**13 prognostications on the name of Giordano Bruno**

**Gilgamesh**

... Waters of Death  
... broad sea  
in the Waters of Death ...  
... to the river  
... the boat  
... on the shore.  
Urshanabi spoke to Gilgamesh, saying:'  
"Why are your cheeks emaciated, your expression desolate!  
Why is your heart so wretched, your features so haggard?  
Why is there such sadness deep within you!  
Why do you look like one who has been travelling a long  
distance so that ice and heat have seared your face!  
Why ... you roam the wilderness!"

**Inana**

She has placed twin egg-shaped beads on her breast.

She has covered her body with the *pala* dress of ladyship.

She has placed mascara which is called "Let a man come" on her eyes.

She has pulled the pectoral which is called "Come, man, come" over her breast.

She has placed a golden ring on her hand.

She is holding the lapis-lazuli measuring rod and measuring line in her hand."

**Oroonoko**

He found his brains turned round, and his eyes were dizzy, and objects appeared not the same to him they were wont to do; his breath was short, and all his limbs surprised with a faintness he had never felt before. He had not eat in two days, which was one occasion of his feebleness, but excess of grief was the greatest, yet still he hoped he should never recover vigour to act his design, and lay expecting it yet six days longer; still mourning over the dead idol of his heart and striving every day to rise, but could not

**Resurrection**

The prisoners had also been led out, and were now brought in again. There were some new faces in the Court witnesses, and Nekhludoff noticed that Maslova could not take her eyes off a very fat woman who sat in the row in front of the grating, very showily dressed in silk and velvet, a high hat with a large bow on her head, and an elegant little reticule on her arm, which was bare to the elbow. This was, as he subsequently found out, one of the witnesses, the mistress of the establishment to which Maslova had belonged.

**Dracula**

*11 p. m.*—I gave Renfield a strong opiate to-night, enough to make even him sleep, and took away his pocket-book to look at it. The thought that has been buzzing about my brain lately is complete, and the theory proved. My homicidal maniac is of a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent a new classification for him, and call him a zoöphagous (life-eating) maniac; what he desires is to absorb as many lives as he can, and he has laid himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. He gave many flies to one spider and many spiders to one bird, and then wanted a cat to eat the many birds. What would have been his later steps? It would almost be worth while to complete the experiment.

**Angelmaker**Consider glass. What is the nature of glass?

At every stage of its existence – when it is molten, and must be poured from its cup at the end of a long pole; when it is glowing and can be blown; when it is cooling and clear, and has acquired some definition; and when it is cold and brittle, and the merest impact from a metal point causes it to become a collection of lethal knives which cut so finely that the nerves are sliced clean and a man may miss the fact that he’s injured until he smells the blood and sees it upon his shirt – glass is a lesson.

**Nadja**I know that in front of a factory furnace or one of those relentless machines which all day long at a few seconds interval requires the inexorable repetition of the identical action, or everywhere else when placed under intolerable orders, or locked in a cell, or in front of a firing squad, a sense of freedom is still possible. But this freedom is not created through martyrdom. It is, I admit, a perpetual unleashing of violence.

**Orlando**

Nothing remains of all these Princes’, Orlando would say, indulging in some pardonable exaggeration of their rank, ‘ except one digit, ‘ and he would take a skeleton hand in his and bend the joints this way and that. ‘Whose hand was it?’ he went on to ask. ‘The right or the left? The hand of man or woman, of age or youth? Had it urged the war horse or plied the needle?

**Bayamus**

His partners

…

do not regard him with desire to help

relieve

spare

They even tread upon him

so as to crush him

with the modified forms

of the toe-nails

of their horses

They even tread upon him

so as to crush him

with the flat-strips of iron

shaped to fit their horses’ hoofs

open at the back

placed when hot upon the under surface of the hoof

&

fastened on with nails.

**Repetition**

The significance of the blind window remained undefined, but suddenly that window became a sign, and in that same moment I decided to turn back. My turning back - and here again the sign was at work - was not definitive; it applied only to the hours until the following morning when I would really start out, really begin my journey with successive blind windows as my objects of research, my travelling companions, my signposts. And when later, on the evening of the following day, at the station restaurant in Jesenice, I thought about the shimmering of the blind window, it still imparted a clear message – to me it meant: “Friend, you still have time.”

**Ulysses**Evening hours, girls in grey gauze. Night hours then black with daggers and eyemasks. Poetical idea pink, then golden, then grey, then black. Still true to life also. Day, then the night.

He tore away half the prize story sharply and wiped himself with it. Then he girded up his trousers, braced and buttoned himself. He pulled back the jerky shaky door of the jakes and came forth from the gloom into the air.

**Nexus**I was obliged to walk over the bridge – to collect myself. How unnerving, how shattering it was, to be regarded as an all-powerful being! How ironic and absurd too that, in the performance of my routine duties, I should be obliged to play the role of a little Christ! Halfway across the span, I would stop and lean over the rail. The sight of the dark, oily water below comforted me. Into the rushing stream I emptied my turbulent thoughts and emotions.

**Open**

They drive past the graveyard. There’s a group gathered in the dark, huddled near a canopy covering an open and empty grave. A woman on the edge of the group holds a fat bunch of yellow roses wrapped in plastic, the blossoms hanging down towards the mud. Anna can’t think what they’re doing in the graveyard at night. The roses are vibrant against the woman’s black coat. They look like they are floating. An angel grave marker near the chainlink fence of the graveyard has snow on her wings and in her eye sockets, on her bottom lip.