

The Words

Les mots

Die Wörter

Le parole

Слова

Las palabras

- JM The words are black riders.
- SC They are written in this red muck of things from my heart.
- BB I but bend my finger in a beckon and words, birds of words, hop on it, chirping.
- FM *words called up, back, forth*
- VW If I find myself in company with other people, words at once make smoke rings.
- VW Some words are white like stones one picks up by the seashore.
- MN The words are vegetative, absorb *élan vital* like sponges.
- MS And letters are nothing but strokes, or lines, held together by knots and loops for stability.
- WHG I would love it if every line looked like a length of barbed wire.
- AC *jagged, perfect words*
- EW The words act like drops of liquid mercury splashing about, moving in any direction.
- FO Words spill out of me as if they were produced by machinery.
- FO *poor broken words*
- FM *distortion and crumpling of words*
- RS Words and rocks contain a language that follows a syntax of splits and ruptures.

FM *this heap of words*

FO Each word seems to rest on a tiny cushion and is soft and far away from every other word.

WSB The words are pieces in a vast jigsaw puzzle.

EW The letters are stones quarried from the name of God.

EW Some words have never been pronounced or written in a book; they are transmitted written in sand and then erased.

GM *long laneways of words like the streets of monasteries*

EW Many words are blacked out.

SH Words are slippery.

GJ They lie in wait to trip you up.

ULG Words are to be-hayve. To lie sigh-lent-ly on pages being good.

ULG *strings of words*

ULG There you are out in midair walking on a spiderweb line of words, and down in the darkness people are watching.

RW The words faint, amputated.

RW The words come to their senses.

AC They sit there so innocently.

RW But suddenly a word gets down on all fours and sniffs at your crotch.

- WG *words eaten away by that hunger*
- FM Words drip from my gums.
- FM I feel as if I'm running amok in the underbrush of my own words.
- KM *mad words*
- SH Words are used as buoys.
- SH Words are the only clues we have.
- FK I pull the words as if out of the empty air.
- RW Words fall into my mouth, fresh snow on snow already fallen.
- PC Why should words not have their graveyards too?
- RW What if words abandon me?
- PC I took hold of his words and entered loneliness.
- KM *pure, naked words*
- PC A word: so old, so grey, that silence apprenticed itself to it.
- FM Each word is the entry into the small abyss.
- SH *words on the brink of the central blank*
- RW The word must contain some penumbra, some pulp, some that is never born.
- SH Are words children?

- PC From each of your words your eye looks out.
- AP Words are just social materials; they are very manageable and reversible.
- SN The words we hurl at each other bypass reflection.
- DK *empty stupid words*
- JLB The filthy words went on and on.
- LYB The words sound the way they feel.
- PC A heavy word that wants to be breathed lightly.
- FK The words constituted only slight tensions of a formless noise.
- SH *half words*
- WG The words came to pieces before I got them out where my own ear could resolve them.
- FK Seemingly only the tip of the tongue is stuck between the words.
- RW The spaces between the words grew larger and larger.
- CH Words float upon the subsensical ground.
- NO *words whose meaning has no bottom*
- FM Let yourself be inundated with an overabundance of words.
- GDM Word followed word with the inevitability of something foreknown to me.

- MZ The words add up.
- SH They drift together.
- SN *congestion of words*
- WG The words were unforgettably meaningless.
- SRD *incoherent progressions of letters*
- TA Every word becomes a mere “as if.”
- JR Words must stop naming and describing.
- TB Words were made to demean thought, I would even go so far as to state that words exist in order to abolish thought.
- WG *dry husks of words*
- KA All I could see in the words was my own fear.
- FJ We sat in front of the fireplace, hoping that the fire would burn the words.
- FM *this wretched hiccup of words*
- FJ My words were met by a rustling of fibers.
- KA I’m beginning to think that the words are sort of a defense.
- MN I watched my words disappear into the ether.
- WSB *the end of words,
the end of what can be done with words*
- RB *the dust of words*

SRD But aren't you just playing with words?

RG Sometimes a person goes along believing he or she has heard all the words.

JLB *words, words, words taken out of place and mutilated,
words from other men*

IC From the other side of the words, from the silent side, something is trying to emerge, to signify through language, like tapping on a prison wall.

LR Any word I could think of was on the cusp of a metamorphosis inaugurated by a single speaker's mouth.

ZNH *words walking without masters*

SRD Have I said a word?

RW All words are ajar.

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