



THOMAS PFAU

WITTGENSTEIN'S REPLY

When will we sound syllables
and the syllables again

sound something like a form of
life? There are latches on the

windows. The metal that makes
up our latches is more or

less fragile. When his sister
Hermine asked, *why waste your*

talent? —his talent was for
the obvious—he said, you

are a window, *you are like*
one at a window who sees

what they want to see. You are
like one who looks out, who looks

out through a shut window—more
or less streaked—who can't explain

—his voice the raw scrap of birds—
the odd movements of a man

outside, passing by, there, and
you can't explain, you don't know

what sort of storm unloads on
him, out the window, and that



the man barely keeps his feet.
Thus Ludwig. His sentences

sound like dirt. Figures of speech
have their mercies, more or less.