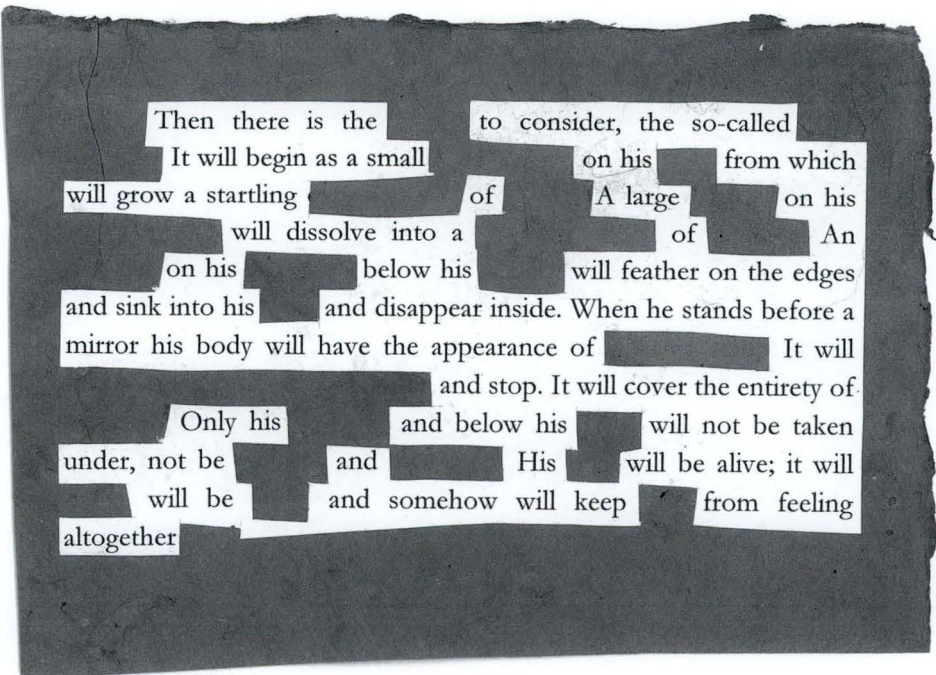


Epilogue

The robber is dreaming he is ten years old and playing in his neighbour's backyard. They have a big and beautiful poplar tree with knotted limbs like his grandmother's hands. He always saw faces in the bark of trees, in the gnarled and twisted crevices of that ancient skin. He is lying on his back on the longest outstretched branch. When the wind blows he catches tiny, diamond-shaped glimpses of sky. He listens, suspended, moving in synchronicity with the tree. He thinks of himself as being one of the highest leaves and with one gesture he can wave a greeting at both the birds and the worms, at everything caught between the sky and the earth. Suspended and no longer confined by laws he hops memories like stones. He wants to stay here, caught between the deepest roots and the highest leaves.

He closes his eyes and feels the weightlessness of his body, of his limbs dangling like branches. This is the only thing that makes him feel close to the sky, as if the ground beneath his feet is not the final say, is not his destination.



Then there is the [redacted] to consider, the so-called [redacted]
It will begin as a small [redacted] on his [redacted] from which
will grow a startling [redacted] of [redacted] A large [redacted] on his
[redacted] will dissolve into a [redacted] of [redacted] An
[redacted] on his [redacted] below his [redacted] will feather on the edges
and sink into his [redacted] and disappear inside. When he stands before a
mirror his body will have the appearance of [redacted] It will
[redacted] and stop. It will cover the entirety of
[redacted] Only his [redacted] and below his [redacted] will not be taken
under, not be [redacted] and [redacted] His [redacted] will be alive; it will
[redacted] will be [redacted] and somehow will keep [redacted] from feeling
altogether [redacted]