



[Jerome Hill Papers.](#)

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Absence

The lone which cannot follow thee -
Sadness + cold have seized them

O solitude at noon - live in silence -
Is it to live?

Autumn ^{breathes} in their (her) heavy boughs -
- {hardly} breathes
{scarcely}

The grass stifles the fountain
I intended only an echo, so God speaks
to my trouble.

CANTAR (singer? Cantor?)

- I have not found a part, either of my soul or yours -
- The only weariness of a flood - a single gossip -
a voice of the fountain.
- It is necessary to suffer slowly - Nothing needs to
go fast
- Life is full of absence and of unspoken words.

PRISON

- I am there - after a fashion as the grass under a shower
- The echo breaks a Crystal - the pail of milk overturned
- O my loves, my friends, so long suffering - heavy
chain!
- The sun is black with ants
- The wind walks without me.

Night

Sadness makes this lance, this red iron

It is to God another love to love you ~~more~~ better —
say the voices of silence.

I Weep in Dreaming

I weep in dreaming a calm water, a tender,
silent ~~the~~ country

O slowly murmurs of palms, never to be
reclected

Speak very quietly. The soul listens to thee
You speak of strange things which trouble the
hour of bewilderment
Clean the fire (to/for/of)? my Angels.

Demon with the Face of an Angel

Demon with the face of an Angel - Brook of my melancholy -

Ah me, ah me, Alma - Ah me Alma,

That which changes goes better than that one forgets -
oh {Plant
Complaint}? deep + profound! Sometimes

a broken heart, a broken heart, We speak
more of this world than of the other, whatever
one may say.