

. . . I misunderstand:

French: often;

Italian: sometimes, almost always—for example, if someone says, "Fortunate ones!" I am likely to think he is referring to the fountain with blue and red water (I am likely to make this mistake also in English).

I misunderstand Greek entirely:

I find ancient Greece very hard to understand: I probably misunderstand it;

I misunderstand spoken German about 98% of the time, like the cathedral in the middle of town;

I misunderstand "Beautiful Adventures"; I also think I probably misunderstand *La Nausée* by Jean-Paul Sartre . . .

I probably misunderstand misunderstanding itself—I misunderstand the Via Margutta in Rome, or Via della Vite, no matter what street, all of them.

I misunderstand wood in the sense of its relationship to the tree; I misunderstand people who take one attitude or another about it . . .

Spring I would like to say I understand, but I most probably don't—autumn, winter, and summer are all in the same boat

(Ruined ancient cities by the sea).