of pain.

Men are as children, making noise to prove they are here.

December 8: cat in the room.

55.

This, then, is deception; he says telling as few lies as possible because

he tells few lies not because he doesn't have the opportunity but because  
he tells few lies.

Meanwhile, truth slips out the door and is never seen again.

56.

Is there nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind?

How is he to tell? How is anyone to tell in this bleak forest far from home?

57.

Who heard the rustle? Who heard the cry? Is that all we have in common?

58.

Can you be the truth?