



issue two
kmrowe



I cannot walk through the suburbs in the solitude of the night without thinking that the night pleases us because it suppresses idle details.

Jorge Luis Borges

purple jacaranda petals bring festivity to the banal mood of the gray pavement. birds warble while sitting on skinny branches high above the street. my feet wed and divorce the sidewalk rhythmically. i breath in the bitter scent of chocolate and coffee. a white truck and a mountain of oranges. anonymous cars white black and red pass by. i walk in the morning sun or in the pink evening: another spring day.

the unmistakable music of footfall
as it echoes down an alleyway or
in your house. it is a rather empty
hollow sound. an old man. his
boes made of clay. a varnished
cherry wood cane. titled brown
hat. clumsily walks down the
street like a crooked exclamation
point. slow and deliberate. his
gate wise and confident. a smile
and a nod. the wanderer's
acceptance. we meet eye to eye.

W



In French, a *vague* is a wave; the word refers to the movement of the water's surface, to an unused space or empty lot [*un terrain vague*], to what the mind has difficulty grasping, while the verb *vaguer* means to stray, to wander about at random.

Fernand DelignyIn



I keep a close watch on this heart of mine / I keep my eyes wide open all the time / I keep the ends out for the tie that binds / Because you're mine, I walk the line.

Johnny Cash

reading is a little like walking lines of text which at a distance appear to us as kaleidoscopic patterns



If I am walking on the side of a mountain I can see first a lake, then, after a few steps, a forest. I have to choose either the lake or the forest. If I want to see both lake and forest at once, I have to climb higher. Only the mountain does not exist. It is made of air. One cannot go up: it is necessary to be drawn.

Simone Weil



a dry riverbed where stones warmed by
the sun sit like shelled creatures in the
rivers bottom. when the rain comes it
smells like fresh cut granite or marble. the
wind carries tiny seeds who find homes
along the valleys walls. we navigate
through knee-high desert grass.
serpentine serpents scuttle greenly from
beneath jagged rocks. we seek the cave
painted with history home to red and black
bats spending lazy days in the deep damp
cool.

nighttime nostalgia



Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything.

Charles Dickens



i wander through my sleep



You will not fear the lions nor the colts,
nor your wanderer's fatigue,
nor the storms, nor eclipses,
nor our mother always teaching me
how to draw ellipses with branches.

Silvina Ocampo

wise little child
whittle me a crown
of golden thorns
to rest upon
your brow.

whistle as to
mock the wind
always coming
from the past.

darken the skies
as to see the stars
or the whites
of your frightened eyes.

wish
i wish
i wished
i wished it

Blind I will walk over hot coals.

Hilda hilst





The splendid paper palace of the
wanderings of childhood.

Alejandra Pizarnik



in a wooded thicket
a boy and his
woolen blanket
curled up
in a little ball
next to an old
stump
growing a beard

mother and father call
brother is awake now
yellow blanket
in his mouth
sisters boat
drifts and
spins down
with the kind
current of
he generous
river

invisible city press
2017