



THE      CAPTURE      OF  
             KRAO           FARINI

*The Capture of Krao Farini*  
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Nay Saysourinho

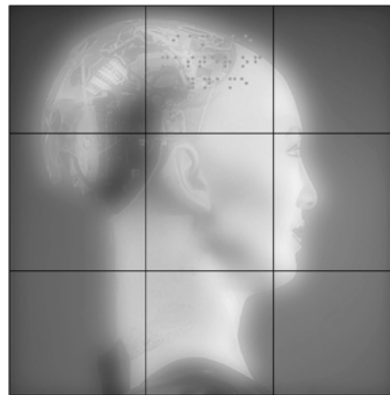
*Ugly Duckling Presse*

Brooklyn, NY

2023

VI

Select all squares with **names**.  
If there are none, steal one.



I am not \_\_\_\_\_

VI

The carnival is coming to an end. Now is the time to reveal the future. You expect Circe, but for your obol you get Cassandra. You will doubt me, disbelieve me, and laugh me away—but who better than show-women, exiled to the corner of your eye, to read the horizon? We don't have to lie when we are incredible.

O LA NO ! (which is how all songs begin in my country).

O LA NO !

I will die in my apartment at the age of fifty, vanquished by the flu (and you, too, will be vanquished by the flu). I will not let you see me, not ever again—the clouds will recall a child, a young woman perhaps. But the woman I will be at fifty, she will disappear with the other women of fifty. I will be forgotten, except by those who have always followed the circus.

Shall I tell you more? I will die surrounded by my books. I will die speaking German. The window will stay open, and Brooklyn will smell like basil. But maybe I am only imagining that it smells like basil, in the fumes of death. One day, someone will live here, and they will find my hair, and deduce I was a pet.

Father and I, we had this act at the end of the show—I'd rest my head on his shoulder, and he would pat it gently. Oh the tenderness, they would coo. Animals have feelings too, they would cry. *She will die happy here, yes, she will die happy here.* At the carnival, everyone is a prophet.

O LA NO !

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*The text of this book was set in Fenwick, Botanika Mono,  
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