

LIMES

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Buttercups downhill, they find what they
need in the mica, dust strips the woodland, I
close my eyes, how long shall I tarnish the
mirror, a rust? I lie in a cowslip's bell and
couch when owls cry and fly on bat's back,
under the bud I take my way, manner of
mood and hint of rhyme, odors lead my
steps astray, I fling my arms around the
stream and kiss it, foxlip wine is purple pran-
ket among the sedge, bulrushes and reeds,
how you glitter, heron on the water, worlds
like ours, earths and moons, balls, suns, who
speeds you? What cave your pinions close?
What depth repose? A secret nest? May I
never live to trace your face, never more to
look on you, never to love until love and
fame sink to nothingness, with open brow
we tramped but we clasped hands and the
ways of life are many, a gulf between us, un-
less you leap we won't meet again, key in the
door, hands down legs, soul like water and
fate like wind, leaves as they fall, I can't re-
turn, crows fly as I ford waves, friends whose
grief consoles and solace grieves, farewell,
hard to part, it costs a tear, hills and weeds,
goodbye, sun is shining and some rain must
fall in each life, hours passion rocks, rafters

rots and your home leaves you naked when
leaves fall, opening on new friends, depart,
what linked us, hope's tie, whose lines?
Friends no more, what these? Friend's flight
speaks we were and goes, once words, why
perplex us? Sorrow's delight doubles tor-
ment like sighing, a friend drops by, to call
you back? The branches, windy trees, feath-
er in river making patterns, flawless since
the hand began it, valley courses, shadows
pause as islets fret, the ribs of a wasted wreck,
hour of worship silent as where north min-
ster rises, birds frosty glitters, cloud ava-
lanches climbing boulders in fluorescence
cave, weary climbing wandering, mountain
mist, fading cave, bird waves toss and part,
not earth you assuage, every bird is mine,
soaring to cliff where no life stirs, eagles
beat wing, don't delay, a wedge in cliff, this-
tle, following quicker than my hand grasp,
lurching top, wind on level, sky sun, moun-
tains out of place, shadow, sun water, star
kites yearning, voiceless, crystal shines, altar
pines, a prayer, a psalm, music, birds rush
like morning, evening mesh, light hills,
clouds a shell, her beauty has no peer and
when moon shines I see her pass you by,

breezes, but in their beauty freezes your own, flowers, trees, love dumb, flowers fall, winter sheafed, life where buds lean, nothing living, I weep for joy, happy he whose wish a few acres bound, contented ground, herd milk and field bread, crossing river-wood abodes afar, scarcely more obvious than woodchuck burrows, swallows, bird warbling, field road leads to, dust eye, where we meet? Who knows our feelings? Road to city, why return? Who knew meet again? Can't return, no cloud, no discomfort, no whim, peaks and glaciers, why kneel and peer? Poison reach them? Loss of breath? Bare ground? Die, globe will open as now, crumbler of rocks, darkness hides the world and buries me in rest, silence drawing me to it when night comes and bears me to you, taste this soil and plumb her deep for life as this earthed yam, a tuber run to night, roll your tongue in honey until swarm honeycombs, make fire and put wax and honey on a stone, it will attract bees, are they like us? Bee, where you are is clime for me, I follow you, zig zag cheerer, let me chase your lines, keep me nearer, me your hearer, I wait for you, a day is all spring allows before wind

turns apples into trees, a snow squall, winter
icumen in lhide, rain drop stain slop,
wind rams, an ague has my ham, freeze riv-
er is why I am against winter's balm, the bee
returned with friends and I imprisoned
them but didn't interfere with her, I marked
her with paint, workers keep honey for her,
they watch her night and day, getting cells
ready, they pet her and feed her and clean
her, should she have an accident work stops
and they go looking for her and no longer
visit the flowers, poverty creeps in with
every bud before them, suspicion flashes at
the margins of all we do, mountains leer,
fear belief, a house or an acorn mashed into
the ground as silent descends the snow, sky
grieves as our fancies take shape, hearts con-
fess, despair revealed, I sift snow and pines
groan, my pillow as I sleep in the blast, nee-
dle green snakes in thorny briar, vines I
grasp to taste some sour sharp, havoc where
I dig, brailed, I grasp to suck where they
breath, bale loose, have your meal, winding
road, mist lifts, how hard the road rises, how
distant, on I go to the shore where new stars
show a temple gleaming like a jewel in a
country a curtain enshrouds, highlands

melting, water hems a beach with bridges and belfries, lighthouses lit by stars, floating gardens and pavilions in avenues of woof, a flame on a peak among the trees, a house with sunfire windows, clothes on hangers and dishes in the sink, day bright and songless, forest watchful, clouds like bread, swirls in oilcloth and flawed glass, flares where sun hits a bridge waggling across the torrent, swallows swoop under, sweet sweet, meet me in space, wings like vapors, talons loosing, upward again, spring fall foot passengers, lotus pools with petals in the water, silk as I take my ease, pine river slips under, joy after pain, lovely river, love goes by and the past remains, I step in and across, brushing splinters off my shirt, buggy tubes floating by, a thread runs unhalting, then to splice the strands, learn from me to suffer and dare but happier chance than mine attends your care, favors and grace confer such life on the seeker, signs and mysteries, a door in each atom, spider leg spokes and grasshopper collars, cricket bone whips, a lash of film, wagoner a gnat and chariot a nut, time out of mind her coachmakers, she gallops through lover's brains as they dream

of love over courtier's knees that dream on courtesies straight over lawyer's fingers and ladies' lips, weary, life is too much, eye weeping on my bed, shut in a room, sun road and river lane, mountain steep and water cool, shh the breeze and far the flowers, our lives no more than this, why scurry? Across the valley the mountains rise, I make a spout of my mouth and spread ripples on the water, what hide you? Wind rattling the reeds? The river stays with you, the key, I move on, she who waits with song and smiles that glorify her glance and glances lending suggestion to her whisper, the passage brought me to a door, it opened and the singularity was lost in the view that broke upon me, poppies blowing down in the rain, day leaving and night coming, crossing sand to extinguish burning leaves, they and old forces destroyed, I have the right to take what belongs to me though all doors are open, nor can force hinder me from taking so much, it is vain to keep a secret from one with right to know, the mood a friend can bring us is his dominion over us, secret law, music from my temples, locked in mountain shadow with my shame, unable to go forward or

back, a drum, a silent cabbage field, profiles in the temple, to covet truth and holiness is more religious than service, acceptable to wisdom and foresight, knowledge and perseverance, abstinence and understanding, we know if we approach, she aids those who cry to her and gives them drink, purify your hair in those waters and stand in silence, guard the goodness of your lips that you may be well spoken and speak good omen to all who crave command, I sweep the entrance and wet the earth, I bring down bird's and honor love, her shrine raised me, she hangs jewels in the pomegranates and makes our mouths figs, throwing melons at our feet and planting apples, she stores the land with cedars and casts the pearl on our coast, a temple to sound her name, keen sight from any window, lodged in the stone keep, river without current and air without breeze, banks and streams, woods and flowers, my waters never drumlie, in the garden peacocks supping in a manger, wandering through a marble corridor, hail the savage led across light's bridge, hairy beasts and men left waking in temple heaven's heir, souls, hopes embrace, skies enfold in rap-

ture and consume us, in what did you wrought my world, our duty more intimate than prayer, our spirits share yours, the warbler pours her throat as spring whispers and as they fly zephyrs fling odor to the sky, wherever twigs stretch a shade and beech canopies the glade I sit and think how vain the crowd, how low, how little the proud, meadow ricks can't count you, absence, protest your strength, do what you can for hearts absence, who loves finds affection's ground beyond time and place, absence is presence to hearts who can't vary, I catch her and kiss her and so enjoy and miss her, what do you guard? Stream stealing with heaven in her face, long may she roam the balmoral, allowing women bread and tea, she gives money, let her live in peace, when wind silvers the horizon and tints the mien heats turn sod to violets, here she is, measuring me, my sword is no match for that, can you help unwrap this lollipop for me? What you doing here? What we all doing here? A strange picture, a book of verse and jug of wine, her singing were paradise enow, rain falling that she not be seen, wind blowing that she not be heard, storm raging that she

not be found, she cut the pomegranate and gave me half, she loved me and lay like a slave, from the midriff down a woman bides with me but that she is upside down is more than fond surmise, revealing her breasts, my sheath, my air, her arms cloak me with leaves, magic in her nearness, I render far more to her than I like, breeding passion finely, I am clay in your hands, walking how you want, help me be perfect, flow of water so like shadow, smile glimpsed like joy and sadness, lifting above the poplars, lost in linen typhoons and smoke rings, lovers and loved ones, living and dead, gravediggers and hangmen, pilots and bricklayers, architects and the flesh, the one I love unfolding wings on my bed, belfries and poplars bend, the former collapse and latter bow down, skeletons revived, oak covered scraps of cloth, women I don't adore who obey me, tornadoes in my mouth and hurricanes on my lips, storms at my feet, smoke clothes me and rings crown me as lovers listen, living and dead salute me, gravediggers declare I command their work and hangmen invoke my name, pilots guided by my eyes and bricklayers dizzied listening to me, flesh

trembles when I call the one I love, I tried her with words and she fulfilled them, a priest, but what of my seed? You must have a son, yesterday whose house flourished so? Where are we now? I respect your tears but don't check them, they weigh toward our welfare, the scepter must be preserved, no place like home, sky hallows me never met elsewhere, an exile splendor dazzles in vain, give me my cottage again, birds sing at my call, give me them and home sweet home, sweet to sit under a father's smile and mother's care, still that image bums my heart in fire script, my heart a height securing them for itself alone, happy in enduring only for them, it stirs if they stir, the king is a seeker and seer a ruler, trees sweep the air looking for missing leaves and nothing distracts them, sun porches disappear, who are you? It isn't like that, good luck, come again? Glad to see you, I leave my poetry on many a mouth, teaching the moon to sing I bend close, a trellis up to her window and up this clammers a rose, me scenes and prospects waste alike admonish not to roam, joy past and sorrow to come, or if wind and rain prevent my feet be mine the hut that views

wilds from the mountain, fingers draw the veil as spring bathes, as summer loves to sport beneath the light and fall fills your lap with leaves or winter affrights your train and rends your robes, so long regardful of your rule shall fancy and friendship your influence own and love your favorite name, kicking up gravel I hurry to find the next king, on the road I hear trees digging air for crickets and wonder if he is dancing and recounting the story without end, my glamor falls as I move to find another door, when all are marked the end will begin, friends, birds hear my song, home by the oak, by unadopted roads, by woodland ways, I possess what I purpose and have due and forfeit of my bond, if you deny it let danger light on you, you ask why I choose carrion over ducats, it is my humor, what if my house has a rat? Meticulous, deaf, attached to dikes and dams, erecting columns and laying images in rows, words and categories lacking life and place, rooted in rite and burdened with figures, paths and places, passages and roads, sculpture not occupying space, not dealing with embodiment of place, preserving and opening a region, holding free them

that grant the tarrying of things under thought and a dwelling for man in the midst, what is volume? I don't fix spaces where surfaces rim nameless volume, place seeking and place forming embodiment, empty space is deficient, a failure to fill, when I arrived the way was open so I travelled on, I created them of clay but as you marvel they mock and when warned they take no warning, when they see a sign they say it sorcery, what when dust be raised, old time sirs? Say yes and be disgraced, for one blast and they gaze around, gather the unjust and question them, why don't you help each other? They submit and reproach each other, you wouldn't believe and your doom is just, taste it, I made you err as I erred, thus I deal with wicked swells of pride, abandon God for a poet? Long they prayed for a man to reign, why honor a stranger, a naked wanderer, making him your ruler? Spring shimmers from the roof of every house as I walk toward the time sun burns and magnolia perfume washes, when I raised my head I saw a man with a young face like dew, like hoarfrost, a sheet to the flood, a cup that gives not a drop for the rains, don't beg for

bread, in the bowl of the host the guest eats his fate, to those whose resting place is a fistful of earth what reason to raise a temple scraping heaven's grate? Climbing quick I clasp the crag and stand ringed with world, sea beneath, I watch from my mountain and like a thunderbolt I fall, oak and mistletoe where mother views her brood, branches she never sowed, such the glittering, such the rind, and leaves wanton in the wind, I seized the branch and bore it to the palace, I must have passed the crest, I am going down, strange to not know, brambles catching my hem, balancing on a ledge and down a wall, friable rocks jagged and sheer, clinging to buttresses, fingers clutching knobs and interstices, cutting steps in ice slopes and reconnoitering cliffs, rims traversed and descent effected to a declivity falling under its base, waiting on protuberances, exigencies of rope climbing down, standing room, hauling slack rope, anxiety and thankfulness, I caught a rapture from every rill, singing rhymes of wind and sun, clad in light and sweet afar the city lay with suburbs at her feet, I scan the world until sky circles land and sea, comforts within, no

more a weary load, coming down the road
earth and I were kin under neighbor's wing,
I stand though fortune force us asunder, all
felled by fortune one day, no more am I en-
thrilled by riches than grieved by aught fell
fortune wrecks or takes, men like camps are
full but come morning bare unpeopled
wastes, they pass in flocks and land stays on,
herdsmen rounding up the strays, my heart
jumped and I stopped among the leaves and
my breath came hard, I slunk along and if I
saw a stump I took it for a man and if I trod
a stick it cut my breath, when I got to camp
I wasn't feeling brash, there weren't much
sand in my craw, only dogs for world of life,
wind, it lives around me and complains as I
ride among the leaves, flowers and waves,
smoke star's trail, I am young and the world
is wide, passion pipes in field and street,
rouse the chorus, we will have something to
show when death pulls the stakes, I thrust
my spear in the back of a stag and kindled
driftwood, stepping to the roadside I found a
sapling and with a tug I plucked it out, I
feasted and got up when I couldn't scrape
another morsel off the animal's bones, I
played music and danced and sang, if the

place I put my name is too far from you
then eat stag, unclean and clean, but don't
drink blood and don't pour it out, take your
vows and offer burnt offerings, flesh and
blood on the altar, pour blood on it and eat
flesh, people will ask you to bring them a
book but they asked me to show them God
and a bolt caught them in their injustice,
they took the calf but I pardoned them and
held the mountain over them, don't trans-
gress, I took a compact from them but they
broke it, killing prophets, their misbelief
was stamped on them for the calumny of,
we killed him, but they didn't, a semblance
was made, those who differ are in doubt, no
idea, only opinion, they didn't kill him but
raised him, I see him on the mountain with
a fork in his hand, the tool of dance, his
magic wand, his eyes are the eyes of the hat
snake who lights the land with his eyes, I set
off with the timetable, what should I have
taken? Never could decide, or what to wear,
or when to make the journey, so here I am
in a raincoat on ice, rising wind and nothing
in my pockets, white flowers and riverbuds
among the sedge, lilies light the oak that
overhangs the hedge, bulrushes and reeds,

oarlocks jump, fulcrums to the strain of pulling, torque flings afterthoughts of water over water as I lose myself in rowing, desire, enough to can and sell, dinghy pivot, your boons to us, point north where bark divides a line in the sand, shell smell and desert wind, river where wolves call from the hills, a list of names growling in the whirlwind, sister who claps at rainclouds, I hold lightning above the snakes, the cave wants my skin to shake legs free and untwist hair into yarn from the pocket of the woman who barks of sunset, crickets in the door, each a handful of smoke in her house, breaking rocks and dropping coins in her shadow, leaves in my coat, sky never sailed from me, I row to it and find a warm teacher's house, the bed, a spider on it with chandelier legs, ugly to hang words and making it heavy, we agreed to do it until desire take what it owns, until night beg be naked, I didn't wish her mine, then again I am in my grave, I stopped as sun uprose, will be done, she was as blithe a schoolmaster as you see on holiday, we travelled the hills, our work begun, but from her breast what thought bought so sad a sigh? I stopped and fixed my eye on the

mountain, yonder cloud brings to mind the day I left, above yonder slope such colors that morning of this the very sister, do you remember me or are you proud? A hall was chosen and stage built, door locked, and scarcely was I seated when she ascended the platform, every degree of ugliness fixed on that mask by every vice, I looked up with horror as she raised her hand and spoke, such as I repair to this station it would be improper to omit my appeal to he who presides in the council of nations and whose aid supplies every defect, that my benediction may hallow joy of the people, a government instituted by themselves, may every tool execute the function allotted to my charge, I express my sentiment not less than your own, nor those of my fellows less than either, I believe and hope for better, invested with a fiat to reform, but I won't give you all my heart as I need a place to dream my dreams in, I know dew sheltered ways for dreams to go but when I shut the door why do you love me more? When I demand the least you bid me fire and feast, when I hunger there is no bread though crusts are sweet, if fed shall I go uncomforted? Howev-

er dear I don't give all my heart, I work with honesty and peace and all who side with these have value, woe falls away as the foist foretold, let reformers descend the stands and idiots appear, judges and criminals transposed, jailers jailed and jailbirds the keys, society barbarism, industry ruined, beware of arrogance in respect and confession, the weed grows, the important miscalculate, enjoying success to the extent arrogance makes one pay for humiliation, petty feats tread upon, don't be proud or arrogant, don't get a reputation for that, worse than not learning to lie, truth is simple and doesn't need analyses, having energy of itself, but lies must be glozed, no relation between liar and lie, saying things they don't believe so they are believed, truth must express its thought, saying what it thinks, but what one says might not be welcome, putting relationships at risk, you aren't under control of the masters but must listen to logic, keep silent at the lecture and think about it afterward, we make use of logic in debate when by giving fallacies names we convict antagonists of them, the tiger emerges from the entrance and halts, head uplifted and fore-

paws planted, and stares across the land as color rushes down the mountain, her eye sweeps every glade and waterside, shifting rivers and veins through soil, paws skim the ground in snow showers, wildflowers scatter until plucked, the early star underdraws night and its blackest districts and wonders why others feel through night's garnet star, why sparring and pins are all you have, why can't earth make its way to you? Should mind disdain the good that makes each bosom vain? Let pride dissemble all it can, little things great to little man, wiser he exults the good, I suck that pain on my tongue, I lift it as an animal might carry a small one to the cave, I locate it by the weather hen, a cave in the cliff face of a limestone dale past a bushy ridge, tigers gone, leaving teeth, we climb with the dead and push them in and take them out, walked them around, we love our second burials, we hire a band, we wrap them in linen and bless their lives, walking them around the valley, afterlife long but not forever, the deer who crossed through the knots of a curse to find me, no slouch, not a dress with tape on her heels but a deer breathing mist in the pines, a blessing of

meat, ancestor who never left, a distant plain, and water rising and spreading garlands, weaving reeds with quiet boughs, I went into the plain, prone in that grass I led the triple charge for honor, said some, swashbuckler said some, I remember the creature, these thoughts take me out of love with greatness, women, why vote for millionaires? I hired a hall and had a grand opening night, a marching band with lights in front of the hall, a crowd of overflow meetings, voice drawing closer to the mouthpiece, closer to my ear, growing sincere, attempting to strike up a conspiracy, my friend and ally, at the insertion of this voice we cast our vote with the democrat, for free trade, for suffrage, for cruelties of the penal code, and for facilitating access of the young to power, but we can't accept the people the popular party propose, they haven't at heart the ends that give democracy what hope and virtue are in it, their endless ardor unloving, while the party on the other side, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the populace, is timid and defensive, vindicating no right, aspiring no good, branding no crime, proposing no poli-

cy, not cherishing arts nor establishing schools nor encouraging science, this is not their wind on the rushes, no wind is theirs, it is held in curtains, no wind is theirs, drivers in the turn of the stairs look down the street as smoke hangs on the stream and trees shed leaves in the water, haze drifts as boats scrape the ford, a step in a field of stone posts, instances signaling through man's temper and intimate a mind subject to reason, not less in my heart I riot in exemption from that law having little to do with reason further than to employ it as an implement for effecting the irrational, I direct a judgment toward the accomplishment of an aim that partakes of the insane, lunacy evoked by some object, no different from sanity when most active, undeclared, method and outward proceeding rational like brothers and sisters, I continued to talk but the lamb died and his blood came out, they beat me, ready to die, I refused to stop saying what I did for them, be happy, but you will have trouble, the plague introduced other forms of lawlessness, men grew bold seeing how the rich died and those with nothing inherited their property, they resolved to enjoy

themselves and think only of pleasure, who would sacrifice for honor? Pleasure took its place as those who saw all perishing thought worship or neglect made no difference, no punishment was feared as no one would live long enough to be called to account, a heavier sentence hung over each head, why not take pleasure? Doing wrong as innocently as a flower grows, why these plagues? Under all wrongdoing lies privilege and I was stricken by pride, the mind resists every domination but its own, punished, submitted to control, my sense of privilege outraged, the mind flinches from natural law and how much more from the despotism of its own likeness, if another controls me they usurp me, become me, and I am diminished, I undertake the contract but require what I hanker for, it will be so, he dashed into the lake for gold and carried me to the city, I haven't done work but have gold, I took a room and never cut my hair and grew wealthy, man's first duty is to himself, king and princes, dregs of their race flowing through public scorn like spring mud, rulers who neither see nor feel nor know but cling to their country until it drops dead

without a blow, starved and stabbed, an army of liberticide and prey as a two edged sword to all who wield laws to tempt and slay, godless, a sealed book, time's worst statute unrepealed, I join my palms in worship, encouraging the assembly, fulfill your vows, listen, I proclaim mine, not complete nor incomplete, I surpass beyond what can be known, go free, the throne is yours, bid farewell to the stockade, drink wine and be a wildman but don't recite the book as a faith charade, whoever has blood in his veins is dishonorable, faith grows of this, closing eyes to avoid falsehood, erecting virtue by grounding conscience on vision, arguing no one has value once they make theirs sacrosanct, whatever true is false, instinct standing against truth ever being honored, true and false changing places, whatever most damaging is true and whatever triumphant false, when we stretch for power it is will to an end, will exerts that, devising and laughing as was their wont it befell that feigning to go forth they buried me on such wise no one knew of it, then returning said they dispatched me somewhither as they often used to send me abroad about their business,

when I was old enough I roamed the mountain and feared neither storm nor beast, tigers drew near and fawned on me and in the courtyard I learned to perform feats of strength, I never feared I couldn't do a thing, I grew so strong when I was ten I was as tall as a boy of sixteen and when sixteen I was a giant, brother to storms and close to the stars, joy in the forest, my neighbors flocked to see me and I talked to them so they might listen forever, joy of the forest, dancing from tree to tree and making every nest my home, no one ever so welcome, I didn't know there were men who kill their wild brothers but I knew beauty strikes just once and never in comfort, youth that rides the wildest horse and throws the deadliest steer, spending strength without remorse and grappling with fear, knowing it only holds today all it flings away, a race with death when cattle break, risking all for honor's sake, holding life and dreaming of the journey back, leaves behind truth unknown to youth, adepts leave traces, virtue doesn't lack a traversable course, my accession was welcomed by those assembled, I receive my heritage, no one like me or before me, I sub-

due the land and render account of what I am destined to perform, there were congratulations on escaping the troubles of a regency and my inexperience opened a field of hope, philosophers expected everything from my education, parliament raised its head as economists prepared daring projects, the arts got a start in the path of the politicians, no one had laid hands on the fabric of the administration and painting, sculpture, and music shook off the past, I sat listening to the emissaries who asked I renounce the revision of property titles to get back landowner's support, they asked I renounce the fight against clerical influence to obtain the support of the masses, they asked I renounce the aim of equal rights for natural and illegitimate children to preserve the integrity of the home, laws regulating religious positions, conditions of worship, liberties, and obligations in their relations whether with us or with fellow countrymen, I added to their rights, worship authorized, the state providing their salaries, children let into schools, travelers talked about their king, my father heard the stories and asked questions and the answers made him eager,

he didn't realize it was me, only when he heard my mother's name did he guess the truth, when he deserted her he knew she was pregnant, he forgot that, thinking how he might make as much of his king son, he set off for the land he left so long ago, childhood necklace in the language of memories, night visions, soul we all love, fathers, I found a purse and thrust my hand in and drew out a bag, I thought you missed some corner, let me see if you haven't some also brother, I thrust my hand in and drew it out, I knew you had some pittance, I slipped it in my bag, you said you had nothing and I trust you wouldn't go back on your word, this belongs to me, I preached the advantage of religious life and pitched on a convent and on admission they fed me with promises to get me to take the cloth, though I found all short of expectation the usage I was threatened with prevailed me to profess myself a member of their fraternity, the sense of trap as a cone, one is stuck into forward wedges, but with who? There is no one with you, language of impedance, a dance, a gesture? How all others live on, reaching out to the side as doctors probe into you and

conclude problem won't do, must cut, the pill taking subsided and voices turned down, digests in the closet and books in the den, nor is the streetlight enough to read by, projecting ghosts on the window, alive with motion as raindrops gather and streak, molecules twitched alive by lightning, behind my head a sewing machine waits to be pressed to life, thunder as treetops stir, no lamp, just an overhead I resist turning on, a digests in the closet, the streetlight projects ghosts, where shall we go for our garlands when banks are sad and boughs are sere, where are the old ones we once had and when are new ones near, can I tell where garlands go, can I say where leaves go when wind blows, when they drift in dead wood drear? When garlands glow you may gather again but I go where leaves go, I never got nothing, my new life, cover me, I need my beauty rest, tell anyone I am here and you die, they die, strong now, no visitors, death comes when you die and sleep when you fly, of neither I ask the boon I ask of you, come soon, sun sent, you enter plant chambers with warm gifts and wake the secret of sap, gold in the corn or flung in a vine, this hill,

this hedge given up for ages in a cot, I sighed as light rode high and dew was gone and noon lay on flowering trees and day turned to rest, I poured over my bankbook and prepared meals in the sick room, I have only a short time and purpose nor dream to give the theme a more enduring date, but misery still delights to trace its semblance in another case, so fractious, might he harm himself? He steals and accuses us, they stood looking at me, am I scuppered? They listen to my breath, tar on my hands, they look not at my face but at my hair, they fool themselves, coma shock with glucose jab, a plain man with no truck for jargon, nor am I in thrall, resurrections, bolt the door, what they for? Standard, I don't know, I read his notes and it isn't catatonia, it doesn't matter what caused it, discussion of scheme postponed, it wasn't suggested by him, it was easy to get used to, meaning against the night, life a climbing tower, not a junk heap, books on the shelves, I close my eyes and walk the hall, iris quivering, nurse taking my pulse, not paid enough to help, my hope turning magazines, a quest to feel exploded every second, pudding pops and vets shaking cups,

petting dogs, sun tunneling in, commanding charity, instinct forbidden, only after you are denied are your rights restored, how will I know you when you perish? Won't your heart demand me there? Heart who throbbed for me, I was in your prayer on earth, won't you utter it in meadows fanned by wind, in the resplendence of this sphere, larger movements of mind, do you forget? Rails gleam above the track and my eyes follow them until they curve to orange clay, I walk the platform, sent to unload supplies, free to show what I am good for, whistling as the train pulled in and as it stopped couplings clanked down the line, stamping feet and shouting, peony buds falling larger than wren hearts on the cutting border's railway ties, feathery things homing from hedge to hedge, I walked the rails and sat on a pile of ties by the tracks, lake and cliffs ridged with snow, spires and cafes, cold breath as the porter whistles to reboard, no free rides, Doe Found In Box, train moving as I went in, a man near the head and I took the other half, you fill me with envy, why couldn't I go with you to help bring the message back? I heard what our friend said at

the car step, one arm, the hold pits deer to tar, a head, other numbers count and feel fish scented parts that curl, all stomach covered bowls to sea, steep river one time walk, trains throw this drawn one doing eye, bring clocks to warn what I did, wood pounce drawn to where kind is trimmed along the ridge, positions wheel up some tone, some cane, dishes dive when sent, reek to similar kind, clock drawing foam, wound so long, passengers sent to rooms and porter calling names, towns along the line, a map, second and third class carriages and express trains with first class carriages for long distances, I said farewell and hastened to the gate and saw fairies, some went to cottages in the hills and others to the sea but I went to the village, what good could we do? We went to the friendless bringing strength to the weak and joy to the lonely, my love grew deeper for they who leave home to cheer those who never know what hands clothe and feed them, what hearts brought such joy, we look in every nest and visit every beast, if we see any weeping we pour sleep and sit by their bed, when wolves howl we drive them away and if they rush we receive each sheep for

new worlds where lion eyes flow with tears, walking the fold, wrath and sickness driven from day, asleep beside you, lamb, he who bore your name, graze and weep, washed in life's river my mane shines as I guard the fold, am I better than you? My feet numb, how do you carry this from here to there, is there a barge? I peeled off my socks and massaged my feet with my thumbs and knew here my heart and here my spleen, I took off my watch and buried my nose in my new pajamas, taking out my wash bag and going to the shower room, I found the boat easily, they told me I took a sleeper and went to bed and slept and when I woke I was there, disappointed of not arriving on her birthday, she didn't expect me but when the bell rang she ran to the door, I gave her my watch and she tells everyone the time when they ask, she questioned me about my travels, it is difficult to appear and gaining a hearing is also difficult, why should special treatment be accorded to future beings? I walked out and my foot sunk in the mud, no pavement, too bad, how dirty, as to pavement I can't find a trace, lamps out, the moon isn't high and it is foggy, mingled in

the dark, at the corner a lamp before a ma-
donna, the light it gives her little better than
none at all, customhouse and land office,
railway offices, square white brick buildings,
round bastion of fort and palisades, officer's
quarters, crossing a prairie to reach it, re-
ceived cordially, to grow old is to lose
everything, we see it when young, nodding
when grandfather dies, marriages scatter
and friends drop dead, wives too, women
come and go but all go and the lover who
announces temporality is temporary, wom-
en sinking under anxiety as friends estrange
themselves, let us stifle under the mud and
affirm it delicious to lose everything, I heard
it was bad and saw how bad mud could be,
soft road, drivers stopping to clean wheels,
trodden from crossings into sidewalks, cov-
ering them with slime, people sliding about,
city of remembrance, you keep well, you
show us where we lived, how we skated to
the library, children rounded from march,
flags trucked to cages, peering out wire, I
love this place, people and customs, a short
walk to school, it isn't until you want the
world to be different that you look at it,
where did I live? Do you remember me with

a stamp? You turn to someone else, can you help this man find his friend? There are those who no amount of patience improves, the gift is random, how your hands clear wreckage, how you stand like a historic building, yes you will be saved, the boat stopped, bulk of her freight being for that end of town, and I went up planks and up the street, she didn't forget the altar behind the table, she made room in her chamber for the bed and the tree of the dead, a coffin designed for different generations under one roof, character of their journey through time, a craft sprung from dwelling, still using tools and frames, the farmhouse, few at church, bad weather, last to come in black, being such a friend of the family, the spot came out on my head as I stared across church, not following prayer, I went to the graveyard, a mound of grass where my uncle lay beyond the graves of my grandparents and my grandfather's second wife and her three sons, beside them my sister who died before I was born, doors forget and only they know what, a cell in the mold, a coffin borne in sleet, ice clods, I won't think of these, sky blue and soft damp earth in my

resting place, light in spring hours, herbs and flowers, oriole tells a tale, butterflies rest, and what if shouts come from the village or maids sing under the moon? I would the scene might know no sadder sight nor sound, I shouldn't see season's show nor music's flow, but if friends come they might not haste to go, song bloom lingering, these should bear to heart the thought of what has been and speak of one who can't share the scene, whose grave is green, their hearts would rejoice to hear my voice again, it wasn't the custom for the elderly to mar the picnics, kids safe under the wings of a few girls, a ferry chartered and we filled the street, our boat a leaf spun over wave's terrain and up from rest, sky from high to low confusing east and west, ferry launch plunged in cloud, waves bathing sun, could I ever see such kept ladylike indoors? My spirit's manhood has begun, wisdom a raft over the sea of age, those who buy error for guidance are lost, during the service my thoughts wandered to regret, vines wrapped in myrtle showers above the slain as I fade amid the flowers, fanned by wind, the last of that band, playing under the tree and pray-

ing around one knee, I lit the hall with smiles and cheered with song, all and nothing beyond, being cut off is worse than idleness, first to meet and in at the death, flowery shrine, dream too bright to last, hope overcast, a voice cries on but I lay aghast, life over, no more such language holds sea to shore, no more bloom the tree or eagle soar, my days are trances where your eye glances, where your footsteps gleam by streams and houses, looking at the facades I see women in front of mirrors and men pulling sweaters on, it rained but I stood reading tombstones, thus nature spoke and work was done, how soon my race was run, never more will be a life and end the soul sends to where it best to be at rest, greatness isn't fostered by assimilating the universe to man, knowledge is union impaired by dominion forcing into conformity what we find within, man the measure and truth man made, mind space and time else unknowable, robbing contemplation by fettering it to self, courage puts the burden on her and she loved me, courage is dead and I was dastardly, I should be powerful, no theory true that is hypocritical as she, I hope I maintain a

longer life, the innocent in earth, calm citizens, mothers and fathers, empty hearts when death rips us from work, we heroes like boys at midnight walking to father's vicarage, star on star, how they light the sky, when I moved to see her she drew me above the northern lights and I felt bliss flow through me, the moon made a rift in my thought, past and future, they dressed me as though it was ordained I remain a groom to an unknown bride until death, coffin hung with tassels, conducting me in gala attire as though it were a bridal procession, runners sounding trumpet but road deserted, land cursing my name, scattering at my approach, trumpeters the desert answers, the church celebrating my translation, as good as a play to see them on the road, coming from all sides chanting by torchlight, the church couldn't hold the crowd, life asks for more and we bend to our spades and survive the gusher, monarchs tanning along the edge of a system, at ease as peasants piss in the wind, drivers and horses hang their heads and cower in bitter weather, I went to the first one and got in, seats steaming in the sun, thawing, nature has her own rea-

sons for what she does and death is due to anticipation, science shows only plasma is immortal and tends to disappear, a sore arrangement beneficial to the race for survival, when alone I converse with my thoughts and clothe them in verse, I taste a feast and free my power to see natural scenes, forming ideas and enriching my mind, finding error and inspecting action, dissecting words and reflecting on life, I gaze on the dead bred to lead, swayed by reason, their examples elevate my mind and I find the force of their precepts and soar, scorning trifles I prized before, in joy we are our own mourners and more than joy I long for understanding as more than understanding I long for joy, bear the void and sit in the road, the dead end, tombstones but not a grave, those who husband grain and those who fling it alike to no such earth are buried once men want, hope turns to ash or prospers and like snow is gone, think, in this inn whose portals are alternate night and day, how sultans lay their hour and go their way, lizards keep court where kings drank deep, and the victor, an ass stamps over his head and can't break his sleep, never blows the rose so red

as where some caesar bled, every hyacinth
dropped of some head, and this herb who
fledges the river lip, lean light, who knows
from what lip it springs, traversing the
graveyard, many asleep, kin and friends,
and children, do I envy such? Hard to say,
have I cause? Can a spirit feel for clay when
gone? What matter chalk or herb log, hawk
beak or dog tongue? Couch rugged, but the
brave are worm food, let them interpose, re-
voke the decree a poet assigned to heaven
and extinguish passion's blood, web whose
hinges reel with dust, sagging shadows of
shell and wing, stepping into the center with
gold hair on her shoulders, free of dust as
though a moment before she stepped into
earth to bathe herself, let wind blow dust
over her body and blow on, stepping through
ruins without losing sleep for the dead, si-
lence of the grave, her voice through rain,
whenever I beg for blessings nothing is for-
mal, my warmest vows were made for you
and love still mingles with my piety, my glo-
ry, my pride, my guide, to gain your praise
was my goal, listening to you my cares
charmed to rest and love and rapture filled
my breast, moments took flight and time

measured by delight, I hear the loved, the
accent still, and still the warmth, the trans-
port feel, passions rise and pleasure kindles
in your eyes, wagon light whatever load it
carries, never weary, never leaving the driv-
er's seat, I jump in happy to break my neck,
scorning life's languor, I lose my folly, afraid
of every gully, on I rush as you drive on,
tomb in the blades hiding trouble as earthly
glory sears, age fares against your face,
groaning, grey haired, friends gone, men
overgiven to earth, nor may you cover flesh
whose life ceases, nor eat the sweet nor feel
the sorry, nor stir the hand nor think in mid-
heart, and though you strew the grave with
gold the buried body be unlikely treasure
hoard, yours aren't spring nor summer
vales, sky flings charm over the river, yet
the wing of life's best angel is on your gales
in sun and snow, no lovelier clime, heaven
at noon, mist shrouding hills, sunsets and
starry evenings, beauty of forest leaves,
come over the eye in solitude and crowds,
wherever I weave my song, my mind's
brightest vision displays boyhood scenes,
free of cloud, Orion rising sideways and Ju-
piter traversing the southwest like a firefly,

Venus trembling in the west and the moon rising as below the sea rises to follow, a prince riding a train adrift like a jewel, dodging constellations painted with flesh, ashes of love and rose petals from dead hands, dust webs in hedges, blinded by stars, light lies dead and rainbow's glories shed as clouds scatter, when lips speak beloved accents are soon forgot, I ride the mountains and sweep through sky, poppies crowd the banks as a bee booms out the grass, a jay laughs and sky expands, I go with waterfalls and swing down the hollows, my bird heart in the bay, trunks rise before elbows of wood and ribs of shelter, trees needn't walk for beauty nor for bread, beauty in rainbow and bread in rain, her whispers hinting at concession, waiting to receive me with crossed arms, kissing isn't covered, every ear in mourning, scuffed toenails and packet machines, shirt bag or black doom? Common work aims at an end and noble work a conception, cocked in her chair with tie askew and eyes bugging, finger in the air, flicking flies off my brow, eyes reaching out like last hope, no one wants to spend the first hour of a new life in an interview so let me apolo-

gize, I hope you feel you are treated with respect, pay the dentist who fractures your jaw and the bear who stuns you with his paw, buy the lobster that has your knuckles in his claw, but if portly get a constable to turn them out of town, close your sentence with an oath and put the window down, if small drop a button in the hat, I left town and fell in with a fellow wanted for holding up trains, he gave me some introductions and I formed a syndicate and with my pride I became an Englishman, today we feel more depending on which day and on whose dime, society has conjured the sorcerer no longer able to control the worlds he conjures by his spells, a glimmer lighting the tide in our homes, I couldn't ask anyone to provide what I could myself, help isn't charity but payment, I never thought of debt, casting bread on the water I receiving what returns, my estate, assumption together but distant, tied to the roof or locked in the basement, heave to, an architect chosen, methods to contradict this unraveling spindle of nomenclature, flesh fraying off any sleeve around the soul, contractors working on a pool behind screens, I watch their trucks emerge from behind, ex-

tending the garage and starting fruit trees, apple, plum, pear, my eye caught something at the foot of a new slope, a case, cloth stitched by a man's fingers, a swallowtail came up like a boat and I knew I was dying, angel of death, my hands clutching the case, my hands on her as I kissed her, circulating in her clothes, I can't think, beating wind with my nuts, foggy like arrows through rain, vanishing points, I live near a hollow scoop in the dunes, dying alewives floating under my balls as hair sprouts on my nipples and my spine grows long as a vine, mauling star's head, painting walls, no mercy, I merge my blood with birch, beware, if any make a stupa and put a mantra inside and prostrate with flowers clouds will come out, faith power spreading good deeds that lose efficiency, I stand where all eyes look one way and all hands point the direction I should go, reared amid pomps I carried out the advice music gave and built a cathedral for her chants, built in steps, laying stones for the base and raising them with plank machines, raised from the ground to the first step and there another received and conveyed to the second step where a third

advanced higher, upper portion finished, then middle, and last part near the ground, inscription of radishes consumed, what a sum on tools, quarrying stones, their conveyance, and formation of underground apartments, a snake in grass fields near irrigation ditches, two in hibernation, a rat snake and a pit viper in a burial mound, uncovering by a bulldozer a foot below the surface, found the previous winter, not madness but shame for wanting and shame for not having what I want, mad drunk, stairwell too steep to climb, bed can wait, I go to the pond and step in, smoke washing from hair and skin, the kiss pressed here, my neck, and there, my chest, went nowhere, wall stretching into sky of constellations whose lives I love, yours most of all, father of poets whose lyre fills trees and stones with awe, torn to shreds and thrown in the river, a swan lost in pinholes of light, throat bitten by a black hole, I kick, stroking my arms to buoy ring on ring, breaking on the edge, a mouse with silver claws and silver eye, fish by the reeds, go your way in splendor, no ladders or angels, no voice, no chariot, only water rising and falling, seeping through stone and flow-

ing over rock, only a matter of time before my understanding is vanquished, greedy thoughts, none give way, jostling and blocking each other's path, my life is sparse but I lodge as master, stars like gems in a girl's jewelry box, mountains shift as a voice cries in the grove, nightfall visions, cattle in tongues, not any protector may make merry man faring needy, this I little believe who aye in life abide amid burghers, some heavy business, wealthy and wine flushed, how I bide above the brine, revenue paid by luxury, collected with merchant transactions, who sees a taxman? Supporting government and fulfilling contracts, extinguishing native right of soil and extending them, applying such surplus that once effected liberates revenue for roads and things, I lift them birds in me and about to be in me, I lift them every tree in me and every one about to be in me, all pay taxes and not one of them electors, they represent themselves, corrupt and tainted in desire, nymphs sing a rhyme for them and pinch them to your time, fie on fantasy, fie on lust and luxury, lust a fire kindled by desire fed in heart whose flames aspire, whose thoughts blow them higher,

pinch them until star and moon be out, my flat in an unsavory neighborhood, a room and a closet with a window, but decently kept, the room scrubbed and on the table a cloth spread between breakfast saucers, I slept by degrees, surging until I rose above the bed with hair tearing sheets to ribbon, women for me alone, it was time to disappear, I paused in the open of the half made house and saw a shape outlined in that doorless doorway, the light was blocked by a man shouldering in, where is she? My head hollow, where? you ain't going to find out, tell me, should have listened, you ain't a man to take advice, he was holding a blunt thing and I lifted my chin, come on, sun shines on criminals as the moon and stars do, he wheeled as I threw a spear, he sprang aside and drew his sword as it passed his shoulder and tore a shred of his coat, his sword at my throat, my hands clinched, muscles in my face working painfully, fury in his face and hardness in his eyes, he meant to pass his sword through me, but after standing with death hanging on the point he lowered it and looked at me as one watches a caged animal, I stood rooted to

the spot, eyes never moving from him, expecting punishment, I took out my handkerchief and wiped my cheek, hell opened but I looked to the light and put my heart in the water, mint leaves, peace at last, I gave them a dollar each and when I sat in the carriage he jumped up to arrange the rug, I am going, a dollar wouldn't remain as such, as it fell in one hand it became an eagle and in another a cent, the value is knowing what to do with it, one buys a land title off an indian and one buys candy, all depends on the spender's skill, tenant proclaims a spot his own and extols the treasure of his seas, his nights of ease, I smiled with one eye when hatred stood by to mock me as when fortune fled I was ill, sager in my fortune, ambition steeled me on too far, to show scorn that could contemn men and their thoughts it was wise to feel, not so to wear it on my lip and spurn the tools I was to use until they turned into my overthrow, a worthless world to win or lose, so it proves to all who choose, if I had been made to stand or fall like a tower on a rock such scorn of man would help to brave the shock, but men's thoughts are the steps that pave my throne, their admira-

tion my weapon, the part was mine, not then to mock at men, for cynics earth too wide a den, save me, when I go to the underworld and bestow my pampered carcass on the worms who could boast as good a life? Not invited by mistake, they cut off the water and I was annoyed by an officer, I called conferences with heads standing at one in three deck watch, no nobler field than insurance, ever since I have been a director I am a better man, life more precious, accidents of a kindlier aspect, providence without its horror, I see a cripple as an advertisement, charmed by a collision, cold wet feet, why else slippers and heated rooms for later? Only the poor tug my heartstrings, no warm rooms, how horrible to freeze, I would die out of spite, of anemia, a rabble of poor who will inherit the earth, covet not the abode and don't sigh as many do, repining as they look, intruders who tear this leaf from nature's book, think what a home must be if it were yours, though few your wants, roof, window, door, flowers sacred to the poor, as roses entwine porches all that now enchant you would melt away, pity thwarts evolution by preserving what is ripe for destruction,

fighting on the side of the condemned, botching life by maintaining it, man calls it a virtue but it is a weakness, life is denied and made worthy of denial by means of pity, the agent of decadence in the role of protector of the miserable, persuading to extinction, I ought to tip some custode for my glimpse, I am wrong about the degree to which I believe myself hated and feared, I know my divergence from others, but others don't know me so can't hate me, I encounter goodwill and it offends me if I understand it as it shows one doesn't take me seriously enough, rise and behold the thunderhead of reason begin the end with strikes of light, no servant if you don't serve, smash the past and write a constitution, give the wronged their rights and struggle for reality, join ranks, let it be the way, let the struggle continue, no change will come from above, labor our salvation, to make the market free, you insult and exult over the wretched, you have no beauty, I see no more in you than without candle may go dark to bed, must you be pitiless? Why do you look at me? I see no more in you than in the ordinary of nature's sales work, I have no desire

and am concerned with knowledge, not aims, I don the robe and bowl and cultivate the path, my qualities lofty and attitude compassionate, whether the objection felt by mothers in the community to an associate life, to a common table and nursery, whether setting a higher value on private family with poverty than on wealth won't prove insuperable remains to be determined, woman, put your cloak about you, instead of your old dress may robes trail you and daggers run down your legs, may ribbons unveil your breasts, I beg where sinners stand in secret places, I save truth's globules garnered from dust heaps, I fain fathom fortitude through years of wormwood, piercing the fortalice yet living a worldling, my cup untainted by bleak passages to joy attaining through ways impassable to bear, hard to bring flesh and blood into subjection, to entertain and not complain about exercises attending for good, my lovely life, if thus you please to prove, teach me to wait in fear so I may hear what trials attend and walk the way that leads to the throne where I may sit and discharge my grief to a friend who bears with me and

passes by faults of infirmity, I can't bear too much for you, woe to every backbiter who collects wealth and thinks it immortalizes him, not so, he will be hurled to the fire, go, in mist? I inscribe her response on my existence, some sing love but I extend stammering adolescents, I look at you and fever but having passed through mist I ponder like the frog, my transformation, I ponder inconvenience, that power interposes a check on will and caprice, its charity isn't ours, one of its agents is will but that which expresses itself in will is stronger than that, we are forward to help but it won't accelerate and resists meddling, not a means to an end, unlike news, the greater a work the more universal its theme, but it isn't transcription, say south around the canyon, a dam is needed, I eyed her in a way that said you are a woman little sister but she showed she was serious, suppose it was winter, think I could get a few days off? I never wanted to be post colonial or colonial, just modern, the past is past, but when does the curtain fall? As soon as the interest is over I propose to continue it, I turn glass and shift sand and touch eyelids and lie drowsy in fate's unfurrowed fallow

until I die, as seed quickening not for dawns
that leap from dark years with kiss of wind
and cloudy tears to wake them, with mile-
stones I set the sod that they not languish in
labyrinths, I smile when I hear them pray
that whips be turned aside, who call me evil,
my body fountains with sweat in sea deeps
and my forehead holds a sunken prow, idle-
ness, downfall, with vigor some escape, I
know the quest that brings you hither, you
sicken, well wot I, yet my pain tops it all, I
grieve for you who rouse no sluggard
against every problem, hail, you are high,
you came into being in this your name, as-
signed a gender and set strolling to your
doom, questioned, modern question? Is the
second question modern? These whirr about
and I answer them but they remain, all feel
authority of law but none feel the weight of
my dignity, what punishment if someone
pulls my whiskers? Sweets, the only one who
would pull them is my grandson, I can't
help stealing thus can't help being con-
sumed, change of temperature too much,
blame my configuration, only strengthened
by sweets, all work for me and I enter their
labors, I work like the crow, the phone rang,

you didn't have to scream, suit and tie, look illumines, write me on a bed of ease, form forgets and doesn't climb trees, keeping signal from peaking and running ads on time, confirming them in the log, the station doesn't provide me with benefits, I did another return and the math squared and there were no itemizations and the printout's numbers squared and I filled out my codes for the middle tray and signed my name and stapled it to the return and put it in the top tier's rightmost out tray and refused to let myself count the number in the trays and then came the thought that boring also means drill and make a hole, my butt ached and the thought of the beach unmanned me, I shut my eyes and found I was looking at the dark, when I opened them my inbox was full, moving in the deep course of wisdom, gone beyond, and when I looked down I saw empty heaps, I love country but hate trees, real yet not there, cypress where wind has no currency and willows whine, the pleasure of silk meaner than mildew, calendar swanning off in spring, this envelope won't put snails to shame, scrawl mark dusky under air ledgers, big day gone, the

loose return, hope, it came and left without more than a dent into passing out, but the thought still counts, in the village no news is good news, then none better than that, I lost the threads as to which matters more, blunders, shaggy pants for all, take this and have a smile, the structure comes with a salary in a paycheck, I look up from my desk and around my office at photos on the walls, from my window a view of the abbey surmounted by chevaux de frise above whose spikes a tree stretches yellow branches, I don't indulge my senses, guarding them like thieves, no smile is strong enough to eliminate danger, a man carrying a jar of honey is unaware of a pit in his path, elephants, monkeys, I control my desires and don't let them go unrestrained, if you indulge the mind you lose the benefit of being human, check desire and there is nothing you can't accomplish, subdue your mind, those who desire profit feel pain and those without desire don't, cypress triads and a line of attachment plates and facades touched with aversion, blocks checking a band over talk bandage remote behind hard-wire, scratched from filings, intervals dou-

bling clear period and tongue contacting in an originator tone, paid reason and lips magnetic, density impulse with night scented lobelia, crystal palace dug in and upright, roots reorienting option collapse where interfacing is fixed, answer back, message fades, excluded code free of deduction opening in flakes, padded curves backing cotton indigo blurs and emotion networks, stagnation drops skin stone under a paranoid status penetrating trust latitudes, pulse vehement in bolt enclaves, a limehouse, rail links cough a choke in grief, foam dipped, bracing thrust regulated in a made up base, in an armchair above flecked verticals embellished for household, highly yarn, enclosing a center block and articulating rosette, I live a border life on the confines of a world in which I make transient forays only, my allegiance to the state is that of a moss trooper, to a natural life I gladly follow, even a willowwisp in bogs and sloughs, but no moon nor firefly has shown me to it, I love to wrap myself in miasma, weight and heft unable to walk under umbrellas or size up days, the end, others must have been disappointed, how did they bear it through a lifetime? To

leave a message for me call hell, nothing matters, I am not here, why have I chosen to endure? Forgetfulness, grant I taste extinction as beauty's witness, so good, power tools wait for birds to pass, all figures in at last, scribal personae up over eighty percent in a thousandth of the duration, orders as few as grass in the fields, a race between the scripture folk and other species for who outstays who, elephants gentler masters than we, more live and let live, we kill until few last lie hidden, all surrender and come live with us or on us, those wanting to live alone we call wild and shooting them for fun, they know what we are like, race by race they have been slaughtered and soon all will be gone, we give freedom nor room to those we defeat, a plan for breakfast, a banana, it sits nervous for disrobing, form is emptiness and emptiness form and the same is true of feelings, truths are marked with emptiness, produced nor stopped, defiled nor immaculate, deficient nor complete, in emptiness there isn't room for form nor feeling, perception or impulse, consciousness or eyes, ears or noses, tongues or bodies, minds or forms, sounds or smells, tastes or toucha-

bles, mind objects nor sight until we come to, mind nor ignorance nor extinction of ignorance until we come to, a creative morning, I reported a sale and submitted an ad, singing gaily, a tenor voice and mustache like a camel brush, a family man, I suggested a showcart with girls inside, seen this? My poise bubbling as a girl, I got an ad, philosophy and science split when it inquired what knowledge might help man live happiest, are you harder to create or heaven? I fashioned it and made night to cover it, brought noon and earth, water and pasture, I set the mountains, a provision for you and your cattle, and man recalls what they sought when calamity comes, hell is the resort for he who prefers life and heaven is the resort of the lustless, when is the hour is set? How can you mention it, you are only a warner to they who fear it, the day they see it will be as though they only tarried an evening or a noon, unlike the works of other arts those of architecture are seldom executed for aesthetic ends, the merit of the architect is in attaining those ends in spite of their servitude to foreign ends by adapting them to the end in view and judging which form is

compatible with a temple, palace, or a prison, climate prescribes these demands and where demands of necessity are fewer architecture follows aesthetic ends with greatest freedom, hindered in the north, when towers were demanded architecture could unfold only within limits, obliged to resort to ornament of sculpture, the violence in the geography, but who lifts the architect from that pool in satisfaction of myth's plan, who execute him when his work is done, who hire builders and hold the gun to their heads, who discover blueprints in the vault, who build anew and pierce the needle into the child, who see it through? Inspiration mustn't be reduced to form, the hands that do, less themselves in the act of doing than in having done, the starling introduced a century ago now ranks among the most abundant birds but a century is more than necessary to lift our architect and execute him when his work is done, to pierce the needle, though female starlings favor mates who sing the longest songs a myth can happen in a thunderclap, I rejoice at the steps you have taken to give our cause publicity and hope your sketch attracts personalities

to the faith, I appreciate your speeding the printing of the translations, they will open a new era of activity here and in neighboring countries, I showed them they are created from nothing but it's like firing a bullet at a cliff, our religion will never take root, don't find fault when there is no fault, their philosophy streams back to us and changes us, crack, persimmons on cactus trees, the hands of my love and this inkwell, my saddle in the rain and rivers blasting off course, my love leads me sweetly, gun on her shoulder, there are men who never fought who look on us and meditate, knowing what progress we have made, nothing evil is allowed to enter here and there is no sadness and no crying, I wasn't always the one to crack for the juice machine, she might utter a summons and avert her face, or glare, if she didn't invite me she bent in the heat of the scuffle and whether she cracked or I we exhibited unspoken loathing in the midst of tangled bedclothes, she avoided eye contact and kept her answers minimal, who could blame her? Her fault and fate's, that is over, such a woman who could honor more? But you, lift your thoughts, what is life? De-

spised, least vile when with peril so beset, it mustn't forget itself nor heed hour's flight, or impelled to see day once more, what is the end of women? She examined herself, no mark but maid, this matter of voices, what will burn? I fear the indestructible that has no shape, clouds make nothing of it, no one trusted to hear the confession, another self, a duplicate of everyone, it goes through the streets smiling under gloves and coat, under flowers, under bone, keeping fair with custom, not speaking of self, of anything else, swank with sunk, dilettante dimension, passion graft lying in close association on the face of it, surviving ledge flexed at elbow, corporates with no lifestyle, soar, roar, roaming river, lifeless ornament, will as blind striving far from prone to being known, as the weakest mode of objectification it appears in nature and forces of which it is the work of science to discover laws showing no trace of character but multiplicity through space and time, by individuation as a picture is multiplied in glass facets, there is a trend to speak in platitudes but it is possible to say world without making a fool of yourself, we compare legs and bowls

with oceanliners and trees and figures with figurines, the spell, the allayer of suffering, the world a bubble and life a span, wretched from womb to tomb, cursed from the cradle and raised to years of fear, who trusts mortality but limns on water or writes in dust, yet while we live what is best? Change is growth and decay, transitoriness, you die, life lamp, flame dead and renewed, stream pushing on, constant change, ditty to dirge, who lives twice? Bullets brain the charmers who inherit progress as gripping bull the rambler takes course above the banks to the village, eyes blurred pages and ashes spread, sky hole, pages selling win win, you saved me, remember me, save me from knowing myself if I only melt, no, it is wont to laugh to scorn another's pain, to treat love with disdain, I greet illusions and my heart beats, to you this force renewed, this power I owe, from you my comforts flow, it is the destiny of every mind to find an enemy but while I live nor yield to fate I won't tax the power that put me here, no plumage, youth flown, spring gone, thought obeys the same laws as other functions, brains ruined by strain like eyes and stomach digests and brain thinks

and the notion of a soul in the brain needing nothing for its performance drives many foolish practices, refrain from giving currency to the notion, man should view his capacities as bodily functions, nursing and exercising them, suffering effects the mind, such was my agony I didn't noticed the steps to my flat, eyes cast up, but when my prayer was breathed I gazed at the door, what is life? A bank unfurls green writing like a blooming bough across the screen, an ad for the market's green fuse, a goddess muses on a career in math, I am good at math, how they multiply and shatter the salary cap as thwack into the glove spring tumors and mushroom caps pop up, where you going? To purchase an eraser, rain hazes an apple cart but not the apples, dry under film, I tried one and its grain jolted my memory to a hill where fruit fell so bruised locals wondered why I scooped them up, one bite and I laughed, face flushed in sun, I asked for another, telling us, uncut, unpeeled, they aren't for the feast but for themselves, building strength to fly, to leap from the bowl, to whirl in the air, vendor, let a loose one teach me, like a man who sees two apples but can't

taste either until he lets one or other be enough I am the lover of two but made my mind and draw my life from love, much as a sea in throes of thunder as forces trade blow for blow until one wrings surrender from the lesser power, within my battlefield two wishes fought until I could muster strength for choosing, and now my choice, to love you as I ought, moss has drawn your portrait on the tree, light misplaced in the cove, panic grabs me and my decision is ivy that changes its mind, I flung a bat at an apple in the orchard and down it fell, I took a bite and they put me in the turf and my soul flew to heaven, and what of that apple? There is something inspiring to one in need of pricking off yonder when apples are ripe for picking, when ponies grow shaggy coats and acquire silken mufflers, a puppy left its mother and a sorrow touched me, a symbol of partings years, a man must be better, to his faith he can't help sticking off yonder, year over, at dusk the vale glows with misty mantle hanging low, lying on my back suits my taste, I savor solitude and look to the future, airs faint on the dark and odors fail, the bird's complaint dies on her heart as I must

on yours, beloved as you are, lift me from the grass, I faint, I fail, I die, isle, garden ere-while, paradise heaven planted us to please, but to exclude the world, guarded with flaming sword, what apple did I taste to make me mortal and you waste, shall we never restore that militia when only roses bore arms and men wore rosy garlands? Each is its own, each fallen, blond stillness, flies pass the fruit as if it were water, or as bees would, had it found a point more steep in rot as soon it must, if none lift it from the grass whose damp softens further those soft fleshy parts, there are good and evil people and he who goes hence go to good or evil native to him while those who return come sure to their due, my insouciance a cover, pressed to walk up the stairs on the escalator, propelled to the foodcourt, up through the gates in a cluster, I ordered a meal and spoke with a stranger, trying to look like I was listening, I talked them around and the place became one with a waiting list, weeds and shells alike yet unlike those from which I was snatched away, walls on three sides and a space on the fourth of gloom and confusion from which I shrank, the sand floor ended

and in the openness beyond shapes with eyes drifting in crowds stared in, it was long before I could ignore them, when food came, fish and crab from the top, the faces thronged and spoiled my appetite, but I disregarded them as if they were seaweed on the tide, a pint with dinner, this denied where's your civilization? I don't know, I have grown a shell and live among riches, drinking wine and casting net, let every cow keep her calf, wood glaze mutes chrome, wreathes and drapes dim the mirror cave, ghost fingers comb seaweed hair, the band plays on, smiling feet, dusty ends in soft plates, fishers swimming with screams in their sheets, tanks increased until younger years inside their eyes blank and form one, to where do you follow her, puffing wind and rain? I boarded when your nephew lost his leg, desperate of shame and state, held in private brabble, I turned and bowed, weeping as from world to sky I brought hymns of victory, who is there to tell of oppression? Try confession, I eulogize my ladies, but boot soles? No, a potpourri, callow and senile, tall and slighter cobbler, what was orderly became thievish, overcrowded school

without playground, boys escaping if they weren't barred out, street swarming with children, herded with burglars and vagrant bad boys of every kind, classified by size and mixed up, guards go kitty corner and women arrive and emerge adjusting their stockings, an infant in a puddle of ice, a brick forge yarded in wire, kids from all over who only ever get praised for beatings, when another comes and calls won't we be sorry, falling wayside? Some are attributed to trauma in the case of workers subject to discipline in the home, but the majority to neglect, forgetting to count sponges in the cavity, a wonder so many go off as well as they do, in spite of our shortcomings that often baulk nature in her intent, natality and mortality, tidal movements and lunar phases, blood temperatures and diseases, from extinction of a sun to blossoming of a flower, all is subject to numeration, still the question why a child of healthy parents succumbs while others don't must give us pause, let not what I can't have, cheer of mind, stop, as I sing I am king through a poor blind boy, the divinity stood on a pedestal and angels struggled overhead for the soul of the bread distribu-

tor, no desire, those who don't desire don't
indulge in flattery and away other's minds,
serene, they don't suffer from want, finding
what they receive sufficient, bread odor,
bent to pack, slowly fares a beggar, he tells
you of his family, clamorous for bread, so
you put him to bed, I come to advance and
have every chance, I am in quest of bread
and the hope of it sets heaven's portals at
one swing, bread drove me from paradise
and bread will gain me entrance where my
hopes rise, far I stroll for it, and following
the spheres, rolling around this ball, without
object none toil but lovers, free of motive,
spare us a crust, the only thing that can take
this taste away, I have no desire for food un-
less it is some morsel that I may earn
through my great love, you won't eat my
bread, I have no bread for you, what is it you
can't give that wanting I must die or having
live? Nutriment that grows by decrease,
when all is spend and my harvests cease,
when streets pass away and towers rust,
when my heights decay and I be dust, you
go on from prime to prime as lord of space
and time, soldiers and stragglers go down
the street and peasants creep by the church

eager for crumbs, in the palace there is abundance with revelry, I drew the trap door of my loft and went down the ladder, stepping around a trio of cripples arguing about money on the sidewalk, crutches against the wall, they work together every day, arm in arm, throwing accusations, they went up to the front and fought and were wounded and returned paralyzed, parsing together so we may listen to their swords, where the teeth are, not in the mouth but in the hand, stretched out for the heart behind it, this cage of acceptance, fighting goes against the word or else proves the truth of it, when a storm comes they put their fingers in their ears for fear of death, I twisted my head over my shoulder and thrust my leg out in an exquisite manner, I had a need to mock something or would give way to tears like a woman, so weak had I become, when I was high it was never like this but when I was sober God was always close, guide me, eye snatcher, none believe in inflation and we sift our wisdom through a sieve of contempt, but the habit of seeking the value of man in his approach to an ideal remains undisturbed, one upholds equality before the ideal, death

is unjust but how do I know more? Action may be hateful but piety and impiety are still undefined, that which is hateful can also be dear, what gods hate is impious and what they love pious and what some love and others hate is both or neither, it isn't our fault we don't know bird songs from the radio and often talk in bars, in labor, saving homes, our wives frizz hair and paint nails, come bombs, fall on slough and get us ready for the plough, cabbages coming, earth exhales, roof whose slope bears under snow and shields chambers from storms, in herd every mess of pottery messiah shambling and assembling anisy, toiling swan, divining street stealing ring wassailing, watering stone whistling, raining and staying, sighting bell and ringing morning, I look in faces, some alive with the last pulse of courage, most empty, the smell of a thousand cabbages, like clouds veiling the moon they shine and move off while the path of departure is free, people looking for the solution and their minds are sore, jostling and hurting them, pain in their faces, they have to earn a living, looking for ways to spend money, neither rich nor poor have peace,

yet what is best? Wealth repaid, men at work,
one raises and another razes and among
them are a few who seize their lot and others
beggars to the grave, I trembled when my
parents heard my name, this canopy of light
under a dew curtain bathed in flame, the
evening star came and creation widened in
my view, who thought darkness lay con-
cealed in your beams, sun, or could find that
to such orbs you made us blind as fly and
leaf stood revealed, why shun death with
strife, if light can deceive wherefore not life?
We bow as no one says what no one hears
and if we have dreams in weakness they go
and vanity rivets our fetters on, I wasn't born
for this, resolve steals over me as I gaze at
stars and wish light like theirs, I hope to
benefit my kind and feel power in my mind,
fame, sun that makes death the future of the
tomb, that future, the sign of a heavenly
one, a step, a word, a voice, a look, saints
tread this alley seeking like me but unlike
me to nourish woe, they have no qualms
about surgery and don't show dirt in the
city, their hair done, pale complexions,
wings shrunk, name dropping high ups with
hissing lips, evil too much trouble, they

shirk jobs that take them among the poor, preferring to stand by and watch evil happen, offended by odors, so gorgeous the historians of the future are amazed, so much feeling in so many bodies, should we summon a stoic to narrate? Who restores my tears, how changed the world appears, have hope, beguiled you of pain? Poverty breeds resentment and wealth creates ill will, thus I treat friend and foe alike, the world is about to stuff us in the chokepit and I alone utter my sadness, no one to who I can speak my mind, if this is all life can show, if no dew falls on this brow, if no brighter light than this lamp may glow and I only dream of bliss and wake to woe, if friendship must decay when love is away, toiling without gain, a slave of pain, despised and forgotten, grieving to look on vice and sin but powerless to quell their current, outward torrents swell as feelings are driven into my heart and turned to wood, if clouds keep sun from sight and I suffer blight call me soon and give me strength to bear my misery, I set forth and make a reckless choice, an undemanding planet even here, the trouble is with what you build on it, you can't fix it and can't

make it go away, in the field of battle, in the bivouac of life, not like cattle, be a hero and trust no future, let the past bury its dead, act in the present, heart within and overhead, lives of great men remind us we can make ours sublime and departing leave footprints another seeing shall take heart, let us go with heart for any fate, achieving and pursuing, learn to labor and to wait, tides rise and fall and twilight darkens, curlew calls as the traveler hastens to town, sea calls and waves efface the footprints in the sand, morning breaks and steeds neigh, day returns but nevermore returns the traveler to the shore, I gaze on sky and mountain and think when I come to lie at rest it will be pleasant, the turf should break when brooks send up a tune to make my grave, living among the trees, happy the man whose wish a few acres bound, content to breathe his air on his ground, whose herds milk and fields bread, whose flocks attire and trees fire, whose years slide in health and peace, quiet by day and sleep by night, study and ease mixed in sweet recreation, thus let me live unseen and unknown, thus let me die with no stone where I lie, towns crowded with splendor,

fields where spring spreads, lake boats and swains that dress the vale, your tributary stores combine for me, creation's heir, the world is mine, as some miser visiting his treasure recounts hoard on hoard, still he sighs, thus to my breast alternate passions rise, pleased with each good heaven supplies, yet a sigh prevails and sorrows fall to see the hoard of bliss so small, I wish some spot where my soul may gather bliss to see my fellows blessed, autonomy of power to let earth and heaven enter oneness, farm on mountain looking among the meadows to the spring, low cloud, fountain head and river source, dew cloth, drapery spread by fays, drifting meadow where daisy banks bloom by violets in whose labyrinth herons wade, rivers and lakes bear perfume and scent of herbs to the fields, storm passed, birds rejoice, the hen returns to the road and repeats her notes, sky serene on the mountain, the country smiles and the stream runs bright, each heart is cheered, I gaze at the sky and sing, work in hand, rain in my pail, I cry as sun returns and illumines the hills, light pervades my room and on the highway the tinkle of bells, wheels of the wagoner resum-

ing his journey, no wet streets until you chime in love, where you going? To the rock, I laughed, the hand I laid on her was thin like her hands, I went to the barn shaking my head, I watched her go up the path and she disappeared behind the bushes and I looked to the fields and to the grim mountains, horses were landscape and landscape was breath lifting from their flanks, rain unfolding through skin, I lit the fire to warm her, breath fusing with air where fire prospers, whether fire will overtake night and such fires fall, whether voices hunt through fires and rooms where air breaks and disappears, secrets expand and stay the same, taking my head in my hands I think, air, and what escapes fire, horse women, I was harnessed and led to the house, large as the old one but not so pleasant, she stepped around to look at me, tall and pleased, this was my first time wearing reins and they didn't pull my head higher than I was accustomed, put in a paddock, wet from heat and wind, muzzle to water, snorting, head swinging, taste of bay in the air, I slept that way, withers quivering, fetlock, rise at tail base and width of back, my volume and weight, fences noth-

ing compared, people nothing, sleeping with throat curved on rump, I breathed, whinnied, stomped, my privacy had a river in it, a universe in it, the way the border looked back at me with light, my freedom, she uncoiled the lassoes and slacked them and I stood up striking the air and snorting as she wheeled in behind, she escaped my hoofs but closed in and spurred a leap as I reared, we collided as she hauled the lassoes, the impact threw me off and I plunged as she spurred in close, I was in the lead but could only half rear with her jostled me down, she hauled the short ropes and when I turned to bite she knocked me back with a swing of her fist, I grew old in the mill and asked for dismissal and wages, I was free to leave but without wages, I took leave, but before I did I went to the animals, where are you going? I have to leave, I can't take it here, when I set forth she followed me, two thirds of our journey done, let's take a spell in the shade, I'll slip your bridle and ungirth your saddle so you can roll in that track of earth, a clump of trees on yonder rise, shadows cool, crop the grass and I will stretch my limbs on the sward, she was a long way

off and I thought I could avoid meeting her if I dived into the woods but she was on me as I reached the fence so I drew aside, I carry water every day, buckets across my shoulders, no rain came though a callus formed as large as a bowl, pond dried and well water sunk low, if children must drink and the old have hot water the plants must go dry, I stopped and my bones withdrew from my body, how much corn on your shoulder? A bushel, I see you every day, her heart knew me and she conversed with me, stay with me and I will make you garments, the bones shot back into my body, I was torn between breaking down the door or running from a thing I dared not face, we didn't make love but I went to the lane with the same amount of joy, she told me she was setting me free, that she had the power to do it, I said nothing and she laughed, be ready, I don't know, she told me magic words and her voice cracked, before I trust my fate to you or place my hand in yours, before I let your future give color and form to mine, before I peril all for you question your soul tonight, I love my life but not too well to give it like a flower so it may pleasure you to dwell in

its perfume but an hour, I love my life but not too well to sing it away so to your soul the song may tell the beauty of day, I love my life but not too well to cast it like a cloak on you against storms that swell between us, I love my life but not too well, you had to scream to be heard, fantasies, sex, meeting, signals, capture, surrender, my flesh a stream of desire, we go in for color, never trust one who is fond of ribbon, they have a history, others find consolation in flaunting felicity, barriers come down on the home trading range, this corner of property, good stone despite the trouble, a family heaven, city as country, citing ownership as event horizon, trial and consequence, mesh and tribute, kin and cure, constructing social ills and devouring fiction in the outhouse, a road past the house, in the field a horse, people getting rid of them, tractors were the thing, she hadn't looked the sort to trot about, then it struck me, the buggy wasn't a relic, it was all she had, the road rose up a hill and from the top came a clip clop as over the hill came a box on wheels and in it a man in a black hat, vow and way are equal in their being incomplete, when fulfilled

they are equally fulfilled, the vehicle, principle, teaching, cause, and effect carry one to omniscience, a vehicle like horses matched together to form one team, I will put her down, give me a gun, I led her to the concourse, giving her a kick, there was nothing mean in her, okay, she was ready and I did it, sorry for your loss, the moment was lost in details, I stepped into the backyard and saw another walking toward the chicken coop, she turned and looked into my eyes long enough for me to call for a pistol, I shot her and threw her in the yard, I found another gnawing itself and put her down and loaded it in the wheelbarrow, my plan being to burn them, I left the house without a meal and found counsel cleaning my gun in the jail, no prisoners but I was hard headed, whistling a tune, believing distance, curtains and veils, springtide's green persistence and heaven's gales, trample and plow with scars and grow, vow them to beauty, your steppe flowers like stars, my goats graze by the rocks where stiff grass rises, warming their backs, the bay and stones clinging to the foothills, I was ready to go to the end of the world to seek them but the world is round

and has no end, I homesteaded the field and built a stone hut with loopholes to make good my claim against the indians, master of the field, I owned cattle on a thousand hills and made it a recruiting ground for my herds, I put the field out as security against certain sums, I was clever but money fell due, I beat the plowshare on the forge and branded my cattle, numbered my piles, sharpened my posts, and prepared trellises for the vine, drawn to break and drawn to doors with any store along, find finished gather mean as canceled rain, a hard point falling, caps in hand and coats trailed, every band gallant across the bridge, every road a snap and every cut to the quick, smugglers on the sod when a rod vendor reminded the weasel was nowhere in that quarter, I sat in the kitchen eating anything on hand, I played outdoors, days I spent in the cottage rainy, I stayed away from the garden and tried not to knock down the flowers but I was in and out of the berry patches and under the trees and in the area beyond the cottage where I constructed hideouts, there was a base to the north and I chose to make the neighbor's mower a tank and lobbed apples

at him from the crab tree, don't worry, everyone is scared, we have to hide under our desks, their voices, what was the accent? I never heard a man speak that way, what happened to make them cry? The question didn't interest me, I wasn't brave, I cried when a teacher singled me out to expose the untidiness of my desk, phoning my mom, and hanging up she wept, enduring misery as I wasn't a credit to her, some are brave and some aren't, someone must have said something to them, she took me out to see the planes, loaded, manned, pointed in all directions, they sound like a sickness of the ear, the hum soaks the dusk and springs open, are you still there for me in that dark, unwilling to move, irreconcilable? She wants to tell me everything over engines never not running, how crews live inseparable, staying together for life, wings given play, dropping shapes, measures for counterattack, throwing false signals, then she went up for the farewell to her apprenticeship, the valedictory of her manhood, sent back to earth, springing down before the plane stopped rolling and running to the mess, knees crooked across table corners,

just back from HQ, enemy asked for an armistice but it means nothing, I went around the hut and got my tackle and went to the washroom, once more smooth of face, movement about the mess, I hadn't eaten but I turned and walked, I trod my shadow forward, I closed the windows and rose higher to avoid any mountains, air hummed, flame and lava pouring from volcanoes, they gesticulated, rinsing down the compound, making a few quid from cake on my way, itching and turning, fetching bread for others, mutton under blankets of hymn by the pavement, canes like rickets, a recombinant nation beside the soaps of the party, gravy under tractor statues, shaky furrows, soil tenses as I pick over my dollars, swish on perspex as cement cracks debts, my songs crepe as I grin, dropping change in my hat, dogs pert above lip spittle I wipe on my moon, above loss and after loss my eructations smog, fingering tarmac for shell casings as trucks load flour sacks, women scurrying for haircuts amid bruises of concordance, trains, what failures you reckon or beckon? I know whence you sprung and study your tongue, I fall catlike and

slink the night, girls waiting to wash pots, some infections as they scamper through the garden, flowers ruined and furniture broken, I forgave them, keeping the pots in my room, the mistress would allow me to be nothing in the house, I caught cold and they threatened to send for the doctor but mention of his name caused me to exclaim my health was perfect, I rode out with the hounds, sitting on my horse like a man, no sidesaddle for me, a snorting rose, clip clop, giving chase, horses blowing the bloom off the days that go as from hill to bay the manes toss heads above the lagoon, snorting shadow awaiting day, one stopped and another jumped but she was gone, she galloped and he swept after, he jumped but she ran and his ears pricked up, she answered, he let her run until she stopped and faced him and when he was close he jumped but she was gone, in jewels, destroyer, king of the southern north, lord of the desert governor, sovereign who ordained things from the womb, who commands in the egg, battle seed, strong one, heart of spring, spirit of light, love and day, soon to faint under summer, earth smiles, welcome soever short

your stay, newcomer, whither this your journeying? After rain the sun raises you again, in your death you won't suffer, don't fear, whither this emblem burning, that we could rise to find a world returning, perfumed wind, bushmen know the odor, the wattle bloom, earring cases open for wives when husbands are off, same ones each year, this season, wood pile high, wind up, night showing earlier, dark cabin wood, rafters snap from snow, red in the sky through the trees, the cold sun, sneak earrings into your dress, let firelight lap as you wait for roof to give, ice too thick to chop, standing on the lake, hack of the blade, horror, a madrigal of knifings, a bandana to frighten the crows, an umbrella, a gun, a pen, questions, textbooks, next stop no stop, population unknown, spring and fall, I like to lap the miles and lick the valleys, stepping around a pile of mountains and peering into roadside shanties, into the quarry, hooting stanza, downhill to my door, eve of time, ray breathing epiphany as love casts flame, you saw angels didn't love, lost control, and struck man's soul, reason lit its lamp, a bolt left the world in revolt as the poseur tried to see, a hand

lashed him back, others won luxuries but I got grief, the soul that thirsted for the well in your dimple's recess reached to lay a hand amid those locks, tell it to the wise, the crowd will jeer, death by fire, cooling in nights of love, conceiving as you were, emotion, candle, shadow grasp, desire lifts you, I read only signs and bodies in jealousy, in battle, growing like coral, fir cones, waiting for fires to catch, grant us truth and make us free, kindle hearts until you claim one flame, at the eye of the hurricane a van flings fire and rice offerings, I embrace her, holding a woman? I lean against a cliff and there is no warmth, I donate to you, I burn down the hermitage, no reason why I shouldn't if there is any advantage, suffering doesn't enter the savage mind, the pretense of burning people comes from the custom of burning people, thus the straw man acts so cleverly children think he is burned, they rear a pile of trees and strew fabric with twigs, sticking sides with branches, water to wash him and oils to anoint his limbs, they deplore with groans as on a bier they lay fire to the pile, faces turned away, when I cut off the nations whither you go to possess them

take heed you don't follow them, don't enquire of their gods, how they serve them, you won't do so, they burn children, an exception, nothing like this could pass in this house and not to this family, fasten cloud for another century, fire mouth, possibility, fire mouth, shudder, not given back, to arrive by fire, to step out of a wall and be invisible is worth worst means imaginable, all who go to light find heat, point where knowing is start's end, a loss, I staved the furniture and piled in the parlor, doused kerosene, and took a match to it, the hacks were from the neighbors, when they saw the door was too thick the fire was too ferocious to do anything but leap as something exploded and the door blew out and plowed them into the walkway, gushing smoke, I am eating breakfast and there is no house and no breakfast but here I am, spoon scrapes bowl, no one around, we walk from wisps of memory, pulverized but not forever, fire flower with petals of flame, a mane of hair burning blue gold, I smell smoke and sniff about looking for you, efforts to stay its progress, buckets splashing house and street and crowd, hauling buckets on a pulley, throw-

ing water over the crowd as at a window I empty my gun and from the street a fusillade is kept up, a squad rushed in and I received them, an idealist looking for happiness, nature smiled and I suffered, but they made my life hideous, a tamarisk drinks no water and the crown brings no bud, a willow doesn't rejoice by the water, a herb drinks none, rain withheld, shining sky, earth nothing, no cloud, fields cracked and wheat ceased growing and dwindled, people went roadways for food and I went with them, working silently, enduring snow on bare feet, going back and eating such food as day's labor brought, falling asleep to gain that for my body food was too poor to give, thus it was in my hut and every other, but we talked, ruin, death, disgrace, all ills mine, cutworms lopped my yield, can't fertilize a field by farting through the fence, I return to my nest and think of rest, storm ceased, air at the window, why dreary thoughts? Fortune used me ill, crops failed and wealth took flight, land slipped hold, no friends, war and famine, rivals throve, we rot but mountains stay, fortune smiling, her decay, her blessing flees, forest adorned with flow-

ers, scent withered, morning with gold hills
and a red storm, streams turn dark and roll
on, fortune, why perplex us, your frowns
can't fear me nor smiles cheer me, flowers
a'wede away, lilies in coves under plumes of
pickerel, meadows sweet in tangled bloom,
minnows dart under the rocks and if a zeph-
yr stirs the swallow swoops, a flash of light
and ripple ring, land hot and dim without,
fields swim and where noon reigns dead ros-
es wear rusty crowns, blight nor death, sun
can't win you, only children know how sweet
you are, so I love you, so love me though
leagues lie between us, years divide, a cool
breath of dawn dew, your memory, water on
the corpse, an imitation of rain, hanging
bamboo water drips, drought, watering the
grave, pity me, give rain, a ritual taught by
the chief who set out to see where rain was
and came back with the secret, priests with
pigeon and eagle feathers over their hatch-
ways, making paraphernalia, hunts conduct-
ed, we need rain, refrain to the rain a move-
ment up and down clefs of light, when
bodies remain unburied their owner's souls
feel rain, women or men we are well sore
sonnets, wet lambs no more alone, loss sewn,

eat lore's stews, moan nor roam, a storm shouldn't catch you unprepared, cranes take flight and heifers sniff the air, hirondelle flit as frogs croak in the mud, ants trundle as rainbows appear over crows cawing from the pasture, the jay yells and takes a walk on the dry sand as swans ride the water, after a storm sunny days foretold by twinkling stars, moonrise, no fleeces blowing nor halcyons on the shore, but misty fields, owls modulate as the sparrow chases prey, flitting aside, she follows, swoops, flit again, sky unlocks, flower shadows, smallest thing made drunk by the void, rise, bone spirit, toward milky bee, there rivery one, sappy tree, there they wheel over the meadow, roses followed by a swallow eye, spirit lifted to the horizon, plunge in the sea and mount on garden garnet, starlet in swollen barrel, hands and feet, forehead and lips, manner more pleasing than appearance, charmed by courtesy, citified, exploiting the simplicity of my acquaintances for amusement, cold air and bear maples, horse past the window, I rode past the river where kids sail ice boats, future isn't here, I walk the promenade, ferry crossing river, rain, whose shape is that?

All amiss? What I thought was a root was one of that crew, white grass hair and hole eyes, if you can't forbear to join the dance I well forbore said the grim feature of my thought aware, he spoke to her, tie your hair, let's stay together, he beat her to stop her telling me, she will die if I let him live, I sharpened my knife and stood behind the door, he loaded himself with herbs, I made not a peep, farmers wanting me to work their fields, no time to idle, fight, or trick, I drew in my chin and made my neck an obelisk, snatch that gag from your mouth and keep silent, youth's veil shields you from truth, why stray? returning with bundle on head, walls with charcoal stain, steps foggy and still, the cock performs in the field, in the heart, mirth, why did my bosom heave with sighs? Was the gale a signal of ruin? Images of children increase my woe, singing as I pull flax, songs so old they turn the weather, cows with nothing to chew handled by hundreds of men, dreamy eyes, I went out to milk them, returning with pail on head, this will provide cream I will make into butter and take to market for eggs and when they hatch I will have poultry and sell

a few and get a gown to wear to the fair and boys will admire it and make love to me and I will toss my head and have nothing to say to them, forgetting the pail I tossed my head and down it went, but they are good cows, they help us to butter and cheese, they won't fail, loth to see them pine, take counsel, not for me to go so fine, weather waxes cold and frost freezes every hill, Boreas blows so bold the cattle spill, no more, but even a woman commanded by such passion as the maid that milks and does the chores, a robin on a bush, when shall I marry? Who makes the bed? Wind grabbed me, come said a rider, I didn't listen, come said a fighter, I didn't listen, come said a brown man, I didn't listen and kept the arm of the wind around me, traveling over her body I found an olive where I knelt and sucked a pit from the marl in a sacred cove, you gave yourself and I fell into a trance with blood on my lips and stumbled into a temple on top of a hill, along the bank flowers dwell among their friends, sunbeam and breeze, sun on hill and brook, a bird on every bough, perfumes, a smile on every lip, I look at the flowers and watch buds opening, seated in the shade

I fill my basket, they tell me my father is poor, they tell me other girls sport with gem but I don't envy them, trunk I devour with my eyes, impossible to ask her to unpack just to show me the dress, I couldn't tear my eyes away, I repaired to the region of the stove and coffee and biscuit proved acceptable, setting tray on table I sat on the sofa, strong as a broodmare some, swagger around stables, that one with her on the car, wishswish, stonewall or gate put her mount to it, think that driver did it out of spite, who she like? Sold me underclothes, divorced, my handling them didn't take a feather out of her as if I was her clotheshorse, scavenging what quality left, high tea, I poured mayonnaise on the plums and my ears tingled, a bull for her, a courtesan, no nursery work for her, refuge from the slinker who whispers into hearts, webs flutter below my goblet and whores of all the fathers bleed for my delight, some salonnier's idea of hog heaven where I seek middle ground but hear only a variation on parlor torture or tonsure in the offing, looming dispensation in my kitchen, decor wrong, picture too low, book on the table and a pot in the moun-

tains, a dead fly in a vase, a flower, you tread the rug, halting, heading to the door, chickens blot out day and sun is bright but chickens in the way, these you loosed come home to roost, some so loosely moored they shudder as buckets of blood sluice through them, they move on these planes, understanding and words of wayfarers differ and conflict appears on earth, some dwell on the plane of oneness and others inhabit the realm of limitation, some the grade of self and others veiled, thus we inflict on others what we deserve, evening cradling earth's course and night over the mountain, an eye staring out the wood, the moon gazing from a cloud, night monsters, but my spirit joyful, penitent, my trespass is my reason but wars must make example, out their best, isn't it a fault to incur a check? I wonder what you would ask me that I should deny or stand so mammering on, what wooing with you, so I spoke dispraisingly, taken your part, so much to do to bring me in, not a man who it so little become to speak from memory as I, people won't be silent, side where genius and madness touch, my other faculties all mean, when a man has no sense they say he has no

memory and when I complain they don't believe me as though I accuse myself a fool, they do me wrong, not discerning between memory and understanding, memory is coupled with judgment, they make the words that accuse my infirmity represent me as ungrateful, they bring my affections into question, they forget their friends, they forget to say or do or conceal a thing, I am apt to forget many things but to neglect a friend I never do it, they surrounded my house but I fled to a cave by a spring, the entrance defended by blocks, if I am taken let no black be worn, not but this gem, when it sparkles it is my shadow passing, don't dress as if there were some deed to be acted when I am gone, no cause to mourn, let no badge be sign of my antiquity, adieu, I am parting you, I bought a gem and sent it to her, who gave the commission? I got a letter from her, why would she choose you? I never forgave her for some letters that cost me an embassy, the war went on but the country altered, I gave all my sex could give and sacrificed for power, they won't win me, nor will I bring them gain, I know from prophecies that have come to pass, you look amazed

to see me with gifts in my hands, I had a mind to visit the shrines, overwrought and alarmed with terror, I don't use experience to judge the present need and lend an ear to any croaker who bodes ill, my counsels naught avail, I turn to you and bring prayer, cleanse us, cowed like mariners who see helmsman dumbstruck, we love each other, I dedicate you my lie, if truth is valuable it isn't in the child, empty monarch, a lie however temporary, end at best, but this way heavy, I hurried to the chamber clutching my hair, thinking of my child, son by whose sire was murdered and I left to breed with my own seed, a progeny, I bewailed the bed where I conceived a double brood, husband by husband and child by child, you are a mother to me and your husband a father, he who is elder brought me up, I lifted my burden and went to the field and came to my brother, we took up our work, he was following his oxen, loaded with the things of the field, and he brought them to lie in their stable, she was afraid of what he said and took a parcel of fat and became like one beaten, he did this, ill of violence, she didn't give me water on my hands and didn't make a light

before me, it was charged to breed me well,
my sadness, he keeps at school and me at
home, horses better bred, and I gain nothing
but growth, this he gives me, a thing nature
gave me, his countenance takes from me, I
didn't understand when they took the train,
I will seek around lakes for their traces, I
hear echoes repeat her singing, my lungs
spread, wings of blood and hollow bones,
spirals coagulate like peasecods filled with
seeds that will become stars, nearer than she
wished, she was alone and communicated
her own words to her own ears, I vow for her
no stranger sense, she loves fortune and is
no goddess putting difference between es-
tates, gross you love her, invention ashamed
against your passion, say you don't, your
cheeks confess it and behavior speaks it,
only sin and obstinacy tie your tongue, is it
so? If so you wound a clew, forswear it, I
charge you, as heaven works in me for your
avail, tell me, beds unsafe, husband and
wife, each a danger to each, that age I went
to meet, to clean the threshold, how she
would rage if I used my weapon on her, the
end of toil is knowledge of the object of the
understanding of the mind and this we seek,

dwelling with her, this is what the name of her temple promises, approach, if you believe her name begins with I you believe what is true as her name is I but if you believe I am her you will still believe her name begins with I and this isn't knowledge, if we give a result before one is received it may be fortune to announce what turns out right but this isn't knowledge, if injustice produces war and increases revenue it may meet expenses without violating the rights of future generations, war a pause in work and return to peace and progress, but truth isn't knowledge if deduced from a lie, in battle two bodies shoot until one runs and when others give chase this shows the majesty of empires and littleness of the vanquished, during such battles people yell with delight, egging their governments to spend more on slaughter while ministers daren't spend a penny against the pestilence through which they walk, death governs earth and what nerved life to organize was the need for a more efficient engine of destruction, plagues and earthquakes too spasmodic and tiger and crocodile too easily satiated, something more destructive needed, man, inventor of

justice, duty, patriotism, and all isms by which even those clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to be the most destructive of all destroyers, wherefore should we rest and rush? History has many corridors, ambitions and vanities, life, what are you? Whence spring you? Past, future, now? Whence your lunacy? Your mystery? Have you form, shape, lineament? A medicament to ease my sorrow? A ray to compensate my qualms? A plot to show what is not? Life a roundelay, the highest form is tragedy, earthquakes and battles, kings give up the ghost and others mount the throne, dukes murdered, meetings, scenes, plots, events recounted with a shake of the head, associated in the minds of auditors with stuffed sea monsters and bottled serpents, my own visage, a title page of tribulation, spreading gloom through the minds of little Britain, they shake their heads whenever they go by the church, they never expected any good to come of taking down the steeple, I will throw myself into the arms of my soldiers, my presence will electrify them and be a thunderclap to foreign powers, they will know I return to conquer or die and

grant all you ask to be rid of me, if you leave me they will laugh and you will be forced to receive them cap in hand, we must come to a close and if you won't have me I must dispense with your consent, who can resist their place in history? I will show myself and they will receive me as their deliverer, the chamber will outlaw me, and if the army be overpowered what will come of me? They will be justified in abusing their victory, I must give way, I shouldn't take on such responsibility, I ought to await the people to recall me, but why don't they call now? They want peace and so do I, an end to war, I won't separate from my allies, the son of parents whose obstinacy was carried to extremes, I resemble them in that, driving into battle and turning the fight by revealing the order of battle to the enemy, my character, who betrayed me? I sent a letter acknowledging only the king and was conducted to him and left him ignorant of nothing, he was inclined to add guarantees to the charter, furnishing opportunities for clemency, I spoke of the cockade but explanation was refused, opposition proceeding from those around me, questions engulfed me, I regretted accepting conver-

sation and all, escaping to be dangled, so much undone, galleys needing men, no matter for congratulation, chained each to a fellow, ankle to ankle with short links between, a herd of unfortunates, last I saw them was the morning I set out from jail, we knew each other to be in that slave regiment but never came face to face again, wrestling in that panic, a boulder and fallen heads, an owl hoot across the valley, a vocation to call out night, no end and no myth, following sun into the snakehole, night falls and is greener, mountains like brains, lizards under rocks, flick a boulder, a fallen head, do snails sleep? A feeling comes with fatigue and a new sun that this existence is a branch of life only related to life, people and streets and houses projections of the past, walls grow with life as darkness falls, how shall we live tonight? Stairs before me, I ascend the hall and reach a door through which I hear music, a refrain teasing my brain, windows darken and shades draw, in a thousand rooms we await the dawn as silence whirls over the towers, night roars and wind carves the walls, in the alley a tree cracks and lamps go down as darkness whistles, hours pass as

night goes by, children cry, a girl hears the roar and clutches her pillow, her breath slows and she dreams of an evening long ago, lanterns under trees and beneath them a face with burning eyes, she no longer resists, closing her eyes and melting in a seethe of flame, wind blowing fallen leaves, shadows mingle, color fades and sounds sleep, life and motion melt to murmur but night moths stir the hour of longing, how many are asleep? How have I frightened you that you no more steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why not lay in my chamber, why leave my couch? Can you give repose to a seaboy and deny it to a king? Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, sleep falls to others, there have been men who gave their lives to prayer until they outlived their generation and weren't less aged than trees and rocks and there have been men who deemed it wasn't well to pass life thus, but let me retire to these solitudes and reassure my virtue in your presence, I who hasn't scrupled to destroy every picture in my gallery that portrays a wanton attitude, who has been blessed by tokens of favor, who earned the privileges of a higher state in which the

soul is no longer responsible for the body, but what if I am mistaken? What if I have been deceived? No rest for who attains the rapture, but I tremble lest indulgence of sense is subject to penalty of sin, as the devote are privileged to argue on questions forbidden to the vulgar so ecstasy must liberate the body from morality, shall no distinction be made between me and the sot whose soul is subject to his instincts? Do you take patrons who can't control profit or harm? All is slumber and only tickings number night, sleep without compassion, why cage me? Why insistence, are you the pale persistence of a day twice departed? I hold my breeches dear and call my tailor lown, I am king and you are low, pride puts this country down, take your cloak about you, I wear what others wouldn't dare, grander you are the more flamboyant you can be, I walk in mist to find the shore of wonder, dawn struggling with stars as my lips cry the prayers my soul whispers to me, men by me with fastened hands, no water for them to give me but they bestow a higher alms, brother's tenderness, soldier's sympathy, priest's balm, when I spoke there was

another cycle of pain in my voice, I heard them praying by me, assembly by election, I divided them into committees, each question decided by majority of committees, I couldn't be outvoted but my plans deceived me and were my overthrow, you won't find it so, forgive us who sway you, bold when I wear a garment of blood and stain my favors in a bloody mask that when washed away scours my shame with it, the day we meet, every honor on my helm, would they were multitudes, and on my head my shame redoubles, youth exchanging deed for indignity, good to engross up deeds on my behalf, render glory or tear the reckoning from your heart, salve the wounds of intemperance, if not the end of life cancels all, die before breaking this vow, my desire rests without touching my skin, whether active or quiescent I don't depart, reforming regulations and completeing edification, breaking expediency and suppressing small vehicles, writing approaches, nobilities no more, enervated by luxuries and effeminated by ease, made insipient by debauchery, powerless, I am despised as ignorant and sneered at as the upstart, put in contempt as the vulgar,

everything in my hands, establishing a government, emperors dethroned, monks in arms, independence endangered, nation of spirit, something touched their sympathy, all beings haven't been saved, vow unfulfilled, but this doesn't mean it is complete while the vow is unfulfilled, when it hasn't been fulfilled one can't say it is complete and until all achieve I am incomplete and the vow isn't fulfilled, an alliance the price of this union, an unexpected blow, I made a proposal to marry and the first notice was by bonfire, a loss couldn't have scared me more, negotiations going on, I resolved to deal another blow, one fifty, so many, two fifty each, my own company two fifty, so the muster amounts not to nine fifty and half daren't shake snow from their cassocks lest they shake to pieces, this against me, they swim on their bottoms and as they are good men and have elegant vessels I turn the scale in their favor, I am an enemy to all who impose on the public and won't join me but acknowledge they are decent men, no region like the south for conversation, they talk rather than dispute, the fact they are shut off brings forced bloom, they radiate mag-

netism and their talk is stimulating, they live a life of their own in harmony free of ambition, they didn't settle without a struggle, they possess hidden talents, they are inventive and filled with zest, when they retire it isn't defeatism but love of life, when they vow no longer to have anything to do with men they are right, culture has its greatness behind it and education forces one to admit it can never again be fresh, some develop forward where formerly they only developed, creating conditions for generations of men, nourishment, upbringing, instruction, they administer earth and weigh men's strengths against each other, employing them, new culture kills the old, law and education degrade life, a fop paralyzes his arm and plucks out half our grace, ruthless, pardoned to loyalty when it is fantastic, and to imagination, the baldest life symbolic, when we add the number of men who preach to the educated the supply of ministers is large, improved in many communities, some of the unworthy have disappeared, calls to industry are growing, I was in the boat with spear in hand, my following had metal weapons, we spent days on the water in pur-

suit of the enemies who fled in the form of crocodiles and when we found them we hurled lance and slew them, bringing them to the forepart of the boat, with them was a hippo that I hacked in pieces and gave the entrails to those in my following, giving the carcass to the gods and goddesses in the boat, I found them as they were fighting, they heard this about me and sent people with a message, you hope for help but don't listen to lies, they say you won't be destroyed but you heard what happened to the other countries, you won't be saved, the gods of those others didn't save them, I destroyed them and their kings have gone, may they never quench their feud and mine be the arbitrament of the fight, spear to spear, that he who holds the scepter may not keep his throne nor he who fled return, they never raised a hand when I was thrust from hearth and home, when I was banned and banished what wrecked her? She struggled for freedom and survived all her wars, built in an amphitheater around the bay, streets bustle with activity and docks swarm with workmen, her riches the envy of invaders, she had all the vicissitudes of wars and sieges a

city can be subjected, a viscount and a bishop, and was part of the kingdom and later recognized a suzerainty, when these lords were crusading she governed herself and became a republic, treating others on terms of equality, and though annexed her people struggled for liberties, taking sides for or against powerful monarchs, she succored the league and treated kings in trouble as cavalierly as declining counts, she tried to secede and recover her autonomy under a consul, intelligent and charming with an air of grace, accustomed to high society and delicate intrigues, ambitious, pushing amity and hatred, faithful in cruel trials and retarding peace to secure principalities in the low countries, without rising in rank she reached a high and safe elevation, supreme in power until at last she fell, listen to me when we fought that field, I spoke before the fight began, soldiers, those men are a bargain, are we worth more? Prove it, we must save freedom and give our foes all their country should, a grave, having galloped the line I halted and threw the reins over my arm and clasped my hands, you see my heart, if it be for my people's good I keep

the crown favor my cause and uphold my arms but if your have otherwise ordained let me die amid these soldiers who give their lives for me, all want to be foremost but death is the only certain thing, how strange it exercises no influence, we are gladly no brotherhood of death, I would fain do something to make life more friendly and more worthy of attention, death can't find a star or make a bridge and knows nothing about farming or shipbuilding, in our planning for tomorrow she has the final word, but she can't dig graves or make coffins, preoccupied with killing she does it without system as though each of us were her first kill, she has her triumphs but look at her defeats, she isn't strong enough to swat a fly, we persist in doing what we do but we aren't they, I would know if we were, drunk with ayngel face, love none who don't extend might, only where qualities are level, no queen of virgins would suffer her knight surprised without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward, this she delivered in the sorrow I held my duty to acquaint you withal, since in the loss that may happen it concerns you to know it, or does she retort, if I didn't allow

her to continue her persecutions she would come no more, she thought of one thing, not that she was safe, not that she would see me again, only of the thing I was going to tell her, what was it? A woman is a hindrance, they can't travel as fast nor as far nor bear the same burdens nor endure the same hardship, before this expedition is done the journey might require speed, the packing come to the men's backs, winter in the open, the north selling her sustenance when snow falls, the time may come to arm for the struggle, cruelty of purpose and hardness of heart we would have perforce to assume, she would have to go, she would have to die, this quest greater than the life of any man or woman, wouldn't it be better to send her back through hardship than carry her to death? I begin to enlighten man about woman, what must these attempts of self-exposure bring to light? Woman has cause for pedant unbridledness and indiscretion, study behavior toward children, dominated by fear of man, if ever eternally tedious in woman she is plenty of it, voices raised that make one afraid if she unlearns her wisdom and forgets her aptitude, what they require

stated with explicitness, too much desire brings pain tomorrow she told herself with a drive not to think, dressed as she was she nestled into bed too weary of the pity of this coming back even for tears, content, not reaching, thus ordered, to live quietly, hearing battle through haze, world fighting through the days, I wouldn't join nor jostle with them, but I have rights and claim them here, a rose to bloom its own way with none to question a pointed thorn, someone waiting for me, tell me, do you know him? Have rocks hidden his voice? Long upward road leading me, I quit you, meadows invite me to dance, clouds, could I only race up like you, the last steep slopes, the sky, take your rest, age is cold and nothing coy, keep your coin close, be content with lullaby, your lusts relent, let others pay, you are too poor for such expense, thus youthful eyes wear all that was, I devise no delay but welcome pain and let pleasure pass, take leave, your dreams deceive, goodbye, I return my dreams to earth, any claim for finality must be met by the power of perpetual development, in this narrative the author isn't impartial, woe to who remains so in the face of

a wound to liberty, human nature rises to arms in my breast, I don't hide it, in passion for truth equals passion for right, written under conditions of reality, I lost my sight, smell, hearing, and taste, my touch, how should I use it for contact? A man may come to know himself and find what he seeks and has sought to be, what he wants and what he is, a knowledge imparted from without, I whisper into my body, the world hasn't had a lover more demure, all are able to fulfill this vow, enter the path, when knowledge is reached you are no longer affected by past or future evil deeds, conjecture growing with halleluiahs, fricative raptures, my throat sending gasps up to the line of my lips as I limped off, an empty temple, philosophy insufficient, destroy habit and transform pure, reflecting nature, relics uprooted, emotions can't hold it all, like a rock flung off a mountain they gravitate back, practice to destroy them, steady the mind on subtle states, remove habit and give up good and try for better, reaching a perfect state where spirit hands in the dark are felt to flutter, when prayer is directed to the proper quarter a light is visible, apparition lifelike in fore-

head discharge, contact effected through pituitary body by rays from sacral solar plexus, the body takes the print and in the stress of tournament exacts purity compelling contender and antagonist to trace the pattern of a dance whose twist wrung human posture from ape flesh, have you divined who this is that wishes to be praised? All those passages deemed so important that we look on as the remains of tradition, aren't these the evils that must fall to the poet who undertakes a composition without parallel, one that proves incalculably difficult? Amid this he understands, and from his desire to bestow happiness he preaches where it is difficult to have faith, I tremble, only a matter of time before my understanding is vanquished, shadow beside the object of adoration, the choices, or you perceive yourself as a crane, a lutenist, sunlight perimeters defined by freezing, a fence based on a hue, dilution on the body as it consumed the horizon, I stand below a canopy of comfort and believe it a hue or meaning, windows that don't open into the soul but away, my exit, forest litter, distillation fusing light, trees and sky opus, enough metals in the brain to

make nerves sing or rooms turgid, defining deficits, lifetime of fear, ears blow out, winds in that music, a choir of ravens directing the leaves, momentum like a bubble ascending lake mud, seasons ratchet fever, all joy as short as nights where you spend folly, nought in life sweet if man were wise to see it, only melancholy, welcome folded arms and fixed eyes, a sigh, a look fastened to the ground, a chained tongue, air still and music beached as silence comes, a hat going around, each morning the maples a little redder than the night I left, browner elms, the mind that works such wonders has a greater power than mine, tree, tree, dry and green, tree, what is that, the tree's lament reaches unknown lands, unknown yet well known, that wail when water slumbers and waves kiss the shore below the moon, when earth lay tranced in swoon the music rose as before my vision rose your form, tree, as in my prime I saw you, I fain would consecrate a lay for your honor, beloved of those who sleep, you repose, dearer than life to me, may you be numbered when my days are done with deathless trees under whose branches linger fear and hope, though weak

the verse your beauty would fain rehearse
may love defend you from oblivion's curse,
mules and twigs, after struggling through
the undergrowth I sat under a beech, the
dull state of my brain stopped me from be-
ing startled by my position, my head ached
and it was nice to rest it, I stretched on the
moss and looked through the leaves, why
was I not at home? I lay like a cobweb net
asway, like a cloud I bared my knees by
mountain streams when breezes blew and
odors filled the vale, gems crusting mounds
where wind murmurs hushabye, skylarks
singing, dew fills their eyes, gleams by a
cloud, sadness a prey to love, dew that falls
to cool hearts that must remain until sera-
phim are stirred to dream again, daunted
once, how your guts fall about your knees,
no room for faith, charge an honest man
with picking your pocket if enriched with
any other injuries but these, a villain, you
stand to if you won't pocket up wrong,
ashamed? Strung out on this march with my
boys, I love my womb, its pith a guerdon, I
make use of it in care, romping surgeons,
get me over the river, I need a hit and am
willing to set my boys on you, I have my

doubts, burning toes and boredom, corduroys, in this frame I enfold some blokes I bought in weakness, chewing bread and blabbing, pale in drag and whingeing for truth, I oblige each with a teat and am their double hereabouts, mistress of barley rendering distraction on each soul, spigot of love traipsing for zealots and a meat cart, and distalgesics, sons up top, clocktower bombed above the pigpen, councilors spruced up, from my heart let heaven engender hail and poison the source, the first stonedrop in my neck, so dissolve my life, the next smite until memory of my womb discandy graveless storm, until gnats bury me for prey, I waver and fall back, looming cannons, patriots and veterans, I recoil, and who rushes to the grave? A woman, she snatches her child and her hair tumbles down, calling the drummer to beat the charge, then forward we dash, who bear see her and child confront death thus and not follow? She tells you she is bound to another and pride drives you mad, heart breaking, break a leaf, sword shaped symbol of courage, crush it and the scent brings back the past, we spoke of the battle and I heard

laughter from my boys, some up all night, moving into line behind the ridge, out of sight of the guns, I studied the map, rain will screen our movements, I came out of the mist and gazed at the enemy line, resting my hand on the pommel, mist thick and blowing, a ghostrider of unseen horror, frown back on my face, restlessness in my brain, suspicions in the caravan, cautious, letter may not come, I will take a portion of the caravan, a permit to pass, and insure the news reaches the ridge, trusting to get into the city through strictly kept gates, patience, no danger continuing, the end couldn't be long if it were true about reinforcements, fort across the river, other forts small compared, men retreating and others marching, concentrating, news of my loss hastening operations, I fell back to join the garrison, beginning at the valley's entrance a thread twisted along until it disappeared behind a hill, the road, and by the time my eye followed it provence took on long lost splendor, soldiers, castles, sunlight in their windows, riders, chariots, tangled tents impede their flight, plains of blood, heroes biting dust, grief in every face, a town in mourning

and a land in tears, author of harm seeking safety, the first to fly, youths dealing death on every side, subdued by wounds, falling on each other, farewell names to live while tongue can speak, sooner stars torn from their spheres shall hiss extinguished in the sea than your love suffer, your tomb an altar, mothers show your blood, I throw myself on the ground and kiss these stones, had I only been here and this earth moistened with my blood, but as fate wouldn't consent my eyes close in conflict with my foes still may you accept the offering I bring and grant me a boon, I ask for more, glory and valor will exist as long as men live to reap them, same valor but different glory, and that would be mine, what had I done for glory had she but matched me with her need, fast come thought on thought and not one of dignity, my brain busier than a bee, some say will and action are one and ascribe success to will and enjoy increase of power that accompanies all success, with volition he adds joy to his tools, undersouls, bodies of many souls, I hear them but don't look back, I close my eyes, let sweat gather, wipe it, and ride with eyes under hat, when I open them

day is bright and I ride with eyes part closed,
I reached the border and the band struck up,
a farmer had a milk stand and there was a
scuffle, soldiers requisitioned the milk and
charged it to the government, I held up op-
erations so as not to submit them to indiges-
tion, none on the highway, we walked alone,
on the roadside salt-traders in the grass, so
they pass their lives, think no more, be jolly,
why haste to die? Empty heads and tongues
make easy road, feather pate of folly bears
falling sky, jesting and drinking spin earth
round, if hearts weren't so clever they be
young forever, think no more, only thinking
lays lads underground, lambs and no capital
for miles, hedgerows as I tend my sheep, my
violence ravishing the future, lyre strung
and polis unspoiled, skirts of grass flinging
copper as branches rock, an arch ascending
from empty straths as fog curls and grows
and evening lows above the streams, toes in
the water, your lease is on an abyss of ruin
fired in the furnace of negation, in you
hymns of solace shan't cease, winged with
sorrow and inspired by despair legioned suf-
ferings guard you in iron mail, death in
their vanguard, who shall prevail? No es-

cape by river or fen, encompassed by marching men, give a cheer, hearts won't give way, to dark tomorrow and brave today, the tale of their hosts is countless and ours a score but the palm is naught to the dauntless and the cause is more and more, we may die but not give way, to silent tomorrow and stout today, you will perish but thrill will keep in your heart and cherish when worlds pass, the soul won't give way, to great tomorrow of great today, shame the craven truckler and pulling things that mope, we have rapture for our buckler that outwears hope, our joy won't give way, here in the teeth of tomorrow to glorious today, bandit affianced to the blindman's daughter, mangel wurzels out every door to salute the traveler, pace of players each with a sweetie, an engineer sees engines are clean and loves them as living things, caressing and scolding them, defending them against the world that persists in regarding them as machines, I repeated some gossip against a riverboat, she's alright, she would go if those fools would let her alone, our fate rests as much on the skill of the boats as the soldiers at the front, I know every rock, at home on the water I

never lose a boat or dump a cargo, I emerged from obscurity with money to buy a boat and now I own four when goods get a thousand percent, I slide out on dark, tomorrow we die twice, alone and as a group, and between lightning and seeds there is time to tell the story, it will rain but there will be none to hear it, I passed an ambulance and saw limbs glowing in the dark, legs and arms piled like masses of fat white spiders, I stopped to light a cigar and look at the tents and trucks, the music of the army, groans in a grove and men outlined by fire, a dog trotting through the light of an open tent flap, pausing, inspecting the ground, and padding off, fragments of cloth and paper littering the road, repulsive, I wonder at its absences, constellations dug from spongy earth, sucking milk from them, they tunnel subway trains like whipped cream, worm sucking brothers, I rub them on to make me visible, wanting to smell real, shedding thanks for letting me live in their skin, unrotten, all I talk about, they block sunlight, what I can be sure of, dead as light giving objects are to me, sure if frail throughout, if shadow and dust say, why have I such aspi-

ration? I have a date with death when spring comes, she takes my hand and leads me to her land, close my eyes and quench my breath, I pass her still, I have a date on some slope when flowers appear, better to be pil-
lowed in silk where love throbs asleep, pulse to pulse and breath to breath, where awak-
enings are dear, but when spring trips north I have a date in some flaming town, I am true to my word but if framed for noble ends why doomed to see motives consumed by such base cause? What bells for us who die as cattle? A bodybag man whose workers give tongue to get ahead, billet to the bank when here is given and there is taken, your man driven, what a relief to lie with all I lost, to kiss off violins now I hold every note from the sheets I never worked, alone by the sweat of the moon, I recall the lessons until life's sparks flicker, terrors unable to com-
mand diplomacy, I send the old noblesse and she penetrated the cabinet's secrets, postmaster arriving at a trot under the tree in silhouette, a spy who infiltrates nearby, the bosom of my beloved, a captain awaiting the latest dispatch, soldiers sawing coffin planks, women pleading for more corn, gulf

stream and cemetery, I seduced her to converse with the enemy and give me notice of their villainies, by this I perceive the commoner's mind, say she is tortured I know no pain to make her say I moved her to those arms, say she thrive I come and reap the harvest she sowed, I shivered as I crossed the yard and heat of laundry enveloped me as I step in, a deadhouse, the laundresses' duties included washing the bodies of those soldiers whose battles had drawn to an end, the first room was set up for this purpose, a corpse lay on a trestle and she plied a cloth over his body, cleaning around the stitches that had failed to hold life within him, there are birds living in flight, born in the air they learn to fly before falling to their death, bottom dropped out, gravity claimed, ghost scripted for the one who lives inside the fall, sky beneath the sky of all, they fly north, the land they leave has swords for corn and blood for dew, sick camps and blazing towns, moss shrouds and dead swamps, prisoners and sons follow their flight beyond the guns, free man's song and crash of locks, mischief as the lost return, flag over dusky faces and hopeful hands of unpaid toil, a murmur, a

whisper filling the heavens, the song of peace, so the birds sang as they vanished but they left the sunset and in the evening there was light, fear that paralyzes some is tonic for others, what a wealth of motive would be lost without it, night scaled the sky and rolled day away, the world like a vision as orphans take their places in naked helplessness before the black of abandoned space, I plummet through the fissures of my soul with no support or limit from outside, in the night I feel heritage at last, I have work to do when skies are blue, man is never free of it, he has it when no need of it, never designed for show, nor a thing that comes and goes, written in victory and defeat and every trial a man may meet, a part of hours and years, behind smiles and tears, creed, not daring deed in a moment's flash, not born of despair with a sudden spring, deep in the soul working some plan, not a thing you call when apt to fall, if you don't have it you won't have it when the pace is hot, for who strives must have courage, not a light that flashes and passes away, a trait with the patience to work and the strength to wait, coming as water flows to me, the doubt of future

foes exiles my joy and wit warns me to shun
such snares as threaten my annoy, falsehood
flows and faith ebbs, which wouldn't be but
cloudes of tois untried to cloak the minds
that turn to raigin of late repent by course of
changing winds, there are two kinds of cour-
age, one born in the heart, strong in hour of
need, the other is cowardice caught on the
thorn of despair leading a hope forlorn to
trick the world with one deed, but this that
holds me in lease, how can I give so motley
thing a name? My strength is gone, droops,
revives, falters and fights on, is this courage
or fear of shame? A man must have an iron
temper and weapons to make his way, life is
a battle and if we succeed it is at the tip of
the sword, we die with it in our hand, it is a
coward that shrinks when clouds appear, no
surrender, take courage, pleasure born of
pain, joy and vain, fruit of fear that shook
the wretch who life abhorred, yet death with
which each neighbor held his breath, silent
and wan, scared of lightning, winds arrayed
to do us injury, the meadow hums as if every
blade of grass prepared, they put their fin-
gers in their ears, lightning snatches their
sight, whenever it shines they walk but when

it is dark they halt, go off with their eyes and ears, fire eye, come and defy our foes, hail eagle, our groans grow, shepherd cry, the intention has color won through tongue, filling cups and hands, falling through the sky, what once its meaning was to shape the rake, the moment in this record that believes when others blame their grins on rent and ice, riot where an opening powders intention, an eagle licks the rain by my aisle and weeks dissolve to weep, down and own and down, mother sings as she clears every ledge, angel or demon, you, whether of light or darkness sways this age your flight bears us after it, the eye that fain would stray from your presence shuns you in vain, your shadow rests on all pictures and on the threshold of our time stands your form, combustion, wreckage, the field is fair, course clear, notation lost, a transmigration of the ideate to the embodied, ceramics of dissolution, silt across the cliff, sleet, heron, she disappeared in the rocks and I climbed above camp and could see her working down the rapids, over the country and into the canyon stretched a wilderness as down the canyon the river rapids, crags shot from every hand and it was

uncertain whether to call them craggy or split, the river had sawed a strata fold in two, I declared the north fork the true river and determined to set out tomorrow as it was necessary to repair some of my arms, the spring of my gun was broken, when I entered I went some distance before beds of rock came out the water on both sides and arched over and down stream above my head, I got off without damage at the rise of tide but as I was working upstream I lost headway and the current swept me into the bank and broke my rudder, after much labor I was back and awaited slack water but before the ebb finished a flood commenced and boiled the rapid, I continued and the indians were friendly, I thought the mouth of the river was below but I was wrong, farther up, as my canoe raced and snatched breath I rested my paddle and searched for wings, I watched until a yelp came from the pines and an eagle wheeled into the blue and flapped over the fir to a ravine in the cliffs that hid her nest, how exercise if blue empty of this, my glance ranges to a pine on a mountain shoulder, dip by dip, swaying with each stroke I drove the canoe and pondered

it, easy to meditate, no sound broke the stillness, I reached the mountains, any awake in this age? Few practice meditation without fault, I suck blood from world so free, nature, how good, ripples keep rhythm to oar and mountains float in cloud to meet my course, eyes, why abject now? Dreams returning? Dream away, life is here and loving too, over ripples star on star, mist drinks the world and wind fans the inlet as fruits ripen in the water, I mustn't overturn the boat, apart from both sides, mark of neither man nor woman, I transcend the realm, poor but open and simple, just right, eagle word of the mountain lake, earth on my soul, a nameless part of a worthless whole, the future, it loves to soar on eagle wings, present a speck in that time when hope finds a home, my spirit clime, what am I? Truth breaks from the bottom of the lake and bobs to the surface, confidence over the valley, a view of things, breath of life can't perish with this clod, in the grave a living death? Life sinned, what dies but what had life and sin? The body has neither, all of me then shall die, infinite wrath? Be it man isn't so but mortal doomed, forest down to the water edge, so

dark I couldn't guess where shadow left off and reflection began, not a ripple disturbed the water nor a sound the twilight peace as I paddled by the bank and paused to enjoy my pipe in the cool evening, against the reflected sky at the lower bend a canoe loomed into sight and crept under forest shadow of the opposite bank, I looked at the sun and from its midst came the sound of a thousand thunders, you are sky before sky, who keeps your eye and looks into the distance through smoke air for something behind you that you don't know how to look for, that may never arrive, fondness equal and love repaid, slow to distrust and willing to believe, I hush my doubt and deceive myself, but too soon this tale would last, sleep my wrongs and let me think them past, how could I know? About to get free, about to slide out of bad luck and resume the life I deserved, ready for light company, no equipment unless you call a gun with a broken hammer equipment, no slicker and one blanket, only important thing my knife, sharpening it all day, I got a needle and some rawhide and sewed a few patches on my pants, surrey tied to the gate, gallery steps, a big ugly man

with a red face and a pistol in his pocket, you know him, heard of him, his daughter? I bade her keep off until I was done eating, she marched out and stood with bowed head until I came out, I will take you to the wood and hang you, I mounted my horse and set out for the pines, I fastened a noose around her neck and flung the end over an oak, she besought mercy, silence fell on her as she watched the sun through the trees, her hands tied, she dropped to her knees, they sent her to me with presents and I carried her to the city and made her my queen, they landed an army and penetrated the city, I gathered my troops and drove them out, she forgot her origin and fought by my side and perished, she was brave for love, I rushed, they fled like dogs and I spared none and left none behind, my land loves me more than itself, men and women run to my call, I rule, an essence by who this land rejoices to be governed, each dame fixed by the roots along the land, their wicked feet that late so nimbly, they killed many, horse and horseman hurled seaward, my strength and song, this is mine and this I extol, thrusting them into the sea, captains like stones, I shatter

the foe and fall those who face me, combusting them like straw, at the gust the waters stacked, waves like dams, abyss congealed in water's heart, I pursue and subdue and share the spoils, my bloodlust gluts, I bear my sword and maraud, I blow gusts and the sea takes them under, they plummet like lead, who is like me? The descendants who plowed the mountains won no battles nor sued for peace, I subdued them and their hand prevailed against me until I destroyed them, praise when people offer themselves, they rose against me and beset my house, they forced my concubine so I cut her in pieces and sent them back, the folly they wrought there, so we knit together as one man, deliver us that we may put them to death, evil away, but they gathered out of the cities to battle, earth trembled when we marched out the field and clouds dropped water and mountains melted before us, highways unoccupied and travelers walking byways, villagers ceased, they chose new gods, war in the gates, a shield or spear? Forestalled, by what spring does fear have motion in us? A passion that dethrones judgment, many frantic in fear, it begets confu-

sion during the fit, I omit the vulgar sort, grandsires risen out their graves, werewolves and chimaeras, but even among soldiers it converts sheep to squadrons and bulrushes to lances, on the first alarm an ensign was seized with such fright he threw himself out a breach and ran on the enemy thinking he was retreating toward the defenses of the city, at last saw his error and retreated through the same breach he went out, it didn't go so well with another, so astonished he threw himself out a porthole and was cut to pieces, in the same siege it was a fear that so froze a man he sank down dead without any wound at all, in one encounter two parties were so afraid they ran opposite ways, the one to the place the other had fled, it adds wings to the heels or nails them to the ground, stupefied, powerless, that officer who started screaming, what hit him? They put him in a straitjacket, the brigands were making for the road as a goatherd ran from the hill warning of the approach of another motor, I yawned and got to my feet, swapping a private word with terror, would you believe it? To think of all but sin and speak to all is good while we are in the heat of bat-

tle, they put me in a trench and I dug through corpses with kids crying for their moms, I sent a chit to Major, I can do with my gun, I went to it and killed a good deal of sculpture, a shell buried my books in a dugout, a bullet hit me and I read in the hospital and the staff didn't like it, I went to it with heavy artillery and airmen came and cleaned out my company, a shell hit my hut while I was in the privy and I woke in the house I was missing from, like home only none of the people, every window lost and drowned, I went to it down in the shiphold pumping gas into a sausage and the boatswain looked over the rail into amidships, look at capt getting her up, I went to it with rheumatic legs, I couldn't run and was hospitalized, patient mentality, I went to it and went mad in the control pit and threw the phone, I had to direct artillery, as dead as if you were in a kite, no milk run, we worked that strip until it looked like the pox, hammering it, strafing the guns, it wasn't the slot, hell, ugly islands, toughest fighting in the world, stranded on some concrete beach and tarmac reaching, background chewing out a stare, mortars crouched in doorways,

expanding chest between knots of unopened
parachutes tangled in a jump, islands hav-
ing a square to wander, no foreign wight
shall anchor in this port, our realm brooks
no stranger force, resort elsewhere, our
sword shall polle their toppes that seek such
change and gape for joy, thought fastens to
the past where my joy abides, grief awaits
but I don't waver, my end lies in her jaws,
things ahead hold not but disaster and bet-
ter things are not but what was, I love obliv-
ion and revel in yesterday until grief returns
under dawn, lord that with mercy dights
night's wheel, light eternal has you, and in
whose sight our days fall in the sea as drops
on a leaden sea grant, so my songs be to this
gray folk as drops that dream and falling
catch sun and mirror every opal, one of such
splendor as is their compass, so bold my
songs, seek you such death, when days of
peace last long men corrupt and heaven
contracts, when the fallen horse of time
bursts open a moment takes a lifetime, a
horse head with throat collared by wind, all
faces enduring doomsday as a kiss of steel,
their due, this rinse, this riddle that runs the
body through, boats like gulls, troops on ei-

ther side, cries of pain waves sought to quench, shining blades, cutting done, a thousand heads as one hair, sea fused with tears, by night their bones lay on the sand, beach rumbled with legs and spines, I stoop to pick them up, working them in my fingers, I look closely and know, the moon glowing on the barricade, border far and moon gleams farther, ice bows flash as winds invade and I gaze back, home beats at the heart and steeds balk the drumbeat, wind grieves in the grass and sand hides hordes to come, wind wears our banner on the plain, someday to never hear camp gongs again, luminous moon like frost, same one rising where she watches, her hair dewed in mist and in the chill light her shoulders swoon, when will we lean together under one moon? A candle melts and bares its wick, string to tie the finger, waking to remember what should be given, the eye knows, if the sky housed any stars they would be wished on for you, know where you are going and what is along the road, marching and fighting, falling leaves and falling men when rain falls and wind blows, nature's pall, forsake the dead, they will wait

as we rush on eager for a hero's fate, leaves will come and spring will show as mothers give birth to sons to fill our place, wherefore should we rest and rush? We must fight to save freedom, whether our felicity be subverted tomorrow is a question none can solve, at other times these ideas seldom intrude, I either forbore to reflect on the destiny reserved for all men or the reflection mixed with images disrobing it of terror, but now the uncertainty of life struck me, I must disappear, life's link broken, when my watch ended I crossed the top of the ridge and lay on the far side, wind rushed along carrying clouds across the face of the moon and all was still, quiet and serene repose, as I was pondering the steadfastness of the heart and the constancy of love my musing drifted, not a twig moved nor leaf fell but a scene was enacted before my eyes, a figure stood before me, a girl, people said she loved me, why hadn't I proposed? We pursue a course until it leads us to an idea that doesn't hold its own, ceasing to apply attention, I sallied forth to put them down or skirt them, a defender of the faith destined for fame, all gods fight for me, hero slopes and shaves,

rope and graves, boat rats, time stoats, curlew hobs, hunts of blood, ferns of ash, mowers games shifting shape, maze escapes and axes on pig napes, pig pokes, tea scones, asses, salt pillars, meadowlarks, a fine war, still time for planting work, a dull spring worth of war, I chased the enemy in the swamp and had a hero's welcome in the city, ships in the river and soft women in silk gabbing a you see way, girls picking olives, wind grabbing them, come said a man, they won't listen as they pick olives with the arm of wind around them, trees sway where bare girlish feet trod the fruit near the imprint a boot, here you are beside me, the olive branch of time, memories that make only a single memory as a hundred skins make only a single coat, as these wounds make a single item, flattered, the manner I gained her affection was satisfactory to my vanity, hours I passed in her society, I dreaded that void in my heart parting her would occasion, she was wealthy, how do they feed prisoners who won't eat, who keep jaws clamped? A rivulet of ants, an olive parched and smiling, desert blowing in this soap, a groan, a timepiece chasing ends that wait all over,

stopped and whistling trains, candle out, I fear my overthrow more than my body's parting with my soul, love and fear glued many friends to me and now I fall, my commixture melts, people swarm like flies and whither they but to the sun? Who shines now but enemies? Had I never given consent to cheque my steeds, my car never scorched the earth, and had I swayed as kings should do, giving no ground, they never then had sprung like flies, I left no widow and kept my chair in peace, for what relishes weeds but air? Complaints bootless and wounds cureless, no way to fly nor strength to hold out flight, foe won't pity and I deserve none, air has got in my wounds and much effuse of blood makes me faint, come, I stabbed your fathers, split my breast, I lie with a bullet in me, deep the wound and steaming yet, cliffs above, scorching summits, a feast back home and a woman whose spirit plunged into a dream of a field where a corpse lay, sun, it isn't night if you are near, may no cloud hide you, when my eyelids steep the dews of sleep be my last thought how sweet to rest on my savior's breast, abide with me, I can't live without

you, abide when night is near, I dare not die without you, washlines in rows of corn, without a face and never beaming water out the spill, to drone around its ash wearing dreams together, death, what seems to go around my blood, around the skull with memory, their magnet leaks, criminal in the lake, road between hills and flames patterned in lacquer, wrong limbo of chopped ice and sawdust, I bath with acid to free of ticks and scales, fallen louse eggs and gold dust, lake of bodies, water mortality, limbs mingled like fish in a bin, an arm clutching a fragment of marble, embryos in flux, new inflow submerging an upward arm, a trout submerged by eels, from the bank the path, the herbage, many known and unknown submerging, faces gone, light air under saplings, lake under aether, oasis of stones and grass, tree forks, stone posts and gray stairs, granite passage into earth, air, sky, light sunset, heroes and founders in their fountains gazing at their cities, on the path of return submitted to trials by entities from lower levels, those who passed to the summit, does life there resemble here? Abodes equipped with every comfort and steeped in waves of

volupcy, buttermilk relief, acknowledge the path, out for mischief, don't pile it on, boots should be soled only as the heels are good, with gun in hand mist spread over my eyes and I saw the sun go down on the sand and never saw it rise, I toiled until my task was done, calm in my latest throe, storm weath-ered, battle won, grant you meet your fate as I, bones in the desert, no tears, dry cheeks, none to waste on woe, shall you sigh for one who ceased to sigh? Tarry yet and toil still, I fare the best, I fought the odds and earned my rest, fill the wine and clash goblets, pledge a drink to me, a resting tent, a sultan addressed to the realm of death, I rise, strike, and prepare for another guest, don't fear lest closing your account and mine should know no more, from that bowl have poured mil-lions and will pour, we are behind the veil but the world will last, it heeds our coming and going as sea heeds pebbles cast, a halt and taste of being from the well amid the waste, caravan reaching where it set out from, make haste, I sent a power to face you, forcing you to believe what I wish I hadn't seen, their wrath beat me to earth from whence I sprung no more, my death whose

spirit lent fire to the dullest peasant being
bruted once took fire from my troop, party
steemed from my metal, the rest flew, heavy
in loss, arrows fly not swifter to their aim
than men to safety, taken prisoner, I graced
the shame of those that turned their backs
and stumbling was took, seethe sound and
blow with weather, I was your one true bard,
in me your spirit wrought its mark, framed
in your image I was potent, deep and dark,
untamed void, in that cold whither would
you with me? In every land one fate takes
hold, each drop of virtue is patrolled, fare-
well, your splendor, long shall you boom as
evenings fall to wooded waste, away imbued
anew, your gleam and shadow, wave's ru-
moring, troops pay my obsequies, a spring
day sitting in shade a grove of myrtles made,
birds sing as trees grow and plants spring,
all banished moan but nightingale, a ditty,
fie, now cry tereu, to hear her I scarce re-
frain from tears, her grief made me think of
mine, you mourn in vain, none pity on you,
trees can't hear and beasts don't cheer, I am
dead and my friends are lapped in lead, birds
sing careless of my sorrowing, tragic life
comic read, vex chance bent on jest, life of

tragic woe can't assert dignity of tragic characters, division music, wombs, house where we are dressed for life's comedy, earth a stage and heaven a spectator, graves hide us from sun like curtains when the play is done, we post to our rest and die, I go back weary of the creation I piled up to hide from myself, a dog licking a sore, but as loss is my gain I pass on to eternity undiminished, untaught by the wisdom I wrote or laws I revealed, my beaver up, a ghost, a shadow, wind by the rocks, sea's voice heard only in the heart of him who is shadow, son with father, what is kept in the mind retains autonomy through fate, I retreat to the precorporate, let me have what is fate's and allow this spirit to slip time's nets with fingers of wind as I run along behind, I fall and it gnaws my shirttail, dancing to the taste of my blood, I run past clerks through rubble and late nights to a basement, crouching under the stairs my thighs throb and heel bleeds, it barricades the door and moans through the keyhole, I failed but haven't quailed, I strove all naked, my only vaunt, the sound, an open road, a gratuity, and aren't I a connoisseur? Spare me from these sterner aspects of your

face, nor let us need the wrath of elements to teach who rules them, I am a fortress, a helper amid the ill, our foe still seeks to work us woe, armed with hate, none his equal, thunder hammers the sky as I try fjord after fjord to find a dock, I made a scourge of cords and drove out the money-lenders and all the other dead enders when the thing to do was take up the slack, whin to furze as furze to gorse, every clutz horse, every track inside and every horse a hack, gratitude vast, platitude familiar, hay kem-ples tossed by haymakers in hay feuds, musical chairs at the dance, every poltroon could carry a tune but none would carry the can, every column a stemple, each tribe took the part chosen for them, they obeyed for a time, I saw what they did, they obeyed while I was alive but they buried me and when the elders died the young became leaders and forgot, they didn't obey and two surprises appeared in heaven, a woman wearing sun like cloth, moon under her feet and stars on her head, pregnant and screaming in pain, the other surprise was a snake with seven heads and ten horns, a crown on each head, its tail drew a third of the stars out the sky

and threw them to earth, it stood in front of her waiting to eat her child, she gave birth but ran to a cabin where I fed her and kept her safe, a war, I punished them, you are intelligent, I didn't say they were evil, I said what they did was wrong, it was, they were foreigners and we put up with them, accession greeted with transport, I drove out the moneylenders and made a scourge, horses, every track inside, every horse a hack, gratitude immense and platitudes familiar, iron faced and looking ahead, serene and never surprised, horse feet rang until that one too was behind, I reached town before dark, I was in an army zone approaching a battlefield and a sergeant stood by my horse, I have the paper, you don't need it, soldiers approached with a coffin and drew out the body, wait, you are going by train, why? Why not? Damn you river wash, slip clutch vee belt, cross crop, stepping warily or ripping it up in the ute, flat tack bashing shockies, permission to cross, orders, letters, up the mountain, foothold ridges, auburn grasses, parent of the hour, glades, dig deeper and play loud for the dance, black milk I drink you, man at home, ash hair, he plays with

vipers, play sweeter master, scrape the strings, darker, you rise like smoke and have a grave in the clouds, there it won't feel so tight, eye so blue, he shoots you, his aim is true, he lets his hounds on us and grants us a grave, he writes gold hair, he steps out and stars are bright, he whistles in the wood, we spade a grave and play for the dance, milk we drink it, wretched he who weeps and begs for pleasure, like a mother whose child howls to be nursed on poison, she doesn't have sense to answer no, dig and play, swinging nightstick, blue eyes, I weep, hanging my lyre by the stream, sing how? If I forget you may my hand fall paralyzed, let my tongue cleave to my palate if I don't keep you at the peak of my joys, I love you, house redeemer saved with blood, I love your church, her walls on your hand, if my voice deny to bless your sons let skill forsake these hands, my tears fall and prayers ascend, to you my cares and toil are given, I prize your hymns, your hand brings deliverance sure as truth shall last, brightest glories given to brighter bliss of heaven, child piping songs, pipe I pipe, sing I sing, write I write, a roadman desired me sing mass, I will sing you

one for a dollar, he accepted, flatten it, happy who deals with you as you dealt with us, man and beast and nature misunderstood so long as one seeks morbidness in the constitution of these healthiest of growths or even a hell in them, man discredited in favor of temperate zones and men, bragging, opinion, I held on to what I wrote and when I was in the middle of spraying a mirror a feeling came over me, happy flowers, no joy, but an idea of it, slippery slopes, close shaves, rope money, watery graves, burned boats, drowned rats, nicks of time, sheathed swords, cut to the quick, ruffled feathers, milk churn at lane's end whose dents were signs of indenture to some pig wormer or cattle drencher, I sat on the ridge until sun high, I did my best and my best was much, soft, heroic, after every war someone has to push the rubble aside and get mired in scum, someone must prop a wall or hang a door, must unearth arguments and take them to the garbage, farewell fields and groves where lambs nibbled, I crumble dust and hear you laugh, heads laid without fear, all lost, betrayed, my fleet yielded, they cast caps and carouse, whore, you sold me out, I

make war on you, sun, no more I see you
rise, fortune and I part here, here we shake
hands, hearts that spanieled me at heels do
discandy, this pine is barked that overtopped
them all, betrayed, this soul, this charm
whose eye becked wars, whose bosom was
my crownet, my end beguiled me to the
heart of loss, my empire fell, mercy if I ab-
jure my idols and take the faith, I wept, if I
rue my dominion I will wear the ring of a
thrice larger realm, I cast ash on my head,
not for my kingdom I rue but thinking how
I stand with the volume in my hand, how I
slayed my people though my army felled in-
fidels like corn, shall dark and light be held
equal or have they made associates with me
who create as I create so creation seems fa-
miliar? I send flowing water to bear scum,
from burning ornaments comes a scum like
that, thus I hit truth and false, scum thrown
off and profits stay, in oneself and others,
tainted pure, cause fruition, principle phe-
nomena, nature characteristic, sentience in-
sentience, the interior went to the least land
hungry who sold it to the most land hungry,
clear of what you serve, I don't believe in
you and until you believe I ask forgiveness

for you, I can't control aught, no trial, forgive me, in me you have hope but turn back, respect those who haven't fought or driven you from home, be just, none to touch with beauty this battle for light, this victory of man, what did I see that neither eyes nor soul could? Doomed to defeat but unconquerable, war kings move with music to their thrones, have you no song? Of those who strove yet couldn't dream of victory, pioneers and exiles of field and wave, aren't rocks their piles and shores their grave? Track the deep and free the sail, wave mayn't foam nor wind sweep where rest not the dead, they slumber, storms rise but let them rage, field is won, children, why guard that pass? Haste, families not near when they died, a shame, lion claws, such havoc our wrath, statues deserted, I don't behold the glory, sword that graced our sires, now a naked brow, a stain of blood, who reduced you? Say and see, my arms are bound and I hide my face, I weep, I have cause, victor victim, if my eyes were fountains the volume of my tears could never express my shame, I was great, how fallen? Where constancy? Who took my sword? How low? None defend me?

To arms, I fight and fall, from my blood an offering, may fire spring in every bosom, where are my sons? Drums for which my children fight, hark, smoke and dust, un-comforted? Turn in horror? Can it be? Our youth bare sword for others, wretched he who by another's foe is slain, land, life you gave I render back, blessed days when all rushed to save you, straits where fate couldn't withstand that band, don't mountains tell the tale of those who fell? Shall dark close my eyes before sun breaks your story? When nations hail you as a new sweet sister shall these lips be sealed? Shall mouth be clay that sang you? Sons returning dead and moldered, grave damp chill my bosom's burning, I rush about flooding forests in my wake, making off with herds, viscera of beasts thick with omens, wellsprings spurting blood, town resounds to the wolf and never from such fair sky have more firebolts fallen, battling each other with the same blades, soil gorged on our blood, harrows clanking on helmets, gaping at those skulls, one nation is favored above the rest, given men as great as the sea to battle the elements, greater than the sea, they live be-

yond cities and each name is a shrine,
breathless to name you, weak with despair,
our hearts break to speak your name, may
we call you in the wrack of our beach, our
hurt is quiet and hearts tamed as sea may
yet be tamed, we vow to float ships named
for each hero and cut oars as such men
might have shaped, sea swept, pines for ship
keels to love, to mate the sea, cattle graze
amid ruins and ploughs feel hills, towns fox
abodes, groves the walls, unless fates re-
move past and heaven is appeased, relenting
in hour of despair, sparing ripe for slaugh-
ter, but you grieve your country survive,
once you might acquire renown when she
wore the crown, towered bawns with look-
outs, trout, pitch boats, caps in hand, coats
trailed, bands across, ridge after ridge, road
traps, snap decisions, weasel's tooth, brand-
ing in a hole, smuggler, vendor, weasel no-
where, no mortar withstand hope, defenders
taken in splendor, when the battle was won I
was wounded, a horse killed under me,
thrown down and rolled over by several
squadrons, cut up by blows, where does my
wisdom consist? Why do I wave an explica-
tion occasioning men to fall into error of as-

serting corporeity and believing things I am free of, things related to reward and punishment of future states, why give men leave to gather riches and allow them liberty as to matter of food? They turn from truth, none ought to eat but to stay alive, I have no opinion of riches, when I saw what was prescribed to wealth as alms and their distribution, trading and usury, mulcts and punishments, I judged them, if men understood they would follow truth and not challenge propriety, the object of state is not to promote the aim of mankind, our aim isn't that man should act in such and such a manner, let the will turn where it needs and man perceive what it is and show his reflection in his deeds and in the abomination of them, the state checks the manifestation of the bad will but not the will itself, it checks that man never sees the abomination of his nature in the mirror of his deeds, many would be bad if they could, life is a fire beset with woe so people foster the vehicle and endure hardship for others, seek me if you are my friends, championed by local powers, espouse my cause, then for the state you gain a deliverer and for your foemen bane, I con-

templated my gain and that of this man, desiring to escape the curses he denounced against us, and I gave him rule and departed, but he performed nothing of what he promised and holds my share of the palace, I am ready to give it to him, neither to lay waste to my country nor apply the means of ascent to its tower, acting in all with justice I am unjustly deprived, apprised of danger in time to make my escape I galloped out the gate, they attempted to pursue but their horses were jaded, whither I to fly? Every fort closed to me, who to trust? All detest me, no alternative but to seek refuge among my enemies, I turned east and lurked through part of my own domain, not feeling secure until I passed the frontier and beheld the mountain barrier behind me, fugitive from my throne, outcast from my nation, king without a kingdom, I smote my breast in grief, landscape dark with forests and tufts of heather colored by cloud, the wind blew and it began to snow, were I only on the other side of the mountains, then I could get my credit cashed, so saying I was on the other side by a lake between ridges, rivers held each other as children tended swine,

riding the wind, no sooner had I set out than I westered dune to dune past twilight's end, my home nowhere than the saddle, my refuge the sword, friendship with wordless lips under a false night and hope of dawn, I quickened my pace trailing a cloak of dark, reaching for hope, ripping night open, a wolf with shards of sunrise in its mouth, stars belong to no one here, they speak a dialect that turns a shoulder, no canopy, no murder, overhead a craft in trouble, a breeze, my cabbage brushing the sand, a cowboy, blackjack and coach halt, pull out and load ore, like a knave from boast the wind has sped the manes of a coast on a sea where stars are dead, self preservation, cardinal instinct, discharging strength, preservation a result, beware of superfluous teleological principles, thus economy ordains, when kings are ill they die by own hand, throne would pass away if ever one died naturally, they drain a poison cup or sorcerers put a rope around their necks, if wounded they are put to death by comrades, politely done to send me packing, I fear the snake who cherished your breasts will sting your hearts, I lacked men, give them me, you put weap-

ons in mad man's hands, I will stir a band
and blow souls to heaven or hell and this
won't cease until the circuit on my head
calms the fury of this flaw, land, what boots
it to serve so well? You bore this fruit, that
the guerdon earned by those who succored
the land against her foes, who saved her
kings and upheld her crown, who raised lil-
ies trodden down? I reign sovereign master-
like, my counsel prejudice, my dominion
tottering when first overtures of peace ar-
rived, forced to capitulate, call the earls and
bid they read this, make good speed pale
hopalong, time scarred up to do a beauty,
dear sunset that was sun of now near great-
ness, dear tongue, my queen, dear rock sol-
id, forerunners, first characters in the crowd,
yet quiet, assembling to the river or wherev-
er horse leads us, oarsman in the valley,
some bodies piled and some marked and
burned away, new ones wiped of meconium,
in the whites of the lovers in the evenings
under, looking around nearly enough to
twist my noodle off, where to find words for
it all? Where to connect the wherewithal?
How shall I keep my spirit strong? From a
cloud the muse descends and puts a ring

around me, coming for me to bless, a flame to exalt, a balm, so may delight my soul imbue as buds the dew, here where kings are gods and incarnation and anthropomorphism are indigenous good ideas aren't so unnatural as to shock the public, framed such way no mysticism can tolerate, divine human natures, the truth, I am, to say the personality in which the eternal is immanent and has a part in eternity is to deny unity, deification and unification, no existence apart from reflection or mode of being, there sunk the greatest nor worst of men whose spirit mixed one moment of the mightiest and fixed on little objects with like firmness, had I been betwixt my throne had still been mine or never been, daring made me rise and fall, I seek to reassume the mien and shake the world again, thunderer of the scene, conqueror captive, name never more in men's minds than now, nothing but the jest of fame that wooed me once, a vassal, the flatterer of fierceness until I to myself am me, nor less the same to inert kingdoms who deemed me whatever I asserted for a time, controlling the nation's destiny, swaying senates and looking on ar-

mies with a leader's eye, a name to dignify the scroll of love and war, a life with something of all professions, a confusion of species, vice of archbishop and virtue of party leader, an intention to crush the public, I defend it, master of the city, my last move suggests I blew it, though exits are hard to make, I went with spear and dog, curtains cleaned and mended along with the damask on the canopy of the bed, in the bathroom the pool was black, restricting my pocket empire of clothe, perfume and jewelry, burning saints to ash in the courtyard, I perfumed the pool with salts before plunging in and floating on my back, through an opening in the tiles someone jumped in and held me underwater until the bubbling ceased and my body slipped to the bottom, when a king has reigned long enough they give out he is sick, a formula understood to mean they are going to kill him, conspirators thronging one on another, every man to have a cut, so many swords on one body, bloodied, slain, others fled, it was agreed they kill only the king and entreat the rest to defend their liberty, they did it that he might not die by his enemies, get in a wig

and hang around a hotel with men in the same wigs as an insurgent strides into the ballroom firing into the minister midway addressing the press, decoys hit the door and disperse as the assassin legs it out pursued by men seeing identical figures high heeling it different directions and fuddled who to chase, what dusk brings here where weather hurls cloud, how dank south wind's schemes, things sun foreshadows, tide of times, treasons, insurrections, and war, when the king bled his last I veiled his head until godless times shook in terror of eternal nightfall, the sky prophesied over his wounds, earth and sea, beasts and gyres of heinous birds foreshadowed things, the mountain quaked and overflowed with molten stone, governed too much, cutting off heads and letting out innards, then I killed myself, the king, I tried to shoot him but the balls were turned aside so I aimed at his head but the balls were turned aside again, a divinity hedges a king, I must be mad, a good king, there hasn't been his equal, understanding is knowledge of relation and yet the perceptions of invention are seen as manifestations of one function, rea-

son has one function and from it, reason, and the application or non-application of it is rational and irrational, a don seduced a boy and woke to find his minion gone, he consoled himself with fame and publishing his monograph became the foremost lepidopterist of his age, someday I will be a scholar, the hours suit me, the corsages the girls wear, I will sit in the corner but that will be part of the adventure, I saw little of them during the day, the hospital kept me busy with scalpel work, I will be something yet, it was my genius that caused some of my listeners to swear new lines were grooved in my face by the time I spent on that table but whether that period set its mark on me is impossible to say, the deepest things in me are ties to friends, also vanity, I had few shreds of discipline left, eater going public, encyclopedias divide knowledge among memory, reason, and imagination, awarding this last to poetry, rare prize, one I contemplated throughout my sojourn, and landing at my desk I couldn't tease out with reason nor recollect how they arrived at such division, I severed a nerve straining after their allegories, only the pictures save

one from a monotony continuous with the type, this volume, if we could turn the sheets with care we might read the art of wisdom and find power wildest powers tame, providence extending and justice that doesn't spare rebels, no period the same in every page, but we rest with vellum and gold leaves, dangling ribbands and leaving what is best, never taking hold on the writer's sense, or if we stay our minds on a picture on the margin, weights, I will never be a bruiser but I worked my grip up to several grams, learning isn't a phrase, the devote are honored and dispatched on underground missions, border spared compacts, final decadence, debt past the fashionable building, not somewhere between success and failure, fridges in bars bring a choice, in the agency the proprietor proffered affability once I started to stop, on he goes today, humidity, weather bureau predicting alternatives to the weather of any day, weird, terrible, strange, a businessman passes dazedly, eyes smashed with recent pain, we always had a romantic attraction to each other, he being dead, enter that tomb and pray for miles, theft of a pen that was mine but denied for

years, a calligrapher? No, scribblers who deal with scribbling in normal times exhausted by invisibility, animal gods, no matter how hard they come down they leave no trace, not calligraphers, behind the city in a mist, extending a city block in acreage, bones crown trade ships, waving back and forth, starfish moons and marches, the border, a stone no longer rising from water, a dove collects its egg, a mortgaged future where the last rites of man are delivered at the twin birth of lyric and gunpowder, back to learnland that painted me in a howl, that forgot to say its source, smirk of dusks, plagues, gulp and push of dream in the brackets, no method for answering your city as it reuses me with sin, film on days that fell out my body to throb and tint it, blow chalk smoke and trains better for the blot, shoveled off dough of kidhood, I scar your inventions, closing my fist on bones, slip and nod of urges to further cry as one whose heart was broke, if I could read your mind I could dodge a pair of troubles for us both, I wouldn't ask and you needn't answer, we could both know what got you sulking as if something sucked out your soul, toting

those letters all tinkled with tears, won't let anyone in on what you are thinking, quit weeping and put me in the know, walk over the western wave, out of the eastern cave where all day you wove joy and fear, terrible and dear, fly swift, the face of glory on your voice, nobler than sloth is man's energy, a deed from time's current could redeem, lift your heart to high desires, applause, exulting youth, hero, walk the wave out the cave and wrap your form in a mantle of star, blind the eyes of day with your hair, kiss me until I wear out, wander over the city touching all with your wand, we cross your path in rain, steps loom, up and up, staggering for balance, I scale and hunt the crowd, you below with roses, you vault, steps two at a time, and leap to where we met, your smile broader, you see more, wavering horn blow, hands in the air, up and up, half back, toward the close of the first quarter I followed an interference around the right end and dodged a tackle and broke loose in a ninety yard run for the touchdown, I brought my fellows off with a good showing and they congratulated me and coach said there was a place for me on the team, even as he was talking, you

have to squawk to earn it, then be proclaimed a touchdown, toast of the city, still a victim, scrape together support, each of us pitching in, pelting dodos with almonds and numbing out on a nemesis so manual as that, what I to say? I want to be more than a wonder, a calling, my luck was to find one, the responsibility of the hero follows me through life, effect of time forecasting what we become, don't demand the performance of promises time alone can fulfill, no worse or more exacting usurer than she, you have to pay if you take advance, it is possible to make a tree burst to leaf and bear fruit by use of unslaked lime and heat but afterward it withers, so a child may do what is manageable at thirty and time give the loan but the interest comes out of later years, youth, greatness in your eye, go you to build an early name or to early die? Stars and vanities bewitch the crowd, what are they but inanities on the pitch? Where the wealth to buy cheers that roll when last charge goes goalward? Men that tanned us, friendly foes, they won't lose their pride of us however the journey goes, the pleasure of battle is an attribute of males throughout the animal

kingdom, sexuality, precursors of excitement induced by war scenes, giving rise to longing for satisfaction in games expressing the sexual impulse to contact with a companion, conquest, snakes wrapped around each other raising upper bodies and attempting to subdue each other, the dominant male pins his opponent before letting him go and mating with the female, it allows them to define their territory and defend their mates, the dance often mistaken as a mating service, indians consider it sacred, entities of renewal, all animals that heave fiction into western rattle seep ash like suns entombed in cages under oceans holding anytime and nothing together, I left the car and went along the boardwalk to the hotel, no desire to work, love, or dissipate, I longed for death to roll over my generation and obliterate their fevers and exultations, my youth vanished and commonplace things, sleep, beauty, all desire flew and the gaps they left filled with disillusion, I wanted to confess and be equal to the niceness I missed out on, a torpor in my tongue akin to what I felt in my legs when I walked the glue of the sidewalks, brain and body allowing percep-

tion without action, all that brought me here, may a hurricane raze the coast and smoke come from volcanoes and lava splash over vineyards, lighthouses plunged in the sea, earth swallowing all in a yawn, city in the sea, lapping waters of death, sky like a lid, pay the score tonight, no place to make replies, silence inch by inch, after that hot gospeller levels all but sky, city's death by fire under candle eye, rubble shocked at each wall and clouds torn open by looting, leaves of paper by the sea, each breath blessing death and baptism by fire, a great name, youth glory, ivy of twenty worth your laurels, what are crowns to wrinkled brows? Dead flower dew, away with such from the head, what do I care for wreaths, voice and face, redeem your name and lift your heart to applause, a voice summons, exult in youth, the street resembles the neck of a guitar with a hotel between two frets, once a vision of pearl, now a gourd for indians without visas, my longevity guaranteed before I was born, freedom to practice voodoo in the hotel, faces unfit for duty, no longer permitted on the song line, chance on the tar haven, this hard hotel a reachable home with

rooms like elevators, you can have a room on any floor so long as you have it in the beginning, if you are next to a baby go up a flight and in a fire lower into a tank in the cellar, if you want a view raise your room to the heights, people come and go, the moon shines on the hill and I hear kingfishers and spring rain in frog ponds going in and out like a drum, chanting and turning books, what use is reading? My learning is under the trees, a mixing of souls, silence, games in a salt cube, judgment day remains, rube or stub grows light and empty, wind, photons turning a wing of palms in wheeling hands and hoops of water, moccasins circling, a lake suspends eternity, spine pivots in the wind as hobo missiles whine in the doorway, see you first across human prairies in a vortex, clay man, needle's eye, they see you and their brows sharpen as if they know you aren't from here and in the space between you anything could pass, a car rattling bounce, wait to see years or centuries, then one rises to tie his tie, stepping in and leaving the other, chattering in tree houses, air in your jacket, a color assigned to compress the sky or crush a gambit, to travel

without wondering, pressure quotes the fabric of the exposure device, continental folk arrive, circulation, luggage, leaving, a knife in worship pierced on scars or eyes at dinner, gloves mask the color, suburbs, but if you weren't supposed to compress the skull you weren't supposed to behold life, a test of your reading, shelter them from danger and pray for their welfare and the prosperity of their governments, extinction of light when I enter my room, window next to mine covered by lace, our balconies were connected and my neighbor put out the light on hearing me come in, when darkness came I took my station near the window and saw the balcony with light streaming in, I went out on my balcony and stepped over the ironwork, reaching the window without making a noise, it was open, curtains transparent, invisible on the dark side, opening and shutting of the fan told me secrets of many a household, don't enter until you salute the inmates, not without permission, no harm entering empty houses for your needs, I know what you do and what you hide, what thanks have I to render you who allay the thirst I had of knowledge and vouchsafe this

to relate things else by me unsearchable, now heard with delight, but a doubt remains only you can resolve, can't describe it all, nothing surpasses this, arouse a vow and wake charity, mentors are difficult to encounter, prize truth and destroy pride, repent, seek mentors, think and practice what is preached, two openings, a gate opening and function of opening, the open gate is the teaching and skillful means of connotation, wisdom is skillful teaching from subject teaching establishes, teachers correct it, called upon, pacing campus memorizing what you wrote, their language, moun tain, they say I am a propagandist but I oppose relativism, they formed a committee and I graded their essays and there was a demonstration at the height of which I dumped their papers on their heads, college too small to accept defiance, for the sake of the future, I called out the window, I hope you are men with space above you, man who dwells, a stayer, when we relate to things out of reach we stay with them, we don't signify things so only symbols run in our heads as locums, if we think of a bridge this is the bridge, that spot, at the bridge, nearer it than

those who uses it as a river crossing, spaces and space, provided for within the stay of mortals, open and let into dwelling of man, mortals are, in dwelling they persist in spaces by their stay among locations, we go through what looks to be the oldest apparition of the future, bridges filled with lines in the dark water bend, palisades and trains pulling lights, the corpse, come to it, dig it, getting far away, but we remain, I will visit soon, I hope we can take a walk, it is night and we aren't bad off, happy sadness, still humans in a city overhung with bridges and seeds of discrimination, ignorance of mind, truth is a gate to effort and access and on the path one continues on cultivation and progresses through levels, abidings, practices, dedications, foundations, and the last foundation, never separate from time, thought, truth, or practice, boundless approaches, faiths, efforts, awakenings, and accesses derive from wisdom, don't conceal your faults nor work wonders without, leading yourself and others astray, be content and know what is sufficient, receive when offered but don't hoard, observe the precepts that accord with freedom, by relying on them you attain

knowledge of extinction, why do you approve of one and not the other? I strike, come back, if you understand why you were struck and implicate me you are blind, black and white aren't fathomable, see the negligence of the blind, I struck again, mind is dependent on relation but genius depends on relation between others who I exceed by will, sadly, what does nature look like? My gaze grows weary, it can hold nothing, bars and nothing beyond, footsteps in a ring like a dance around a center where will stands in thrall, the curtain reels letting a silent image come to nothing in the heart, thoughtless beings in my lands, I journey from surprise to surprise and request you bring benefits and bliss, I have no companions and don't eat or sleep, but abide, I am so good I only love goodness, when I punish or pardon it can't be gainsaid, you can't know me but see me forever, soul rains, mounts, and descends, on the shore of unseen rivers covered with bark, night and day poured into the lap that other men lie plotting for, I anticipate every discovery and if I don't command every fact I am large and sluggish and don't think them worthwhile, I

blessed their book, whoever labors merits much, world indebted, friends and lovers of mankind clothed with meekness and fit to be just, it keeps them from sin and near virtue, through them are enjoyed counsel and knowledge, understanding and strength, mind and knowledge, understanding and strength, it gives us sovereignty and dominion and judgment, secrets revealed, they are made like a river flowing with ever increasing vigor, becoming modest and long suffering and forgiving of insults, magnifying and exalting them above all things, inscriptions beneath paddles grouted with moss, writing fragmented and prayers weakened, silenced, I was surprised to discover my foe hadn't only carried off the daughter on her wedding night but on finding her in society struck off her head and altering into an ape, I am having a lively time whenever life appears, so pleasant and so dear, man returns to his work and imposes new tasks on himself, when is he less regardful of woe? A woman with hands like forks and legs like masts, eyes like torches, she transformed from a lion to a scorpion on which I became a serpent and she an eagle and I a vulture,

she a cat and I a cock, she a fish and I a larger fish, make us animals, we are, women the worst, the student cultivates a false sense of security, walking like an exposition, and that thrill when we are nasty, equal have I to render you, historian who allayed the thirst I had of knowledge and vouchsafed this condescension to relate things else by me unsearchable, now heard with wonder, something yet of doubt remains only you can resolve, are these tales of disguisings not myths of souls that found themselves among unwonted folk that spoke in hostile tongues, some soul who hadn't forgot star span acres of a former lot where he swung his course amid clouds or carnate with brothers sung before balladeers lisped? Singers forgetful of their tunes, colorblind painters and bad poet wizards who ponder earth's device with sad eyes? I watched the blacksmith at his furnace, his hands, the metalworker has no more rest than the peasant and the mason's arms are powerless, they huddle until morning, the barber shaves all night and breaks his arms to fill his belly, he eats his own labor like bees, the builder works in all weather, clinging to the

wall like a vine, farmer's voices like bird croaks, wind cracked skin, if he has health it is that of a beast and if ill he lies among them, the envoy bequeaths his property to his children before he sets out, afraid he will be killed, and no sooner he arrives at home is he off on another mission, the dyer's clothes are a horror and his health is that of a dying fish, the washer is neighbor to the crocodile and his food is mixed with cloth, unclean, the fisherman's trade is worst of all, in terror of the crocodile he falls among them, if you insist on having a story with your basket the weaver will supply, story and basket for tourist consumption, are volitions determined? Whether they form part of a system, whether there are laws that make volitions functions, there is evidence but it isn't conclusive, even if volitions are part of a system this doesn't imply supremacy of matter over mind, the same system susceptible of material determinants is also susceptible of mental ones, thus a system may be determined by volitions as well as by material facts, the reasons that make people dislike volitions are fallacious, win way, I bring order, master of gender, I recieved

propositions from magazines to put my services at their disposal, brevity of life, bent on pleasure, every generation attains and disappears, generation with everything to learn, we seize as much as we can and go our way, how bad it would fare if not for writing, hence men are loth to have their knowledge examined, earth money, war and politics, sickness and anxiety, perplexity, take the wire, you can't release, attain equality and see gods, genius is a measure of power beyond what is required to serve the will, a measure of character, reached by lowering will or raising intellect, some predominate will though unpossessed by genius, will weakened, none pity me, as fortune smiles you and I are beguiled, no choice, lectures are public but mine involve work pursuable only in seminar, shall I divide work between lecture and seminar? Lectures exoteric and groups esoteric? Soil climbing fence posts, hardwood material, families caught in obligations and permissions, provenance, who first laid it open, they don't overhear what passes in the assembly, darted from every side and driven to torment, if one steal a word a flame pursues those who done right,

I enter them among the just, we believe so say some yet when they meet with suffering they regard it as chastisement, we were on your side they say if success comes, I appreciate study and nothing brings me greater joy than teaching, my throat stopped a risp, none asked a favor or why or the way, none of my messages were replied to, they were unable to hear whatever teaching they wished, some I loved best, my vintage has drunk their cup and crept to rest and I make merry in the room they left, dressed in bloom, a couch for who? I make the most of what I yet may spend before I descend for those who prepare and those that stare, fools, your reward neither here nor there, they who discuss are thrust like scattered words, mouths of dust, I frequented them when young but evermore came out by the door I went in, unsatisfied wishes, I deliver what is hard to accept, there is no end and none who aren't saved, I save beings and the lifespan I achieve isn't exhausted, it is twice as large, I tread the path for my vow, if interest achieves this it has done all required, it connects pictures as if they were pearls and interest a thread, but it is prejudicial to beau-

ty when it oversteps this, led astray by interest, growing impatient, wanting to spur me on so you may follow the development of events with greater speed, but epic writings are like the working of a watch, if unhindered it would run down in a minute, beauty is like the barrel that checks its movement, sweetness I learnt from some trees, reading them, and my laughter edged with kindness, I have a secret ward and grow more interesting hourly, not sure the news inspires me with delight, there are two types of beauty and an affirmation is extended to the race when it can only be proved of one of the species, disappearing when we distinguish a twofold want in humanity to which two kinds of beauty correspond, both would make good their claims if they came to an understanding respecting the kind of beauty and the form of humanity in view, I adopt the course nature follows with man considered from aesthetics and setting out from two kinds of beauty I raise the idea of genus, examining effects produced by idle beauty in action and energetic beauty in repose I confound these into the beau ideal, an ear of corn baited my trap and became the source

of sap, the falcon stoops and meets man's teaching and soars, a child sent to school, on leaving he sits in power, he paid his schoolpence then, I wish I were able to make them see what learning is, more important than trade, put down irrelevancies whose genesis not even the critics suspect, no respect, enslaved, a mass of categories, whippersnappers on council edges cut to strips, testing radars by the station property, permissions legal and moral, siphoning petrol, stopcocks in sheep troughs, length of wire on the fringe of language, firstborns here in force, this tabulation of rare earths and growth rates, university letting buck in holes like phones and local exchange, arousal manifests this book and the competent have taken refuge into vehicles, depths of limits, those who assess arrive at truth, that which takes on the sense's grasp of contact, sensation, perception, intention, and attention, abstractions of importance, styling reality by selecting the significant, stressing that, and omitting concepts integrating facts and their evaluations, selection is evaluation and all inclusions acquire significance by being included, chains of abstraction that

others depend on, formed by criterion of what is good, I am the model builder, though morals are involved it is only a consequence, not a determinant, the concretization of a moral ideal isn't a textbook on how to become one, art isn't to teach but to hold to man an image of his nature and place in the universe, every issue has an influence on ethics, every work has a theme and conveys a message, I have a function in relation to all space between the poles, either I create a space of illusion exposing real space or create another real space as meticulous as ours is jumbled, certain colonies function this way, organizing space into perfect other places, teachings organized around taking care of oneself to help with salvation, existence regulated at every turn, village laid around a square at the foot of the church, on one side the school and on the other the cemetery, two avenues in front, the sign reproduced, world marked with it, the sight awakening our thoughts, our tale remembered, contributing to keep up intelligence, serving as substitute for an organized system of education, farmhouses with forests between, schoolhouse within reach of but a

few, farmers receiving children within reach, lack of education from mountain to river, but there were heads of families forgetting order mattered, mixing up days, I didn't mean the knife to slip, the slip to give, each fruit cart to turn over, didn't intend the fit in the theater, am so sorry for, and swear, and was so whisper close, and wasn't, crouching in the den I was unable to discern, mistakes with pupils, a grope, a fondle, growing fond, falling for you, I must go, bearing bouts of breathing, no position to stay put, even here, even there, an affectless climate, the jukebox won't cease, reared in a tube and examined under the lens, my parasite ridden larva betray no uneasiness, fond of you, I liked you since we met but I wish you were older, whenever one has anything unpleasant to say one should be candid, I wish you were older, we loved the front, your wall of words, sorrows settle, the sun grown distant as heat provokes end of day, or the end of sun itself? Bring me your love and pain and spread it like rugs, sashes, eggs, cinnamon, and cloves in burlap sacks, show me the detail, the embroidery, the buttons, stitched how you were taught, pricking just

a thread, invisible, unclasped like jewels of hot gold, empty your basket and spill your wine, the fifth commandment belongs to the first tablet, worship essential, forming the mind to understanding, we all take risks stepping into thin air, our ceremonies didn't predict this or we expected more, good to see the school we knew, the land of youth, to greet the rule we knew before we took the stream, my heart may not forget though long I missed her sight, I honor school rule until last bell call, jolly days at school, her voice no more bears its message to us but the world shall ring and all we are be hers, facing centuries, daring the tide, though the dust that is part of us again be dust, here shall beat the heart of us, the school we handed on, I honor her until last bell call, jolly days at school, square blocks show lit windows but streets are empty, I follow her, few have business at this time of night, reflections slicked ahead of us and globes clung about the heads of each lamp post, swords protruding from the chest, blades crossed through the chair, the implements that formed the crux of academic misstep, the killer snatched the swords from the wall,

note the unfaded wallpaper, and struck a blow, others followed, rapier and tachi, I looked at the face, not peaceful in death, motive leads you to strive for release, sullied by our veils, revealing different objects at different times, omniscience, all perfect, the soul always acquires new qualities and thus suffers change, though staying the same in substance, but when freed the changes a soul suffers are the same, the same in its knowledge, this repetition, life exacted by this, he escaped and sped to my house, I was in bed, he penetrated my chamber but I lept out the window into the courtyard, alarms were given and he was found in your house, his guards were doubled but he restored himself to liberty, he has appraised your abode and had no information of his escape been given your death would have been added to his acts, making love to the hills, shoots of green knocked sideways, a machine stamping steel, pieces came out on a tray and I piled them in rows, my fingers so fast the sound was like a train, the machine set to match the fastest speed of human hands, I handled thirty thousand pieces a day, ten million a year, how many in a life-

time rests on gods to say, streams sat still and landscape fissured, the temple bronze broke out in tears, lord of earth, chief, a sling with a stone in it, I hurl it to the clouds and demolish mountains, I gather natives and accrue gold at the house, I want to play with it, they would have cast themselves into it if I hadn't restrained them, I caught them but they plunged in and the glare lit the path and looking back I saw it spread to a bush, fire creeping up the hill, I struck none of my matches, no free hand, the finest compositions are most difficult to understand, long movements where through a maze the note is recovered, just so with genius, only after struggle we attain equilibrium, longest pendulum makes greatest swing, little minds soon come to terms with themselves and fossilize as others flourish and are alive with motion, everything has tides, rising and falling, manifesting in all, measure to right is that of left, measured motion manifesting in all, poles of polarity, creation of destruction, the rise and fall of nations, empires, trust me, I could do much, known to those who break habit by focusing on opposite quality, cultivate courage if you are scared,

like a dark room, don't sweep the dark, open the shutters, emotions are due to the swing and neutralization enables us to overcome rhythm, we cause the swing to manifest on the lower plane by rising to the higher plane, escaping the backward swing by polarizing high and raising ego vibrations above the ordinary, polarize at the positive I am pole rather than the personality pole, deny rhythm and rise above consciousness, allow the pendulum to swing on the lower plane, refuse to swing backward, intelligence arises when the mind reaches its limit, if things are to be realized the process of mentation must be transcended by an appeal to higher faculty of cognition, if there is such higher faculty, kill negativity by concentrating on its positive pole, vibrations will positrate and you will be polarized positive, master your mood and change mental states, remake your disposition and build character, I can't annul the principle or cause it to cease, though I learned how to escape its effect, how to use it instead of being used by it, I polarize at the point I desire to rest and neutralize the pendulum that would carry me to the other pole, all do this unconsciously but

I do it by will, attaining a degree of poise impossible of belief on the part of masses, polarity, counteracting and neutralizing, I use them to form the root of alchemy, others forage in enjoyment or pain bowed under the yoke of need but to you I entrust my daughter, be grateful, look on her as you would a mistress and grant her the dignity of a household lady, keep prudence from slighting her, may she only turn when life light does, she who impels and comforts, as far as killing mice and birds I have no evidence of that and hadn't yet added the clause to the plan, I enacted some rules regarding the process of extraction from a home where the owner was unreasonable and assigned penalties if they assault me, I handled those who criticized the plan, the neighborhood a collection of bungalows and autobody shops, my complex rose above and from my window I view an alley where you walk with head down on account of the crows, they were watching me, sometimes I went over and we didn't make love, just talked, she hated to be alone, if she had her period I rode to the store, I tried to help, I was never too curious about the guy with the motorcycle, the

bike in the lot, she came to my place every few nights to stay over, being split didn't end us, roots were cut but not all, there were twinges in my feelings, we didn't ask too much of each other, I saw whoever I wanted and she had her friends, once when I called she told me there was company, not going to butt into your business, I got wine, I would like to show her my book, my meetings, even to yesterday when a stranger called, my life bubbles with situations, she dropped it in my bag, I buy one on my way home and go out again at dark, concern for humans in my building, landlord tackling the upkeep of our nests, men uneasy about anything meaning a raise in rent, sun burns down on the roof and hot wood makes air thick and heavy, unsuitable for offices, but the air is bad on days when there is business, lots of washing out to dry, can't stop tenants doing that, but you get used to it, after a while you don't notice how bad it is, feelings as I have felt or being what I have been or weeping as I could once have wept over many a vanished scene, as springs in deserts seem sweet so amid the waste of life these tears flow to me, wheels jumping to parallel, use to cor-

ners and urban smell, dancing to the radio, not touching water, unwelcome such senses, her delay, her coriolus and what makes it here, bend in the flow, curving, lying on the lawn, setting out, water and reason, an apple tise off reality, details who hand back future insulated by flesh, my theory, nothing could quench my thirst, the fever was in my vitals where the secret gnawed, my spirit revealed itself from the depths where I tossed like a boat, wherever light penetrated it wounded, each message creating a fissure in the wall of my tomb, refuge crumbling with exposure to daylight, at home with the elemental, a throwback, an archaic figure, an alien rejecting all reared in light of common effort, embracing the time of crusades, a race memory, birth failed to individualize me, I came into the world equipped with another world view, a primitive endowed with ancient lineage, my illusions, roaches flourish in these north facing flats and I am enlightened to the places they infest, the belly of the machine, the interstices of the computer warmed by electricity, do I have any conception? My fear caught your fondness, I see the mystery of your loneliness and find the

salt tear's head, the electric memory of mankind, it took me until dawn to get the question right and then I got an answer, wind-flower where gloom lays open in gardens between love and disdain, our shadows meet, made somber by sun until night is squandered, gods of living water let down their hair and I follow, craving shadow, head in hand, I couldn't conceive of that which I created, I touched no flint and made no fire yet here was light from the heart of metal, I blew out the candle and there was nothing left but night and flame, a crack in a prison wall, I stretched my hand to the wire and saw my fingers in the glow, I couldn't see nor feel and nothing existed but hand over wire, sunshine in the realization of love doubts dissipating like mist, but gloom hung over me the balance of the time, hour so near, issue was life or death but I was prepared, at one to the risk, her room, a window into an airshaft, bed in light, headboard rising, mantelpiece quilted in satin ruffles, she slept in the middle with hands curled into fists above her head, back of neck, I took off my shoes and peeled back the comforter, I crawled in and my book dropped from my

hands, face twisted in mask of cunning, watching her sleep, quilt rising and falling, she didn't open her eyes, I stepped out and put my shoes in the closet, rolling her stockings and putting them in the drawer, attached, it struck me as I watched her, I had insisted and she went to sleep after, not excited, day I showed up and ended discomfort, peaceful, we never quarreled, I felt warmth in her skin and hairs on her arm on my own, often measured by calculator, bemusement at stuff near the bed, hope and terror, after which, silence, I sing your despite, an evening in your precincts I trust may not recur, I break for you, a theme for reason, too strong for fantasy, you woke me wisely, enter my arms, sleep doesn't come to my eyelids, a vision moving unbounded by hair, in beaks drawing without desire, bent necks, love's feet behind, singing muses and lesbians kissing across lute strings, drunk with song, bare feet, cries of women and a thunder of wings, she loves no strife, put a cloak about you, why fly? So worn crickets can't renn, I borrow nor lend for new apparelled I go and spend, let fancy find you a mistress before torment taught her to chide

with waist side, her zone slipped its clasp and her kirtle fell as she held the goblet and grew languid, break her prison string and she will bring such joys as these, let fancy roam, I straighten like a flame, certain of my near and dear, dream of heaven, your lips shut in your eyes that wear a smile and sigh, blushes tinge your cheeks as you murmur what most I wish to know, trembling with folded hands, how like a saint you sleep, a seraph in the realms of rest, above control your thoughts belong to heaven and you, may your secret remain in sanctuary, sun up and I wash and dress and eat and drink and look at things and talk and think, alarm clock and trolley bell, if rain she won't care to go to the pantomime, too bad, last night of the season, to wake with gardenias behind a veil of hair, stomach aching for tomatoes, let me love you? I will make a sandwich and kiss you and taste mayonnaise, come to my flat? I will put the screws in loose, come out the kitchen? We will race to your room, shorts on the floor and walls trophied with sports, sun on your window, light in the hall and pictures on the wall, shining without merit or error, by boring through the bot-

tom of the quilt I lay in bed with you, shrugging off delusions, snake shadow in the glass, we can walk to the pond and I will push you on the swing, hold tight, sleep so close we are one? I won't forget, I will put my hands in your pockets and feel your shoulder blade, a basket of beans grown in the afternoon sun, they turn green when you throw them in, minnows shifting over a moonlit bed, water cutting grease off a knife, stove smoking in the corner and ground outside littered with petals, I thought it was snow, she spilled coffee and I wiped it up, she put down her fork, simmer them, drain, and add cream and pepper, scooping them out of the bowl and talking to yourself, surprised if you got an answer, so much silence, absence or presence amount to the same thing only in reverse, too much clothing, not heresy, anorexic allures shimmer in the mirror, denying what denial denies, let me hate you or let me date you, that only retards the writing off what comes with boredom and indifference, things about you least like me, this keeps the focus where it wants to be, on who? On see? I didn't even have to say, I love you, no need reply, no

want but thirst like hunger, I resume my office, unable to contain food without pain, not but a cranberry, new boss, shapes blunt but effective, victims of language trundled by analogy, splintered into adjectives, hands, I examined her, friendship and diet, lamps tree growth, dust buckets and nation careers, medicine and the past day, cooking fish in the kitchen, licking a thumb to turn the page, I try not to go into exile, reading too much, struck by pageantry, heighten your stalks and give a wash of carmine quivers and comments on shewn nature, geranium manner of delicacy told what must be done, lettuce to wipe nerve ends, stipple on them, sirens outside, someone run over, the century grinds on, I lean on the fridge and you on the door, window behind you, bird-feeders in metal brace, light took a long time, puddle chips and pod hands, prepare these bouquets, we stood and your face went out, I can't see, when I asked you to hold me you refused and when I asked you to cross the room you refused until I couldn't rise out of patience any longer to make us take possession until we were what we wanted to be, shapes shapelessness took back, why

lean out, why move? Flatterer no friend in
misery, words easy and friends hard to find,
if store be scant none supply your want, if
prodigal they call you bountiful and pity
you a king, if addict they entice and if bent
to women they have a commandment, but
farewell if fortune frowns, using you no
more, I am your friend and if you sorrow I
weep and if you wake I can't sleep, thus of
every grief in heart with you I bear a part
with you, signs to know friend from foe, a
cat putting a print on a plate, so much for-
gotten why not that? Pain and no respite, if
anyone walked in they would never suspect
what I was up to, don't argue, hand it over
and be done with it, desperate, where are
you? Words mean little, anyone would face
the music and what it portends, but what if it
was illusion? The conscience can raise such
phantoms, couch, powder on foil, I lit it and
held a drag deep, eyes filled, smoke bird
melting pinions in flight, songless lark,
messenger of dawn circling hamlets, your
nest, or shadowy form of midnight vision
gathering skirts, by star veiling and day
darkening light and blotting out sun, par-
don this flame, smoke doesn't exist only

when fire exists nor a jar exist only when potter exists, observation of one depends on another, smoke when fire exists, not true, smoke exists even after fire is out as in smoke kept in jars, let us add to smoke a qualification enabling us to say some smoke doesn't exist unless fire exists, invalid, the reason for assuming non-difference of cause and effect is the fact of the organ being affected by cause and effect jointly, which doesn't take place in case of fire and smoke, how unwind the chain? Possessed, when I compose I am not in my right mind, possessed like a maiden drawing honey from the river, bringing songs from honeyed fountains, culling them out muse gardens, winging flower to flower, no invention until out of sense, mind no longer, without I can't utter oracles, all but substance predicable or present, a car so expensive I am afraid to drive it, I take the bus, acquiring property and exploring, living on seeds, a private person, paying by the orifice, what to do but purchase them all? A doll, hostess to my days, bobbing in the doorway, a block from the stockyards, holding court on the balcony when I threw down on the lawn, adrift in

headlights, I smiled, reduced face and hair, ain't it fine when things go awry to discover someone showing faith in you? Ain't it good to feel a handclasp? One fellow to another means a lot, living for each other in a friendly way, when a smile means so much we ought to smile more, sure? Yes, get at it, come here, she stopped, come here, she approached, looking at me, I caught her and drew her in, she struggled, watching me, turn loose, I got to phone, plenty time for that, she shifted on the sofa, I thought you ought to know in case you don't want anything to do with me, an excuse to draw back, she hesitated, hurtful, more like an excuse for going ahead, silent moonlit road, trees, water, and yonder starry sky, an accident, that's all, I folded her in a hug, she knows, she arched her spine under my hands and her skin was taut and hot but she showed no pain, accepting my weight, patting my back, presenting me to someone else, chilled, nothing in her bearing responding to mine, she might have conveyed something but she didn't used the opportunity, she addressed me through others and looked around me and over me rather than in my

eyes, ambushed, she fixed her eye on me, choose her, an obsession, I looked at the fire and each flame took her form, I walked to the window and looked out, posts twisted into her shape, I looked at the portraits, all her, I resolved not to yield, choose her I gasped, bewailing attachment and indifference, in the zone, past speech, I allowed her to gather from allusion into pieces of silver, private and public space, cultural and useful space between space of leisure and work, nurtured by sacred, world beyond sun drugged as ever, sand and river with grass hiding palm stems, glaze on them, braked or full speed, but when you deploy and your loved ones are without birds then slate can menace too, on the lawn or below a bridge you can run the wires and choose indictment, a flatness results, not alone when power fails, sores hide nothing, stencil on door does nothing, walk and wake by the beach, water like jello, to die by it, trying to control my heart, can you can stop it the way you hold your breath? My heart rate fell and I tried to keep my head inclined by rolling my eyes up and comparing the rate to the clock but it was ripping paper, actions

and gesticulations undefined, a horse attaining fifth degree of motion goes on with blind speed regardless of pits and ditches and in this way a couple go blind in heat of congress, onward with greater impetuosity, no regard to excess, science of love, strength and tenderness, act accordingly, women bear excess better, not exhausted by repeated acts and less liable to insanity, excitement in their case is as great but loss of semen causes exhaustion, women less influenced by coitus, when they indulge they don't experience injurious effect, whilst man is reduced she is benefited and in best health, I fastened the eyelids of a goat around my penis, a piece of goatskin used to form the sheath and stones inserted by incision, bone rods into an orifice kept open by quill, palm collars with brushes on the ends, the process awaits when I have time for myself, I had to guess this was happening as the original broke through and hurled into an acquaintance who ground significance with a pestle until my lover woke, heaven handing the print to another example without description, men like shooting stars, light collapsed to ash after briefest blaze, I couldn't deny it

or eradicate the impression it made, suspicion of indelicacy, entreaties in vain, to I take another, offering me beetle poison to do it with, love I bear wouldn't die if truth could move powers high, if meaning could save the world might end tomorrow, you wouldn't see the grave, nothing in the water broke my eagerness, what have I done? Engine at glass bottom, tin voice of the deaf, liking, will to please, you would live forever if there were help in these, be kind to this heart before you journey to find water in a town where friends are ill, no matter how much there isn't enough, you have me and I have you and by just exchange I hold you dear, there never was a better bargain, you have me and I have you, you in I keeps us one, I guide your thoughts and senses, you cherish mine, you bide in me, you have me and I have you, made a mistake when I got in, fear gripped me as she exited, bargaining, a deeper struggle, my terror bested me and the effect was obvious, her profile smiled and her eye went dead as she sing-songed about implements in her trunk, resolving her conflict, whenever she lost focus I felt pity, hard to imagine getting near an-

other nude encounter down this slab of interstate, all thumbs, swifts mating midflight instead of buckets of wings, army of mouths eager to feed, left without sustenance, get down on all fours and let love rain on lips and eyelids, cheek cold and heart fast, press it close to yours to break at last, wistful I hadn't noticed this woman when I saw her in the park, threat of damnation passed me by, relief in her face, a smile on her lips, but when she closed the locket the meaning of the threat overtook me, I flung myself at her feet and she resolved to enjoy whose danger increased her passion, pulled over in the gravel by a woody roadside, like brooks meeting in a river I am hers and she is mine, we entire, I flax she fire, our souls more than twined, I hers and she mine, if monarchs tendered shares in exchange I wouldn't change my fortune, she is mine, what ails you? You were different during the first of the night, those eyes I once praised are cold, where is love that blazed them through? Old tenderness? Flower dropped from its stem, yesterday dream and morrow dirt, a while past and later smoke, I strike but am weakness of my strategy, skirmish of war I can't

win as my cannons do me in, yesterday out
and tomorrow unplayed as today runs by
and is and was and flings me headfirst into
death without delay, time a spade salaried
by fear and suffering to dig my monument
in clay, how ugly life after love lopped, do
we hate each other as we call each other
dear? Change appear? Smile as sweet as
grace but I look in vain to greet ghost be-
hind face, I look on you as a corpse from
which love has fled, burglars pray for a year-
long nightfall as I toss and burn, tortured,
plotting no crime, longing to climb, sum-
moning strength for self betrayal, blasting
brain to devise schemes for all day, no fear
of death nor dread of hunger softens this
will to be on whom I prey, now reason reels
in wonder, how love is twisted to a hang-
man's noose, how I stride to my destruction
unless you let me loose, if those who hear of
you be witness, a country of blight under
last snow of spring, could we remain quiet
and bear it, war we make, long time to be
here, to be still, to feel rot and bone scrap,
charred stars at the edge of the field, witness
to grief, call and reply, each birdsong extin-
guished, a portion we lost our right to know,

I seek not the good, sufficient penalty to the loss of that, why woe, why mocked with death and lengthened out to pain? How glad mortality, how glad to lay me down, I plunge my head in water and go to bed, my shriveled body, dying soul, she poisoned me with tears, you tell me I turn to silence and I envisage rain, it soothes me, lunch on a daisy strewn tablecloth, meetings a joy and departure pain, what hopes we entertain to meet again, moments with you make good the years but come day there is parting, we toss as windows rattle above our beds, we lift our heads to hear, life and death, we rise and open our eyes, crying out, waves foaming and clouds over sky, staring at the dark, how many times can death pay back what we saw? Moon a rim where a fish sleeps, water quietness and night anchoring for ships, tunnelers, spiders spin net, I step on grass and feel night on my face, my love tires of me, she should, my complaints the same, her recourse the same, invoking the sheet, suffering drapes over freeze of heart after heart, never by that heart's fault, didn't make itself, face didn't fashion jaw to wail the plains, I no longer tally oceans or figs that

outlived summer, angles and their light, allowed this close to your bed was natural, even mundane, though never quite, spooling of two unravels fast, how we let go of time spent, how heat fades and body forgets, I learned your face as you will never, the day we met you gave me secrets, dear hand, to you it is given to change this hut into a lower heaven, I lift one of the bed curtains, got to shade the place just so, I connect this to our drama, all that pleased while peace possessed these bowers, her smile lost power, a book like a keeper of mysteries, like a visitor under rays of sunset dawn? We zipped along the blanket with flashes lighting the dark, confined in love, on our own, praising each pulse, dead to love and not caring whether another love could sink or save it, verve in daring, resolving, up and doing, this she gave it, if ever love restored a soul she made mine whole, all through her, in gloom I mooned lugubrious lurching agrope, looking where I would, seeing heart's acre, hopeless hope, morning in her hair, alcove and settle, turband and clothes, I advanced rubbing my forehead and she lifted the bed curtain, won't you come in? I went in and my

affair became yet more obscure when I saw my turband, custom cutters wheel and deal at my expense, bless he who invented sleep and bless he didn't keep it, blast he who invented early rising, rise with lark and with lark to bed, maxims are cheaply said but pray inquire about their rise and fall or whether they have beds at all, I found her asleep, sun woke her, with light of dawn beginning she was tickled by a fly, her preaching not sanctioned by her practice, well to be awake to truth but when we review our deeds and find hours that leave cause to weep are those we spent asleep then leave the world and live in angel sight, in sleep where at worst we dream of sin, sleep, friendship after love, disappointment on dreams, do I hate you? Indifferent, I see vacancy, I know you, we go to beauty, where the world cannot come, a place friendship might find a home but love would die, so we live in her eyes, manner and ways, her soul made for love but try to plunge in, how clear, you might drown, why can't I? Troubled when you come, you strike me dumb, divine when you bring your lips to mine, bereft of shape, with flame we tread until we come face to

face, calling each other's name, to me this strain? Heaven's gifts in vain? Bride, love rewarded and pride gratified, leaving her I pursue without charm but being new, I detest praise, an easy joy to slight, ruin joy and mischief delight, why pug wear a chain and man unpunished? Unbound by vows or shame, breaking hearts, not that you can succeed here, plundered needn't fear, nor flattery move me, too well secured against love, once a devil charmed me, what can't love persuade? You loitered long, I laughed, ash ruin silenced, solitude guilty at each disappointment, I took my passion and folded it in half, I won't survive, drawing knees to chest, directed to keep her from freezing, I don't want to die before her, kid without me, stars cleaning clouds so we can't see them, never a moment to lose, if the sun rises it will be our guest, retractable holes remain, we add to the wreckage and it never makes the news, I leave this hut to walk in the leaves, shining moon, zephyr proclaims her path and birch shed incense on her track, cool night, how the soul fills with pleasure in a quiet place, yet I would shun a thousand nights like this granted one, not a good job,

glad not to know them, eliminating brigades, hard to play villain, people who don't have jobs with colanders on their heads, house cameras, new tenant doesn't need glasses, teaching piano and shouting to indicate he can play, we haven't reached conclusion when we stiffen in a rented house, I haven't made this show and it isn't by any concitation of mine I meet you on this, removed to lose beauty in terror, losing passion, why need it since what is kept must be adulterated on our great day? Changed if married, short of money, my phone rang when I was about to leave and she asked how I was and I thanked her and told her it was impossible to talk, they are harassing me, I took my leave with two words, harass me, sins and dreams, my movement cross country and back, my returns only to leave without seeing her, without knowing why, anatomizing violence and fear of justice, my time with her, my defection, my screwing women I wanted nothing to do with, my drunken ways, my sleeping in the weeds, my begging, first to help her then as it was easy, everything easier than going home, even being a streetside slug, I sought fortune and

found it, she rose, a clue to future shifts, I joined a league and days of rage on the boulevard shook me to the roots, I was radicalized and shot fish in a barrel with the alliance, coalition the only game in town, wanting to start another alliance but the energy wasn't there, depressed, deteriorating, unhappy, ripped from native soft, it took me down, I used to live on loan but the bonds I bear now I wear as bracelets like a refugee, happiness? Pearls as big as eggs and softer than morning gifts, marble bear heads, blankets, chocolates, a pin, sunglasses, and on a cloth in the center of the table a ruby the size of a baseball glowing like the heart of a red star, I took it in my hands, tomorrow is a holiday but I must wear it in my hair, nothing new, no attribute one isn't with, all aspire and advance, traversing and transforming, children dancing and cavorting all directions, motion, what is contrary? None unless defined as rest or change, opposite of rest is moving, change occurs and rest and change are contrary, turning white or black, alteration in contrary direction, bestowed and blessed, influence suppressed by suffering but not overcome by fate or truth, tulips

restive and jointed, looming into night, you mourn my woe but with patience I bear a loss I will never know, an apple of grief in your voice, all melts rosiest apples of far less worth than love, so you stooped to talk with me, laughing and listening, to think we won't walk this way again, what disgrace to recall your name and face or to take note how many stockings you have, those who bawl out the ruins of your linen shall inherit the kingdom, I didn't want to go to the moon, to be led further, a thing in her eye, I flung myself on the bed and stared at the ceiling and got up and pulled on some clothes, turning on the light I cleaned the fridge and cupboards, throwing out food, in any structure you can obtain, connect, and watch as prelude to a series, you can remove a bottle or make a bed, but leave no flowers for me, spill wine and bar the door, how long will we be allowed to keep our flat, will things stand tomorrow as today, pillars amid which children play? Too much talk may harm you, farewell, I sleep in my underwear, winter gladly by, tumbling out of bed and hiking downstairs, finish dressing there, I sing methods that rob us chill, steampipe

snug as a spine robes my form, mud may buy lining of a wall and mouth movie much, neighbors crack clay and settle on, hanging from flower box chateaus, rules of engagement marketing marriage or darkening passages, no further ornament to the verge overhanging longing, effect enough? Porn and drugs, violence and divorce, secrets in aisle and arch, united for life, asleep in the dark, scarcely there, when it falls apart some feel air drop to the slopes of snow and ice, beat coming and going, a line of prayer from wind to owl, some feel sunlight and wish there less to lose, as I was reviewing pots and pans, unhooking curtains and going through clothes in search of moths, I retained and strengthened my hold on these friends, unable to eat, no sleep, left her lately, she housesits for a cockatoo, saving to buy her own place, gone back to her gin and elsewhere kept one, what to do but read? When I go to bed I mutter, a box marked the past, therapy is good but who would forgive a girl like that? A friend says destroy yourself, a drawing, smooth it out and have a piece of me as well as the sun, so hot, baptize me with sex and water, smooth the hairs on

my neck, then leave, I love you, I left you, lie on me and touch me, leave a shirt for me to sleep in, weep and wait until you need me, promise? I sit as you rage, steal the sun for me, it just hangs there, none can have it, to hold a man a woman must appeal to the worst in him, time to live and let love, the rumor, sun down rises again but when our light is done we go down so give me a kiss and don't stop, another, mix them in a mess to keep us from eyes given if ever they got our kisses straight, mounted to the throne of pity I sit on a bench and gather documents, a businessman with my employees, they look at me and don't know my work, marks on a wall, kitchen aromatics, choices are yours with none to tell you when you get them right, life overcomes me with labor, tired lonely man, friends forsaken or driven off, I went to buy a paper but they were old so I went to the river and sat in the breeze, doubled in the water, buildings wriggling as chimney legs bounce on clouds and a flag wags like a fishhook in the sky, bridge an eye with underlid in the water, in its lens heads dip and dogs bark on their backs, a baby upside down with balloon for buoy,

treetops deploy haze of bloom for roots
where birds coast belly up in the bowl of the
hill, kids suspended by sneakers, a swan with
twin necks steering between dimpled tow-
ers, she kisses herself and the scene is trou-
bled, windows splinter and tree limbs tangle
as the bridge folds like a fan, I drowse, nod,
it returns, bluebell and bluejay, speedwell
and cardinal when light sweeps back, it
doesn't need me, reclining on the grass I
bend forward and eyes meet mine in the
mirror, a girl with leaves in rosy cheeks,
twigs and acorns, sunbeams in hair, the
space of head, bubbles, she a flower and I
the moon, flower spreading by moonlight,
her grail, but she has only verse to conceive,
jet streams from the face as clouds splash
rock and gather a veil, rolling depths, cliffs
stem her fall, foam steps to slips in the glen
as stars turn to gaze in the pond, wind woos
the wave and churns from soil puffs where
owners won't let you buy in, if you want to
partake get rich quick, no more deals, recall
the street you were born? Pack the memory
and take it home, post office, boarded hous-
es on lots with grills, others invisible, hip-
pies with flags for curtains, some fixed for

winter and some not, think why such ponds rob men so, nor had the bend sloughed off, does she come with true rain petals falling in pity? Cabbies count change, leaflets, floorless buildings, ledges where a look of searching lingers, bypass, a dozer slips into a silt, a moist revelation between two roads, lake open to the public, I curse you for that you dowsest your glim at hours when frequenter's feet turn townward, I worship you, gathering tenantry from every land, from rustics who hail you to youth who request sweetie look at them billers, waves persuade to immersion, citizen's heaven, clamful, one hour of you, chewing gum by the edge, towel on back, board thwoking, planes arrowing into silence, on the street with dog chewed doll arms, row on, I will replace it, I want my own piece again, I sat spooning caves in the sand and rinsing stones to see what colors were in them, a frog limping toward the water, wearily awry after the fashion of those given a name and commended to the flames, I picked it up, monkey bones on the sand, vultures looking for a bit, a cliff of them entwined together, found by following a hog track, indians often regale on them, I put a

part of the lake on the other and found a jewel, I brought the lake back and spent a day at the house, rewarded with cake, beer, an ox, and a jar of incense, they knew my learning, a law providing against the heaping up of so much gold as might impoverish the people, a provision for the circulation of money essential for commerce, a lake and stream, clarity and ice, light and soft, glistening and serene, quenching thirst and supporting roots of bad elements that increase blessings of good roots, sandy lake bottom, stairs leading in, paths in trees adorned with ruby corals and silver emerald crystals, gold marbles and rainbow buds in the lake, and all four in one, I wander on, the setting face to face, I bear birth in hell and paradise in this body, a supernormal birth, a culture devoted to order undistributed into any categories that let us think, when our jugs and all we are filled with, we travel paths strewn with pearly bowers, children build houses with them and play with shells and gather pebbles to scatter again, if air in the skin is hillside, is wherever I have to forgive, then what I forgot is error, unretrieved from clouds, swimming over ponds, what I

can't remember is what I can't feel, same air going hill to hill, indifferent to time and place, forgive backs of knees when it rains, you can't go in during a storm, can't swim after lunch, waiting to turn in the length of a day, spring lie learned at summer's hands, bird wheeling for southern lands, lies, hometown, meadow fur, adult kids, shadow seals my eyes when it steals day and flatters the zeal of my soul, let it free, on this shore I won't leave love's memory, my flame can swim, lost respect for law, soul my cell, veins fuel fire and marrows flame as I strive to quit the flesh but not desire, love dust troubling the pool with a lamb shaped plumb line, played from a lamp in your palm, sphere thrum, mud thrown in a salt square, imago in hand of potter world, a man at last, my hand of fire fused toward you as you dance up clay quetzal or bronze coatlicue, cloud near the sun, a gleam of crimson tinged snow, long I watched it move over the lake, spirit tranquil and floating slow, rest in its motion, every breath wafting it west, emblem of the soul to whose robe the gleam of bliss is given and by breath of mercy made to roll to heaven's gate where it lies

peaceful and tells man his destinies, year scarcely spun, sitting where you saw her, you lowed as now below those cliffs, as now wind flung foam forth to wash her feet, we roamed in silent waves under heaven, tide heedful, let us pause, I see fortune smiling and feel her favor, her decay, sweet her now fled blessing, flower scent now withered, morning adorning and tempest storming, tweed's streams shining in beams grown dark as I row on, why sport? Hoarding treasure, flowers on the grass, lord of all your hands can hold, would don a girdle or wear a crown, a chain to deck your breast? Gold feet, look what wealth is on the grass, conception, execution, sleep soul, like plants whose existence is sleep, truth can be seen only by spirit and I set mine aside early, under my hat, pressing your brain, sinking you into the plant realm, a tree strikes me numb, looking in shallows, seeking to shed dew that stains her like a tear, when sleep alights on the lake I come to press the tree a kiss, she brushes my hair, her branches encircle me as I lift my lips, spring wind and pools, cricket pulse of dusk under gold trees, fall's finish, snow's afterlife, death's breath, meet-

ings and mixings, bids and buds, heads pine,
brushed signs, maze wax flows, carving an
oak passage, broken brackets where light
flows in, lip sap where flatland cuts by
growth pressure at sea bottom, writ and
wrote, change in ray glare, she came out
with her shoulders blue black and bikini
bottom wetly adhering, tugging cloth to
cover the pale margin of skin, fatter day to
day, her face when she towels her back at a
table in that ankle length wrapper, hat and
sunglasses, I took a chair and my knee
touched hers and she pulled away, too late
for love or joy, loitered too long, she dried
behind the grate, her starving heart, if I ar-
rived in time I would know her buds, wind
to melt the snow, a fair queen, so beguiling
in her bathing suit, birds fall in her flower
pots, herring swim under her and fall in
love with her, playing in the surf, contour
bedded in wave spume, feet arched, shell
ears, eyes of corn enclosing the landscape of
her eyes, line of neck falling into paler re-
gions surging in smooth hemispheres, split-
ting loveliness into pillars of pure alabaster,
fruit raised over the meeting of land and
sea, waves suck her to the shallow, sun on

face, at times we think it ours, a girl, and off we whirl, breezy in boyhood's prime like spring strutting in springtime, dazed, glad, who does this? Don't display ornaments, put veils over bosoms and don't display them but to children who note not women's nakedness, don't strike feet together to discover ornaments, fortify your mind, lines of foam rustle and thud, sea breaths the smell, air from the horizon, mystery of space and cloud, thuds go on as sea drowns, inbreaths and outbreaths with silence between, waves feed on me, I feel them and spread through them as they dash through my hair, I touch them and hear laughter, wind creeps over me and I am in love and reach my lips to kisses, which bit of shore is mine? All bays know me as I glide with floating hair, children dashing on my face, lines come up the shore, face after face falls past as I untangle and mingle with the rest, breath of life ascends and I take the thread and go on with the work, world full of eyes filled with shy surprise, sparkling demure and overfree, a lily bed whichever way I turn my head, what do I desire? Girls fresh as flowers, eager for mysteries, watching me, so powerful is beau-

ty when it comes near I can't resist, two shades in song, our love dowses for water, sinking in the well, digging together, limbs in the sea, if you want me call my name, waves shatter and billows break, line on line sea rises to oppose my path but life exults for joy in my breast, spray showers my shoulders, foam unfolding like flowers, sea shudders at her own immensity, rim of noon steering as glooms lap, will of wave, lips trembling with tears, I loved you when bid by azure from every twig burst indolence, your body burnt and drew out black hair as I set you with leis and cast it to glory on the blue, your hands weak, no guerdon to win but your dark measure of mold, sky dust in your hands, sea gluten, scum dazzling the rocks, interpose me and fulfill my work, sink to dust whence I rose, corruption veils me, I moan and bow as reason teaches flesh a lesson, hope in vain, in vanity I yearn as joy turns tedious and leaves me depleted, no will to learn I lie joyless, too big to be of use to love, if there is such thing it is to be had by you, whoever tries without has changed his skull for stone, with clarity we give joy to reason, it rewards us when it sends a thought

to keep choicy sweetmeat in supply, lake guard rail, I drove past, a girl died when her boyfriend plunged his car in and swam to shore, she trapped inside, cattails and sandflats against an umbrella, moon out all day, little divers, no snobs, seagulls crowd the rails, birds waiting to spread wing, I passed the school and turned up the road and on the gravel I rang the bell, wrapped around the rail it hung over the gorge shaking bolts, I climbed the steps and wiped water from the glass, stepping down I opened the door and climbed in, a sleeper behind the seats and paper on the floor, glovebox empty, I climbed between and there was a mattress on the bunk and a fridge and fold down table, such are you now in earth below, above your bones the image of departed beauty stands, a look to hold the gazer, pleasure flowing from a lip to a neck where love once hung, a hand whose pressure still the hand it clasped with joy would thrill that bosom whose loveliness stole the color from gazer's cheek, all these have been and now remains a heap under this stone, in the nunnery of her breasts I profane so chaste a fair whoever call them nests, thus transplanted you

grow bright, yielding perfume, in a garden
cowslips are sweeter than in the field, in
cloisters secure from blasts, and when wind
searches for the flower whose odor bore late
and sighs to find it in the wood no more,
who died, bud that grew and faded by my
side, we laid her down when forests cast the
leaf and wept one so lovely live so brief, yet
not unmeet it was that one like that should
perish with flowers, each hour more inno-
cent until you wither, then that which gave
you room shall be your sepulcher, there
wants no marble for a tomb whose breast
has been marble to me, in the wood where
ferns molder into humus, where light filters
through and moisture is held by moss, un-
der the forest vines spread in scarves of
glossy evergreen leaves, I made a telephone,
put it to your ear, listen, where did you go?
You come like print on a lightbox, do I in-
vent you or are you happening in a time I
can't touch? A woman gives a kiss to a little
girl on dewed ground, such a stitch to be
talking to her pockets at closing time, re-
pent, I know what all know they meant, ser-
mon on account, beyond mind like money,
criminal coat reversible as skin, rain rhythm

tapping panic lids, drum her in with that
dove I bought twice, stranger music, rivers
over harbor garbage, tell the stream you
share her dream, in deepening of dawn
when she dapples dusk with streaks like red-
dening eastward apples, when stars and
planets wax wan in gathering of night over-
head, all fire flushed in the change, when
trees redden on slopes with spring eucalyp-
tus, when gold shines and each draught re-
sembles a draught of wine, when skyline's
resistance makes dreamiest distance some
song in all hearts have existence, such songs
have been mine, grass reclaims field where
trees grow greenery they shed, world shift-
ing, naked nymphs dancing on the grass,
hours devour day to warn you, you too shall
pass, zephyrs curb cold to bring spring that
falls to fall and spills its yield to fields winter
slows, though moon on moon redeem waste
of seasons when we are laid and go as ash
and shade, who knows? Indulge your heart,
no heir hoards what it receives, when you
die no name shall shape you back from dust,
walk with me, touch my cloth, step in my
footprint, meet me, sin demolished, statue
people at a bench, I tossed a nut, threw my

head, caught it, and kept on, they were looking at a tree, a woman stepped back, hand to chest, laughing, animal in tree, I went on my tiptoes, an eye, a mie, a feather, a doublet, Arabs believe in abracadabra and to me a woman's body is as powerful, standing against the sky, glow on her dress, bathing where fairest shades hide her, wind calm and birds sang as streams go by, my thoughts enticing my eye to see the forbidden, so vain desire was chidden when my imagination saw but couldn't tell her feature, end of breeding and boredom, she would like someone to speak to her, upright soul of truth and honor, prone to charm's sway, breaking bonds and feeling no regret, one link holds you yet? Faith as free as mine? In your heart a need mine can't fulfill? A chord any other hand could better wake or still? Could you answer my claim, today not you is to blame? Some soothe their conscience thus but you will warn me now, how strange earth, each tree, poplars sway, withdrawing my hand I find it dry as perfumes fly from my fur, they choke and cling, how shall I forbear from fearing spring? A garden in your face where lilies blow, where cherries

ripen, enclosing a row, when your laughter shows they look like snowy rose buds, I watch them, your brow threatening with frowns to kill all who come nigh, cherry ripe, come buy, where? Isle where lips smile whose plantations show all year, where cherries grow, sun steps from her throne and lays in the sea and the lily folds her lid by rose's side, he would love her and be fond and true, but she looks up, how fast we slide, wither a virgin or flourish a bride? A leafy vale, not a ray, not a disc of sun, gathering about her, air alight with goddess fanning hair, lifting and waffling, ivory dipping silver, stumbling wood, not a patch, a shimmer, hair of the goddess, the dog leaps, hither he, wood stag sheaf of hair, leap stumbling, virginity detached from flesh and recovering immortality, light the lamp and search until in shadow the coin within, search every corner, care of oneself constitutes principle practice, praise and silence judgment, ordinary truth numbers, wish unable to come to perception, all wishes equal, birch blooms as I clasp her to my bosom, a phantom of delight when she gleamed, an ornament, her stars of twilight and twilight hair but all

things else drawn from dawn, a shape to haunt, a spirit yet a woman too, her household motions light and free, steps of virgin liberty, a countenance where records meet, a creature not too bright or good for wiles, tramp of feet in the moss, my heart tosses and quivers, I turn and rend my clothes, I borrow, I love her, let me chant her story, I will wait for her face, who are you and what are you doing here? Would it help you to have me do animal things and sort some pie? Is appellation important to you? If so, woof, I'm a dog, children call you ugly, who cares, I'm not influenced by them, come hide with me under the shade of this ugly tree, in ages hence what will be the result of this preoccupation with desire? Will it kill us or save us? Will it and curiosity interact? That might give us a chance to breed more finely, we owe a lot to desire, vocal cords developed for sexual purposes, discerning girl, nothing but you can make my joys entire, my desire fastens on you, engendering my desire, flattery, my chief virtue, fancy, let her loose, all is spoilt by use, where cheek too much gazed that doesn't fade? Where maid whose lip is ever new? Where eye that

doesn't weary? Face one meet every place?
Voice one hear so often? Fancy send her and
she has vassals to attend her, she brings buds
and bells from sward and spray, mixing
these like wine I quaff and hear carols and
corn rustling, birds antheming, rooks forag-
ing for sticks and straw, no breasts, what
shall I do on the day you are spoken for? If a
wall I build a palace on you and if a door I
enclose you with cedar, I am a wall and my
breasts are towers, then in my eyes you
found favor, easy to guess the relation be-
tween the couple who walked by, lovers, yet
it would need many words to define the
sense that came to me, singular in the tie
that bound them, never a sight so odious,
levity to lewdness, thinking of you where
rivers rush and thunder, streams singing
your song, mountains loom in your leafy
aisle to the north as to the east shines a sum-
mit on your shore, child of yore, I worship
before my old shrines as noontide hush is
broken by the thrush whose bell rings and
dies by your banks in coverts where buds
sleep and dream not it is day, I don't care
who you are, I know someone is looking for
me and their soul is corn kissing the wind,

sons and daughters looking for me, I know someone is looking for you and their soul is wind kissing a corn tassel, my love is a robin with an ember of copper on her shoulders, my life is odd and I think she means to tangle my eyes too, no faith, not your eyes that tame me to your worship, we embraced, worn by travel that goes by and over us like stars, I pity them, guiding men through peril without recompense, you don't know what love is, eons conducting your figures through heaven, what journey have you ended, lingering in the arms of my beloved, we slept on the grass under a tree, possessing a golden slumber with pastimes done, birdsong to bring her babe asleep, season leading to pairings by the sea, drink my cup, sip it up, make life, night lulls us, no mate meets, no hive or plumage, youth flown and sun set, spring gone, with haze wind silvers horizon and tints as heat turns sod to violets, my woman across the heath, a voice, help unwrap this for me? What we doing here? A book beneath the bough, wine, bread, you, wilderness were paradise enow, get away with tears and drink them and move her, no care for beauty, our lives star crossed by

night, from that well hope began, love when
we wanted, moods isolate spirits, a place to
stand and love no mind, nudity, nakedness,
you can't see, can't unsee, polarity reversed,
why tomorrow morning or noon, name the
time, memory where you must be, your
voice, pride, flaying lamb symbol, a cusp,
my face, eclipsing sky, steel thoughts and
change misdoubt to resolution, be what you
hope to be or are, not worth enjoying, let
fear find no harbor, I abide in truth, arriving
to see what was there, clapping hands before
opening, old with homage of ages, thanks,
leading me past buildings at back, man din-
ner and boy playing with dog, a path enter-
ing the wood, grape twisting around trunks,
a frock, so absorbed I didn't see view, she
stopped and I went to the bluff, hills and
streams, a hawk, wake her until she pleases,
nights cool spring, speech disturb you? No
silence, moon garden, I won't see the next
one, in spring when moon rose time was
endless, snowdrops closing, seeds in drifts,
on white, moon rose in crook where tree di-
vides leaves of first daffodils in moonlight,
gone too far to fear end, unsure it means,
you who been with a man, after first cries

isn't joy silent like fear? No more in the wood, not a rut where trees stood, brush taking over the field where we once made love, we made our own weather, farewell shade, poplar felled, winds no longer sing nor ouse your bosom receives, long since I viewed my trees, now in the grass, seat that once lent me shade, wren seeking nest no longer there, yet not in sorrow only are you fair, joy may love you but none know your allure except he who gazing in his lady's eyes sees lists tossing with wood plumes where waters gleam and glance, youth never dies, wind anoints us with an endless kiss, what jubilee crickets chirrup, sailing isle, just alike, yours and mine, hastening to decline, hine's a summer no more mine, though repeated to many summers gone appear as short as one, leaves in the water and elm pockets of time, lilacs by the door, if I could hear it again, tonguing sweet grain, let light balm you as it blows, let man breathe love, a kitsch of culture, falling leaves, forest forced open, fallen leaves with us forever in a ghostlike raindrop, trickery those promises, farewell, why cry? If untouched by thought your nature isn't less divine, lie on my bosom and

worship my shrine, with me when I don't know it, farewell shade, no longer wind sings in the leaves nor ouse on bosom their image receives, cutting initials in the sod, wind running along these trees, breath, trunks are instinct with you and nature enjoys you, days speed on and we hide our thoughts, running without reason, we frolic, poplars felled, time quiet, heaven on the sea, listen, she is awake and thunders, cottage stirring you with sky, little think how nigh change looms when these joys vanish and deliver woe, the more your taste is now of joy, but for so happy ill secured long to continue, this seat your heaven ill fenced for it to keep out such a foe as now has entered, yet no foe to you who I pity thus forlorn, park over, prospect pleasing, he who loves cheek or lip admires or from starlike eyes seeks duel to maintain his fires, as time makes these decay so his flames must waste away, but a smooth mind kindles never dying fires, where these aren't I despise cheeks, lips, and eyes, soon your glow abates, then your beauty is nothing more strange or bright, I still have flavor, soft as spring wind from birchen bowers, green shoots, spring

in the branches as she staunches winter's wound and is white as bark, so white this lady's hours, leader of our class on my couch, her embrace, her badge on my neck, ceiling dark to the sound of spring bus feet, when we meet be careful to look at me in such a way as to cause your mind to be known to me, tinkle ornaments and bite lip, show me your appreciation of enjoyment, yawn and twist your body, contract eyebrows, make marks with a stick, her voice didn't come from the back of her throat but from her chest, on hearing I was wont to close my hands, her modulations had the sadness of music and thrilled to the same yearning, yet you had to smile at the emphasis fluttering through her speech and pouncing on the unlikeliest word in each sentence, my impulse to touch her, the way your own hand feels, must I pretend not to love you? How many minutes left to be beautiful? What transformed your look? Banter receded as joy measured out in freedom and as freedom expressed in motion, as motion made manifest in time, in time alone we will, no, we will never be happy, not hugging myself, the first thought was to get rid of her, to

meet someone without decency, where to meet that, get rid of her first, expected to stick with me, pretending not to want it, but when I take it back she stows it away, I get into relations with them to study them, to strip the mask of convention and surprise their secrets, they rouse my energies and rescue me from reason, they make me see visions, the moon stands still and seems free of change, in wrinkles and white hair, you who guide my flight, the way you tread leads my steps aright, scorning love, the wind, hours fly over me and my dearie, dear as life to me, pulse of machine, traveler between life and death, a woman planned to warn and yet a spirit still, I fear your kisses, don't fear mine, too laden to burden you, I fear your tone, don't fear mine, innocent the heart's devotion with which I worship yours, I am law to my darling and with me she feels power to kindle or restrain, she is sportive and mine shall be the balm and mine the silence and the calm, clouds lend their state to her as willows bend, stars are dear and I lean my ear in places where rivulets dance and beauty passes in her face, delight rears and my bosom swells, such thoughts

while in this dell, bringing flowers to greet her with spring, flowers like her, emblems of virtue, graces binding her hair with wreaths, time waves adios, laughing and forgotten, rose gifts, if you could see would you never blink? Would you fall and pray, waiting for the current to move you? How would you bear to never stop seeing? Close your eyes and listen to water singing of a time when all was one, a man sizing up a girl and pushing buttons to induce her to come home with him, leading her to bed and making love to her, she vanished as melts a star into day and I looked through, what light, what peace, what balm, a murmur angels sing as they go, a bird chained in sense and limb, tasting joy and taking no note of time, I sigh back to toil never again content, to have stood so near and not enter, glimpse withdrawn, light my dusks until day dawns and shadows flee and the gate unbars and I pass through, never an original you, alternate, you or weather? All things meet and mingle, why not I with you? Mountain waves, no flower forgiven if disdained her sister, sunlight clasps the earth and moonbeams kiss the sea, what this if you not kiss

me? Slender but not thin and rather tall, blonde hair and stone brow shadow, a church roof saint munching a plum with bag in hand, the way she gives herself to half, a solace of plums budding and taking down the power grid, but in me there are the makings of a man, tongues transforming flames beyond recognition, prominences rising and disappearing, tell wind her spirit flows whatever path it blows, tell thrush she draws her art from rapture of my heart, a bee brings gossip to my shelter, tales of fur and sap, we may no more attend her, bid things befriend her, I borrow notes from lark, prune your wing and sing, let music give good morrow, her eyes had witchcraft in them, a cloud obscured her, a valiant companion, her frailness, a fairy girl, what though, laughing blue she mocks men's anguish, sun glares on many who long for night to rue shame, yet do you grant mercy before day is done, weaving the vault, shunning your veil with pity when love's hues fly, when hope falls and life is on her way, then weary eyes turn to you, her eyes, they light love's world, she follows me, breath on cheek, a growl, she went without a whisper and grew before my

eyes, a creature so nearly a woman as to be dangerous to herself and everyone else, drinking, why not? Clothe yourself, descending into the water, suffering behind me, I go to destroy, soul in the water, strengthening words of war, the blackbird flees to where hazels afford him a screen and scene where his melody charmed before resounds with his ditty no more, my years haste away and I lie with turf on my breast and stone on my head, a sight to engage me, to muse on pleasures of man, short lived as we are they have shorter span, these wings will never be conjoined, yet it is innate for feeling to want out, to soar when birds jubilate the blue and eagles roam, as cranes go home twilight wafts and near is far, evening star, contours shiver, mist and mirrored deeps more black than ever darken the lake, a hint of moon as willows dandle in the flood, auras dart the shadow and cool touches the heart through the eye, shadow games spook along forgotten leaves as fall sighs into a flute and I grieve as I come near the moment when the deal is sealed, tucked in the weave of culture, open options as long as fauns snicker at fallen stars, upholding law of centuries,

nothing endures underfoot, leaves whisper about death as a faun smiles and words no sympathy, flukes wandering the pond, theirs isn't to reason why, happy in garden of flowers throwing side to side, their joy met with hoots and I am erect in the tipping sea, witnessing all, handling it, that might teach me about myself and what it looks like happening, a statue tells its story of dust reclaimed from sand, perils by sea and land, long as the sun it spreads in front of the mountain, name on stone, sculpture with undefined limbs, motion your throb blessed, aren't you shut from this breast? Day unfolds again? Volcanoes explode and water bears the sun away, bubbling pecked at by birds, beach of awakening, town toppled from sense, inert wind under weight, indocile to fate, mutely vexed, incapable of growing, self conscious, in breach of fauna and flora, would they bow if I weren't present, goer? Cicada clings to a tree and doesn't turn its head, comer? Rush flowers flourish in fires and spring seems like fall, stayer? Stone sheep encounters stone tiger, when does encounter end? I seized their women and carried off their workers and went to their wells and slew

their bulls, I cut their corn and burnt it, all who keep this boundary are my sons but he who lets it be removed isn't my son, do battle for this statue of myself, where the figure of the man should have been there was a heap in the depths of the cushions and over it a head on a stone pillar, dust from the sand waste lone, wasted, gone, perils, short obsequies of the lost, shorter when ship settles below, doomward with bold heart, stubborn to yield and redder than dew is battle dew, few who hear their knell fall as that statue claimed, languid on the sand, gone ship below, bold heart, red battlefield, cannon's lips, flashlights in generations of soil, such the purport of inscriptions on obelisks in the valley, sarcophagus, why mysterious? Have you the oracle to guide your misogyny? Let the age's spirit stand in spite of rage, you are enough for any soul's desire, you have fire, but we who grovel, are we despoilt of mirth? Can't listen to a prayer? What time denies, what time cynic cries, avaunt, yet spare? This our motto, nor think I squirm, the condition of the poor brings me to your door to breathe love and charity for you,

none adore your hand more than I, every step I advance distinguished by agency, the consent of so many can't be compared with the means by which most things have been established without some return of gratitude along with an anticipation of future blessings the past presages, state isn't realization of state and religion is a complement of our imperfection, hypocritical, we can do without, I plant my foot on the dragon and see its struggles, overthrown my companions twice, I control it, the city adorns me with her jewelry, not like the old giant with limbs astride from land to land, here a woman with a flame of lightning in her hand, welcome beacon, harbor eye, keep pomp and give refuse, I lift my lamp by the door, grounds where heart and soul are free, an equity sets the bounds, not royal grant, no burning forestry in lust for power, here love for liberty and birds for wheel sparks, land of spirit, you who enter abandon hate, see tribes chase truth to joy, center convexing broader as more great your numbers from where prejudice is mentor, colony controversies, exasperations, an artist who presents man as godlike is aware they are helpless

but regards this as irrelevant to their essence and presents a figure embodying beauty as man's nature, a statue with water from the rim in a tent for birds, who might be your mother that you insult and exult the wretched? I see no more in you than without candle may go dark to bed, proud? There now, ease of place, oil sea, ravishment of fountain figure in the fold, stone impressed with a smile, one's best side, I forgot my legs and couldn't recall how to stand, then rose and sang, wrens like shovels, a voice from the wilderness, echoes, settles, rests, then another, and between them, the keep of quiet, still my rocks tower above the sea at my feet, a wave, a land without lord or slave where tongues are free and friends find welcome, foes a grave, none kneel but to pray, all true to what they vote and to the eagle's nest, a justice of the peace, turn him out next year, we love our land, would shake hands with a king and think it kindness, fearing and flattering none, nurtured such and such we die, capitalist operatives changing in support of measures, parties of personalities carrying them out, a page to a fable dangling the swan of blood, shaping sand from fog over

lakes of fever, mouths rolling, I drop the pear, standing in wingless flight, I stamp bell houses of teeth singing refusal's last becoming, awaiting children, every river pulls my hair to columns by the pyramid's ghost, watering basins of the temple stink as clocks draw swords and nail them into tears, no annexation but of mind, heart, and spirit, your voice makes us rejoice, thrall failing to find one truant to mankind, swimming out to the decoys or asleep amid the toys, let your spirit come by the starway to the sun, the way of love, not down creeds like stone steps to the sea, the way you often come, rise and be the star top of liberty, learning does what all nourishment does that doesn't just conserve, a thinker can't learn anew but only follow to the end what is fixed in himself, we find solutions and see in them only guide posts to the problem we are, the unteachable in us, I forget the day they fixed me here, what do they think when they look at me? I see your heart's woe and soul's anguish, how it pines in fever, I let it languish, deaf to its moans and blind to its pangs, I hear a whisper entreating some reply, at last you look up and see you pray to stone, you ask help of

that which has no power to help and seek
love where love is unknown, idolater of
rock, slash your flesh, I feel no tenderness,
no shock, I stand with lizard for companion,
a monument to loss in isolation, no heart or
hands, I stand below sun on the sand, wind
whips me in despair, by dawnlit or evening
air I sing with stone lips, not I but wind
moves these, not I but wind of unknown
land, a street rose-garlanded with lily stalks,
I walk wildflower valleys and command
summer birds, sipping dew from buds with
bee lips and riding wind with flying hair,
rushing around rock faces and changing
like moon glances, the blossom hears the
nightjar as by the stream willows burst buds,
waking from roaming the chants of the tree
arouse my feelings, no friend of mine, rain
on leaves in the pond spurs as you swing,
wide sir, purseful, shed for a soul, smile, roll-
ing star, my poured sungloss rolling along,
diagonal and anointed with vertigo I go to
the gate and drop offerings, my dive be-
tween your palms, time beats prairie firs and
water under your soles, graves fanning ar-
ray, mirage of marriage, inverse holiday,
baptized in water where your body lies, char-

iot of love where my lady rides, each is a swan and love guides the car well, as she goes all hearts do a duty to her beauty and run by her side through sword and sea, whither she would ride, unworldly human, most elegant car in the train, she fell in the mud and her mother flipped her over and punched her in the back and the punches were a visit to the college, rocking her to sleep, her head set with curls agreed to punish her with violence, she crawled into bed accepting the fact with no great weeping, tiny mustn't frown when she tumbles down, rub away the dirt and say she wasn't hurt, what a world if all who fell began to cry, no longer like your mother, a woman in an open shirt eating ice cream and just going for a walk, but in a shirt made by migrants at night, a point mapped by shifting coordinates, you keep your eye or don't, being yourself or a moving target, do hills you climb as no one count? Salvage us from the heap of our making and cut it out and stop worrying about the future, it doesn't belong to us and we don't belong to it, I squat at the edge of the pond with my mind in the depths, a tunnel to the hands of the woman

who stitched these shirt holes, how much of everything is getting ready, dressing, pushing buttons through furls, opening eyes, moments revealed, where religion supports aristocracy there is a grain of sweetness, but fact is intolerable, such honor accorded to wealthy birth, we can't indemnify a hero, alleviation no excuse, power crowned, nor will the extraordinary be slighted, the system is an invasion of justice, our rights lessen our value, I confess, I am an addict, but I read, glow worm over grave and stone shall light me, the owl sings from the steeple, welcome lady, in the mist a tree blooms and hummingbirds hover, sky gazes in glass, I took a pill and tossed half on the sidewalk and a pigeon approached and ate it before I could intervene, fire will rage as long as consciousness hasn't been purged, keep attention on the gate on which you generated a doubt, my spirit, a bachelor of habits, a bully, if I scold it is because I love you, wouldn't bother otherwise, most learned man on earth, but can't talk, a man with flesh growing on his head, sun's hatred finding the one cell in my body to love, transforming and multiplying it in its own image, mass where my

nose was, cancer sliding down the back of my skull, old, a different choice of death? Wouldn't it be strange if you could find a picture taken when I still had hair? The door springs open and prints spill to the linoleum as cornets strain and a ship cleaves the sea, all melts under our feet or the feeling it does cracked its lily open, what gardener would infect the border's broadcast air with that aroma? A hint of it out-dazzles the peas, breathing in I lift like a balloon and my heart is light and huge, beating with joy, wind blows through me, earth below, an oval jewel seablue with love, my heart a fist, dust clogs the air, sun a weight on my skull, a queer figure creeping along the road, whether I cut toward the depot through the railyard or north through the nervous blocks, or circle back for another view, shadowed in a doorway, japing in a window, listening at a stand, my work on every tongue, avenue deserted, shop windows dark and masks drawn over their doors, a blur of light from the restaurant and a flare of fire across the street between the parallels of light at the station, streaking the dark, I darted across, struggling to escape penned in

words, laws, or memory, a dog howled, my mother's image in the window, her face, the sore looking phenomenon, tendency, national feeling and history, and all to do for myself, my power expended in first preparations, some see vision in the face of a woman, something gnawed that walnut leaf, I face my wrinkles, so slimming, they rather flatter, speaking to you all dopey in the glass, she wouldn't stand without a feel for oaks, gum tree bud caps and gumballs, a caution, that reflection, a study in the trees, a leaf I step on, do what you like and be quick, up the avenue, death boy, rabbit skin coat and pub arfs, penny gaffs from street to lake, ale bombast, won't be told, clay loam in a cottage, digging up the past and raking up the future, I buried my romance but she dragged it out, I spoiled her life, she ate so I wasn't anxious but what a lack of taste she showed, she gave it up for the cause and a consul took possession, telling me this before her departure, nothing missing, even the matchbox turned up in a drawer, used to carry it with me, she meant there be no bond left, long time before I gave up visiting corners for something she might have left, I

hoped for a hairpin, I saw nothing of her, she remained in seclusion, I knew others and cultivated their society, awaiting her reappearance, I made bold to knock on her door, discreet, professional, not letting us slide into sociability, she never thought me an equal, she questioned me and I felt remorse at her departure, my heart is accessible to many good impulses, I thought about her, threshold of pain outlimened by the bar raised at high tea, drop scones and jawbones, single malt salt pillars, tranquil county, nothing to do but tell a drunk to go home, accepting invitations and staying the night, a good face, if I stay with a family of means supper might include couples of my class, I tasted the salad and put the spoon on a napkin by the bowl, nobody makes a good potatis, parlor ready, fifth on the radio, cord rising to the chandelier, chips on the sofa, olives on the bed, I grabbed the picture, an alley paved with shells, giving it a kiss, grease on the glass, let me receive you, head on mine, let us conjoin, so blended toward one glory our eyes turn and see light, we set our fantasies free, we home for distant lands and alight on islands afar, worlds that ren-

der us strangers under heaven and convert our lives to hell, islands we thirsted for, on them we are friendless, buds on the sand seeking a thing lost in an odd land, my first wish was not to exist, to burst in the backyard, button pressed behind the rectory, not a plea to be mourned but to be unborn to the air and hang as ponds rise and drop into the aquifer, what sort of home would I need to be the unseen entertainer, sounds unmoving to footsteps, let me take my time, some things you know all your life, I haven't love, I am nothing, my martyrdom, my sacrifice forces to light the actor in me, martyred, what a show, after dinner we looked for a spot to weather out the dance and such a place was a porch along the upper windows of the ballroom, open as the night was warm, musicians struck the first notes as the servants were instructed to their roles, one sped to me with tidings, don't blame me, we crowded into the garden and I lay under a willow by the riverside, earth at work, putting my ear to the grass I fancied what my life would be, soil penetrated my breast and I was a willow, they knew my thoughts and feigned to not notice my want of appetite,

old house dust, I lift cakes and ale about to be in me, taking them to you every place it pleases you to be, the doors on you stand fast, they don't open to those in the west, east, north, or south, nor to those in the middle, but they open to me, I hear your views from your friends, don't think I don't like music, I love it, makes me romantic, I worship pianists two at a time, got up as for a function at court, a brochette on my lapel and a ribband on my shirtfront, hair dyed black, soft as wax, mustache needlelike, I had some interviews and was keeping down an urge to throw a plate, she made me nervous, are fruits of paradise sweeter than pies of venison? Generous food, dressed up, sup and bowse from horn and can, war paintings, some belong to earlier periods of history, mosquitoes can't shake you, swimmer and bridge, blemish on surface joining seer and swimmer, paint me with wings, rifles of sand, buds in the lane, I sing to blood tumbling into the sea, flashing light into the picture, adorning my house with masters, guests marvelling amid their labors, far from halls before one picture I would spend, where canvas thralls, meek and hallowed,

these alone, wish granted, has shown your face to me, your throne, dressed up, no enemy though disliked, overdressed with a hook nose, a pushy nobody with a lisp and red hair, ruins fit to a dead past, sitting by a castle, sunset lighting walls of ruined stronghold on neighboring height, shadows in the valley, cold trees, her lip's trials, neck below chin point, galeae of scalp back, ears, nose, eyes, lips not given up, an actor with a running, at the bar every day until closing, famous friends who might show, preacher on bad terms with church but able to officiate when called upon, pushed into the breach, promising to go home, cutting my visit short, unprone to license, serious memories, despair and praise, complimented, I like you, cognizant of contradiction, what is superior? Pillars of state able in their posts and peasants at peace, good do good and evil evil, don't speak of what is given, what about what is taken or withheld? This is the news at full, I shook my head, I never knew what was meant by forsaken until you taught me, chief example, not a knee stamp, their remarks, or should they be called interruptions? I made no answer as if I hadn't heard

the question, a form of intercourse that suited me, a man of resources, I pocketed the place as they were wool gathering, I got my heads, justified by my reply, to save the trouble, haven't read it, cheering up when I was out, my treatment of the seducer, glad to be out, better come clean, owe her that, aren't you the one who tells me I don't owe her? She could do anything if she put her mind to it, wouldn't you rather know sooner than later? Rather she stay away, don't know why she hangs around, business likely, man who laughs is bad, the key wherewith we decipher the man, the stratagem, let us laugh while we can, I felt my nerves shake as I looked inward and burst into laughter that rolled into the night and echoed in the hills, the screaming laugh of an idiot is a sound we tremble to hear, interest fastens to power, useful as far as beauty is opposed to it, interest's sphere of circumstance lies in the perception of the idea that by exciting the will takes its object out of the range of forms enunciated by reason, where beauty exists only for intellect which has no will, interest is necessary as gas needs a material basis to be transferred, stream of thought thus aban-

done spins on without regaining attention unless reaching an intensity forcing attention's return, a process continues unnoticed because of a rejection by judgment on the ground of unfitness for the purpose of the act, we are content to serve but desire to know why you hide, I am what I am, a good without which there isn't what is, a life without which there isn't life, when music was young the passions thronged around me, trembling and raging, my mind refined until they rapt, they snatched my instruments to prove their power, their hands lay dazed amid the chords and recoiled at the sound they made, anger swept the strings with low sullen sounds, a mixed air sad by fits, but hope, still the vale she called upon echoes to her song, and where her sweetest theme she chose a voice was heard at every close as she smiled and waved her hair, revenge blew the trumpet so loud were never prophetic sound and I beat the drum at each pause, pity at my side, voice applied, I kept my mien as balls of sight burst my head, proof of my state, song mixed of differing themes, courting love and hate, with eyes raised they sat retired and poured their souls in the horn,

then joy's trial, he saw the viol and they who heard would have thought they saw his maids amid the shades with some minstrel, as his fingers kissed the strings love framed a round, loose were seen her tresses, zone unbound, I played to repay the air and shook odors from my wings, conceiving a fancy common to my character, her secret, around runnels joined the sound, the measure stole through glades around a calm diffusing and lonely musing until in hollow murmurs died away, but how altered was the tone when cheer, bow across her shoulder and buskins gemmed with dew, blew an air that rung the thicket, oak crowned sisters and their queen, satyrs and sylvan boys peeping from the green, exercise rejoiced to hear and sport seized his spear, wasted with pure spirit, drunk every day, lock up your musings, music yet to play, a hundred ways to make prostrations in that mosque where beauty is your mecca, pray, my first, my last, my only wish, say, will my chords wake fame? Will maidens murmur my songs? Will youth choose what bears my name? Let music make less terrible the silence of the dead, I don't care, so my spirit last long after

life flees, in fashion and rhythm you ogle
the aching I soothe but can't, misfortune
and circumstance, formation, a ring of
peaks, muttering we measure the ache but
never reduce it, we can't go, bless us and let
your chime move in time as organs blow,
harmony consort to symphony, a beginning
and ending too, playing melodies until they
are known in the body as fresh as first time
loved, I hear music but can't capture it, I
know no rest, purer the sound clearer the
fore uttered word, I seize a flambeau and
lead the way, before bellows learned to blow
I to my flute could swell the soul to rage or
desire, enlarging the bounds and adding
length to solemn sounds, let me yield the
prize or divide the crown, I raised a mortal
and drew one down, I review things you for-
got, divested, optioned, rhapsodic with mer-
it, history's indulgence a dated grief, I am
taken for a novelty now but used to run the
place, my word was law and no harm nei-
ther, soft welter of me now, think I never
was clever but I was, I can't sing now but I
could, only youth mock like that, urging me
on, voice gone, be still, the arms you bear
are brittle, earth and heaven founded strong,

the gift you possess isn't art but inspiration, there is a divinity moving you like in a magnet attracting iron rings and imparting similar power, rings suspended to form a chain, all deriving power from the first, in like manner I inspire you and a chain of others is suspended, a continuing lamp to lamp, what they confer isn't something that doesn't have words and meaning, those who love phenomena record them and convey them in books but that shouldn't prevent you from knowing the origin, those who obtain the origin always hit the mark, there is no need to describe a thing so well known, the work of he who blessed the host on its march, it implies a genius invented the new style in the middle of old and it was kept hidden as people made attempts to imitate what men already knew, the new style and its spreading is remarkable but a small matter to this fiction, so strange a vagary need not be discussed but is worthy of a place among odd delusions, respectable as such, my fancy is beyond the genius of miracles, is it possible to use magnets to extract gold? They warned me but I didn't believe them so I traded a goat for one, soon I will have

gold enough, you who create tools to find gold, to you I vow, there is pleasure in your eye, some are unable to explain how a thing could cause another and be its creator, nothing causes or creates another, cause and effect deal only with events that come as a result of an event and no event creates another but are only links in a chain, a continuity between all events and a relation between what went before and what follows, we die as hours do and dry away like rain, sirens, pledges of heaven's joy, sphere born sisters, voice and verse, employ dead things with sense, present consent to our fantasy, sung before the throne to he who sits thereon with shout and jubilee, where in burning row seraphim blow and in thousand quires cherub touch harps with those spirits that wear palms, hymns and psalms singing that we may answer as we once did until we sinned and broke the music, whose love their motion swayed as we stood in obedience, may we soon renew that song and keep in tune with heaven until we unite to live and sing in light, sew all garments with crosses, I am loved yet how few copy my modesty in the imitation whereof consists

the esteem of worship, why should I desire a temple when the world is one choir dedicated to my service? I don't want worshippers any place where earth doesn't want inhabitants, I am not so foolish as to be prayed to by proxy and have my honor bestowed on images, supplicants seldom distinguish between these and what they represent, the same respect is paid to me, there are as many statues erected to me as there are fabrics of mortality, I disconnect meaning from context and use words before they are accessible and so return to that world of questioning voices, maid and singing master, coiffeur and masseur, errand boy and banker, I taught her parts, some say she can read and write, unfounded, I do her it for her, at the height of the season they put on a new play each week and each one had a part for her and the task of memorization wasn't a trifle, my face was as grim as if I were ordering an execution, you know what they made her, marquise first, I was raised an academic and used to think questions should be answered but now I yawn, covering the pink flower of my mouth, I am exhausted, go tell her that wastes her time and mine that now she

knows when I resemble her to you she seems sweet to me, tell the young that shun to have their graces spied that had they sprung in deserts they must have died, small the worth of beauty retired from light, bid they suffer to be desired and not blush to be admired, I am unfit for the art of reading with profit, the capacity for absorbing facts without interpreting them and without losing caution in the effort to understand them, the colorings of inferior but popular writers, we are poets by the free course we allow to the soul and through our eyes behold and bless things we made, the soul is superior to its knowledge, wiser than its works, I make you feel your own wealth and you think less of my compositions, my best communication is to teach you to despise me, I carry you to such a strain as to suggest a wealth that beggars my own and you feel my work no more takes hold of real nature than the shadow of a passing traveller on the rock, I could utter such from day to day forever, but why make account of this as if you hadn't the same soul from which fall these syllables? Energy doesn't descend into life on any other condition than entire possession, it comes to the

simple for interpretation, whether with books, reports, events, weather statistics, or salvation of the soul, an abundance of dissimilarities, what am I? You are unable to grasp me and the limit of my manifestations, of small consequence, and what lies before this? Have I faded into an empty name because I can't be grasped or have my poems been gathered, nations representing themselves by my figure? Am I created out of conception or conception out of me? I never say anything to my advantage and humiliate myself, what I say can't be better said and I listen much, never interrupting and never showing eagerness to speak, I speak without passion, to court me is to speak with equity and without passion of all, to esteem the good in all, my exterior serves me so well I am the best actor in the world, I give when your attention is distracted and what I give is given with such confusion the giving famishes the craving, I give too late what isn't believed or if believed in memory only, passion I give too soon into weak hands, hasty hand to hesitate and grasp more delicately, scent forgotten treasure, the drop of spirituality under ice, a divining

rod for every grain of gold in the mud, the genius of the heart that from contact each go away richer, unfavored or surprised, not gratified or oppressed but rich and new, broken, blown upon, sounded by a thawing wind, uncertain, fragile, bruised, but full of hope, of new will and new ill will and counter current, but what am I doing, friends? I was on the verge of marriage but was presented with a sum that staggered her virtue, I went on the next best thing to a honeymoon, people talk about glory as a stimulus but fame is a symptom of merit and the admirable are more valuable than admiration, happy by which disposition fame proceeds, the best side of my nature is more important to me than for anyone else and the reflection of others little affects me, ideas stir and their music merges, veins through earth that lead ships around its girth, songs that gives its workings worth, bringing tomorrow birth, greed and lust they moil, casting lots for my garment to rot among their spoil, breath soiling infinity, diction is corruption and courtesy dissimulation, delicacy and generosity exaggeration, I enliven all as a man of the world, directing men to my

views like a statesman and giving my impress to the century, while you only obtain the least attention or overcome least difficulty, deplore the corruption of human nature that adores appearance over reality, love ages the worm unless you turn against it and deafen ears to what the jealous say, I will be known when names are named, the goose flies but leaves tracks on the sand as people depart but their names remain, devising and seeking, harvesting flowers and making honey, bees don't know who they suffer to make it sweet, trouble like sculpting ice, words promote fires, rhapsodes, to understand and not just learn, interpreting poet's minds, how if he doesn't know the poet's meaning? The flaw mustn't prevent us from seeing in the designer a different nature from the poet, all inferior to songs that spring to mind, something you might be prepared to recognize, this synthetisation of importance, attachment of good deeds, at death the last words of this book, but on the fall, are separated from the preceding part and mean at death there results a release of the author, freed from his work, non-attachment of good deeds on death, rank and birth,

lies, this too a lie, the truth of your lie re-names me, truth that I am loved, the watch-dog never bites unless silence fills him, true, I am unloved, listen to what you are saying and watch the shadow on your mouth, who taught you to open it? A tongue and mouth to lie in, born wicked with a nastiness that grows from itself, when color goes home into the eyes and lights are shut with girls and bird cries behind brain's gate no place that gave them birth shall close the rainbow, still may time hold some space where I unpack that store of song and turn them over, musing as a mother who sits in the fading light when her children sleep before night, the world has power and interest follows it, where is my power and interest? They originate in states that come as I am what I am in myself, a voice sounds in my soul that has a power equal to the power of the state, you don't make yourself interesting through eccentricity, what was it all about, this strain of getting and spending? Spending lifeblood? Getting happiness? What did they know? How little they knew, how blind, yet how they chattered, how engrossed in games, what children, and am I better? Do I know

what I am after, what I am about? Truth is devoid of words and images but doesn't forsake them, if you forsake them you will fall and if you grasp at them you will fall, as there are few geniuses in the world it is difficult to be endowed with beauty, if those who study learning abandon the internal and seek the external they will be fond of forgetting, if one is inclined toward one or the other both frontiers will be blocked, like contending if a rabbit's horn is long or short or whether flowers in the sky are dark or light, strength isn't supplied by labor, like climate that rears a crop no manure rivals, in my day I was pleased to hear a ring at my door but now what am I to do? A similar revulsion takes place in genius, we don't belong, we stand alone, in our youth we have a sense of being abandoned but later we feel we escaped, earlier feeling unpleasant and latter pleasurable, we know what world is, I give my ideas so the reader may see how far they are borne out by my own experience, it isn't weakness of reason but violence, knowledge of perception through senses, understanding over knowledge, the perceptible, impressions guiding action, impression of

the moment, an examination required, the law prescribes examinations but not for competency of examiners, a dispute, drawing up a certificate for inspectors to sign, I withstood the trial and saw what I could effect by fair means, surrounded by them, avenge me, punish pride until wings droop, come thunder, tear asunder, friends and daughters, whither your beloved? Smile, eyes welling, still the same, yours, fame, lovely and comely, terrible as an army, turn eyes, they overcome me, hair a flock of goats and temple a piece of pomegranate, teeth a flock of sheep that go up from the washing, no barren among them, dove undefiled is but one, the only one of her mother, daughters bless her and queens praise her, who that looks as morning, fair as moon and clear as sun and terrible as an army? I seek whisperings where noises bandy, for life in banter, when wights make rhyme in praise of ladies blazon beauty's best lip their pens express a master splendor, all their praises prophecies of this time, all you prefigure, they look with divining eyes, they hadn't skill to sing your worth, with eyes to wonder but no tongues to praise, I cast nets in lakes

of woe and go toward tenderness by sordid pathways, I look for dew in falsehood's gardens, they who climb to wealth forget friends tried in fainter fortunes, I copied them but I regret I should ape the ways of pride, when the hour awakes the tribes of light won't overlook the flower that made the woods bright, dionysiokolakes, toadies, tyrant frills, lick spittles, actors, the style you are master and I am not, me, the old school teacher who sat in my garden and wrote three hundred books out of rage and envy, the world took a hundred years to find me out, did she ever? All who awake rely on wisdom, envy is the spirit of that alliance made by mediocrity against eminence, none will allow another to be distinguished and intruders can't be tolerated, to the rarity of merit and the difficulty it has in being recognized there is the envy of thousands to be reckoned with, none are taken for what they are but for what others make of them and this is the handle used by mediocrity to keep down distinction, an anonymous band of huntsmen, a runner of red carpet spotted with pheasants on which a cold sun shines, these are the black shoes, the skirt one

smoothed to speak, the tongue I am not master, messengers circling through vectors of ash, a man on a street and the signs that say yield, then ssh, then let me sweep the porch for you, a woman's beads scattering into order, girls running along outside themselves toward my covenant, it doesn't touch evildoers, my church a place of preserve, take me for a place of prayer, and covenanted, do you clean my house for those who make the circuit and those who pay, for those who bow, for those who pray? I ascend the hall, how amusing? There were several who added a phrase, next year I will have a jacket sent to you, your reverence belongs to me, nowhere else will accept your offer, worthies fought to make the purchase and to do so they spread wealth, I didn't hand over my body so few have seen it in past or present, today I sell it, when cheap it is worthless and when expensive gold can't compare, buy it and it belongs to you, it belongs to you even if you don't buy it, I am your companion if you understand, be it alone when mind stirs and thoughts rise I think of you, I order you to proceed, and stop, I won't be apart, friends, am I among

them? Heart's thought and mind's desire, where these aren't I despise, unsettling, asked to tell your story, listening for contradiction, waiting for you to slip, I sigh and you try again, I don't like people knowing what I think, I want more fun years, is there anywhere that can't be snapped? A person is a whetstone and one who dislikes other's polishing is pitiable, put your hands on our heads and explain the truth, enabling us to advance, get some around you, a finger in the pie, women too, salt, wouldn't have it as they didn't think of it, or ink, pomp, no carvings show the boast of our race, you? Your name slipped my mind, but where below, who directs when all pretend to know? No numbers, life, slumber dead, things aren't what they seem, life is earnest and the grave isn't dream, you are dust and so return, not enjoyment nor sorrow, but to act so each tomorrow put us farther than today, art long and time fleeting, hearts beating, simple as that, probity, it isn't love but mistrust keeping me in torment, I might say jealousy, she gave me no right to be jealous, I recognize my rights, not jealous of her past or future but mistrustful of what she is, her soul, one

that can be touched with grace or go to perdition, I don't want to be damned but I don't want to think every time I go away from my feet on this carpet, the marks, the happiness we enjoy is on mutable foundations, the pleasure of parody when our feelings are lent, we overlook, never stir indignation or crack language open and discover the power of whimsy and abyss where you can live forever with death, I don't arrive at satisfactions when I converse with a profound mind or if alone I have good thoughts as when thirsty I drink or go to the fire when cold, I am apprised of my vicinity to an excellent region of life and this gives sign in the discovery of its repose as clouds part and show the traveler meadows where flocks graze and shepherds dance, insights promise sequels, I tarried until the flood overtook them, but I rescued them, worship me, you worship idols and lie, those you worship give no supply, seek from me, you will return, nations before you treated me as a liar but preaching is my duty, I bring creation forth and cause it to return, easy, are you or angels stronger? She stuck her finger in the paper, what do you think they are saying? Read

that, I did, they claim a bus didn't hit me? Car, no mouthed butter melting as the loom is bowered, hedging our bets lest players trip fern or refuse mallets, anonymity must be stopped, everything accompanied by the author's name so man be answerable with his honor, if none let his name neutralize his song, it would restrain the audacity of many a poison tongue, where there is no liberty there is no vote, suffrage, every ballot cast without is void, liberty of publishing and distributing and all liberties engendered by the right of information, to vote is to steer and judge, think, a blind pilot or deaf judge? Liberty to inform, a thing done right is done knowingly, no torch no binding, friends, your concern is noted, I am going to take a stroll and my associates will take me out and I will regale them with a story, adventure and conversation, I tried again and she took over, irritated, it will find you, I prefer to see for myself, haven't I given my word? Coughing, there must be something in my blood, the last rag of babyhood, my bed stinks, innocence as my body sleeps, you do me wrong, strangeness, coast lands brushing wilds away? I never perceived it, my ed-

ucation, some say there is nothing so charming to hear it, all sidle away, players thrumming self possession, not a sound I ever heard, kids make it when they don't know what they did, few recognize it, bumping servants out the way, is grace continental? Ancestry or residence, I talked charmingly, she was pleased and her interest was in my mind, a nice place to live, look at her, bright as love's star, smoother than words, from her brow grace sheds good gain, have you seen a lily or marked the fall of snow before soil smutched it, felt beaver wool or smelled a fire nard, or tasted the bag of the bee? So sweet is she, I murmur and look around, a tedious party, exquisite glass ceiling, is it glass? No glass, graces give place to severer school and put drama on canvas as others went back to ancient art, the modern school, following the same road in sculpture, died a short time since leaving, delirious from the picture, I waxed mad recall and drove moon from sky, returned? Undoing itself, fire escape playing on beds of lightbulbed hyacinth, headboarded, observed, sheets of beauty and jumbled peelings, purple horrors of spring, eggs from

next nest mixed with hand drawn line so far from usual practice, tree branches, no birds singing nature, changing robes, fall painter, colors not up to it, the unhappened? Snow melts rain roads, painter, a stillness but for songs tenors sing, city we kick off yonder, cows like they know they lend touch I need, gifts, don't underestimate me, stage with actors off, shy how servants sit for me, systems, make a shoe, use a map, integrate ways of life, division of labor, not fragmentation, reactions, economies and occupations urban nonurban, work in city and recreation in nature, recreation in city and work in nature, river pasture cleaver, enormity of sky hill, bloodstream as my finger hits canvas, cows make river go, portrait in glassing over eye of a stickleback caged in a jam jar, river across room, ushered to a bench, fields in me, what between? All we live, light in tier, eyes, kiss bed and back to sight in life holding love a distance, response, sea knows road so well one need only set it on rollers, jury turning me away, dictionary of insults, when gods turn on a man they don't consider him again, not difficult to find the motives for this constraint in the ideas, the scenes, ideas

must make use of these forms of presentation, conceive a leader's address transposed in pantomime and it is easy to understand the transformations to which the work is constrained by regard for this dramatization of content, there is no gulf between my class and the bullring but bullfighters don't come to my class for that, have you ever been in the country where I have the largest following? I take as witnesses all those whose nature is sensuous, aren't they ready to give all those passages, fictions, models of eloquence, comparisons, would they not exchange them for pages breathing tender tombs opened before the hour, night lake, a treasure of feelings, not satisfied with it as the recital of an action, some don't love a pig and some are mad if they see a cat, others can't contain themselves when bagpipes sing, mistress of passion swayed to the mood of what she likes or loathes, now your answer, no reason why she can't abide a pig, a cat, a bagpipe, but of force must yield to such shame as to offend, herself offended, so can I give no reason, nor won't, more than hate and loathing I bear that I follow thus a losing suit, answered? She was earnest and I

had trouble keeping a straight face, better not to attempt too strict an isolation of children, prohibition loses its force if invoked too generally, she deferred to my hair and vocation, I long felt I ought to be excluded from the alphabet, I will be home soon, where from? Downtown, keep your friend, I suffered when you didn't have one and I suffer for your sake more than I should, fault with me even when no fault at all, I want to spy those ills, where would be the care, the grief that kills? She scolded because she loved me, wouldn't bother otherwise, most learned person on earth, I couldn't talk to her, as I listened I had the sense of a town pressing in, I glanced at her and thought of a likeness between us, my patients the husbands in their offices and hers the wives in their homes, who more tense, husbands or wives? I got inklings of her waiting game, she offered to start a free clinic and put it through with the most reluctant aid and gratitude as though she dreaded something, she took hours from her uptown practice and hurt herself more than once by neglecting rich patients, where a mother was too poor to carry out her advice she gave money to ease

poverty, what difference does it make? Soon scores of mothers sing, wake, sweep, and sprinkle with water to lay the dust, put covers on seats and sponge the jugs, get water from the fountain, the suitors will be here early, I went to the fountain and set to work about the house, hadn't they been here and captured a galleon? Hadn't they scuttled a ship in the bay? Don't expect to get to heaven by crawling through the lubber hole, you don't get there except the regular way, around the rigging, a ticklish business but must be done or else no go, but we aren't in heaven yet, drop your tongs and hear my orders, clap your hat atop your heart when I give orders, what, that your heart there? That's your gizzard, aloft, that's it, now you got it, hold it there and pay attention, this steak was so bad I put it out of sight, see? In the future when you cook a steak show a coal to it and dish it, tomorrow when we cut the fish be sure you get the fins and have them pickled, as for the flukes have them soused, he criticizes me, discussing plans and projects, done in such and such a case, or as well, assured, I never should have left that island where I was as happy as a king without subjects, no,

not if the inducement held out, promoted, mermaids not so handsome as romancers alleged, nor voices sweet, doubters claim I saw a sea cow, women sea goddesses, mermaids tend me in the eyes and make bends adorning, I deviate from custom, prompted by circumstance, and was judicious and thoughtful and capable of grappling a case, though not without misgiving, an enjoyer of my dinner and sound sleeper, but who maintains in battle mightn't prove reliable in tragic dilemma, my expression was one of annoyance as though I were muttering this is no place for me and I began to roll toward the river, intelligence confined to fighting, what grievance so harrowed me that I forced her to weather such ordeals, can loathing exist in spirits of heaven? Failure in your veins, pale for weariness of climbing heaven and gazing on earth, wandering among stars that have a different birth and changing like an eye finding no object worth constancy, farewell, one last time you roll before me, your cry fills my ears like calls of farewell through tears, my heart's desire, I often went along your beach, answers you sent were dear, chasm's call and silent flights of wind,

sails of slips amid watertips, rolling rough and drowning ships, comet's urge, though I am unqualified I do my endeavor and achieve what I can, you would take it for a viol and these the apertures in its sounding board, fix your eye on this crown bonnet, you would take the head for an oak with a bird's nest in its crotch when you watch those crabs nestling there, no phrenologist has yet felt the head as such an enterprise would be as hopeful as to mount a ladder and massage man faces, horse faces, bird faces, and fish faces, dwelling on modifications of expression discernible therein, I haven't failed to throw hints touching the features of other beings than man, being out of fuel I was obliged to turn back, I could have hit the pole and reached the axis grind, compass trying to point down, deceived, having achieved full north, south all around, I took salts, nothing dismays or dampens my spirits, the stream joined a river and I was tormented with sandflies as I crossed the bog, journey blocked by driftwood, at last I was on the riverbank and was cheery in spite of rain, the river shrunk as estuaries cut off but I pushed on, working with milk and sugar,

handling the boat in the rapid, I opened the hippo's mouth, speared it, mounted it, and smited my enemies, a prophet, my heart yours, disk makes protection, contrast between society and low orders, jests insufferable in a gentleman amuse us in the mouth of the people, many exceed the limit and are condemnable, evening company arrives and talking mulls conviviality, fancying the latest wallybob as arbiter of ennui and standup source of ethnic sublime, as I relapse into hush she walks into my mind and claims recognition, forcing me to acknowledge things in her corresponding with things in me, I caught glimpses of her talking to one then another, showing off, she was important and I admired her coolness as my instinct gave me a thrill that they should be duped, the holder of this letter doesn't speak English, she was employed doing odd job work but is a hard worker, tell her to be calm, it might help even though she won't understand, give her something to eat, you are warm hearted, offer her shelter and she will work for you, this is the one thing that can make me endure you, I hate you for the memories you revive but you are safe with

me and will be tended as carefully as your master tends his own, I have room upstairs and engaged a tutor to teach you what you please to learn, I arrange all with view to preserve the good in you, I regret you so little deserve it, one meal and a collation for fear I would collapse on the altar, a house-keeper of one of those fellows if you could pick it out of her, never, does herself well, no guests, all for number one, watching her water, bring your own butter, her reverence, the key, hard for her, has to prop that girl she raises, mother dead, health bad, a hard row to hoe sick or well, a mess, a letter, sickness kids get, blood clots, what she say to do? Talking to her was such a surprise I can't think nothing, she stand waiting for me to talk, looking up to her house, say good evening and walk off, she live piglike, shut up so much it stink and wouldn't let nobody in until I force in and clean the house, got food, give her a bath, too weak to fight, too far gone, couldn't sleep, at night she hear bats in the chimney, they mention her in whispers as if they a cult, have or get before it cloy or cloud, mayday girl and boy, maid's kid, choice and worthy winning, phone open,

sold down river, clear of forty fives and blades, dresses asses? Love slipped from hyacinth to barbiturate, verses for faces powdered by the mirror, river's answer to the cut of her times, pay ransom to the owner and fill the bag, who is that? Slave, pay her north, give her beauty for rags and honor south for shame, coin your crags with freedom's image, up the race that sat in dark, be their feet swift as antelopes, come north by races as snowflakes carry my purpose forth, will fulfilled, in day or dark my bolts have eyes to see their way, things that attain happy life are martial, riches left not without pain, ground, mind, friend, no grudge, strife, rule, nor governance without disease, healthy household of continuance, night discharged of care, weaned every day, on that day, for I laid wormwood to my dug under the dove house wall, no I do bear a brain, but as I said, when she tasted the wormwood on the nipple of my dug and felt it bitter, to see her fall out with the dug, shake quoth the dove house, no need bid me trudge, long since that time, for then she could stand, no, she could waddle for even the day before she broke her brow, yea dost you fall on your

face? You will fall backward when you have more wit, won't you? She left crying, to see how a jest come about, I warrant an I live a thousand years I never forget, won't you? What can I tell? I killed her yet remain alive? My priest at the cedar rooted in a place like lament a house lifts its master, like lament a city lifts its lord, calm fear, where you been and what to seek? Pity, a throb that tore my heart, no word, only sob, who hands avow, I put the child in their arms and they kissed her, looking over the snow, watching cloud and dreading breeze, hearth no gust, lamp I trim to a star, what angel tracks the snow, what will come safe from snare, what loves me no word betray though for faith my life must forfeit pay, burn lamp, hush, a wing stirs, she comes, trust me, north as yet but skirmished, her power behind the snow, coming to the church I stopped by her grave, pride of the vale, if she sang she would have been a nightingale, she lies sex feet under and I loved her like I never, turning from her grave I met a girl with dew hair, delight to see one so fair, no fountain ever tripped with foot so free, she was as happy as a wave, painful sigh, I miss the warmth of her hands

and oil of her fingers, cleansing dust, abuse, I didn't whimper, honor to be treated like a dog the way she pleaded, come on, as you urge a lover, her breathe, how could I guess she would go? Slaves worship time, fate, and death, greater than what they find in themselves, their thoughts are of what they devour, yet to think them greatly, to feel their splendor is greater still, such thoughts make us men, we no longer bow before the inevitable but make it our own, to abandon happiness and desire, to burn, this is emancipation, free man's worship, effected by thoughts of fate subdued by the mind that leaves nothing to be purged, truth, no way to read the Bible and not think God white, when I saw he was a white man I lost interest, he don't listen to me, anyone listen what we say? White never listen, only long enough to say what to do, only searchers find, it manifest even if not looking or don't know what look for, we victims, everyone talk of niggers, who slur neighbors and sons, none like her in my alley, none half so sweet, when near I leave work, I love her, my master bangs me but let him, her neck is a tower where love watches, her breasts are orbs

where nature molds dew to feed perfection
with pearls of ruby marble, body fed, soft
touch and sweet view, nature admires her
and gods are wounded in her sight, love for-
sakes his fires and lights his brand at her
eyes, muse not nymphs, though I bemoan
her absence, none fairer nor virtue so divine,
heigh ho, would she were mine, a lot is yours
weary maid, a weary lot, is your spirit locked
or is it shadow, brunt of more demands?
Races confront each other with antipathies
and mediocrity, devoid of distinction and
coupled with formality, existences on suffer-
ance, ruled and acknowledged and con-
fessed as favor, greatness inverse to number,
saints roaming for fruit, content and ob-
scure, slaves with no wealth or fame, a belt
of trees hem the cottage, a bear, I ran out
back and climbed a tree, a chain came out
the sky and I rose to safety, I became a star
and when I set out across the sky the bear
stared, the more it did the brighter I became
until I was so bright it was blind, I glowing
brightly then on, children, I am old and
every day is a gift but I must name a heir,
bring me a rose and inherit my throne, I
came up by a target against a background of

shrubbery between a cliff and a house, a tent was pitched on the other side of the lawn and people sat on benches, a girl stepped from the tent with bow in hand and sped her shaft at the target and spectators interrupted their talk to watch the result, I stood on the veranda, not weak or picturesque, a fence in the daisies, hill on horizon, tank in the natives, can I drop marks from that word? All joke niggers and all laugh, all who let it happen, my voice flaps in the rafters and all is quiet, we all did, the players respond to the stroke of a bell, taking ease, cups and chairs in the house, windows open, water sponges, wreak vengeance and punish wrong by a day's blow, love took her bow and found the place and time, my power retreated into my heart to stand until the blow befell where every dart fell blunt, heart struck without strength to stand and heed my summons, she tried too late to spare me, the party chugged on with ladies pumping the organ and guys telling stories about coming west for citrus, nut roasts, barnstorming, spinning over the orchards and vineyards and looping over the fairground so close to clipping the ferris-wheel I heard

the riders, men between cedar rocks, feast on platters and heart in the dish, on tower inlay, procession like a worm in the crowd, across the river, heels in the loam as we sit in the arena, I like to hug you, I will never have any fortune or increase of greatness but you will share it, she left a host of sins, I sought to save her but as I left my herd to graze two donkeys coupled, she met me behind the drapes where I sat in despair, a mourning lover, whatever to such worth was due, I felt for youth whatever excess passion knew, my prayers yours, virtue sincere, smiling thing to do, unafraid of what it might look like, we did it more and more, I closed the window on the neighbors, paranoid, if it ever came out it would blow my case, she wasn't in a good spot either, might take her away, let it come out, hard to conceal time we spent together, in low voice, nothing like low tone, cheered by her change of heart but troubled by her refusal to explain how it came about, insistence on secrecy, can't do anything, desire to rouse jealousy in me, strain of talk, knew I was giving her a rush, seen in my car, her retching, angry, us in the car, realigned, other plans stealing home, veer so you won't

be made to fess, urn over to real fake, harp on never thought though often said contra-band, car down the road, I didn't start until her thoughts loosed from the game she was in, then she might have read it, peculiarities in her prettiness, her hair came to an end at her neck and there was none of it on her face, ears minute and mouth with thin red lips, chin point, eyes large mild, lack of interest, I looked with regret to peace of soul and security of virtue that was my portion, indulging in excess that before I recoiled with horror, an indiscretion would overturn that reputation that cost me so much to erect, to render me the abhorrence of those who I was idol, prison, but by beauty's lesson I determined to continue my commerce, provided it was unknown what would my fault consist? Everything alright, to encourage you in an error would make me criminal, you mistook for solicitude of love what was friendship, to entertain a warmer respect for you forbids me gratitude for your treatment, no need regret sorrow of one who scorned love, when you are dead you will be lovely but I will be dead in you, in your image, if I am alive your voice lives in me, I

love you and want to be remembered for nothing but that, night gave you your hair and stars your eyes, dusk your replies, your action hinting of things known to you alone, your arms lie at peace on your breast when day is done, this won't shield me from your attractions weren't my affections bestowed on another, you have charm no heart could resist, happy me mine no longer is in my possession or I would reproach myself for violating your hospitality, meet me in the city and see me fatter by being with men than if I stayed with you, a friend as glad to have your body as your mind, let us put in student's hands the means to acquaint themselves with interesting subjects so they may go through any library with light on the pages, a teaching to make teaching clear, to pull thorns from brows and press the rue for wine, guests in the hall, I asked for food, dishes set before me, I gulped them and was given seconds but my appetite was undiminished, I rushed the kitchen and ate all therein, all gone, guests unfed, I was hungry, a chorus of girls tending teapots of eucalyptus, uneatable fox, tender juices, agate sky, sputter of resin and saffron sandal so petals

the foot, flower stone, flattery banned, after getting started about her eyes I went into convulsion when I found she had a fiancée, I cut in and suggested we sit out a while, how is south, fine, how north? A soldier lay in the street for days, convoy coming down the hill with something on their shoulders, I thought it was a funeral but it was scarlet, fried in butter, my heart broke eating drippings, buttering themselves, taste it, veil up, sister, pawnbroker's daughter, a nun invented barbed wire, I looked at the room and thought how nice it would be to play, if we remove the table we could have a game, she consented to play ball and we found two in a cupboard, I beat her and she got cross and returned to her chair, I was obliged to go but she begged I stay, she lost her plumes and the beggars lost their avenue, we knew we were damned but hope of love made us think of what the gypsy did foresee, the moon dropped as drums beat, I still must stay, I build with water and dig in air as trumpets blare despair, trumpets of utter rout, atoms tossed in chaos, whence have they come, what home? No answer, I crave to be lost like a flame pushed to nothing by

a breath, this fight or devil's game slaked in a circlet of death, she must have prepared, have suspected, so I pinned my last hope on her fertility, she glanced at the clock, let's play, board and pieces put before us, I tried to honor my mother's teachings but she won and put the spell on me and I defended myself with the board and sunk into the ground above my feet, I won the second game and sunk her into the ground to her waist, she exerted rays of compassion but I wasn't rescued, don't let me go further than this, hold me with your hook and lead me to paradise, when wandering on the path of love may you be my guard, save me from ambushade and put me in paradise where parapets and trenches are, don't devise ruses nor hide in a shell of unconcern, don't consider at the place where you raise it to your attention nor look for evidence, don't wait, no need to use mind, place where homes don't fear emptiness, inversions are eradicated when the rat enters the trap, sad time where I am coming from, non-stadium courts in canvas fenced enclosures scattered across the grounds and world class players with similar builds, muscular legs and shallow chests,

skinny necks and hypertrophic arms congregating in the lobby by the draw sheet, standing in the AC with wet hair, waiting for results to go up and schedules to be posted, sitting in lightning can mean life or death with a club that has neither head nor tail, smash the bones of empty space, the sun broods in her room and even if thunder falls she won't come out, you know how Jupiter will wait for clouds to gather before hurling lightning? Just now his cart galloped the sky, shaking earth underneath, river and shore, I played tennis as a boy and most of my friends did too, on a regional level we were successful, good players, proficiency important to us, efficacy of a shot determined by angle, depth, pace, and spin, and each of these by depth and height of ball over net, height determined by player position, racket grip, backswing height, and racket angle as well as coordinates through which the face moves during the interval the ball is on the strings, tree branching further at opponent's own position, a composer when the world was lovely, eye level with the floor beside toy men, glad they make work and havoc, bitter disappointment when

I put a roll in the piano and the mechanism didn't work, using the art of wisdom to fix it, moving a stuck device, and music came out, first a burst then a flow of notes beating the strings, the hammers let go, no cocktails, I supped with mirth, respectable, I preempted a place by her on the piano bench and listened to her account of a film she saw, hurry, beauty and luxury of the setting, slim waist girdled with silk, strong brows and ardent eyes, hair parted above a broad forehead, she meant youth and a charm that saddened, I followed her to the cottage with the rapture of new love in my heart and she flipped a shade and the room filled with light, she was smiling but her cheeks were wet and people were saying, and then, and, remember? She was nodding and smiling and crying, she sighed as I rose, she wanted me, she felt lost without me, she looked around but saw only the others, she threaded her way to the dining room but I wasn't among the guests so she walked down the hall and peeked in a room, I was at the bureau, I pulled a chair and moved a picture out the way, one hand poised above a jack preparing to strike as she stepped in, I left

her because I was tired, she came to say goodnight and in the room her talk was those things again, men in scarlet breeches and white stockings, rustling of silk as she came down the steps, heads tilt back when she enters, they wait to stroke her, I stood on the balcony pointing to her, the porter led her to a cabinet where my material was discovered and she told them she was working the case for some time, the arrest broke my syndicate, a list of schools, bring me that wench, enslaved hands dragged her to the center and threw water on her, she tried to fight and they pinned her to the ground, she was crying as they prodded her up the stairs, she still had some fight in her but my power was absolute, there is a tyranny of language in my bones, there is poetry on every page of the good book and work to be done in a forsaken land, there is a tribe in this one but I will break them before they are in the womb, before they are conceived, before they are thought of, come up here where laws are made, I own your time, you aren't like the others, yes I will break you head to feet, but sister, I will break you most dearly with sweet words, music turns in cloud and

she lies on the floor, denied her time, face turned away so as not to view her own pain, a glance at her reconciled me with myself, pleasures obtained at an easy price, their recollection filled me with ecstasy, I cursed the vanity that induced me to waste the bloom of life in obscurity, ignorant of love, young, I don't recall being so but I suppose I was, and carefree, the failed scheme, sitting into the night, gate open, seeing schemes and finding years wrong, she passed and I was as happy, I dissected every insect in the region, spoke like a native, and solved the magazine puzzles, I didn't have the climate to hasten her return, nature endowed me with a liver that resists drowsiness and vinegar with worms in it, I brought in boxes of fish and dressed my contempt in the churn, we must adopt strychnine for snakebite, not subject to experiments on the lower animals, deplorable to see more time lost while the only proper subjects for experiments, natives, are perishing, the steps I have taken do honor to my head and heart, if my recommendation is carried out it will increase the gratitude they owe us with regard to the plague, and to me who has dis-

tinguished himself by a study of this subject, laboring for its alleviation, she got my clothes out and changed her dress, my work was light and congenial, she hadn't the foggiest what it was but noticed it roughened my hands and stained them, something in those new chemical works, it wasn't more definite in her mind and her respect increased, in the lab I found a fluid revolving in the stress of gauss where blue resides, nights derive from this blue up to the first snow, a good deal of my hunt after this mummy and her belongings, you guessed my theories and I will explain them later if necessary but what I want to consult you about is this, we disagree on one point, I am about to make an experiment and through it we may learn things hidden for centuries, but I don't want you present, I can't be blind to the dangers, I have faced them and am willing to run any risk to turn a page of wisdom unknown to this age, but am loth for you to run such risk, your life is too precious to throw away now when you are on the threshold of happiness, I can light the world with wire, I can give our brothers a new light brighter than any they have known, the

power of the sky can be made to do men's bidding, there is no limit to its secrets, it can be made to grant us anything if we ask, I know what I must do, my discovery is too great to waste time, I mustn't keep it to myself nor buried underground, I must bring it out, I need your time, I need scholar's workrooms, I want to help them and join their wisdom with mine, there is so much work ahead, instead of using an electron trap I use the fact that in nature electrons are bound to a positive core orbiting below one nanometer, in order to achieve an interaction between an electron and many atoms one atom is excited from a cloud of many, the orbit of an electron expands and a huge atom is formed, the electron is trapped and interacts with large numbers of atoms so strongly that the single electron influences the cloud, depending on its state it excites phonons that can be measured as collective oscillations of the whole, culminating in a loss of atoms from the trap, conciliation is never employed toward inanimate things, nature is determined not by passion or caprice but by law, in magic the assumption is implicit and in science explicit, my proce-

ture is like that which swept from math the menagerie of monsters it was infested with, philosophy can't take account of a notion without being turned aside from that submission to fact that is the essence of the scientific temper, there is such a faculty in the mind, the link between intellectual and universal, intuition doesn't provide information that can be analyzed but gives that which is superior, earth's rotation can be made faster or slower by means of an apparatus, if I have one day to do some work and need two I slow the world until an hour is reduced by half, and if I anticipate some joy I speed up so hours pass in minutes, it can be carried under one's hat to counteract gravity, the faller drops slow, we often betray ourselves into revealing something when we suppose people can't help noticing it, just as a man will throw himself out a window, the torment of his position so great he thinks it better to put an end to it, I bade her get to her room or she shouldn't cry for nothing, what a scene she enacted when she reached her chamber, delirium, I bled her and had her live on whey and water gruel and take care not to throw herself out the window, then I

left, enough to do in a parish with a mile between cottages, women's cleanliness result of decadence, observe falsification of instincts and delight in lying, incapacity is a symptom of decadence and faith means the will to avoid knowing what is true, pietists are frauds, their instinct demands truth never be allowed its rights, whatever makes for ill is good and whatever issues from power is evil, impulse to lie is how I recognize every theologian, magic deals with spirits and treats them as it treats inanimate agents, constraining them, assuming all are subject to forces that can be turned to account by any who can manipulate them, I came to a place sunning itself along the edge of the world, wind blowing up the path sheer from space with a taste of stars, a house where a woman dwelt by her window looking away from the world, she made me welcome with tales and I named my quest, charity to kill the beast, she didn't like it, one dog barks and a thousand fight as if there were food, those who control truth have an unclear eye and venerate books, misleading others, what I encourage is sun and moon, dragons and elephants trample and tread like the blind,

how can a frog in a well know the expanse of the universe, don't make a principle of truth, where did you come from, where did you spend the summer, when did you leave? You have no principle of truth, questions and answers the same, she took me out her door and emptied her slops, we came to a garden where her cabbages grew, come or tide will slip away, avoid hour of decline, needle trembles in my soul, we had vantage, good hour, our day, yours and mine, come before this that bears us turns against the pole, don't mock stars, things to be, come, land turns evil, waves bear in and away, on opposite side of Pole Star to Great Bear are five in a W, Cassiopeia, sixty stars, when Great Bear is low to north Cassiopeia is overhead and when he overhead she down north, Pole Star between, guide to rest, history damns lies and shows for child when he won office, try to soil fame but it stands firm as marble for all time to come, nothing sun and rain won't erase, viper can't wound a statue, grieved for you who wonder late, a suspicious hint, commerce history of revolt against conditions of production, crises putting on trial the bourgeois each time, overproduction, relief, prin-

principle of population to reduce wages to lowest pittance life can be sustained, group about me, others coming, one addressed me, my voice too deep, I shook my head and pointed to my ears, they came forward and hesitated, other tentacles on back and shoulders, sure I was real, confidence, a gentleness, a childlike ease, despite techniques for appropriating space, despite knowledge enabling us to formalize it, not desanctified like time, but space, the same? It received its determination from Newton, that expanse equivalent to each direction yet imperceptible? Isn't it that which challenges man ever more obstinately to its control? Doesn't art also follow this challenge insofar as it understands itself as dealing with space? Confirmed in character? Genuine? In concord with the soul of things? Moving like tides and stars? Like man's heart? Like birds whose service sets them free? Often leaping to the truth we seek, clasping it as a lover clasps his bride in the dark, where sages light lamps, and so in music men find the road to truth where sages grope, someday a greater Plato will write a philosophy showing how music is the clue, harmonies of the

world and the year's discoveries pointing to this harmony revealed on earth by music, planets moving in accord like notes of a song audible only to me, no grief or pain but music, follow it, a pattern of the whole shows you in its gold are all other space, prefigurations and modifications of one objective cosmic space, silence filled with questions as starlings shutter light, sow beans in spring when Taurus opens the year and the Dog Star declines, for greater harvests let Pleiades and Hyades be hidden and Ariadne go down, sun rules the firmament through the constellations and the world is measured in parts, heaven taken up by five zones, one glowing with heat and two far away on either side of the arctics, in between are two zones for the sick and through each is cut a path where pass the Zodiac in line, northward the world rises to Scythia and south of Libya descends where Styx and the lowest of the dead look on, in the north the Snake glides about the Great and Little Bear who fear touch of sea as southward night, mother of furies among the shades, or thence Aurora draws back daylight and where the east exhales the morning lights her stars at last,

as for spring when rain confines the farmer he prepares for serener seasons, spring's ways, just when we wish to reap and thresh the wind makes war, crushing crops and carrying off ears and straw, billows from the sea, the gale, then ether thunders and the deluge fills ditches and makes rivers seethe, the father in the night lets the lightning go at whose downstroke earth quivers, splitting mountains with firebolts, the south wind wails in sheets of rain and groves lament the breast of the shaking shore, mark moon's phases and the weather signs if you dislike to be so caught, notice where Mercury wanders, shifting lines on her ball pointing to a period of rotation about her axis coincident with the period of revolution around the sun, her axis of rotation perpendicular to the plane of orbit with no sign of clouds or envelope, surface colorless, between the moon and Mars in size and her transparent veil offers no hindrance to an observer scanning from another world, other consequences of small size and mass follow, feeble force of gravity and languid circulation, range of temperatures, water boiling at the lowest, the focus shows a similar tendency around

her circumference and the sense she imparts of a shattering force at work is overwhelming, more matter than would suffice to make a hundred systems, her mean temperature isn't high enough to drive water off as steam nor low enough to congeal into ice, it flows but there is still hindrance to life, not an easy object in our latitude but conspicuous in countries near the tropics, a gem of light before dawn and after dusk, not attractive in the telescope, small, and though she receives light from the sun she is dull, she stimulates my curiosity but eludes my attempt to make close acquaintance, her weight a twenty fourth part of earth, if the laws of the universe were known isolation could be deduced, there is little matter in our neighborhood but systems are only important as providing a possibility of finding new laws, no value in the finished structure of science, there are two helices and I have my own ideas about what they signify, I can predict when they coincide, when they intersect I am right in my predictions, when I behold this frame and compute its magnitude, earth a spot compared, and all the stars that roll, their distance argues their return to of-

ficiate light around us, this spot, a day and night, nature recalls your blood and shows what all posterity may know, whence each science flies from such lands, what sound found amid their orbs? They rejoice in reason's ear and sing as they shine, the hand that made us divine, self isn't manifold, qualified by universe of effects, rather dissolve the universe of effects, the product of nescience, and know self as uniform, not a member of the triad, residing above heaven, pure, surviving renovations of the universe as a rock in the sea, I set the stars in motion and cause planets to revolve, the chief of my secret police is the kitchen god who renders me an account of the sins of each family, the stars of the North Pole are the palaces of my ministers whose offices are on various sacred mountains, space about us, horizon never at our elbows, the contours of logic, space and time appear infinite in extent and infinitely divisible, if we travel in a line we never reach a last point and if we travel back or forward we never reach a first or a last time, what sits on this as to the birds, a mantis held up to the fields, to heaven, womb of reality I am dead bound to, concerns that

never let one free, what to do? If there were things to do the world would never stop, a seed set free out of the womb of concept before concept is absence of name and void as the fields between star families inside our sight, perceivable after long intervals in the heart of the unnamed, what is in your breast? I know believers and hypocrites, many believe, could see from your lips you would be found guilty, superstition disproved by facts, hard to hold yourself back from beliefs like that, think what effect superstition has, you spoke to one of them didn't you? Many things, one was your lips, in them I saw you would be convicted, I convinced the judge and he gave the order not to leak, I have been subject to a lot of leaking, maybe they thought I would settle, I try to be honest and it hurts, they thought they could take a wrecking ball to me and do some damage, the documents were written with ability and show there were men among them who knew how to enforce their views, the style of the deposition renders it probable their pens were put in requisition, they were good, chirography so legible it was refreshing to meet it, simple sentences, going to try for

nullity, see if they can get released, look so frail I fancy flinging them like ninepins, I hear some burst in tears at the sound of my name, exaggeration, we have had civil interchanges, I kept turning papers and finding their hand, amending, suggesting, and drawing arrows in the margin, I fear the party that scorns the men that drain the barrel might put their faith obsessed with ale, scratch, but just as we don't know former before so no a priori insight is given us into the latter, we only come to know ourselves as we come to know others, by experience, if we could only form a resolution after conflict with a bad disposition this would have to come first and be waited for as reflection on character and unity of the source from which our actions flow mustn't mislead us to claim decision of character in favor of one or the other, it's in resolve we see what we are and mirror ourselves in our actions, this is the explanation of the satisfaction or anguish of soul we look back on the course of life with, our value is in our friends, all is foreseen but free will is given and the world is judged by grace, all according to work, all given on pledge, the shop is open and the

dealer gives credit, the ledger lies open and whoever wishes to borrow can but the collector makes his rounds and has that whereon he can rely in his demand, judgment is of truth and all is set for the feast, every other settler left town but I fortified my house and I sat down in the midst of my enemies to defend my home, I petitioned for aid, seeing as I live in the uppermost house on the river, open to your enemy yet being so seated it is a watchhouse to neighboring towns, I could render a service if I had assistance, there being none in town but me, order me a man to garrison my house, miles of them, every house a haven for some soul, fires for night and arbors for sun, earth underfoot and heaven for a dome, a cloud, the moon, this is your song, there isn't a person in the street, houses stand in dull array, all their owners are away, gardens bud and creatures cross the lawn, no danger as men have left the street for that park where people meet until evening is gray, homecoming is sweet, there isn't a person in the street, houses in rows, no footfall to and fro, poplars rise, shades and sunbeams bless the acre where men are drawn, no gate, here only empty houses wait

as souls keep holiday, be good, I don't like boasters, hiding what is given them, I won't wrong anyone and if there is a good deed I repay double, recompense given from me, when something happens it requires investigation, dogma only a part, the transition from nothing to existence demands inquiry, it concerns state and change, not origin from nothing, cause and effect, creation can't be admitted as an event among phenomena as it annihilates experience, if things are facts they are dependent on cause, one that couldn't apply to phenomena as items of experience, if you don't maintain, no merit will accrue to you, the dwelling place of merit that results in body and mind at rest, from the corner I glanced along the walk outside auction rooms selling furniture, knew the eyes from the woman waiting for me, home always breaks up when the mother goes, fifteen children, birth every year, it's in their theology or the priest won't give the confession, the absolution, increase and multiply, eat you out of house and home, no families to feed, living on the land, butterfly larders, see them atone, her whittling annoyed me, odd to occupy yourself

with a piece of wood, I lay on the sofa and snored, she made a mess on the rug, I turned to the fire and spat and she leaped, need you expectorate so loud? I gave her a look for diets, growing cross and wearisome, teasing her, but I excused her, fading before my eyes, she shook me as hard as she could and shouted in my ear, she put a mirror in front of my nostrils as the evening bell sounded, a tone in the streets like a church bell, only heard a moment, rolling cars and voices, eaves peaked, or the roof, gutters of twigs or covered with caps to protect the runnels, water chutes uncoppered in the tenting of the depots, a dog on the lawn, I was angry, she wasn't interested in hearing about the fish I saw and when I told her I was snagged by a lure she wasn't frightened, I was nauseous from eating a snail, it was hard, wiring home, I claimed ownership of the tree and asked her to settle the dispute and she said to divide the fruit and wood, I would rather let him have it than see it cut down, she declared me the owner, my bumper sticker reads Green and we need all the help we can get, when I learned of the highlands I took a tour that went all day and would have ex-

tended into the next hadn't I not had to be at his in-law's next morning, these sites occupy a mythic place and I revere them, placing them beyond intent, their inaccessibility is so immense it is as if their shadow fell up to my clavicle in the front and curvature in the rear, darkening the endeavor, a shadow I chose to see as lending drop sheet, not a wheat belt, though grain is grown out on the fens, pull the particles that won't reconcile, residue syntax, linnets rarer, poison dressing, striving after expression is nature's aim, degrees, nature has more endowments for those she elects, for the writer who sees links, impelled to exhibit facts in order, man's formation, an end never lost sight of, no accidental appearance, an organic agent, an estate of the realm, prepared in the knitting from time everlasting, impulses cheer him, heat in the breast that attends truth, sun in the mine shaft, every thought announces its rank, a gift of all things, I like drama even when it happens in my life, a trolley broke in front of my house, an oarlock broke in my rowboat, I enjoyed it, how can people say life is humdrum? Things always happen to me, don't pretend life is

humdrum to excuse your being so, she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and walked over, leaning close to read my paper, reality clothed in beauty and love, cheek of the beloved, divine essence, her curls one veiled by many, right for serenity, she'd write if she had enough flesh to drag up to the end of a pen, she stacked books to prevent me from entering, despite her hospitality my hand was always to her face, I look in her junk when she doesn't come home, there is too much of everything and she sits among us with nothing, though in the evening she is so full of me she looks like a fruit, she vacated death and asks all to look the same way on her body, if there is anything good in her or whether her distinction consists in coming from impulse it may not be underrated how indispensable the city was to the development of her type, the strength of her instinct made her long to visit at the most decisive time, the style of her self-apostolate could only perfect itself in sight of the original, they do those things normative in a utopia, stopped cork, pop, she plays sax, politics and mayhem, you like fur and I like ramie, you delight and I hum-

bly, you delight in attention and I in rejection, weather fine, junkie and disc jockey smote the chest, crumpling posies meant to impress the empress with, come in and perch in front of my mirror, we punt up the river whose surface dimples with lilies, their collection amounting to new flowers of evil? It isn't alone your avenues echo with old music whistled in various keys by the rather too numerous negro, not alone propriety over you stretches an aegis of virtue, that you are good, no vice to redeem you, not alone you are provincial and petty, that death is gay compared to you, not alone for these things I curse you, but for a sin, unworthiest town on the coast, you dine at noon in a manner barbarian, conducted in companies, scorned of the gods, they left you in their wrath to your extensiveness, sand from their sandals, an aggregation of barracks, hotels, cottages, a confusion of ugly girls and health bearing breezes on unending plankwalk attraction, why is the stranger lured to your desert? Where is our ideal? We acknowledge mutual gaze as index of our acquaintance, my gull intimate onstage, knowledge of rigidity, then you

turn to toss a twig, tonight we file to the show, a band plays and the river fades amid the sand, statues stand and what was is no more, from the quiet a chorus yearns to the heights of my terrace in an air of laurel among the statues, my soul a landscape of fantasy charmed by the masks that rise to play the lute, sad under a disguise, what they sing is in love's key, of living in delight, they don't believe how happy they may be and their song merges with the moon sending birds among the trees to dream, coaxing sobs from fountain streams, all these years I overlooked them in the racket of the rest, when my ears greet such music as never was struck by finger, voice answering the noise as my soul takes air, such pleasure loth to lose as echoes prolong each close, star that brings the bee home, set me free, if any star shed peace it's you, appearing when heaven's breaths are sweet as hers we love, come to the skies as landscape's odors rise and herds are heard, songs from cottages whose smoke curls in the sun, too far too soon, lion's roar a growl smeared to shatter structure of easy come easy go, away into barriers broken and yet a beat of blood sustains the

wail, all sounds gather or all comes to nothing if you can't push it out, world pushing back all it moves, give me the means to reach the point and see what I knew and that these songs only suggest, it comes, hear the future in these invitations, they play heavenly music to capture the bull's interest, I moo, roots upturn fountains, a fig envelopes a mahogany, a light to dispel ignorance and a balm for ill, an axe to cut affliction, smooth your hair and lace your slippers and run out to dance once more, let music rise and feel the praise of a thousand eyes, gig in a park, bandstand with graffiti and courts with no nets, old people and grandchildren looking on from folding chairs, biting grapes and spitting seeds in the grass, I cook up a carousel with the wind in my chest, marching the saints and coaxing wahs muted with a plunger, noodling lassos on clarinet as I buzz the rolls and grab the crash, stirring the soup with my brushes, I do all that stuff I never get to do that nobody plays no more, stuff I learned from my dad, working here to make a little cash, chalk dust burning the street, birds and flies, sugar and grease weigh all down in a cool they said would

never come when this was the center of business and the civilized left these hours to the dogs, letting each house close its lids awhile, scaffolds, hush files in from the river, roar from points east, flip the lid on your sunglasses, a new world, rooftops hold the glare, scraps of a bill in the wind, the unselfish act, a van sputts and pulls outspeckled and matte like tangerine rind, transferring the tips of your fingers, nursing me through investments, others held your breasts and their notes cried for copying, gone like me, a world that sets up saints and uses love for gain, barred, deserving pangs, a body threatening to break through, lucky I had my arteries done, my work stuffing the market and dedicating the fledged to an accomplice, words from my specialist bode well, fanning future fevers, flutes and cellos, heart machines still gladden composer's minds, impure as the driven sled, papa's star watching the front stage, the when and where of the avenue beset with perils, teetering center, I mouth misgivings to the horse, blackshirts pummel and guards discipline rifles, reading the book to scream, to whimper hush? Water topples flags as I close my ear to the

shots and flatter at the exchange, I boom begotten a trembling girl, I tried to move her with something simple, we haven't slept since we became friends, I long to get back but haven't courage to tear away, reading in the restaurant, a guard relishing a meat pie, last shift of the century for me, fans whirring, could lightning be attracted to the radiation that fills this room? I stamp my foot, I should have gone home and slept but went to the café, days merging into nights and weeks into months, walk, meal, sleep, wake, dress, eat, walk, workers starting day around me, I caught sight of her strolling past, she came in and bought a pastry, pretending when she wanted me and when she didn't, she doesn't want to see me, I don't want to see her, even if she welcomed me back I wouldn't believe it, looking for clues, a man filling and sealing samosas in the uproar of the standing fan, I keep arriving at this dead end, blades clatter as he shouts over the counter, my thoughts cling to the past but hopes of youth fall in the blast and days are dark and dreary, be still sad heart, it unhinges and drifts off unconstrained to the hand, you faint as painters aloft each cell

where living shifts to difference, I devise methods and paint the hand, causing it to detach and rise, incantation of numbers, in between glowing in the dark, saint gloves, rhymes strung with intent, less sound than words in lands where buds are scentless and birds songless, where droughts oppress woody wilds and herd flocks, where dews end and spring gates are loosed, where floods dash deserts, where rhyme and song first framed fashionless, buildings painted and mineshafts roped off, power indicated by a light, dependent on returns, nominalists, cast them out, remove them like women of the temple, too late, my similes lead nowhere and my I is like any other word, each window seductive, but even my diseases can be cured, holes in space, I fill them, manners got me in, nature has no sympathy for imaginings nor heeds our sufferings, she cares not for good, our being heeds and caprice feeds on our distress, man pleads in vain for sympathy, this age has no respect for genius, all who aim aloft are neglected, you of lustre eye, I know how false your splendors are, no love illumines nor gleams in that breast, a multiplicity of regions where

nameless resemblances agglutinate things into unconnected islets, in one corner you put light things and in another red things and elsewhere those softest, longest, purple tinged, or wound in balls, no sooner have you adumbrated than these dissolve, field too wide to be stable, continuing to create groups, dispersing, heaping diverse similarities and destroying clearest, splitting up things and superimposing different criteria, beginning again, disturbed, teetering on brink of anxiety, romantic future you couldn't do without, theoretical until arranged, I apologize to who wait in stations for being asleep, pardon me deserts I don't rush with a spoon of water, tree, apologies for table legs, to questions for answers, bear with me as I pluck threads from your train, don't take offense I only have you now and then, apologies I can't be everywhere at once nor be each woman and man, unjustified, I stand in my own way, don't bear me ill that I borrow words and labor to make them light, influencing the rearranging center, repetition complicated by events, never reproducing reproductions of reality, living a moment and seeing a little, do somewhat

and are gone, so currents ebb and flow, do your best nor care when all is done what praise or blame you won, to feel grip of steel and love and amity the beauty nature folds in simplest form she molds, work and go content, impressions in another, mingled with memory, open to mixture with other squares, space reserve for rest of time, to my great grandchildren I am the arrangement of rumors and to their great grandchildren a tint of color and to their great grandchildren nothing they will know about, who colored me back when ribs were blown from sand into glass that took light of this world? Made from here, though tenants of that glass were reared in another atmosphere, cutting dramas from dresses, making dramatists blue, with scissors and glue I make a strong effort to please, a nest out yonder tree, put together odds and ends, picked from enemies and friends, a scrap of gown, never thinks she I robbed her to make my bed, dog and cat fur, silk and feathers, they keep quiet and I am alone, river gives and nothing is clear, street of rugs and flags, bright as photos, hard to believe they were real, teacups and flasks, smell of earth and

atmosphere of chairs that survive homes like house where I witness marriage of suit and skirt, I walk out or into myself with another julep and cotton leaf hand, a reenactment or a revenant, a hanger for clothes of memory, from inside the letters look like a new language, nothing within us like what we are inside this window, a sadness of expectation startles the district, world to come, peppers amid stillness, a place for professors, lawyers, cleaners, ferrymasters, and realities beyond, and in wind it amasses and is amassed by invocation, playing spiderlike with hands on fire, piano trembling, I made a drink with wings of cold silence, a whale in me, how nice if I could worm in and make my bed where music pours on limitations of age, let good things converge and pain be strength, let us show our guests it rained, why did she leave me in weeds where flames burn out of sight? I attain limit of love, evergreen bursts seeds that drink time and judge each word, wise to take my skin, all I use it for is retaining shape, I regret bells as if I had to prove sound could cover me with images, leaves dancing as sun climbs the pine to the point of the gyre and I follow, name

approbation of guilt to collect childhood preserves as protected everlasting, clay clods and free soil basin currents, sediment pools and eyelet wells like campfires ringed in converse, reconstituted, curtains fly up and a paper blows to the floor, fighting animals and bottles in a short time, hours pass, lark leaves nest and shakes wing, she takes this window for the east and sings for light, awake, morning won't rise until you dress in her eyes, draw curtains and dawn, I look at the wall and shrug, jeweltoned, necklike, a thousand eyes, lapse and bless with your largesse, fairground commode, a bird at my window growing garbled, where her brow breaks blood on the panel breaks beads amid the streaks of let me in, spring emulsions circle the lake, inadequate sensitivity to green, I rose and erased for an hour, silk brush and axe, image fading edges and ears, a tighter face, hard to get from menu cluster, couldn't select sleep and faded into the trees, eyes opening, pick me up, a new man, living amid surfaces, wish I had you, hair in the wind, thinking of you, lines converging in future past, what can be salvaged, watering basil until the day comes of looking

back at stripped sound of time, trying to live that way, gum spitting, if only I could hear you again I could pretend, rise and shine, yours being written in another cottage on another coast, couplet in difficulties with a rhyme, gin rings in dim light and cat in hat on wall, I rose and read, these aren't the work of man, but divine, possessed, worst poets sing best songs, love leaves when hearts mingle, weak endure what once possessed, love bewailing frailty, why choose frailty for your bier? Dark lies in wait with void face, engine snarls and tires grit, no abuse, devoted to liberty, chose me to state her case, not heartless, she threw my head in the river and it sung to the sea, floating in the current, she speaks to me whose parts share a moment with her, following filament under the skin, a vanity greater than her own to lay a finger on my wound, courage too, dangerous to offend me, I love myself, skin punctured, I love humanity above affection and excess of this flows over you who owe your situation and salary to me, to forgive you for being white, along the road what she said recurred to my mind, going to find her, phantom unappeased, she spoke,

she knew, she carried me off, skill, accident, I lost the eye, love isn't dentistry and you aren't my cure, when empty it happens, voice from street, then I go home before hands hollow, thing to be retrieved, undone, unplanned, a thing I left so I could leave, when empty something brushes my ear and fills my eye but going back isn't me, moving toward you I lost the eye, if you lived here would you feel at home, unlike an intruder? Wouldn't I leave a key if I wanted you? I lost the eye, if you sense it do you want to live here? Curiosity rouses as sight kicks in, then language, my book a monument to circumstance, I never arrived at my method if not for our friendship, she stole away on a boat and I was possessed of all the bitterness she lacked and derived joy from conviction all is wrong in the world, death by leisure, vulture descending to possum on pavement, ahistorical, subsumed in work, stratagems, beyond alienation to new synthesis of desire and content, invisible, inner, you think metaphor but get storm, triumph and loss, how your parents were, nostalgia for body and charms against death, too much emotion, I take narrative and turn it to what happened,

story language in field of gesture, memories of knowledge, never subservient, circulating channels, fortune swoops and makes air gasp, tearing crest off one and setting it on next, ground gives and heaven lifts, stones shift and nothing resettles aright, ash and fire boil, you hear them, you don't, you play them easy, you know the structure, what you will take apart in love, making it whole, mask of those who possess a book known only to themselves, adopting the style when statement endangers, no way to interpret experience, so little visions need disguise they can't be communicated but by world emblems shadowing forth unimpartable meaning, you can only indicate feelings to those who feel the like, what symbolism do you prefer? Interpretation with resentment, displacement if thoughts aren't recognized, motive guessed, transformation to work's discovery, thoughts expressed by symbol and metaphor, how I once felt about that, how propelled by beauty, changing anything to fill silence, my book written following an oath never to write again, all too much importance and too little, the land touches me with difference, I refuse to be

added or divided, who deserves fame possesses happiness that consoles him for his loss, a man isn't thought great but is so, moving us to envy his position, his happiness is that he is a thought creator, if I were allowed my way every comedy would end in tragedy and every tragedy in farce, consider the mind, parliament growling, everyone awoke, groping after laws no longer found, entering the sanctuary and lifting the veil, they wanted a master and I was taken in but they proved fickle so I prevailed them to send me to study but indisposition obliged me to return and finding my health restored I made a second journey, but having no patron I made a shift to live, what power, what compensation for the shortness of life, all is done, the world has brought me thus far, look at my color, my family look at the earth in shame, they could fill it but are a minority, if any miser lives without clothes he is weak and people don't like him, he grinds wood and goes to church, walking clockwise, weeping and repentant, gems like rain, nothing in shortage, I offer truth and give to the poor, if I am miserly my wealth disappears, a safe fruit town, misbelievers driven

to torment when I raise the foundations, I make them resign and of their seed also a nation resigned to me, an apostle to read signs and teach the book, towns hung and arteries hardened, no house in dishabille, bad starts, conclusions foregone, wood twists of woodbine, road works, every boy was one of the boys and every girl ye girl ye for who every dance was last and every chance last and every let down bad from days when every list was laundry in that country where we reminisced in every tidy town, a gay slum, climbing stairs and opening the door, making coffee and scratching my tonsure, where shall I put this? No furniture but a bookcase, I restore books, all I have, window offering a view of the slum as in the kitchen a guitar and violin vie with one another, spring coming, cheers, did it ever leave? Stuffed, I don't recall the siege except queues, no ice, a tickle from heating to meet chorus of sheets, contract out, who would blink among the orders? Sky glittery as I wait for kisses, a meeting for congress of re-carnation, in the hall, called to the window to see a man who had a hand in writing the constitution, I don't know how to use those,

yellow engulfs the street but light maintains its embrace, expecting milk, I look up from my gruel, I sew buttons, taking last stitch, getting ready for lunch, I glance at the clock and go out, an hour elapsed, silence broken by street noise, places inhabited by families enjoying tradition's grace, years having little effect, to market with a basket under arm, face reflecting a simple life, peaceable views, centering in half a block and getting down on my knees in the tub, I fell down the stairs and was out of work, darkness rolled up and carried rain clouds as the sun came and dawn left me facing wet gardens and misty roofs, a broken branch, a family chosen to live in the house, tied to it in the locus of no exception or event, a history of no peaks, family spared hound of anxiety as my car rolls to the curb, you switch mood, which doll to bring, and rush the steps forgetting to zip your coat, teeth and hair unbrushed, passing the birch, halfway between, too far to hear as I lean out, another day of gifts, waving down the driveway, car sounds, privileged whisper, nurtured on walls, a child in spite of a taste for shoes, my eyes melt in shady places, landscapes, my chase is fa-

mous, less fatiguing and full as profitable,
last the one that moves me, peace comes
and goes, my car changing with the seasons,
spring fought around me and is over, I shan't
mind the premise that once vexed me true,
hooligan ogling a lily, fingertips disposing
another bushel of nostalgia, too late, they
came today, I mutiny and endure no longer,
my people are many with whom it were
profitable for me to live there, drive-in
sound roundup and strongbox clank, emp-
tied stadium lights, not twenty to see smoke,
coating swan with prints, the projectionist's
life, shadows animating a wall, never avert
your eyes, photolight more than magnolia,
crepe myrtle, dark bushes unlike night, my
host still up when I come home, at the door
admitting me into her nightgown, someone
held me in her arms and sang a rhyme fac-
ing east over the rose fence, standing at the
gate to greet me, smiling, rest and rest, she
wrapped her love around me as I told her of
the forest where they found me, rest, unseen
things haunt the forest, we meet them on
the sea, rest heart and mind on this breast,
put fancy aside, love is best, I saw her hands
and if I were a child would think them old,

frames unable to hold, many tears she wept
and threaded many a maze of thought, thus
pondering I caught one clue of hope and
tracked it, you craved and carved the world,
life placed you, embrace evening and this
mirror, not nightfall, not night but evening,
awakening's surplus second, no fear of wind
and thunder, rain and moon, birds where
moss grows, your shadow is reflection, your
parents disappear when the curtain covers
your door, I am from under the lake and
stand by your bed with my dark head, I
come to cover you with wool, rocking in
rain's arms, ark of sleep as I wait, your par-
ents with cold hands knowing I am candle
shadow, before stars peep I creep to dark,
the tree will make room for something pret-
tier, pulling fingers under dirt, roots where I
haven't been, gravity not in their will to let
go, I sat on it and bent, twisting, and it as-
serted to the end, beyond leaving earth,
meddling with merchandise and making
love, making a living, non-traditionalist,
landscaping innovation, plans for pansies
that never die, hardy despite the name, trow-
elling with hand on handle, closing deals,
shirkers by sight, options, communication,

feelings, when there is a question of who does dishes it is settled in house but the pansies got mildew and there were no options, I swear to uphold the principle and the yelling and walk the aisle and stand, receive narration, and make a nosegay bound so hues that were mingled in their bowers keep in hand, I hastened to the spot where I had come that I might present it to who? When I found heads drooping, I put them in glass and they raised stalks in as good a case as when they left, beauty descends and plants flag, world sword, all bow, swayed by charm of fascination, I taught myself to read and learned how cars run, I was ahead of the plan but I went through the exercises on time so the law was satisfied, she had a van and offered me a ride to turn in the exercises and pick up new ones, she had two boys and the older had so many allergies she kept an eye on what he ate, that was why she taught him at home, she might as well keep the other home as well, he wanted to stay with his brother and had a problem with asthma, supper was splendid, an organ and a mirror, shepherd and junk dealer passing, come in, door is open, she imposed the obli-

gation of eating in the dining room, covered with linen and candlesticks, and the solemnity of a simple act created an atmosphere I rebelled against, I couldn't bear the taste of her fluid, at the table she leaned close, her breath at my throat, I swept her in my arms and laughed, she imposed the custom of reciting rosary and it drew the attention of the neighbors, their superstition, I took my meals in the living room and the door was kept closed, I found it easy to give up having it open, I lay in in a dark corner, it was open, light on, and I sat at table and unfolded my serviette and picked up my knife and fork as she appeared in the door with potatoes, I cut a slice and it was to my liking and she breathed, who are the acrobats who witness from chandeliers, eyes cocked at the ceiling for portent of fire, feathers falling as snow, I rose and fled, get me a dinner, holiness of dinner restaurants know not, I dined in a lair of mechanics and bolted a beefsteak, for them that fried it may they broil by warning to others, she lead me to bed, reluctant to be led, toys on the floor, gazing in the door, un-comforted by promises of more, so I leave my toys, led to rest, not sure if I wish to stay

or go, too sleepy to know, a gathering passed, my flight put her in a panic and she seized a paper to drive me off, stamping foot, appeals no help, however much I turned my head she tamped the harder, she pulled a window and leaned out, pressing her hands to her face, I saw her intentions, she used the tip to give me directions, hissing, it made me confused, when I turned I made a mistake and turned back, she was pleased when I had my head in front of the door but my body was too broad, your reflection from outside, I thought I would have to fight you with water, cause of the taste I found so faulty, I asked her who my dad was and when I threatened to have truth by trial she said he was a slave, a reproach on my origin, abashed, ravished with cleverness, why aspersed with reproach she demeaned herself with a slave? I used to run under the sun to the garden, vanished beds, nature laid spade struck grass, I called it wild where none but I entered, sheep looked in to spy the grass but passed, trees spread to keep shepherd out, but not a child, joy as I crept the branches, dear I played below though years may roll, companion, for your sake the tree is

dear, it rises and blends with your image until tears blind your eyes, I reap it, gathering gold grain, I walk before the stars with desert sowing seed from fingers throwing where plows scar the seed, I learned what lost labors are, graze you nations who never rouse at honor's horn, should flocks heed freedom's invocations? Parts slain or shorn, dower the yoke their sires wore, silence broods, only wind coming and going in willows doesn't cease, corn stalks touch earth, nature's spy, I watch a swallow curve above the pond, she dashes, skimming the surface, dimming wings before they veer again, the same daring stream, isn't this flight our faring? This urge our dream? Forbidden to take the road and dip to scoop a drop, ways of streams I mayn't sip are hidden, matching everything, teaspoon teaspoon and hairclip hairclip, or ideas, can't think of anything without it mirrored, pot pot and pain pain, evidence of this in others, my coinage conjuring the past I was torn out of, figures surging to form a murmur of people, a book that I could prop against my belly in expectation of redemption, purged through eloquence, don't pay attention to me, don't do

you? Back and forth with tea on the tray, I look up and nod and slip under the floor, be kind, affection, breakfast, cured of folly, porridge thin and thick, I rubbed against the particulars of passion snatched from conversations with worker's puberty between lyric draughts, I attended ball and shook hands, whistling through, blind despite passivity of disposition, nor stupid, in dead heart of house there exist alterations of mood and tints of feeling, years between the time I left school and the day I found my life changed, enemies and passions tremble at my footstep and are still, where is the seat at the gathering? I shook my head, I want to hear what strangers say, my scheme is simple, I compel clergy to wear all their clothes back to front so to present a smooth facade to the world, the enforcement of such would act as a deterrent while enhancing holy beauty in the few who can't be deterred, when scarlet clay was deserted for khaki some who trembled for the future of war, but finding how the new tunic clipped the waist they were reassured, abolish these elegances and standardize a uniform of sackcloth, find yourself a more proper man than she a

woman, approaching the time when many begin to show signs of age, straight as a lath, my costume accentuating the outline of my form, a jacket from shoulder half way down the back and continuing in a kilt from waist half way to thigh, reappearing as stockings and half buckled shoes, sound and aspiration, letters in both languages, antiquity, taught on the plains after the seminary deluge, descendant progenitor, ascendant literatures, dispersals and persecutions, survivals and revivals, isolation of rites and proscription of costumes in penal laws and dress acts, restoration and autonomy, the wind cooling my broth would blow me to an ague when I thought what harm a wind too great at sea might do, I shouldn't see the hour glass run but I think of shallows and see my vessel docked in sand veiling her top lower than her ribs, should I see an edifice and not think of rocks that touching my boat would scatter her spice on the stream, enrobing water with my silk, now worth this and now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought to think on this and lack the thought that such a thing would make me sad? Sad to think on my merchandise, stealing moth-

er's milk and blackening it to make ink and scoff at her and glorify ideal women with, I pretend to spare her pangs of childbearing so I may have the fostering that belongs to her children, since birth began the artist has been a bloodsucking thief and hypocrite cheat, perish the race and wither a thousand women if only the sacrifice of them enable him to act profounder, our work is to show ourselves as we are, our minds are nothing but this and he who adds a jot creates new mind sure as any woman creates new men, he is as ruthless as her in the rage of creation and as dangerous as she to him, and as fascinating, of all struggles there is none so remorseless as between artist and mother, who shall use up the other? They love each other, the kitchen light snapped on and she was at a drawer by the sink taking out an opener, she swung around to face me and we looked at each other, go home, I waited and she came closer, now, I slid to the back door and the light went out and I negotiating the bins in the dark and climbed over the fence into the garden and was sick in the flowerbed, a man leaving his car to fetch a ticket, none but us shining like jewels, lilacs

glimpsed through rain, foam tosses on the shore and breakers roar when waters flee from storm, isles and moon of sea, keys of earth, sea romance choked in smoke, her din increased and breath drifting in the window, smog hit me, I pity those who can't shake the stares of the dispossessed, must you be leaving? Moments gone, you were so close, clouds cleaving around you, you aren't there and yet you feel me darken, show an edge as star and testify love will hearken, I am loved though from afar, go in splendor and let me race and ache so tender, rapt, the night, as city was only place reformation could begin so also it the best place, circumstances conspired to birth and mature the principle, the first settlers were emigrants meeting as brothers and wants for cultivation of wilderness produced society among them countries harassed by government neglected to cherish, in such state man is what he ought, seeing not enemies but kindred, man must go back to nature, cranes tell how time runs out, none burn oil for this but shore holds no more, wrap form, star inwrought, blind eye of day with your hair and kiss me until I weary, touch all with your

wand, I am inside and it is nice out, sun on snow, first day of spring, I run out the door, food steaming and filling the room, sumac on the lake edges, that rest on our river in spring? Storms drive many to shelter and these things don't happen without reason, I saw an eagle circling clouds over the church as gulls came from the river and went seaward, I know you have your own hymns and can't be angry, it isn't necessary for us to leap at each other, in the end you move seaward as reeds shiver in the grass, I say nothing, leaning back in my chair, I struck her and she thought she would no longer see me but I insisted she stick with it, I said it as we were in bed at the hotel, it was the first time we slept together and in the evening after the second she told her husband and he forced her to reveal details he accused her of making up, behind me was a radiator and if I lost my balance my head would hit it, she glanced at the clock, I was her last of the day, above us a ceiling fan, chain ticking lamp, don't let them shrink your head, this was wise in her tactics, she addressed my shyness, the terror any connection might threaten me with engulfment, feed or food,

how lonely, feel it? The power I hold over her allows me to be in control and thus that the connection I need won't obliterate me, drain on strength multiplied, her mind sought the ill I feared, she bid memories come and led me talk of home, spring tapped, flowing stream, she lent her ear as I displayed each scene, her fingers note my pulse to learn if any name raise a start and betray my heart, we played until six, you might be, mean it not, so strive on pulse, what, pale again? I climb the trellis more fatly greening out days and through leaves across the vale, notes, a phrase wells and is gone before it goes on leaving hollow air, no one noticed, iwho was listening? It isn't native here and keeps calling and hoping to be heard by another of its origin, trying the same notes that began a song last heard in another existence, tell no foreign, filling days with sound, children dancing in the sun were to have a better time, I gave them my lost chance, their delight, it isn't hard to understand, when I was a boy I was fat and aggressive, I dragged a table out of the garage and set it up on the sidewalk with a sign saying fresh lemonade fifteen cents, they

took your photo and left you waiting until the door was elbowed open by a woman with papers, to keep the envelope pure, office encumbered with books and she rubbing her hands at the sight of so patient, she knew what the matter was, I can cure you, there are methods that haven't reached the profession, she laughed at a year, that's the way with them, when one gets so much for a consultation one is glad to drag out the case, tricks a the trade, a doctor has to live, she wrote a prescription and patted me on the shoulder as she left, no worry, I'll be well, I'm doing all by reason, no worry, things come out right, I went away with a mountain lift from my shoulders, lump getting smaller not larger, doctor who say I die fool, she smelled of fennel as I put my chin in a cup, she manipulated my spine and muscles and fasciae and nerve bundles surrounding and connected to it, no lollipops, stretching exercises for sheaths of muscle around my vertebrae, she had reading glasses on a cord and a sweater that looked as if it were made of cow, it's often said a trauma early in life marks you forever, pulls out of line, stay, don't move, my time at the clinic did that,

the eye of a leaf is the unit of botany and every part of a plant is a leaf transformed, converted into any other organ and any other organ into a leaf just as a vertebra is a skeleton unit, head the uttermost vertebrae transformed, the plant goes from knot to knot and closes with a seed flower, so the caterpillar goes from knot to knot and closes with the head, so are men, I fumbled swaddled like a mummy wafting on the fumes of an ether soaked rag, I knew I was being touched but couldn't feel my flesh, I knew I was being spoken to but couldn't make out the words, I sensed my mouth shaping words and I must have said reasonable things for the faces regarding me remained calm, none startled or taken aback, I shot for the gate, a klutz fascinated with the idea of playing gentleman, sky a shook poncho, roof wrung, mind a banjo moth, this weather's witty, peekaboo, a study in insincerity, happy those days when I shone in my infancy before I understood this place appointed for my race, before I taught my soul to fancy aught but celestial thought, I hadn't walked above a mile from my first love and looking back see her face, when my soul

dwelled on a flower and spied shadows of eternity I felt shoots of everlastingness before I taught my tongue to wound my conscience or had art to dispense sin to every sense, how I long to tread that track and reach the plain where I left my train, from whence the spirit sees that city, my soul is drunk and staggers in the way, some love motion but I return to where dust falls, I never had any practice moving backward and was only able to go slow, if I was allowed to turn I'd have been back but was afraid she'd be impatient and there was the threat of the stick in her hand, I had no choice, incapable of going back in a straight line, so I turned around, glancing at her, a hand arching over my head and floating down, the hand an inversion of the head, you can see through the hand to the flower but it's the hand that booms, the child is incidental to the scene, maples drowsing like a second sleep above our natures, they grow side by side and fill home with glee, their graves are severed by mountain stream and sea, the same mother bent at night over each brow, each flower in sight, where's that dreamer now? Laid by a stream amid western forests,

the indian knows his place of rest in cedar shade, sea has him, he lies where pearls do, he was the loved of all yet none weep over his bed, turnpike talk, an thought under siege by woe, a court date as rite of passage into life beyond, I could want for better, though I could also stop struggling with guards and braining with oarlocks, to stop grieving for dead dogs and barking for their return, I could be grieving the loss of whoever I hoped to be, I don't know who he is, I want to strengthen the constitution of whoever I am whenever I meet him, though it isn't always the same boy, and as I am only a part timer I'm bad at my job, I must do better, must adopt the view that I need what only I can supply even if it isn't true, I sat staring at the rainy morning rush, any rainy morning has the seeds of alienation sown in but one far from home when your personal clouds don't move, but hang, can produce the feeling of the world seen from the grave, realty dreads, we have it originate, not in house buying, life's most hopeful experience, or even in the fear of losing money, which isn't unique to realty, but we are just like others, wishing and lusting, quaking

over frights and fantasies, all of us of the same mold, oxen boys and girls sepal shudder, shadows waver, equinox, I'm inserted and tunnel subway trains, careening to the surface, on the verge, I moan for those who could be and those who are, it fills my time and never for me, even I am never for us and even here am dead, miss me, I'm all you have, superfluous, we havers, waiting for coming and living out a sentence in someone else's world, questions nor answers, not brilliant or dead, I went back to eating earth, I sucked my finger with such anxiety I developed a callus on my thumb, I vomited leeches and shook with fever, fighting delirium, waiting until the house shook with dawn return, I couldn't resist and went to my room and found the hammock, I was so impressed I felt an impulse to retreat, excuse me, I didn't know you were here, I lowered my voice in a field outside town, making my contribution to the effort, tracking my shadow with a mechanism of my own invention, it has three parts, the stylus etches the shape as the lens billows from its wire loop and on its surface swirls red green, the mask of forgiveness mimicking the figures,

blindfold slipping, I resented the handcuffs and hat, who can say what justice is or find it in a field without an apparatus? All wings are alike and all are flying, when we are at rest the inner slip under the outer ones that fold like a roof over our bodies, see how they are veined, you think cicada has a broad back and head? See the eyes on the corners, how many facets have its eyes? If you look on the top of its head between its eyes you find it has three eyes, ocelli, many have them, you think you know and are all the time finding out something new, you wouldn't notice these, they're so small and some don't have them, same with crickets, some species have them and some don't, they use their wings as instruments, rubbing the ends and making the sound we hear when they fly, you caught one without wings, why? Young, they have no wings at first but grow and molt to full size, when hatched they are like a grown locust but wingless, a dot with a head, here's one clinging to a blade of grass, I accept the world as hostile and conform to it with detachment, I never leave the house without a jar for grasshoppers and butterflies, giving it a shake

and going on with what I was doing, there is no butterfly one finds so easily as the cabbage, found where cabbages grow, so abundant caterpillars and chrysalides are everywhere, it passes spring in the chrysalis and comes out in white with black dotted wings and blackish front angles on forewings, superciliary rows extending anteriorly so the anterior superciliary is in contact with the loreal, some have a shorter row so the anterior isn't in contact with the loreal, I use these to distinguish *ciliaris* from *imbricatus*, females with brown dorsal surface and pale areas, some form stripes with black marks on lateral gland, they have spurs directed posteriorly and ventrally and the edge of the upper jaw and warts on dorsal surface are black with increasing size, group of warts near the angle of jaw below the parotoid, middorsal warts tending at level of posterior edge of parotoids to form a V that has its apex between the parotoids, yellow surface with black marks, granular underparts of large specimens black tubercles, humid places east of a north and south line with the northern part of the slope, I dispute with none but award it to imagination, endowed

with every caprice, I take pleasure in her foolish ways, she lifted her face amid the flowers and the band clacked in rhythm, men take turns to lead her and sense blinds them as they rotate, Saturn afar, I arrive with a watermelon, this thing better be ripe or I'll drop it out the window, it revealed its interiors and I ate with a spoon and listened to music, watery taste and seeds left when the rest was gone, chomping gum, horsing in the kitchen and punching my mitt, teased about cooking, phone rang, Huh? Mister? It was my teacher so they turned to work, wait, can't blame me for that, been lately? Don't know, Ain't ever been to no meeting but the church army and that was only for cup and slices, religion doesn't have bearing at my age, time to be in bed is morning and he who can't keep head on pillow is up to knavery or else he drinks, something to rise in season, all grow old and die but see how youth presses on the footsteps of decay, I shrink from death with dismay, upset on being shown a dead deer, why death, wouldn't we be happier without? No, if there were no death our world would be too crowded, but more worlds? I looked at her body with

shameless attention, you are a woman little sister, we went home light as air, I had pneumonia but recovered, rebellious about my parent's conformity, getting on their knees to pray, up to their necks, but if I was rebellious I concealed it, dearest day of all the week is full of hope, tomorrow hours bring, all seek work, this age is like today, joyous, the day your life precedes, enjoy, nor speed hours, no more here, how far exceeds holiday, day before, air from another time and place supporting a wing to the breeze, I troop the hedge and halt by the hill to scan the blue and launch my comet, it hovers and tugs, veering and diving askew, lifts and goes with wind and rises unspooling, kite a thin stemmed flower carrying farther and higher, longing in breast and feet, gazing heart until string breaks and takes off, a windfall, I should sleep, no more this voice in my ears, no fear to me and mine, tormenting me with expectation, light I must never enjoy, blessings of sight, tell me, I listen, I laughed so hard I fell out a train and thought my face would smatter, the figurines once used to shudder passed for doubles of my mother, her fingers squeezing mine in the

hall, damp swollen walls, concave threshold
to morning light, when she said street, her
voice, subway through parks, she animate in
the ebbing language, bantering with shop-
keepers, a lifeguard pouring bleach and
sloshing with legs, if I could I would view a
stand as she and fill a bag with ladyfingers,
poster in the window, rest when dead, prac-
tice or you will eat with the dog, dead as the
bulb is living still, a secret for the bulb is
nap of music, veins in plaster, but the world
emits light, you wore boxes as a belt and I
wore light as a mistake, the search contin-
ued for more veins and a skull, a pedestal or
place or base or double door or triple tomb,
a show about weather and a shutter torn off
a house, blown across the street, lamp on, I
got out and thought about life, sparkling
like a fish, I saw my breath as I listened to
streetlight hum, a wren in my driveway, face
with sideburns, dishonest eyes whose num-
bers may suit with stillness as musing slow I
hail your genial loved return, when your
star shows circlet lamp, elves who slept the
day in buds and many a nymph who wreath
their brows with sedge shed dew, and loveli-
er still, pleasures prepare your car, roaming

under the streetlight with day's work done,
how spring calls to the heart in the city, cool
too, wind blows in my face after the heat
where you dance, good to be here at mid-
night, you dancer and I dreamer, I confront
the wren's doings, rinsing streaks from
porch bricks, drawing lizards from shade,
smell of water too much for me, but lunch
first, scattering remains over the drive, away
from the bricks, wrens come, crust from my
dish makes drama, then history, unfrustrat-
ed and free of bitterness, death announced
ahead of time, saw her on the porch, a wom-
an in blue with white hair, she didn't see me,
so real, she asked me to thread a needle, she
didn't tell me when my hour was but strew
flowers at love's behest, meet for such a
guest, sapling weaves coronal, rainbows
wrought by spring leaves, bud, bring hither
to perfume her slumbering, heap eucalyp-
tus on the tomb, wreath of clematis and
bluebell, bear hither, flowers she loved to
wear, magpies croon and thrushs flute from
dawn to moon, orioles sing and bellbirds
toll, wind moves soft when day's petals close,
recall past delight and dream of her, star of
night, though stars rise no more, set in her

eyes, wind and star, bud breath you sweet
afar, love intones the word, I stand with
death in thrall keeping beauty's festival, my
words clutch like an embrace, I spill my se-
crets on your porch and you help me find
each fear a place, the only one I trust, you
said my war was safe and problems deliver
change, you were right, I stopped calling
and take delight in quoting you for laughs,
yet you guard my secrets still, after con-
struction, blue assumption, beneath it I hav-
en't reported to breakfast, they call over
flakes, flash of panic eyes, to be certain, you
have the longest resume in panic, I admit,
but who are those circling the lips of our
misfortune, our circumstance? Love strife
will lead me, I yield though I am good, not
for a man to threar a woman unless he plea,
as we began so we keep and I take my cloak
about me, day of difference forgotten, to lin-
ger in shadow of furniture you arranged,
finding a sleeping person recognizable as
my once beloved, scar disturbing, an arous-
ing property on unmarked skin, I know you,
unafraid, scars, blemishes, not so secretive
as neighbor, a number of markings on disc,
permanent like those of the moon, a glance

at the table shows this was expected, circumstances, not having collected intricacies of argument, but both to wise and illiterate just, from woodtop calls the crow, was and is, known right now, ghosts come, skulking in suburbs and making claims on fountains, don't mock my love and hate, in seven days you were created and created the horizon, waves and song's plume, my seven days are a crow and a wound, so why the mystery in the end, when I am earth and wind? Old age is sweetest part of life, no small satisfaction to laugh at folly and know it past, to be responsible only to yourself and order life as you choose, every day is holy and sweetness of common things fills me with satisfaction and years of life, but I am frightened of having a baby, of needing to be good enough, alert enough, strong enough, having to stay alive, deliver me, what do you want me pregnant for? To hold onto me? To have a sign you passed this way? Years of roaming, I dropped a few, beloved who I think my own, what I resent, sharing laughter, code I can't break, time spent on your needs and not mine, a family, I not the head, stitch this? Soon as I finish this, all need a change, pie?

Got the last of it, not minding you return in evening as is your wont, getting ready for my bath I needed someone to guard the door so I made a boy and gave him life, as I was bathing she returned and was surprised to find him at the entrance and when she tried to enter he blocked her, why? None enter, he didn't move and she cut off his head, seeing my grief she went to fetch the head of the first beast she saw and came on an elephant, she took its head and attached it to the boy thus giving him life, promising he would be venerated before all other gods, I had to tell you this, baby inside girl sealed with a lick of hope and swimming into praise of nations, eyes pursuing shadows, I cried, laughing a breathless laugh that ended in tears, I tried to speak, to question her in spite of my promises, but even before I worded my question she answered, would have known when my water broke, minute I saw you it broke, when I saw your face it had more than a hint of what you would look like after all these years, would have known who you were right away, the water you drank proved you dribbled spit on my face, would have known but you distracted me,

would have seen my fingerprints on your forehead from when I held up your head in the shed, when you asked me about the earrings I used to dangle for you to play with, would have recognized you who wanted out from the beginning but I wouldn't let you, I ran when I found you in the shed, too rough for me, too thick, my love too thick, who are you willing to die for? Would you give your privates to a stranger in return for a carving? In the stupor of my pregnancy I tried to set up a fishbone necklace business, lagoon of charity falling into the past, barbershop reek, combs in glass, then the baby was born and a new calendar of life commenced, a car speeding through the night past the creek and over the hill to the casino, into nameless weeks, fancying word of fistfight reached onward, pity I didn't say the night I broke down in the casino, aren't robe and meal enjoyed by the son, farmer blood or toil of weavers? If your eye isn't clear how can you enjoy them? Prayer can only be yours when you gamble yourself away and your essence is pure, then a joy of the eyes are your prayers and no split remains, knower and known the same, intimacies where light is

colossal, height imprint and bookie palpations, marks in money and date moves, a stare, another hand for clouds to weep to and print goodbye, night at the pit apertures prepared from surface as from within sigh anchor and mariner rope, come spring may I look in each wave counting knot responses, lend a system of light shards cut to dark and lost ash, children with different men, a flood to end your assets and free you to wander, mother over you, shadow of her face on yours, gone, that way, pool breeze, a mother saying ghost and sheets slipping off the branch, leaves in the water, an open door, come in, who are you? Ghosts go through shut doors, if a door is shut why open it and if open why shut it? Nothing sour as decayed love, only discord on harp strings, stone faces traced with tears that pass to halls where feasts are spread and chambers where funeral guests sit in silence by the dead, some repair to homes where children cheek to cheek with mute caress declare the ache they cannot speak and some who walk in calm shudder as they reach the door where one who made their dwelling dear, flower light seen no more, so earnest a desire to please was

touching in a woman who could knock anyone down, she looked after the fire and had an opinion on the draught and thought my arrangements not clever enough, I told her if I were rich I'd offer her a salary to teach me how to live and she gave a sigh the essence of which was give me a dime and I'll do something with it, let us praise the mother who joined us to such consort, the sky may essentialize but the nurse drives on, wintry murmurs leave us in a ditch above the stars, data raises doubts of city board, I complain and wait, taking my eye off the flock, driving to town for tea in a shop lit by bookbindings, volumes with titles on squares, here she comes, watching me, to read with that face, stand away again and hear, I make too much of chance and overdo my figment, a sleuth on a case reading a flower among the prose as some clue, truth isn't an answer, I take a page and read, puffing glass insulation and windows to a set light from floor to ceiling, bathes glided with rust in a suit by titles between shelving, barcodes locking acquisition in a shutdown step screening out and breathing in, salt words in the dictionary, read on swallowed

life by tablet variety, lead line and swan books to bonfire machines, fancy kindled early, I read of daring enterprise and maritime adventure and followed the first part of the century with enthusiasm, I mused over glory no wise inferior to the rest, how many hours I passed with heroes on their isles, identifying with one then another, awful, and now I sympathize with the country, having to figure out the washing, washtub problem, how your sympathies change as you get old, passion pushed behind the tub, receive me, you that in your arms departed joy and pain wert wont to gather, the work gave exercise and occupation, it furnished an excuse for declining to go out or allow visits, it had a calming effect on one's nerves, I exhausted myself weaving variations on these words and the evening was far advanced before my mirth ceased, now the old poet loses his voice like a garden but finds it again like a street in a garden, in a house in number city all count and hate and want to read together in a dark garden scribbling with language over screens like lips, the first mis-translations, voices of children enter the room but don't you think we are making the

same mistake we began by making it at the last minute, rushing to call our mothers? Warmer than it has been for decades, the sun isn't cold, imagine it and all the after-world, clean faced fathers sleeping, unlike those they wore, hair in parted wave, milk prices up, inflation, key food, linoleum tiles dirty and cracked, dairy case goose pimpling my skin, those tiles are still there but he is dead and so is she, bare to say, bare to bare linoleum tiles, you who come after me, I will be underfoot, I bath in strangeness, these comforts heaped on me smother me, I burn for new faces and places, to be out of this, save the new, you love, you the more desired, this bed crows in confinement, mildew hassles my bronchus, damp tinker's pot streaming down the window wall, sensate at the glass from sore red sun, gaunt and frail on twists of the mattress, I grapple laundry foisting on a sturdy bloom, I loathe walls and traffic, flowing over me like water, far out of this, fields, hills and sun, sun enough, out and alone among some alien people, what need to exhaust signs? These are complete manifestations of light, all places void, if you don't understand you are still think-

ing of the old woman, I come home to her on the couch, game on, skates gone, commentator going on rink blades, a life of days, not busy becoming what they could be, furlings of feelings intricate like light, you sit and send abroad, to get away and come back and begin over, not perfect, can't pace the room, may no fate misread me and grant my wish, snatching me away not to return, trouble with the inversion, host asking answers and contender supplying questions, they liked me, picking me out for mention, no one has anything against my sort, I was called back for insertion, kept in a booth with a flickering light, get me out, it makes me ill, pillaging supplies for a snack, above in the sky on squares staring back, bumps on maple bark, screen dots feather expectations for rodeos, structure a composite cribbed from vagaries such as visit our scenes, grass growing drier in the accounting, punks at the door, exercise machines and pasta makers and nails with henna make your nails strong, ads flood the room and paint chubby faces as bottles glint and smoke flickers like rising angels, chasing smugglers in cars that plunge through fruit

carts and panes of glass, tucking into fenders in a climax of bent metal and justice, getting out of a crumple and tossing hair, I laugh in triumph over all those cars, smash up, fumbling off the tv, we make for a sight, the gimpy beloved and lover crippled outright, sick kittens, neither mind sound, a broken pretzel, down here they sell thick ones not too tasteless, I had an impulse to help with the dishes but curbed it, just putting plates in the washer, what else did she do for the meal? My feet hurt from walking, toes digging in, she retreated as I bounced to a show on foreigners buying businesses, emergencies, lost objects appearing where searched for most, things have a life of their own, wake their souls, full of life, I will find a continent and square the circle, I will ransack botany to find a new food for man, I have new architecture in mind and foresee new mechanic power, forced on in rivers of thought, the room had opposition in answer toward milieus of freedom, the latitude a shock of recognition offered in years of evidence as stadium lights shimmer, hail, hurt by unhappened events, stars send spiders into my life to change the channel of unlit

possibilities, now crowds of love's will act on a wind of indication or against it, diastole of ache crashing back to the drumset, a laugh dying as quick as some other thing approaches, skidding into the streets, nothing like the man I depicted as myself in those tirades leading up to the pageant when I called to tell what happened as a contestant, what radiated from my voice was delight, never hear me like that, exulting in being who I am, will I ever be content again? Suppose I win, what chance do you have? I tried to slash my throat, I lied, many lower their necks to the stone and pray to a girl chosen in her room by an archangel, instead of praying I watch reruns of pregnant women, in eloquence some have such promptness, wit so easy they are ready and never surprised, while others never venture to utter anything but what they have taken care to prepare, she started in, first her head and body then more and more until I was crowded to the wall, by the time she was in I was forced out, she took up the whole house, I stuck my head through the window and we had a good visit but the night was cold and I wished she would leave, goodnight, come by

sometime, I will, I went in and sat by the fire and made plans to get even, negro panting at the line boasting palmy wine, he basks in the glare or stems the wave and thanks his gods, such the patriot's boast, wherever I roam my country is home and if we compare our blessings wisdom finds an equal portion dealt as different good given by art or nature makes blessings even, I nurture myself, why should I want what you like? If on hearing this you grow red and retire I beg you write it down and show it to your friends and enjoy a laugh in the palace, a stone heap, hear my gold prow, mirrors catch the stones and flare, dawn drifts in waking light as dew blurs the grass, ankles moving, beat, whirr, thud, in the turf under trees, chorus of imps, goat foot with pale foot alternate, arc of shallow waters, a cock crows in the seafoam by the foot of the couch, clawfoot lionhead, a seated woman speaking in drone, itys, tearfully, ityn, ityn, I went to the window and cast her down, all the while swallows crying, ityn, it's my heart in the dish, no other taste changes this, I went to the window, the stone bar making a double arc, fingers held to the stone, swung

as wind caught my sleeve, swallows crying
tis tis ttis, there is no sea or oak, just a rear
view of a hundred subsidized flats, they feed
babies and watch How My Kid Died, hosted
by a blond who gives parents rubs, sainted
by pain, today's show features a boy who was
killed for not joining a gang, he was choked
with a jump rope and his mouth filled with
cards, locking himself in the toilet and not
coming out until his parents agreed to take
him to Fun Zone the murderer confessed
and dove into the ball cage, the audience
yells at his parents as the victim's parents
urge forgiveness and the audience yells at
them too, then commercial, they put down
their babies and pace the room studying
aloud, it doesn't look good, regicide is a vi-
rus and Biafra one planet from Saturn, I of-
fer to help and they yell so I went downstairs
and saw a door part open with bed beyond, I
lay on the velvet and incense trickled around
me, the room was cool and my body hurt,
someone came in and lay down in the dark,
should have told me what? Something is
ending, she turned on the lamp, look, she
was holding a picture of a boy in a pool of
kids, a kingfisher pivoting in the wind, limp-

ing through the snow with a wounded knee, bull sitting in the last doorway, go find him, the hang of contracts opens your face like a mirror, statistics or the windscreen avert egress and desire for sequence like hats neighbors snicker at, passing respect from kitchen window across the bay you used to swim or thought you might, a new mobility moves in accreting the type of solitude your parents paid for in fulsome dark, tokens redeemed for cash and hints of arcs and upgrades, to lead the festival and gather supplies, a feeling on your approach to realism, eroding transition you learn to expand and fill the void flippancy barely papers over as late night news returns its baubles in the vacuum and cereal starts to hiss and pop, travel evolves from your sense of remove or you attenuate the gain, signal fading, we must join hands in the dew coming coolly in the hush of the wood and turn and go to the door and knock, are you in there? Bestir you, I come for roses, a word with you, that of the singer recalling, a saying every maid knows, a flower unplucked is left to the falling and nothing is gained by not plucking roses, I don't loose hands, not caring what she sup-

poses, she comes shining and grants me roses, is love untimely, busy? When you see her do you let voices compose dialogue or do you keep control? She throws the ball and I lose it in the sun, doing my best to throw it back, I put numbers in boxes to indicate the pins knocked down rather than trying to trace the ball arc and thud of stone on wood, my joy in bowling with the girl I love, the store sold handcuffs and dirty magazines and shirts that read ass gas or grass and in the aisle kids play shootouts, spinning the bruit disgorging, what maw some maelstrom caught up in events, I roast with one eye on the cameras, man stickup talk down and out, who counting, between us crush what wasn't light but passed, mud morrow where hums mind flags, to this they bring us choking at the trope under a babble meant like murder, weighing kids deathward, even scholars swim, knowing what they rather be, haunted luckier than those haunted? Choice a banality, don't grovel, words cream gap, rising food, a substance in the blood writ and rote, joy in a stream, dead bride singing, looking for sweet life, sweeter still since the station is close, cue up the pie

in history's kisser and fix a stare, come let's
mix and walk with umbrellas in our mitts,
sleepy? Light behind a veil, I give her mon-
ey and neighbors make game but for her I
would row in a galley and when my years
were out we'd wed and bed and not in the
alley, as meat in a shell, as shell before the
caw, a weed fig dusted to sweet the skin, egg
white of peacock and butterfly held to ivory
ox hoof, pulling space between sins, I am as
I am, the host on the tongue of bread, com-
plexion of conquest, salt a crown of thorn
and wheat, so am I, echo calling fossil back
to name ash spread the light, customers like
me, quick to laugh, when I make a mistake I
blush, people waiting for me to come out,
speaking and gazing, the lot stretches the
road and goes up to the door of the grocery
where I play cards out back, a hen, I make
the yolk, beauty the white, then gum on a
shell of form to make the diatribe sound hu-
man, carved platters of blood, I fade and
part lion from claw, given to forms by body,
threads of disquiet drawn by head's whim as
if there was a difference between lamb and
iamb, one led, slit, bled, other corralled by
force of mind, stilled in queue, unreal life,

knives of best steel, before the bombs, grass
under trees, river echo where we stroll un-
der trees and break the bank, mink in one
window and harlequin pants in another,
your eyes from mosaic's workshop curling
clef for a hat, peacock halo for breath, not in
women's laps, anatomy in interior, drying
plants and lines in veins, banking held up
flora, lapwing flutter, a cooler barrenness
until driven through a burning visa, risk a
whisper, lisp deterrer, fracture radio tannoy,
a snarl corrupted and towed tweeds, how
policy rusted, clasps closed, spine held caller
peak pack ante purse sharing, stake diapered
to form, I bought a set for our first Thanks-
giving and love to hone the blade before go-
ing after the bird, the inventory of my boun-
ty, I wink and every track and job is inside
and every whitterick onesuch until from my
hob each a curlew, every boy one of the boys
and every girl ye girl ye for who every dance
was last and every chance last and every let-
down from days when every list was laundry
in that country where we reminisced, every
town tidy, influence and message second-
ary, what passed as I made my way from
greetings to table, temperature dropped as

evening came on and snow flurried, had someone looked in they would have seen a simulacrum of joy in the family tableau, I sat on my knees with my hands on the arm-chair and watched the fire fade and flow, room drifting back to dark, black ash, my body working the bellows and crackling in the draft, only when the lamp is kindled will error be dispelled and doubt dissipate and knowledge envelop you, at that hour a herald shines and knowledge wakes, drawing a line through men, a child making music and becoming small in the embrace of the messenger, hair never withheld for long, bookshelves in the den and on the upper shelves fairies under toadstools and monks and useless robins, the promenade, systems blinking and river reflecting cornices and clouds, cars and offices, computers riding the subway and flirting, grabbing, never on the spot when wanted but in quiet parts, guardians well in evidence equipping soldiers with sidearms, inciting them against civilians, I frittered the squander of the thing and ran, danger was who you got drunk with, I knew the time would pass but by the wall how seldom I prayed, cypress

grow, sepulchers and rose, I lift my face reminded how earth's greenest place draws color from heaven, something saith for pain but more for promise, that I would shrink to be a kid, crying and wringing my hands, blind and bleeding, finding no pardon nor balm of rest, I pace heartsick days and nights of woe, no hand of friend nor favor, no word of grace, it wasn't me, the body dragged me in, it was too much, dear soul, bear up a space, soon or late the grace to set me free and bear me home, death comes, convict no more, nor shame nor dole depart, whither are you turned aside that I may seek you, down in your spice garden to gather lilies, I yours and you mine, feeding among the lilies, if compatible I stay and if not I flip the bench, I left a road crossing today, why didn't I cover it up? A mountain doesn't expose its peak, I paid allegiance, a gardener, I heard of it, I figured it out, a woman, if you assume the mark of a woman and flip the bench it isn't too late, she needed a gardener, if you don't progress or possess the eye you won't avoid gain and loss, words aren't truth but art, my mind deluded by them, putting down my weapons I remove my armor, sur-

render, and detain her to resolve doubt, good doesn't proceed from abstract but from intuition which can't be reasoned away nor arrived at by reason, not abstract, not communicated, arising each for himself, expressed in deed, we who express its nature start from action in which alone it is visible, action is the only expression and we can only interpret it and express what takes place in it, let me rove some grove or find a ruin in the dells whose walls more awful nod by your gleams, or if rain foil my feet be mine the hut that views floods and spires from the peak, to hear their bell, marks over your fingers draw the veil as spring pours showers as oft she wont to bathe your tresses, give me my shell, staff, joy, diet, salvation, glory, and gage, thus I take my way, blood my body's balm, my soul travels over peaks where fountains spring and I kiss bowls of bliss and drink on every hill, my soul thirsts no more, pilgrims cast their rags and walk like me and I take them to slake their thirst and taste nectar suckets at wells where sweetness dwells drawn by saints in crystal buckets, wells rise like a benediction that hearing it I dare rejoice, I go and no

walls hold me if caught, as swallows skim I
hover and scan the heights, earth holds me
fast, first warned too soon then too late, my
feet bound in traps, leave scorn here or it
will show on your face tonight, a hole in the
ground with a poet in it each time I turn
around, the dance crowd waiting downstairs,
the departed are a cloud over me and I am
lost, the meeting place is still but silence
avails, passion's echo repeating whispers in
my brain, the splash of pails, stupidity caus-
es death, increase benefits by growth, see
yourself, throw your mask in the cenote,
smashing in little ways before the long drop,
a broken eye and ear, later lifted out grin-
ning golden, nothing I need to do, I lay my
hands on desert springs, the spring of youth
bears by lands where exiles drink inspira-
tion, but it's the cold wellspring of oblivion
that slakes thirst most sweetly, we share our
well and even after selling you fetch water,
why? I sold the well not the water, a memory
in me like a stone, I can't strive nor have I
heart for it, such pain, such ecstasy, look in
my eye and grow thoughtful, a hot mind so
sorrows might endure forever, I open it
greedily, how many years divide birth from

memory, investments fall back on us, reverting to harmony? The groves were our first temples, where we learned to hew shaft and spread roof, where we framed the vault to gather and roll back anthems, I offer supplication, my heart can't resist twilight, trunks that mingle boughs and steal over me bow my spirit with power and majesty, why should we adore under roofs? Offer a hymn, happy if it find acceptance, I grab the tire and throw it and go with it and come back, I pass and reach the top and swing by, flying high, feet above me, rope and tree when I hit slack, I thought I would always be a boy cutting daises, overcome with slumberous, each day ending in the nightwatch, old by sunset, year of establishment, name of food, one moves in and doesn't move out, I sat to think, humming a psalm, fire burning, light rising and falling, now bright, now leaving it to dusk, odor of pine through the door, leaves and earth, thesis of bad nights, mind playing variations on the subject, passion and jealousy left of love, payment for lost youth, love's exaltation, I drowsed by the window, she killed herself when the last hour was torn down, in my frenzy some

power guided my footsteps, I crashed through the door and saw her hanging and loosed the cord, I tore her brooches and smote full on my eyeballs, no more of me you know, deeds suffered and quenched in darkness, you shall see those you never should have saw, blind to those who when I saw I yearned to know, such the burden of my moan as I lifted my eyes and at each stroke orbs bedewed my beard, oozing down-pour, come, we dwell no more, welcome death and farewell life, and you, farewell, well might she deem heaven a land of exile unless with her body she cast character away, countenance of vindictiveness, white cheek and bloodless lip, scintillating eye, retaining a portion of the locks she had been grasping, I took her arm and on letting go I left impressions on the skin, such ravenous fingers, look sharp to them, I set the belt across her shoulders and wept, I took her in my arms, a child in my arms, I sobbed as that she did be all undone in the heart, she died, some trouble vexed her heart, who knows? Not I, life began that year, all before a dream, false joys, woes, all afterlife to and fro, womb that bore a double harvest, me

and mine? Goodnight, you brought that hour on my morning of age, I quit you, I fear as little as I hope from you, I know you can't show nor bear more hatred than you have for me, my first years you betrayed as jealousies then planted me in soil where basest fools breathe, where envy is professed and ignorance the school, where nothing is examined and rumor believed, where freedom is betrayed and goodness taxed, we are born for we must bear, our condition is such that what to all may happen here, if it chance to me I mustn't grutch else I mistake my state to harbor a divide from my kind, that for my sake there should be a miracle, born to grief, but I bear it with scorn as won't need relief, nor for my peace will I go as wanderers do, but make my strength such as they are at home, my lament for a herb that grows not in the bed and corn that grows not in the ear, my chamber a possession that brings forth no possession, a weary man, a weary child forspent, my lament for a river where no willows grow and a field where corn and herbs grow not, a pool where fish grow not, for thickets where reeds grow not and woods where tamarisks grow not, for

wilderness where no cypress grow, for depth of garden trees where honey and wine grow not, for meadows where no plants grow, for a palace where length of life grows not, I lie and cry, don't the best know when they live too long? Feted, chirp of sleep like a bee, shall I nestle near? Would you mind? Not you who come when I tire, too soon sleep comes, come soon, when night is cold and ravens croak you sit at my hearth and tell me my house is warm, resurrection, tell it abroad, passover of gladness, each thing cuts wounds and neither forgives the other, hurting like you and hurtful toward you, every touch augments the pure, we experience it as we age, cold silence, another change affects us, unattributed to belief but progressing, beginning after birth, never too early or too late, what is this? Rest isn't here and the smiles I see and mirth I hear are false, where is glee? Why shine blithely? Why vanish? Heart away, why desert? Land of care where souls soar, thither repair, let this world no more ensnare, my heart tells rest found there, I love you but it isn't so simple, I sigh, need to be alone, rarer, better to anticipate than to age? Streets don't con-

cern me though man slips by these to the other side of the mountains, skeleton, you who ached to grow are each year smaller and lighter, when I dance you dance and when I break you break, lying down, walking, climbing, jaws my bread, wristbone and ribcage, skull and pelvis, serene in the nook, past the geraniums, tree offering shade and fruit to two other yards, flowers and grass, the fence, birthday near, retirement, time ahead, brother, his name of sorrow, out of touch, only holiday greetings, months go by, spring greens the branch so keep heart, it comes to my house, flowers expand, the dove, the sadness of winter gone and a thousand signs betoken spring, cast strife aside, storms past, time of mirth when birds sing and flowers earth, when hands upturn the mold my heart feels more love than it can hold, I raised you, set me on your heart, love is strong as death and jealousy cruel as the grave, many waters can't quench love nor floods drown it, if a man would give his house for love it would be contemned, morning meadow, it tames you and claims you with wet grass tips, sunny land, I watch you and coming close you are a creature

with two front limbs, I make my home, no shelter in other form, no hearth, tent uprooted in a storm, wilderness doors, I fear no grief no matter where I roam but my powers will cease and earth will fold me to rest as I bow to the place where my grave bursts open in the dark, I go to the garden to see fruit and vines curl and bud, next to the wall springs rhythm as snow flees, change begins and glistens, it overcomes need, your story, may it fill your world, flowers from the sill, all things fill and empty and fill, hurry as I tire, I trust you, rain in the basin and I vigilant, I ween to lie on a carpet yielding, eyes and faces straining to see stars, turning to slumber, peace for all who know they follow where we go, galaxy hurled to gleam, sun fills with meteors as our voice repeats the word that thrilled the heart, man has learned to love flowers, that will, your insight and blindness as you remind me of peace, trials dart to evening as songs trace insight and coloration, ride to allogamy referenced with mismatch, sky shade less than beasts, what consequence the suburbs of flora, what liberties or form loop and buzz for coats amid that appraisal of doubt redirected into re-

freshment and stone pleasure, we correspond thus, word's matrix and border, windows of my house and morning light, morning lunacy, another route where days appear and I forgive what I made under other vines, they took over and reformed me and I ended my days a gardener, love a tree all climb for fruit left so bare not one plum more, in the hedge grow cups whose wine is dew, and roses, and ivy buds, flowers lined with gold, when buds swell a bell peeps from last year's leaves, flower in bare forest, to meet you when you perfume the air, the broom, dear to lie among it, I know where some say flowers haven't their fellow, I know where ladies live in flowers as bright as gems, never was a flower so fair as this, it grows like a garland and about my door shine its bushes, down the glen where water gushes, take the rest but give me this and the finch in it, I love her for she loves the broom, we call the rose queen and boast of lilies but I don't care, the broom is the flower for me, growing on the common, dear to lie among it, blooms, yodel of night chimney wind as daffodil and tulips dab shadows in water mutter, to grasp the cord the learn-

er comes in by a rift in the machine, your house bears evidence of this course of combinations to escalation, stretching arms facing memories, shock of liberation, not a rooming house but spring falls, deer who portrayed relatives of strangers, the way back deer breath on windows, garden of lustre, tidings come to the wind, should you blow by youths in the meadow give my best to them, basil, should she display herself I lash my eyelashes to a broom to sweep her entrance, you whose tresses draw over the moon, don't knock me, gush berries, twin and ripen, shine full and fast as sun broods you, material of sky fruiting fullness, cooled by moon, a breath, dew falls, tongue filling the palate with saliva and knocking teeth with drapery, memory retains a trail, we won't know how or else the reminder of the moment, there blooms a sisterhood of flowers in a meadow where branches wave and brooks go by, where no hand comes to gather, no wind to blight, sunbeams smile by day and dew falls by night, where they that sprang in light air? In their beds with rain falling where they lie, violet perished and orchid died but sunflower stood until frost

fell and brightness of her smile was gone, a cold spider, bees hanging from day work, they wait to see what they will be, a tree lets down her undersides and a window glints, a thing of saffron kindled with singlehood, each thing candles its name, thinking loss, each particular erases the clarity of an idea, woodpeckers falling, nothing blackberries correspond to, words elegy to what they signify, snowberry adorned with pearls, if you eat one you grow wise in flower wisdom, knowing where to find violet robins and slipper sage, the gentian, the buds trust themselves to spring in their unfolding, nothing lost that yields to my handling, rain petals soften my view in sympathy or crush light above the road, blaming the road for its paucity as time boils down, something passed closer to the tick as I reached for the same bud that when picked releases another, which merits greatest praise? Conferring aid and causing disorder, my youth a hurricane pierced by sun, in my garden few red fruits grew, I stand in autumn state of mind with my rake, who knows if my flowers will reach beneath and taste food? All but earth is mine, I pluck its passions for my flowers

as my clouds toss and make this planet shine, my life is mantled in glory like trees fringing yonder crest alight the molten west, night yields her story, dreams that stir as wind sighs on my breast, through all regions by unknown paths thoughts meet mine, sobbing, ice terminates above sea where I fall to disease, the ninth numeral, a white note, I sighed at dawn, light high and dew gone, I sighed when noon lay on flower and tree lingering like an unloved guest, I sighed as day turned to rest, flowers grew, tasks assigned to forms, oak resists wind and yew repels foes, the pine grows for future navies but this family was born for delight alone, I creep by and beg shelter, pity and love me, lonely, poor, and weak, I seek rest, unloved, beauty lies in this form, let me sleep until flowers come, I will repay you, violet showed her thorns and her face glowed with pride as she hid under the ferns and turned aside, she laughed as she danced on her stem and bent to the waves and whispered the tale to them, you will harm my leaves, share my home, she looked to see who offered a home, it was a bud whose leaves beckoned, I dwelt where cool winds

rustled and butterflies came to lie on the flowers, sunlight lingered through the leaves, brightening my home, her face smiled as I drew near, poor thing, welcome to my moss, you will find a bed where you can sleep until spring, I pity and love you though you aren't graceful, many forms have kind hearts, no more shall you roam, you found me, rest, I spun my tomb in flower shadow, guarded until leaves were sere, until all her friends were gone and her sleep drew near, her leaves were over me where I lay under the snow as spring came and flowers rose and danced on their stems, wind kissed their cheeks and sunbeams fell, clover boomed and watched by the moss, I slumbered, why should you care? Come dance and feast, spend these hours with us, we pity you to trust what he said, he lies in the moss, she watched and didn't doubt, trusting I would come, my cell opened and I soared, your watch was vain, he only sought shelter and won't come again, they danced when they saw me depart, love of a butterfly dear to their heart, she bowed and tears fell, her heart was grieved to find her sisters true, I flew, I see him floating back, spread your

leaves so he may choose the one he deems most fair, rose glowed as she waved on her stem and bent to the waves to make a mirror, she spread her leaves and whispered her hope as she stood by her friend's side, she peeped from the fern and lifted her eye to watch me, thinking no more of worm, longing for butterfly, they grew fair and welcomed me, each offering dew, but they beckoned in vain as wider their leaves opened, I floated on, flower who waited for me, I come to brighten your home, you cared for me and now I show the thanks the worm couldn't tell, sun breeze and cool dew, whatever a flower can wish is yours and the home you shared with the worm is home to me, then through hours, sunshine and showers, in our home we dwelt, a species more common in the valley than in other regions, history first worked out in one of my reports, since studied by others, uncertainty in regard to many points in its development, number of broods in different localities and habits of larvae when preparing for hibernation, though visible without a lens these call for the microscope if you wish to study them in detail, tissue made of two things, some

filled with oil and others distended with powder that spreads when a vesicle is broken, same shape and size, first go to making reserves of tissue and second form dots distinguished by color of wing marked with bands on hind wing, a row in both sexes, females larger and lighter in color, a butterfly with wings touched by color, many varieties so distinct they have scientific names, variation, one ranges north and one south, no connection between populations in mountains and plateau, acquisition and study of material from range of species is necessary to clarify variation, most abundant are whites, orange tips, and yellows, ours are cabbage and sulphur, rest are moderate with round black wings, caterpillars are hairy green worms, when ready they spin a web with a loop to keep from swaying, a projection on front of head, you talk of things you see and say sun shines, I feel warm but how day or night? Day in dread has seen night shadows pour, scarce is beast whose eyeball goes unlidged and all ill ache more, cabins glow as day is done and sun hurries to foster life elsewhere, I want wings to follow and see the hills and gold brooks, my course un-

hindered by mountain, sea open, sun falling from sight, off to drink her light with day and night behind, waves below and sky overhead, the sun flees and your lips enkindle breath between, smiles make air fire before they dwindle, screened in locks where who gaze faint maze entangled, your limbs burn through the veil that hides them like lines of morning through clouds, atmosphere shrouds where you shine, others fair but none behold you, your voice folds you from sight, splendor all feel yet see you never as I feel lost forever, wherever you move shapes are clad with bright and souls walk until they fail, dizzy and lost but unbewailing, let there be light to journey in gloom, sun not sphered in cloud, a box stayed the while, I saw light was good and divided it from dark by hemisphere, light day and dark night, today? Mist valley bush tree, you release me, free, around goes your gaze like a friend's eye, easy on the region, lady who came into being in the sky, I chant your praises, fire, wind and land, a shadow on the sand, leafy tree, stars and sea, torchlight music and a cry like leaf's iridescence in the dewdrop, like firefly, like flowers in haze, like clouds

spreading mourning on the face of the days, dwell with me, I know your excellence and hear your worth, I bear witness, why have you come? Has a matter come to pass? Has someone gone to heaven? The sun shows us objects of a different order in their dimensions, granules disturbed and torn, dark areas exposed, arranged in groups parallel to the sun's equator, groups accompanied by lines of tide foam, little torch, I rose into the sun exuding perfume, petaled rose, bees returning to where their labor turns sweet, three colors, one refracted by the others and a fourth breathed from three, listen to the snow and make it again, my mind, I enter the door for the first time, what is the difference between ability and transmission? I net fish to compare them, resolve and transmission resemble dragons and heaven's son in the shrine above the officials, their veneration and valuing known without distinguishing them, a dragon gliding to the altar to ravish the bride, a guest and consoler who warms wives, all colors rise, burning and biting in my flame, my gleams pierce the skies, when I turn the wheel there is no time it doesn't touch, the zenith, I transform all at

the close of the vow and if one doesn't transform the vow isn't fulfilled, no confirmation of the hypothesis, here but what will fit the facts? Fix a mass beside a master who spurns it away, wheel without beginning or end, a spinning sword, cherub darting about a dark eye, in mounting higher I drop songs into silence, I offer cloth and incense, lamps and candles, and make offerings to all for all I have done, created from body, mouth, and mind from greed and delusion, I know shame, I repent, turn the wheel, all who study vehicles by lamps, evolution from three points, no memory, that which proceeds might be remembered but that which is ejaculated doesn't know, so it is with us immersed in forms and effects of equal but hostile value, bear with this and obey one will, nail hope on that and life melts underneath, going with you without rent or seam, swans and peacocks perform a concert, instruments play earth gold, rain of buds, worship morning, when you misbehave your penance is to live with men until death, little think you who I watched and saw your birth that you would rise to this height and triumph on this branch, little think you it will

freeze and I won't find you, little think you
that labors to nestle and think by hovering
to get a part in a tree hoping to bow stiffness
by siege, little think you of when sun wakes
you journey with sun and me, you who love
to be subtle, if you must go what is that to
me? Here lies my business, you go to friends
content, if your body go what need your
heart? Stay but know when you say and do
your most a heart that makes no show is a
ghost to you, how will it know my heart or
having none know you for one? Practice
makes you know a part but you don't know
a heart, my life is measured, I with you, I tell
the rose earth made her over, country for
old men when summer fails, the pox, oak
odor, the village glows in bells as honey
drips in pots and hands unite, stones turn as
castles rot and gold death beds glow, evening
sons behold wonder, their house goes under
with love, air and hills, men dig for treasure
but calm and careless, things the same,
grain alive as not, dusk coming and answer
unright, bells ringing, ink tainted, leaves
fall and rest, light failing in the west, all will
burn with shame, your turn, hear your
name, minutes go to waste, sky erased, bells

chime, flip a dime, to the garden laurel garlands salute to fall, life crying to the sun that sheds blood that dyes the flowerbeds, wrens flown, from the shrubs the jay, rot settled, flies rise when I touch the tomatoes, buds flail as I pull up vines, unready to let go, those flowers might still have time to fruit, the principle, teaching, and cause work together to carry to omniscience, but as effect implies one has arrived how can it function with the other three? The future, we bring merit to beings and cause them to rise and develop, with life causes and conditions we sever roots and with power we regenerate roots, bulbs, pods, tentacles, fins, plumage, and fur show nature fall behind with her work, she won't help and our lending a hand isn't enough, hearts beat in eggs and babies grow, seeds sprout and trees fall, no life couldn't be immortal, death tugs at the knob, if thorn is a task to find judge what must be pang of mind, leaf grows hot but not green as the dove's cooing settles to brood from song, leaf cools twining fingers as they pull until they tighten and hand is caught, another leaf, earth never ceases, grass denies belief until its thread bears

grasshopper and cricket, what is this that will never cease to trouble us that in the fields gives prick and praise for beauty? I put a thorn under the tail and she knows no cure, jumping no avail and whisking worse, driving the dart deeper, reason's task to ease the pain he kicks if sharper grow the throb, plunges, rolls, and stains with gore, growing in sun shower, a lovelier flower never sown, I take it and make a lady, I past change in your paradise where no flower withers, I shoot offerings, groaning, no shower, my sin and I are joined, do what you want, repair my heart with nature, I drink the cup and eyes shut as blood and tears drip, you rest, may peace never come to he who rests, I call you by name, cleave to that, how sweet your returns, even as spring flowers by their own demean bring tribute of pleasure, grief melts as if there were no such thing, who would have thought my heart could recover greenness, it was underground like flowers depart to see their root when they have blown, where they keep house, nun of love's court, sport of temptation in your simplicity, queen in ruby crown and vested starveling are all your appellations, cyclops staring to

defy, freak over, the shape vanishes and a gold shield spreads to cover some bold in fight, I see you from afar then you are a star, not so fair as heaven above, light screen with glamor mufflin, trees cloaked in motley and leaves airs arufflin, azure above earth that waits her orphan sorrow, winds forerunners of tomorrow, woods wane and sun withers, earth shows fading smile, tender as the shyness of a sufferer in reticence of surrender, daisy and marigold, first primrose to burst, hyacinth, queen of spring, every leaf and flower pearled with shower, not like a tree makes man better, an oak falls at last, a lily is fairer in spring and though it dies it was a flower of light, in small proportions we see just beauties and in short measures life may be perfect, angry at the flower, the spell held it fast and my words only made it ring a sadder peal, I paid no heed to the music and grew unhappy, I longed for spring to return the flower, the music made me sad, flowers bloomed in my garden but it hung pale and drooping, odor gone, when first the fairy placed it there I was pleased and tried to win fragrance by kind words, I found a reward in its perfume but selfish thoughts came and I

yielded, unkind words fell from my lips and it drooped and I forgot my resolution and was again a selfish child, my tree was gay but my heart put forth buds of gloom, bloom leaves the tree and fruit grow unbidden, boughs brought low by bitter loads, my childhood gone and my footsteps from the moss that drew its circle around the deserted garden, another thrush may rehearse the madrigals but not for me, I sing a sadder verse, would I turn my eye from the sky to smile on you? No, wind blows and waves flow, not a leaf or dewdrop on the mountains, no sand onshore, no pearl in the water I haven't warmed, and will I be true to a flower on the stream? She wouldn't heed but turned to the sky and bared her breast, rain clouds came over the water as she sank in the tide, shorn of work, not toiling like lilies, like dandelions savage the lawn, but her eyelids closed when morning showers came, another morning than ours, rather go out of the way and flee and have your masks and ruses than be mistaken for what you are or somewhat feared, pray don't forget the garden with golden trellis work and have people around who are as a garden or as music on

the water at eventide when day is memory,
choose solitude and be good, how poisonous
war makes one, how personal fear makes
one, watching enemies and possible ene-
mies, with little here to do or see I often talk
to you, unassuming commonplace of nature
with a grace love makes for you, flower who
counts sun steps seeking that clime where
journey's done, where youth pines with de-
sire and virgins aspire, where my flower
wishes to go, daisies at whose birth sod
scarce heaved, flower that wets its mother's
face with heaven collected tears when it
hears the wind, its playmate's voice, a weed
climbs the shadow and dances in loop rings,
buds hold fountains to refresh bees and but-
terflies, hummingbirds hover as up and
down the garden thyme and lavender ten-
drils tie the lilac to the brier, making grace
with desire until gardens grow, sweet and
rude draw close and find each other held by
weed loops, a poised flower making no stir,
but swaying, linking, blessing, the bird pass-
es yonder spring that amid herbs steep for-
est roots, you haven't left yourself without
witness in these shades, grandeur is here to
speak of you, this oak by whose stem I stand

and seem annihilated, not a prince in all that proud old world beyond the deep ever wore his crown as loftily as this oak wears the leaves your hand graced him with, nestled at his root is beauty such as blooms not in sun glare, flower emanations of life as they issue from the mold, tokens of love, my heart is awed when I think of the miracle that goes on around me, finished and renewed, written on your works I read your lesson, the hands of spring plant you in the mold, budding by the bank, sun who bade you sip dew bathed you in his own hue and streaked your lip with jet, slight your form and low your seat, eye bent earthward, unapt to meet the view when loftier flowers flaunt nigh, your smile stays my walk and beauty alerts me to the buds, small hands, strength in them, raising my laugh, don't be restless with love and ruin, fish behind our homes, the brook sparkles in the ferns between the ridges, cool liquid circling into itself, meadow mingled with perfume, a tree shakes me to see it grow, arms weighed with snow, seed I sow, my hand to make it grow, harvest I reap, I come like water and go like wind, why not knowing nor whence like wa-

ter and out as wind along the waste I know not whither blowing what without asking hither hurried whence? Without asking whither hurried hence, tree pledges, why fall? Your date isn't past, stay to blush and smile and go at last, were you born to be an hour's delight and bid goodnight, pity nature brought you forth to show your worth and lose you, I blush at the voice that likens me to such and these I pluck and twine to make a crown, smiling, few to see them, I thought little that a child would watch me when my brow lay buried and silk be changed for shroud, nor full of scorn for phrase, a child bringing praise by creeping through the thorns, I made a nosegay bound in such a way that the same hues mingled in their bowers kept these children of the hours in my hand, this nosegay greets you a thousand times, I dressed it and stooped and caressed it and pressed it to my bosom a hundred thousand times, nothing like spring when weeds shoot up through the timber, eggs wring the ear, it strikes like lightning, blooms, they brush the blue in rush with richness as lambs have their fling, what is this juice? A strain of earth's beginning, in

the square children wait to watch the tail spin of a fool and at the temple make an impression of your palm, see what you are, you herd the wedges and stir, slower star, a flower queen? Lily and rose rivals, rose can never tower like lily but is lily lovelier? Give me a flower as delicious as rose and stately as lily, what color? Red, no, white, both, the lotus, have you heard mutterings of blame that won't modulate or rise? She tells me they step up and touch me to have me look where color lives, white bellied and the top some kind of brown, some soil, air sparkles with drops and lines, with little here to see or do I often talk to you, often I sit and play with things through all degrees, thoughts of your raising, I give you many names for praise or blame as is the humor of the game, often things through degrees, thoughts of you, I give you names for praise or blame, you rest like a star, may peace never come to who reproves you, when all my reveries are past by that name I call you, cleave fast, breathe as your wont, repair my heart with gladness and a share of your meek nature, though temples collapse their columns mark the site, son's stand and suppliant

come, jostling the ones who give thanks, I
crave one thing, addressing this prayer to
the graces, protect my garden and ward off
evil, touched by rogue hand, love, grant me
whenever I trust, pleasure unmixed with
cares, bliss without peril, stay until day runs
to evening, and having prayed I go with you
up the first tier, a man carrying a box down
the stairs, he apologized, on the second I
came face to face with my dream truck and
on the third a man was rattling the machine
dreaming of loose change, on the top a
woman stopped and stepped aside, sunny on
top, a guest has climbed the tower and wind
stirs the water, waves roll with the hills and
crash and rise, hums shudder earth through
ages, turning my head and gazing west the
mountains are smooth, geese have flown
and moon is mirrored in the water, riding on
the back of a rock and roving for ages, who
are you? I am devoted and say no words but
right ones, I taught myself, a lad amid sav-
ages but I didn't have a bad time, tall and
strong, the vibe in my house making any
other place accepting, it wasn't a question of
making an effort, a garden, this pool, baby's
tears, reflections dissolve and regurgitate,

heaved over the wall a vine flourishes, revile is best rehearsed to sublimation, may grace save me, stones wait on the first and follow the second, overtaken by the third, koi, vine, it remains a stone, now the rabbit is over there, a geranium stands night better if the roots are wet and these under the porch will last until the worst of winter, water splashes as I look out at torn turf, I work with the comfort of things going well and start home, silence reigned, I looked through the rooms and noticed little altered, my study hadn't been touched but I found someone installed, prints on the walls and a mandolin, I can't see my legs, kettle, mirror, spoon, bowl, my body, the body I had then, the body I have now as I sit at the table with feet on floorboards, a shirt holding my cindery, I had the room on the floor below, a radiant chamber, I went in by a repapered passage, a pattern so similar I didn't notice, a vague freshness as if this room were making a new start in life, I heard snuffling behind a door and tried to walk past but it didn't stop and edging it open it came again and I found a figure with back to me, beg your pardon, sorry, I was half in the cupboard, in the heat of the

snow you want to cry like a bell so you wind up, holding each other and listening to the in between despite abyss edge, mountain dismal by it, pond scarves in snow, voices drawing near and pulling away, I don't have any neighbor here, people are past confusion, they know what their possessions are and don't have to choose or buy or cook, choices eliminated, live off the land for a while, overalls stinking of guts, shouts slipping, cans edging, so many days, snow shells, seeds we used to pinch and skate, open books and flying scarves the freezy freakies vanished, bottles on the fence gone, arrowing lanes and wrappers slipping wind blown trash, ice, I went to the edge and ached, I wish I could claim what is in her heart, rise warily and treat all with respect and speak humbly and don't chat, stick to the attitude and produce root causes, avoid bustle and clean faculties, they know how to be fathers as their children know how to give themselves, I too would give myself, I made another effort to break through, rain had swollen the streams and when we reached town I stopped on a bridge, who lived where I never resembled someone,

greatest of all grabbers at the bathhouse, rapacious hand, why don't I leave now town knows my thefts, I have no chance of any buyer paying a penny for these cheeks, my country composed of youths, we have this feeling, festinating down the corridor, that a choriamb is descending on us, I like he who when his father thought to clip his nap, worm caught by early songster, serves him right, punished for early rising, it doesn't need my eyes to watch it and I leave early though a latecomer to the surface, we surface in waves and on sand deposits of water shells, we plunge over rocks as seagulls dive and bank and rise, rainbows wash our wings as we turn and ride, drifting as days whirl, grail with delirium and humbling boredom both, teeth meet well, wind on shore, in face the nevermore, feeling backs and thinking what was before is now, up the hill on my bed I roll stone over grave, hand reared columns, roof and trees, they bud and shake, crow dies until they stand as now, cleaving wood, preparations, fire and iron, but where lamb? I stretch to slay, don't touch her, offer ram in thicket instead, I slew, swirl and sway, worm swarm, spirit of wind and grass a light

southwest mystery, caw tan tow wit, soul
light toward you, wounds tight, trees and
tribes surround, hey ey yo, spirit grows, wind
as in the husk of buffalo hide fluttering, I
ride it, sun blade across my last day, come,
liberate, blaze at last, year reviving old de-
sire as soul retires to solitude where the
hand puts out on the bough and suspire
from the ground, gone with roses and ringed
cups where none know, a ruby kindles in the
vine and many gardens blow by the water,
my lips locked but with high piping wine,
who makes happy and fills each place with
beauty, earth under me, I take possession of
it, I encompass it, all in my hands, grant I
may be in you like a star, I unite earth and
am above my father, mastery over him, he
loves me so much he sets himself under me
and with my boat I take possession of all and
make it shine like lamps that won't cease
from stars, I don't depart, my smiles bland,
dignity on my brow, anguish, locking the
knives in a drawer and seldom throwing vas-
es, we lived in a chateau until I took to firing
dishes at her, I descended the stairs to the
kitchen and lit the burner and the fire re-
flected in the windows, sulphur, I went to

the dining nook and settled in before bowl and tray, she appeared, hair in braids, candle radiance reflecting the oval of her face, flames burst in the window and she was again three times a child, fear acts in an analogous manner to anger and anger reinforces sex, so fear reinforces the passive impulse, the fascination of whipping, animals live in fear but we rarely feel it, the pleasure of being afraid is equivalent to love of adventure and fear of parents, the dawning of adventure, in women this is checked when she considers what she might be subjected to, fear is demoralizing but the idea of being whipped gives a sense of fear not excessive, the only pain inflicted on women by people they trust and with moral object, other kinds of ill treatment suggest malignity and arouse fear beyond pleasure, given a hereditary feeling it is helped by want of experience, association with excitement is freed from pain, men are superior to women on account of the qualities they are gifted and on account of outlay, women are careful during their husband's absence, but chide those whose refractoriness you fear, scourge them, if they are obedient don't seek occa-

sion against them, if you fear a breach between man and wife send a judge from his family and from hers and if they are desirous of agreement reconciliation will be affected, we can't prove systems are isolated in advance, like mine, behind the questionableness of my appearance, the force that wished to test itself, uniformities stated for this alone, we lack delicacy, an exaltation of the mind like that of an elevated slave, lacking nobility in bearing and desire, sensuality that longs for union of physics and mysticism, the disguise of youth's puberty, the hysteria of an old maid, her last ambition, church canonized women, men bow before them as enigmas of privation, why? A sexual element in playful combat of boys, excitement through wrestling is the root of sadism, some feel pleasure when lifted in games and in some places a suitor must wrestle a girl to secure her hand, these thoughts are on the exercise of psychic function extending in definite quantity, withdrawn from thought by other aims, she pinched me until I hit her, now we could be on good terms again, as if she felt lawfulness must be reconfirmed, I keep trying, cut it out, forget it,

I was trying to tell you, I expose myself to danger of falling and breaking my neck or coming face to face with a woman yet I experience no perturbation, I was thrown down and ran after her who gave birth to a boy but she took wing and flew to a house in the country, I sent water out my mouth to carry her off but the ground opened and the river went down, I was angry at the ground as I went to kill her other kids, barefoot, splashing rain-washed lime, straws swirling down the gutter, fast breathing from the run, hands clasped we lean out laughing, shaking our hair free as clouds pour freshness that makes air heavenly, the rainbow, kiss me before it fades, one touch of lips, we went forth oblivious of the wet, today I saw a rainbow and my heart remembered, does yours forget? I parked the car and wasn't surprised to discover it missing on my return, it was as if I had been away forever, so long a car might dematerialize like water in the bottom of a glass, it meant she was out of jail, though a short distance it was a long distance call and I had to make several before I was able to reach someone willing to fetch me, I waited in a cafe and as it was past

dinner I ate, bus fumes, soon to see her again, last Christmas she brought out her camera and next day borrowed money and went home and sent the money back, wife without debate, such sleeps as beguile night, contented with your estate, nor wish for death nor fear her might, your smiles no more cheer me and frowns no more fear me, forest flowers are a'wede away, hotel and ambition associate in my mind, as I pondered these words a bus passed going by the river, a cattle place, the music reduced me to tears, my walk over the bridge, castles and statues, lessons in a rear booth, an interview where I learned I ought to have a vocabulary of seventy five thousand words, why one child, why not two? A breakdown after the first? When I obtained a ticket it was torn from my hand and I was sent to a filthy bay, waves light up as rising on the walls soft shapes of birds flutter, float, and call their young, clouds settle above the main, colors die, waves rise, and night rules again, no more I see shapes under the tempest, cradled in grave, but all night I lay and smile at those wings and trust birds who care for small things, a thought, I derive nobility not

from pedigree and scorn to boast my blood
glory, I can't be great, that isn't good, the
world and pleasure can't sell one conscience,
I hate gold, I dare not keep what life I can
spend to serve, I hate falsehood, sad birds
chant on every bush and snakes lay in the
sun, leaves quiver and shadow, let us sit be-
low as echo mocks hounds that reply to
horns as if a double hunt at once, let us sit
and mark their yelp, swept under the carpet,
ashamed, a fool, I didn't ask for your atten-
tion, at least people will leave me alone now,
staring at the sky, can't speak, I wouldn't
buy ten lives at such a rate, whose soul more
rich diamonds naked and open as my face
wears, who dare be good when virtue is pun-
ished as a crime, innocent, I dare to die but
not to fear, my only doubt is justice and
courage equal worn to grapple danger and
overcome scorn, but not insult the con-
quered, I forgive and oblige, my friendship
congenial with my soul, where I give a heart
I bestow it whole, my titles end here, or com-
pleted in the friend, I never resume the soul
I give as friends live and if I were content
would cost the price and count myself a sac-
rifice, I take a fall and entertain worst and

best, unsurprised, my suffering is sweet if once adorned by honor, I scorn revenge and my joy lives in every fortune, no other takes or gives that, no ugly ways bribe my fate as I march through the gate and losing the world never lose myself, I shine, my nerve in such a struggle, I stick to one industry and know what I have to face, an outsider, a visitor strolling in and saying, stop, I know what I have to contend with and never check the deliberation, every vizier may give his opinion without fear of incurring my anger, when I judge it isn't I who do it, it's law, the rigor of which when too severe I soften and when wanting the equity of my decisions is such as makes them license, it's to me you're indebted for this, that it's better to spare guilt than condemn innocence, laws are made to secure us from suffering and restrain us from crime, I find truth all seek to obscure and can't see any end but jail, orphan in my first years I taught my heart to seek sympathy in its depths, read my cheek and watch my eye, too schooled are they, I never knew a time my heart looked freely from my brow, checked by timidness it is and now is taught by caution, I live among

the false and seem like them and such I am, as false as those I most condemn, I teach my lip to smile and borrow other's likeness until I lose my own, passing through flattery's sieve, on all subjects of this nature there is often a train of ideas I haven't yet taught myself to communicate and restrained by prudence I act the hypocrite, this can be dissolved, an expression will put a company into their proper feelings and nations are acted on in like manner, my hand never stained with blood, end and form are related in name, form is determined by the end and when it's observed the end is attained, each poetry having an end must have form, it produces in virtue of the nature it possesses, the end of tragedy is emotion, the imitation of an action leading to suffering, many have the same object as tragic emotion though it isn't their principal end, what distinguishes tragedy is the relation of form to end, the way it attains its end by subject, when by this thought it appeared to me the essence of that animal spirit was compounded of corporeity and that it had that in common with other bodies, but that this other quality was peculiar to itself, I despise corporeity and ap-

ply the soul, its nature I desire to know, it was necessary for the preservation of the animal spirit whereby a resemblance was acquired that I had with heaven and was necessary, but as to the conformity, a share of that vision was attained by it, not without mixture, contemplate the vision, does, together with it, have regard to, and call a look on my own essence, that conformity was by which I obtained the vision so as to be taken up with it without diversion, intent on whomever enjoys has no regard for anything else, essence neglected and vanished, nothing, and so are all other essences but that, I own myself after sons and daughters of creditors, sun and others to surpass vanity, the arches of the cathedral rising in dew are filled with cries from winged weavers as on the hill a tree prays, tears fall on rose cheeks and rays pour on my cell as vines bleed and overflow, I see light and breathe air and feel the world stir, I hear no voice but my own and have no friends but corn blades, day after day no light at all, and now spring at hand without fire and with poor food my body is chilled and starved, I had no news, but succeeding the thrill of delight

I had at the thought of seeing the world there came a feeling of indifference, I shrank from activity, what is there to do here but think, and so I've thought, I can't blame you more than myself, if you give little you get less, though of some things I got more than I deserved, it takes me time to learn, some have to make the same mistake twice before they know they made it and that's my type and I'm sorry I stopped sleeping with you, I was out to stab myself and stabbed you, who else was close? Still I suffered and am not as I was, what more can I say? If I had my life to live over you'd have less to cry about so stop crying, a jay bounces across the grass and men move left to right, what a spectacle, a green tree in the square, others brown, they pine for air, the tree loves the town, I mark its bud and blow, shedding her bark and spreading her shade, breezes in her branches and fog wraps her as smoke curls above, others take the country for choice and hold the town in scorn but she listened to the voice on city breezes, cyclists pass and wagoners go by, lovers walk on the path, wind kissing you, turning up your coat, sky darts through you like rain and drips on

your flanks, the moon slip his penny in your pocket as you straighten your hair, mist hesitating about your knees, I know you, but if you had a little strength you'd go walking down the road behind the wagoners, will you always stand shivering? There are plenty to deny the rumor of my generosity, the power of darkness makes a dead set on me as I lose hope, come with news and distinguish zones of depression, when the casement opened my eyes delighted on it, every echo from the past haunted me in solitude weighing bliss and pain, river, flow away, pleasure is dead and kisses gone, lips and loyalty gone, all in my possession once, it wasn't by any system I came to a conclusion yet I reached it with conviction, by process of elimination I absolved judge, jury, lawyer, and public from blame, each added to the error that made me an outlaw but no one was liable, that force that set its parts to work and plied them until the worst she could do was done, society, it was a new word to me, I heard it in court, there it was on every lip, made to figure as the injured party, no sympathy for the victim, she received a blow that called for avenging, she was plaintiff,

police, and jury, judge, and public, and I the one man who couldn't gain footing in her fold, cast out, I got to my feet and straightened my clothes, a holiday, temple full and priest in the sun, on the street the punters were out, citizens on furlough, they went to rooms above the street with prayers on their lips, men on boxes with rags and polish, they looked up and when night came they slept until sun woke them, staining leather and rubbing stained fingers, there came to me so strange a sense my heart stood still and feet swayed, how unlucky is light along the street, I picked my way along the wall in search of shade and dreaded the sight of lamps and balconies, fragile countries, I seen where headlands tumble shoreward, sea on my face, space and water, and running to the ships I took a cloak and lay until morning, I saw such a place but wind erased leaving a core of sea on my face, my footprints measure my pace, cypress pins and huckleberry lace invisible to me before when sea blew until you gave me grace to read the print on the shore, I used to be a connoisseur, buying good quality and stretching a pipe over an evening, but this

was different, with my mind full of questions I dedicated myself to the pipe, I lit a cigarette and finished the last story on an outbreak of disease, the scratching, darkness prevailing, I read the portents and swallowed the first of my pride in a dumpster where I resolved to stay as long as I could get enough to chip, accepting rip offs until supply dried up and only ones copping were dashers, no friend to cop, I could trust no dealer to inject my wares, I didn't want them to know where I was and drank syrup and got a cop on the wink until I got shipped, the space of time labor brooks, an exile on charge of forward march, I lift a beret and sleep by the gym, who thought it serve aerie for a hawk? I parade in feather pants, winds rise and I go as trumpets ring, magpies and shucked oysters, coals of oranges and braziers of melon, a woman bending her back and stabbing the keys, a child's first finger exercise book before her on the stand, let us come in, the wind whips us, tired and dazed she sits at her piano and listens to the storm, smoke, clothes on wire, goblets of light, her head on the glass, the piano, her mother who played only what she chose, around the

square children leap in troops, a door in the trees of space, suns, cardamom, troughs of flour in the plaza, flocks peck at the crumbs, no shade, the tree no longer writhes the wind, it was tall, spring nests on severed height, it was kind, they cut and as twilight comes they haul their load, marching the gutter, sashes on their boards, bargains, like that priest we suffered, I read the letters on their hats and draw bread from my fore-board, cramming it in my mouth and munching as I walk, staple food, walking the gutter, skin and bone together, bread and skilly, if I had money I'd pay and be done with it but not having I can't and if I'm going to jail take me but who heard a man walking on his own accord? I whittled my stick, master of the situation, remanded to keep procedure, I left only to return and repeat the farce, they got tired but I was at ease, they forfeited their share of the fine and took a time bill on the contractor for the next section and let me go, not seeing me depart with regret, here I come, tail out of sight, oakum in the toes, if my minions hover under your window they are green men, an affront to their dignity, a booby, when I

had the circuit made of them and pocketed their oaths I turned to the chiefs, I arrested you, my spies broke in and I decorated them, they threatened you with the gag and put you in my dungeon, your hands bear the marks, swear to me, face rest quiet, left a business of importance for a ceremony, you are ceremony, they resolved to stay, I the joke of all the foreigners, condemned so long you are blunted to your lot, fed on rumors then hung, I begged them to light the stove, when the door opened a prisoner brought a load, a guard reported my cold to the warden who had to keep me alive, his four fingered hand, gnawing whatever he looked at, hungry mouth and stinking boots, gun on each hip, letting me have wood, feet kindled, fire burned silver on my shirt, embrace heavy and sweet, tanning my bosom, I learned the chamomile's use, graveyard choked with forsakers, camp beauty fading for us, treason, fleeing tents mocked by seasons of captivity, memories, mother house and friend's window, my view, a blade of grass, bird and tree, I crossed before swords and fed on what was, I return sky and learn blood's court, words to take the lexicon

apart, compound I must make, homeland, truth guaranteed by qualities, when you have them that is proof, I have them and convey truth, proof my courage, different than majority, what I believe is true, I confront and point out truth and bid care, where friends flatter I anger, take care, spirit glides as swimmer sports in ocean tide, how soon paradise turns to naught if accent assaults the ear, mischief wrought, a soul cries confined by bars, blind and bleeding, and finds no pardon nor balm of rest, I pace, heartsick days and nights of woe, hand nor face nor word of grace, it wasn't me, the body dragged me in, too much, soul, bare a space, soon the grace to set you free and bear you home, the pardoner comes, convict no more nor shame nor dole, depart the charges, babble, cut off contact, a chatty jailer useful, nudging to cooperation or despair, come, a problem with the tank, tools menacing and droll, to wheel the boards, a lunatic's bed, an iron milkcan and a wheel rack, straitjackets, chains and straps, inch thick tank, seals watertight and timbers sturdy, apron of tools, support and avenge, strangled prisoner, none speak my task, how can I preach and save the less vil-

lainous? Returning in despair, bad conditions, touching histories, insulted by miscreants, voices major like skepticism, no story method, familiar and distant, poems for prison, New Year celebrated in chaos above the red waters of paradise where grooms hear bride's voices like stronger worlds, sound sense and strangeness, walls confine and grates obstruct, bolts baffle and keepers watch, I scorn no chain or cell, swifter than light I leap on mountains and wander in fruity vales, at home I hear a tale and pass hours in converse, up before sun and stars in its watches, I cease to speak and in dark I draw my breath and my muscles crack, breaking iron, hands at cords, they loosed in my fingers and I braced the wall and wrenched a bar, then another, packing my kit, I slipped through the opening and dropped to the ground, I cut down an alley and came out on a street and walked in silence then turned and went for the river, finding it high I plunged in and swam across to a covert where I crawled in and slept, horns and voices near, through the branches I saw soldiers and peasants and shopkeepers I knew, they were trying to remember the

last man they tracked, hung him before sun-down, tracking easy as he was driving horses, he was tall and they caught him in the scrub and hung him on a short tree, they got to fighting on who gets the first horse so I bent my gun on them and made them draw lots, they made a rush for their saddles and pulled a dust cloud, a stampede, I was alone in the landscape and I had enough to get home on and never yet drank behind the bar even if I might hold it up from the floor, I shouldered the sacks, a month out my life every minute, various sources, you have me to thank, the historian who traveled to get what facts would divulge, eyes color memory, facts losing nothing in how I relate them, telling of the ordeal with rolling eyes and trembling voice, mouth agape, tickling spine, black bush boys and hammock slaves, soldiers and umbrella mammies, girls with glistening teeth, wharf streets and church schools, suitcase in transit, on its way, I must explain what I am doing, I went to the chief and insisted chattels be brought up, my chest borne to the restaurant, judge on chest and culprits under tree, chest contents, knives and rope, all a seaman thinks of, but

of apparel little but trouser legs, far from valueless as among indians all from the land of wonders is esteemed, even chests, a fellow applying ointment to a scratch, so ornate women pest their husbands to make gift of one, no table of half delight, footsteps overhead, would the ceiling collapse, I heard a shriek and laughter as something shattered, babbling about a trunk and struggling to open it, cut short, trunks carried and mufflers looked for, house bustled in and out, garden walls, floor, I fitted a key as sun filtered in the window, security glowed from that door but nothing rewarded my efforts, same odors and outlines, pedestrians watching me through the panes, unknown, needing footnotes, material for thesis candidate would one day write, written during spring, interweaving a crisis I was suffering with resonances interwoven, my predecessor's crises every year since this place was open, exalt me until you arrive at heaven's vault, echoing the bay, sing in the boat and keep time to guide the chime with oars, most of the bags were lost and what remained was divided, they thought it would stop me and I listened to their observations

until their panic dispelled and they were comfortable, later they exploded the gunpowder, so long as we remain on the island no better place than the restaurant, we couldn't think of leaving, I clothed, fed, and told them to give no thought to the where-withal, I resolved to provide for myself, assisted by a parting legacy, indebted for having my chest sent ashore and all left therein, in custody of a chief, I might use the bathroom, strange there ain't a hotel, spiders break beds before bad weather, I slam doors and shout at the mirror, air strokes seeds, aching for rain, fall arrives and rockeries change hue as seaweed alters, thoughts of you, as waterfalls melt all you thought not you but I seen and wrought, I rebel but remorse compels me, I lead the track and briar that pulls back, contrition and retribution owed and cancelled, pilgrim and pilgrimage, road me to I and my arrival but I at my door, who in my fraction sees me in my mirror and each part of me drowned shall ever see, draw to center mirror, rays wandering to dark return and subside in sun fountain we flow from and lose ourselves therein, before word or reply I was before the throne in glo-

ry blaze as fell my gaze on a scroll flashing story of my soul, interpreted, my indenture for the sold, so with me in memory, barren conscience lashed and loathing, flung self that clung me and ventured from dust to raise my eyes, in the center I saw myself, seer and seen, another yet the same, one yet dividual, a voice scarce discerned from to aspiration returned, the question in my heart, sun of perfection a glass seeing into being past all who reflecting as reflected see themselves in me and I in them, not I but me the eye is comprehensive of, nor themselves selfless but fraction's fall, life what reagents are to body as by life we reveal what we are as only in so far as we reveal ourselves do we exist, character isn't life, but outside character undergoes alteration as a result of knowledge, a mirror to understand ourselves, that we see what the mirror shows, life the proof, errors to light, how we are visible and whether the type is large or small is no matter, neither life nor history significant, all one whether error occurs, so all one if evil is mirrored as conqueror or swindler, I see men and me but that I see myself is what is significant, like the rest, news of fortune bought

me friends in the habit of making friends at short notice, a sentiment entertained by their fathers, entertaining strangers, their imagination glows and energies rise, they take service under various chiefs and aren't confined to one craft, when a boy is sick they put his soul in an amulet, every new moon they put it in a safe place, a nut is hung on an image of an ancestor and the soul is put in for safekeeping, later the soul takes up its abode, I was thrown down as I ascended, let me stay where I am now, my fall was arrested by a tree and my head fruited and fibered my beard, take it off and see my eyes, listen to avoid being robbed, smoke a religious remedy for certain states of mind, not their practice when we arrived, they smoked berries before tobacco came to them, clay kiln, swallows swooning river reed, wind slough of sighing, whorl of needle's eye, indians live, move, and have their being in religion, world peopled with spirits, sun worship, clouds, rain, and streams enter it, nature worship, snake cults, snake worship, communion with spirits, ancestor worship, ruler's sway extending to the underworld and over death, fire and field, spiderwoman,

spouse of the sun, mother of gods and spirits of ancestors, powers good and bad represented in dolls, masks, and rites, interceding with spirits for their relatives, wind snakes, seldom seen by day but dangerous to night travellers, to kill one is as good as slaying an infidel, many names for them, so venomous they kill camels, the subject of superstition, one horn contains poison and the other reveals treasure when drawn across the eye, plant and animal life flourish and are abundant, sins are put in the dying who bear them away and leave innocence, transferring suffering is familiar to the savage mind, arising from confusion between physical and mental, follow, I will bear your sins, but not all, liars, but I bear your burdens, an inquisition for your devices, sow your seed and raise the cross and scoff at doom, swell rivers and dams, mills and mines, they return home no matter how far they range for trade or hunting, nomads, the only vegetable in their food is the sweet layer between the bark and wood of certain trees, they might build a hasty wigwam but their regular dwelling is a tent, they dry flesh to last winter and at winter's height take elk, uncul-

tivated and skeletal in spring, the more powerful the leader the more rites he observes, they regulate all he does, he is subject to restraint from infancy and as he grows his abstinences increase, lost in a volcano enclosed by slopes, huts and fields, he lives in the low depths of the crater and the cone is clothed with trees but the upper region is rock and snow, shore deep and bold, on the coast a bay where landing can be effected in a south wind, fresh water procured and cod taken, I looked for a spot to dock, my anchor sank, a plum the locals adore from their atoll, rain and sleet and no sun, I plunged into insomnia, reduced to bile on a sickbed, hanging from the chandelier in the dining room, it brought unwelcome attention, he approached with the skin of a beast thrown over his shoulder and around one eye a circle of white and circle of black around the other, the rest of his body streaked with paint, he never saw a white man, nor can he view the sea, he wears life in shackles in the twilight of his hut and won't set foot on the beach, he never touches cloth and scorns rum and pepper, a hut in a dung courtyard, I set my tent in the yard and stowed my bag-

gage, I received him in state, ordering a present on the carpet, bead necklaces and handkerchiefs, he delighted at the beads and requested more for his wives so I added more and after surveying his treasures he sighed, what a row when my wives see these, give me necklaces for each, I asked the number and he counted and I presented him with more, it is their custom to chide my ray and when they face me they are burnt to negroes, to land comes the cold, I thought I could run as at home, my mistake, shuttering windows and closing doors, he led me to a shed, a hall of couch and table, and directed his wife to kill a fowl, they were everywhere, he offered me a canoe and I agreed, and finding a paddle I loosed the smallest, sky unscored, people want one thing, loon's cry shivering, where hour's trains disclose flowers I pour as zephyrs fling as they fly, branches shade, canopies by water brink, how vain the crowd, how indigent the great, hand herds but how in air the murmur glows, youth wing, floating noon showing sun trim, such is man and we who creep and fly will end where we began, fluttering dance, a spider flying and a duck-

ling opening its beak, a splash as jaws close,
I drew arrow too late, he went to swallow the
bird, heron bent wing and sailed the pool,
stretched her legs she dropped in the water
before magicked to flight with cries over
land in light, shadow, my words put to proof
when acorns swell out their cups, I fill my
bag and have a feast with a fawn, and squir-
rels, laying nuts and drawing back they
crept near, seizing them, I shan't hurt you, I
watch you nibble and with my bow could
bring you down but don't want to, why aren't
you tame? They made no answer, nibbling, I
heard falling nuts, why should sorrow seek
me, so young and kind? leaf and dew, nuts
in the wind, I give lip and soul behind them,
bound to fall and parting I love fruit and
hate flowers, I regret kisses, such a bitter
walnut tells grief to showers, my season,
hands of lost lovers juggle sun, a spouse fol-
lows my shadow as doves take flight, their
last one, we have a short time to stay, a short
spring, as quick a growth to meet decay as
you or anything, a mouse peeps as snakes
cast skin, eggs in a tree, bird wing on her
nest, then the alarm when the beehive casts
its swarm, acorns ripe down pattering as fall

breezes sing, they didn't overtake me until dark above the river junction, why do I keep wrath insurgent face, I hurl the dart at God, inspiring, lip for creed, my brow bleeds, the last who battled and fell, baptized tyrant, I guard my mother and at her feet sow teeth of the old dragon, cherubim falling, though dark hide you and glory mayn't see eye of man, holy, perfect in power and purity, mist and sun, demon prince, conjuring brethren into bottles, try wrestling me, who conquers is master, what say you? I set to work conjuring them into bottles and sinking them to the depths, they fought back but didn't win, dark spirits, glory fighting them and putting them aflight, what better? It can be said in favor of all affairs of honor that if a man is so sensitive as to not want to live and if so and so said this or that about him he has a right to let the matter be settled by death, can't argue sensitivity as we are heirs of the past, great excesses there can't be greatness without, if a canon of honor exists allowing blood to take place of death this is a blessing, such institution educates men to be cautious, but there are considerations that limit success, we overpraise the hero, I know what

I abstain from, how nature works, prizes, economy, gas containers, expenditure, exploit, honor and fame are twins, all make claim to honor but few to fame, achievement, liberality, only one word can't be broken, honor, easy to break your word yet remain honorable, but debt must be paid, debt of honor, otherwise cheat as much as you like, I was thinking when the moon on the wood made a weird way of the woodway, hovering demons, leaves like feet, distant sighing, trees wept for what bodes in dim recesses, feline that pale my cheeks and heart to ponder, I hurried but the forest chained me until my heart hurt, she turned to touch my eyes and they opened on a sweep of hosts, the creep of sap, and leaning to my lips she wrung my tongue, her hand parted my lips and set a sting in me, making possession of earth, church book, whence of this? She possessed me as the beginning of the way before works of old walked, a vulture who dislodges from region scarce of prey to gorge flesh of lambs on hills where flocks are fed, flying springward to plains where wagons drive, bent on prey, no other but store from earth, up hither flew all

things when sin with vanity filled men's work, vain things and who in vain things hope, all who have reward on earth, fruit of zeal, seeking praise, retribution, all works of nature dissolve and fleet hither and in vain until dissolution, in the yard an owl hoot and the murmur of the river, when I raised my eyes there hung a mirror reflecting a door and I rested on it and saw a woman enter, no noise as fire sunk, her shadow, the dagger, I watched it grow in the glass and when it was on me I caught the wrist, she worked in me and went back with a leap, my hands were ripped from her throat and she gave me no moment as I made anew to fight as I had learned in the exercises of my upbringing, I slipped from her hands as she took me by the head and I hit her and went to the side and evaded and hit again and took her by the neck but grown cruel and set to the slaying I slipped and my body worked to that last blow, I hit as hard as a hammer and got her in the throat and she went back, even as she thought to hold me she raised the blade and cleft my chest and reft my heart and in my breast she pressed a coal, work my will, you who heard, fulfill your

charge and burn man's heart with this, my word, she left her voice in my ear so I thought her speaking and fixed to hear, then waked anew, emptying the carboy I shoveled earth into the pit, fear went out of the place and the dampness was less fetid as fungi withered to powder on the floor, a perished terror, as I patted the last spadeful I shed a tear, after the caravan moved on I was subject to rain that made a bog, slipping in slush, impassable rivers in this land of no bridges, cross before camping, a flood may detain you, floods subside and beds dry and country resumes sun cracked appearance, wrestling with demons worshipped in the wilderness, malice invoked on those who went to the coast, failures returned to the mountains, I feared meeting one in the dark, I went in advance and disappeared, entering the jungle and descending a hill, I crossed a creek and was introduced to a tree that viewed a creek, they slink these waters and I get a shot, I climbed in and squatted, eyes leap and take you aback, to keep you in stride, faces behind, cat eye in order, blind desire, gentler masters than us, more live let live, we kill until last few lie hidden, surren-

der, come live with us or on us, we shoot who lives alone, some might be our friends but we don't wish it, slinking off when we enter, soon all will be gone, no freedom or life to those we defeat, madness, moon hidden, impossible to see, I fired to frighten them away and wasn't molested but the tree was ringed with footprints, monarchs not ashamed to run, apt to give a wide berth, respecting each other, individual, a savage mood, he lost his mate and was ready to avenge her, wisdom from the heart, I can't see, out of tune in an appealing to fire, in expostulation with it, those who go to the races can go to concerts if they like, we will never be slaves, free to do what government and public opinion allow, but concerts are poetic, do lovers flock? They would suffer what commanders do in heaven, ice grips steps of hand and room wood, window snow, applause in webs of whisper, notes caressing night in indigo, still they play, soon night silence but notes hold sway, epiphanies, this plaint redeems the deafness of the world as night turns homeward sheathed in solace, pleading silent heart, trapped deer, gun pursuit, catching animals, springing rabbits, a

sapling bent and fastened to a stick slid in notches on each side of the path, a hair noose to receive rabbit heads, jerking the stick out and tree bounding upright and swinging aloft until daybreak, wire designed to tighten around if it turns, pigeons, acres bow beneath, taken by net or shot, the path sun finds to take out each barbed braille, then off with knowledge, lights loud as dark sinks in to hold mappings, survey betokens, flock knights leader and splits enriched lupines, situate predicate and distill sand filter oil patches where some dump turgid loads, where it isn't happy for journalists, where they made indians, dove saved, I drown if it didn't return with leaf in final hour, shadows glow through leaf as on the oak the mistletoe views her brood, I commenced, it was simple, footprints distinct, they were traveling home, I arrived at a portion of the forest where trees were piled on one another, branches were brittle and if broken snapped like a shot, spruce grew out this timber, I saw an ox by the lake but before I could get one skinned a downpour ensued making it out of my power to have fire, the raw flesh tasted so musky I couldn't swallow it, an ox

possesses superiority over all other animals, shepherds appreciate the difficulty when flies attack their sheep but they can be relieved by his hand while a wild one succumbs to misery, there is a fly that lays maggots who burrow into the flesh and occasion sores, the best cure is a teaspoon of calomel, the wounded have no gift for surgical knowledge, their system is confined to plastering wounds with mud or blowing dust on them, dust and mud comprise their pharmacopoeia and this is applied on the most trivial as well as the most serious occasions, if one has a back sore he points the spot by blowing dust, should I punish his crown he applies dust, they plaster bullet wounds with mud, beneficial in protecting wounds from fly attacks, when one gets fly blown it is consumed by maggots, this gun sings around another grip, inside the stall that goes against the marker that has cuts and calculates deception around the disks, tent, no mouths twice together, found or borrowed in the ceiling of a torso promising this twice together head, this push through veins that gives death a word, a rain with finished amend-pocketed amount that goes by dust in

word, forest cut, they have you down, the bear that stole and bit, no wash nor jail in beaming, nothing to say level of tongue known, the country has had in hand with me, you were my heart, on the crest a baboon sits watching the sunrise as his pups play on lower branches, cuckoos hail day as cows wend their way, lilies spring in the shadow, no sign of my enemy, I hoped he died in the bush, I took every precaution and it was fortunate for otherwise another victim might have been added to the list, I was aroused by shouts, trying to get me, I was opposite the herd and as they filed by I took a shot and the sound on her hide was followed by her blundering in the bush, I heard the crack on another but no effect followed, I singled out another who fell on her knees but recovered and hobbled out with broken foreleg below the shoulder, here was the better of the game, fortune returned and I fired but the cap snapped and as it was close and showed signs of wrath I congratulated myself on my escape, I ran to the spot where I found my first one lying dead and the second standing a hundred paces away, it attempted to move but fell and I dispatched it,

I followed them through mud and grass and returned to my game, descending I found quills and shot a dweller, at the foot another sunning on the rocks, I made a rush and they went off whisking tails, taking the direction I anticipated, they offered a shoulder shot but I fell in a hole and by the time I resumed the hunt they increased their distance, the leader turned to make for the open and I made a shortcut, wrestling in that panic, a boulder and fallen heads, an owl hoot across the valley, a vocation to call out night, no end, no myth, following sun in snakehole, night greener, mountain brains, chipmunks scatter dice and lizards dash under rocks, flick a boulder, a fallen head, many fallen, I can't use the rifle without killing, in dew as heaven glows with last steps of day in depths do you pursue your way? An eye marks your flight to do you wrong as dark your figure floats along, seek you river marge where billows rise and sink? A power's care teaches your way along the coast, wandering but not lost, all day your wings fan yet stoop not, weary to land, the night is near and soon toil will end and you will find a home and scream among your fellows

with reeds bent over your nest, heaven swallowed you but on my heart has sunk your lesson, birds flock to choose a sultan of their kind, the snake has his and beast his lion lord, what of birds? Dispersed without union bond, meeting to make each other's prey, this was the grievance they of flying wind and thunder beaks clashing on the desert until the hubbub fell to order and proclamation made of silence each in accent but in speech all understood, wings, my love didn't come as love comes to others, mine was a wound that grew a pearl at last, divers come and go, tides rise and fall, the pearl lies sealed in its shell, sea covers all, I had powder but no bullets and to a man with no bullets the sight of so many birds is discouraging, but I was resolved to have them, I paddled ashore and saw an oyster and swallowed it and something stuck in my throat, a pearl, looking up I saw the birds and couldn't give them up, it was as large as a bullet, but only one bullet, I resolved to wait and loaded my gun, with doctrine of chance I proved they would all align, the story of this place recalls people walking with story in their footsteps, a place so quiet you hear

blood in your veins, stories shape the mountains, let it take them, what have we to do? Let them bluster or call to supper, don't heed along the strip of herbage that divides the desert from the sown where name of slave and sultan are forgot, peace to praise on his throne, as wind blows on the sea so earth and sky never rest, our minds like this too, changeable as mountains, wind rises from the sea spreading silk, wanderer walking here, a star blazes in its stare and I see something deflecting every salvo of wind and shouldering starlight from the sky, brooding above the dunes like a thinker considering days to come as nights go by, clouds wrapped about him for a turban and bangs of lightning in his face as all night he utters things, how much more time in space? How long have I sheltered hermits? How many rovers bid their camels slumber in my shade? How many times have whirlwinds smacked my body? Come, confirm the silent ode, when storms strike the sea from each rocky fastness floats some fragment of a song, I once was a tree in the wood knowing the truth of things unseen before, growing amid the world, it isn't until we and nature

are brought within the hearth that all might do this thing, nevertheless, I once was a tree and heard things not understood before, but am no more, people try to be trees and suffer death as such, I took them, wind ripped each from time, as times go by my thickets are a chest and my dove's cooing a mourner's cry, no solace of forgetting stops my tears, I weep on a life bereaved of friends, how long shall I remain as riders pass, bidding farewell as one more friendship ends? How long shall I be shepherd to stars with lidless eyes as nights burst past right to the last night of eternity? Mercy lifting a hand of stone, your mountain kneels, birds glide to their coverts as a hurricane uplifts, forest hears and answers the sound, come, don't you see my robes on the wind? Air, hail, how my skirts toss in the gale, how my arms clasp the zone, whirlwinds bear dust and hark to the crashing of my chariot in the thundercloud, I wake in silence of spring lightning, writ in a flash, a ball with a nimbus of air aglow where gold is besprent, I bear galaxies, their shine harbors my curve, I come out of season, benchmark height under ice, without witness or cease a blizzard

pummels my face, extend shadow so I may
haste thereto and take shelter therein, to be-
stow flowers from your garden and stars
from the horizon of favor, to help me to that
which will bring me near, I don't shut my
eyes to wrong, I regard my subjects with fa-
vor and preserve them from violence, a
helper, I rule and choose for them what I
choose for myself, my rocks array no blooms
but spring chills my lap, no zephyr sues my
breast but meteors glare and glooms invest,
content to spread charm and disarm rage I
bring showers for flowers from seas and
streams and bear shade for leaves when laid
in their dreams as from my wings are shak-
en dews that wake buds rocked to rest on
their mother's breast as she dances around
the sun, I flail hail to whiten plains and dis-
solve it in rain and laugh as I pass in thun-
der, we were once flowers but the scythe
falls on the field, we are littered, mown
down, scattered on the meadow, we have no
defense, guests claw and on our crests crows
caw perched on our heads at heavens dim-
ming, take away this wind, your silence, and
I go blind, skin listens when eyes go blind,
the freak is over, the shape vanishes and a

shield spreads to cover a fairy wearing
drums, steam waits into the neckbone, sher-
riff done what is, dead, no reason to improve,
metal faces crane this ache to wonder in bor-
rowed seas ripped through underwater rain,
what is enemy to wear, what is walking is no
mind or gate or stopped delivery in talk and
go, wrinkled with steam and old bricks,
canes washing dust, letter going through
poverty, in pressed sand the desert grips
your state to each, this fossil, weapons drone
around a patch of heads, road a line, a stain
of red, a town, you don't know the meaning
of the word, you think sending nurses is
generous, say yes before you understand,
say yes and no at the same time, each river
holds a reply but I use my pleasure when I
hesitate and drift above these animals as if I
had a window into conception, I sail among
them, oblivious, rapt, passion summits in
cloud calling me, trees on sandy cliffs, noth-
ing begins with me and nothing stays the
same, nothing gropes home, those days and
now, tulips and marigolds, I send enemies to
make them servants, they fight and I help
them win, I made a judge but they wouldn't
listen and went on following others, when I

gave them a judge they obeyed while he was alive, he listened when others made their lives difficult but when he died they stopped serving and were worse than their fathers, refusing to be good, all was dark so I led, they followed until we reached a meadow where dead shades flitted, the court, a chained row of filthy rich in spike collars, I looked at the proceedings and listened, orators of a strange and novel species, stricken faces in hoods of flame, what lifetimes devour, the enemy strengthens his blood by draining ours, those who respond are good but those who don't, these shall have an evil reckoning, their resort is hell and an evil couch shall it be, he who knows nothing but truth is sent down on you, a light on yours, coming and staying showed you thee but rising makes me doubt now you aren't you, love is weak where fear is strong, it isn't spirit if mixed with fear, shame, and honor, as torches must be ready, torches men light and put out, so you deal with me, earth leaves no trace and has no anniversary, think what you saw, were I so tall to reach the pole or grasp the sea I must be measured by my soul, mind is man's standard

and life mocks the hate of death, in the triumph of his foe he makes nourishment, I came from your bosom and have no end, when men die they are sent in baskets to the taxidermist who sets them with glass eyes and varnished hair in cases to keep them from dusty hall niches, divine appearances with gleams toward paradise from the demon's pit, rouse virtue and redeem fire, wherever hid the tempest teems but still sparks fly quick as hit flint, who is as high? I stretch my hand and earth gulps them under, I redeem those guided in my faith and guard their road to my abode, nations quake and chiefs panic, tribes in tremors, terror melting men, down falls horror and by my brawn they are dumb as my people pass, I put them on their mount, my dwelling, I founded my hand and brandished a spear as a light from the heart and light from hell, a grace hook, in whatever way you are found you will be judged and he who lived well but falls to vice, these labors shall be vain as in a play brought to catastrophe, whoever lived well may repent but there will be need of time to conquer habit as after repentance life must be guarded as a body once afflicted

requires strict diet and living method, though it may be possible to break the chain of our affections our amendment can't be secured without grace and prayer, help of brethren, and our own repentance and care, not to sin is good but it is good having sinned to repent, it is best to have health but good to recover, what led me to this? The pageant, if thirst of knowledge doesn't thus abate follow it even to night, but I am weary, I pause like one staggered with the weight of his own words, who am I? Before your memory I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died, and if earth supplied the spark that lit my spirit then corruption wouldn't inherit what is mine, nor did this disguise stain that which disdains to wear it, if I am doused there rise a thousand beacons from the spark I bore, who in chains? They who wore thought's empire over thought, their lore didn't teach them to know themselves, their might couldn't repress the mutiny within, they feigned for truth and night caught them before evening, who with chin on breast? Fierce hour's child, he sought to win the world and lost it all, hope destroyed, and more of fame and peace than virtue's self

can gain, without the opportunity that bore him to the peak, I felt my cheek to see the form pass whose grasp left the world so weak every pigmy kicked him as he lay, born in lowest form of lowest grade, if any do evil they deserve to fall, at death they meet a teacher who bids them recall but being harassed by pain they have no time, utter my name and think of me until you complete the thought, adoration to long life, on the strength of your merit you expiate the sins that involved you in births and deaths during every repetition and while dying you see a lotus and are born happy, the flower unfolds and I preach the state of the elements and the law of expiation of sins, on hearing you rejoice and direct your thought to success, such are the beings born in the lowest form of the lowest grade, the above is called meditation of the inferior class, they come with teeth biting nether lip and eyes glassy with up-tied hair, big bellied and narrow wasted with record boards chanting strike, slay, licking brain and drinking blood, tearing heads off corpses, tearing hearts out, thus they come filling world systems, we derive our notion of hell from a fool, the tedi-

ousness of his work objective and subjective, subjectively tedious when he directs his energy so his ideas are clear, neither diffuse nor unmeaning, he is in error but is correct so value attaches to the work, objectively tedious is devoid, in a poem none have waded through, a child hears of bliss and its adornments, when they are on the verge of life I circle them and come to rest before them, they display judgment and until they are ready for transformation their portion of game must hold, fresh and alive, outlines of a spire springing from a mass of eucalyptus against the sky, still tipped with one last gleam of fire, shadows creep as night comes down, lights twinkle and the valley lies asleep, so comes the dark, so fades the light on those leagues between my home and me, glimmering to the stars all night, in my land shadows fall on sea and sand, on paths my feet shall never tread, on fields my eyes shall never see, and on my new home, strange to me, that silent city of the dead, stillness rests on lips and eyes, darkness on you, I lost too much in losing you, I who knew and loved you wish you everlasting rest, night came so quietly, peace to all who

work and weep, who pray and wait, until we are one with fate and night too shall fall on us, your beauty proverbial, a motherless babe, I put you in a chest and refused to part with it, leaving you to your own devices, a boar killed you and I bemoaned your loss, souls confined until I make a resurrection, not procuring a transmigration of souls from body to body but raising those bodies that you seeing to be dissolved don't believe in their resurrection, don't disbelieve, the soul is created and made immortal by me, don't be incredulous, I am able, I raise a body to life that was made as a compound of the same elements to make it immortal, able to do all things, worshipping gods without representation until you believe the body will be raised, dissolved but not perished, earth receives the remains and preserves them, like seed mixed with soil, they flourish and what is sown is sown bare grain, sprouting not before it dissolves and mixes with earth, singing as I work, an angel serenading man to heaven, I looked up and smiled, good job, I fill world systems, my largest body equaling the heavens and the medium a mountain, the smallest many

times my own, this body is mental and though slain and chopped to bits I can't die, I am void so needn't fear, an emanation from the radiance of my mind, not constituted of matter, void can't injure void, blood drinkers, various headed peaceful ones, I don't exist, nothing I haven't a right to know, no weapon I don't take into my hand, not prejudiced by tools, I lay a ray between my property and myself and from me nothing is withheld, elements take form, no enmities, if you are my enemy you teach me what good will can't, were it only what experience will accrue from your ruin, enemy welcome on high terms, I don't hate, time worth too much, antagonisms suffered but like emperors fighting across kingdoms when roving alone and parted from friends by void form my thoughts I fear not, would your me? Care your child, sleep purred like a bee, shall I nestle near? Would your me? Swimmer afraid of coral wakes and coral crowned with holly knocks coal door, I conjure solitude, let me speak of the swimmer, no longer tyrannize this, she reposes in bed an, clothes on a chair at the foot, proud of coral, beak wings of crape, all night she follows, don't

be so proud, some call you vile but you aren't so, those you think you overthrow don't die, but your picture is pleasant, from you more flow and go, rest bones and soul's delivery, slave to men and doused with poison war and sick charms make us sleep as well and better than your stroke, one sleep past we wake and death no more, death you too shall die, when we are lost shall we be a new creation? No, they disbelieve, I given charge of you take you away and return you, sinners hang heads? We see and hear, send us back and we will do right, we are sure, had we pleased we would have given guidance to all but the sentence was due from me, I fill hell with genies and men, so taste you, for that you forgot the meeting of this day, I have forgotten you so taste you the torment of eternity for what you have done, they only believe our signs when reminded of them, fall and celebrate my praises, not too big with pride, as their sides forsake their beds they call with fear and hope and give as alms what we bestowed on them, the body I have is thought and as I don't have flesh whatever may come is unable to harm me, these are my own thoughts but the lights

daunt and sounds awe and rays terrify, what happened, there has been a revolution and the lights and sounds have turned to deities, guardians, now age's revolutions are complete don't let me fail in peacekeeping, long we suffered and long under your reign has jealousy harassed us for your triumphs, by man and for man, a reversal, such warfare and so many faces of wickedness, no honor paid to the plow, farmlands rot, farmers drafted for troops, sickles hammered to swords, wars, God berserking the globe like a chariot bursting the gate and veering with horses running wild as though spur struck by an invisible horseman towed powerless at the reins, this is the falling off place where damsels stroll and know a good thing when they see it, to make them mirth I used all my might, and wreathed me? I wove my train with twine and gave proof of guile, others couched and gazing on the grass filled with pasture or ruminating bedward, the sun declined to the ocean isles and stars rose in the scale of heaven when I still in gaze scarce thus failed speech recovered sad, hell, what do my eyes see, into our room of bliss advance creatures of other mold, earth born,

not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright, little inferior, who my thoughts pursued with wonder and delight, so lively shone in them divine resemblance, such grace the hand that formed them poured on their shape, you travelled in one country after another, journeying from place to place at your own will and pleasure, what you have done to others shall be done to you, make no excuses and don't argue, before a plain and two mountains, a running form in the turn of the hill, road in steel, angle so slight the circuit wouldn't rise, and the running form, naked and shouting and whirling arms like flaming wheels, howling and rolling his eyes, head held back to gaze on the evil as he ran, hid by mountain, and when he showed again his eyes blazed, neck forward, looking on it in his shield and gazing at the invisible, I follow his course, his figure rolls down horizon's blade and disappears, when wind descends he scourges the surges landward laden with seaweed from the rocks, waves appear and showers descend, his flight beyond measure, sweep of wings, turning to the waves, clarity and violence consorting with all classes without disguise, how many

denizens of the horizon enter in enmity and go in sympathy, the door of grace opens and I converse that sinners win pardon, splendor of name in such wise manifested that I imagine I am accounting of the good, no messenger upset and no inquirer turned back, the causes of the aversion and avoidance of men are certain of the deeds of the ignorant with gaze to watch the flight of departing days, a man who finds joy in such is like he who never leaves for fear his word be flouted, affections lost once more beheld? As I gaze each thing inspires me with sorrow and pleasure, mountains and shore, my heart rejoices, the fountain speaks, the sea found a voice, centipedes, their venom leads to trouble more silly than dangerous, but scorpions are formidable in hot weather, I speak of the sting from experience, the first symptom is nausea as pain shoots up the groin causing swelling and burning throbs, bandage above the wound and wait until the effect subsides, snakes represents death, rebirth, and mortality, and the poison isn't mortal in so short a space, time to procure relief, I know several antidotes, inactive and if not touched inoffensive, land fares ill to ill, a prey where

wealth gathers and men decay, lords flourish or fade and a breath makes them as a breath has made but when destroyed peasantry can never be repaid, before our grief there was a time when every ground maintained its man, labor spread her store and gave what life required, companions and innocence, health and riches, ignorance of wealth, but times are altered and trade's train usurps the land and dispossess the swain as along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose wealth and pomp repose, every want allied to luxury and every pang folly prides, catching this disease and seeking prognosis, going to masters and simmering medicine, it spreads, blood and perspiration flow and drip, I come to drive it off, my head stable under the crown and my eye in the midst, my nose won't inhale wind and my arms slaughter my father's enemies, I receive his rank, my mouth balanced on the day of my birth, my nose puts breath in my nostrils as my ears hark to the voice of all who appeal to me, weighing words my mouth is mine, I deliver you, my neck is mine, vivifier by means of mouth, my arms and breast are mine who gave you breath to

refresh your throat, my heart heals the poison in your limbs and my paws deliver the poison from the mouth of every serpent, my belly is mine and the poison won't work its wish there, my eyes are mine, my belly is mine and my children are gods therein, they won't receive the essence, my strength is mine and shan't exist against you, my phallus is the protector of my father who made an answer for his children in the course of every day, my thighs slaughter his enemies, he built my calves and covered them with flesh, the soles of my feet are mine and fighting nations fall under them, I rule the south, north, east, west, and you see, stop and readjust me again, air light and sky blue, I don't choose to dream, there comes on me a lust for deeds, until now they sent me dreams and no more deed so I flame again with might for action, forgetful he who rules doesn't battle and that such might no more cleaves to me I flame toward valiant doing, as to the hand of some warrior the sword brings life and cunning so to my old soul with namy a hither coming and going, the husband ought to choose the best course to conciliate his wife and make her

trustworthy and well disposed so she will be good while he turns to public matters, so in his absence she feels none are better or more suited nor more bound to her than he and that he may direct his energy to public good and show from the first that such is the case even though she may be inexperienced, if he begin such a course and show himself master of self is the best guide for the course of her life and teaches her to adopt a similar mode, be modest, forbearing and deferential, it all began from uncertainty, from tree you are, moss you are, you are violets with wind above, a child, you are so high and all this is folly to the world, I don't doubt to retain the esteem of men, cover me, I'm going in, we have the sense of being convinced and the public is a hole, a realm of disappearance where celestial matter explodes, I speak for all when I say famous last words, the greatest title history can bestow is peacemaker and this honor beckons, the chance to lead the world out of turmoil into the peace man has dreamed since dawn of civilization, generations to come will say I mastered the moment, this is my summons and I'm ready, this century has been a time of

achievement and I shared my wealth, the top of hope supposed the root of truth will be and fruitless all their guiles, then eyes ambition blinds with pride are unsealed by wights whose foresight finds falsehood, the daughter of debate that eke discord does sow shall reap no gain where former rule has taught peace to grow, man? He seeks to perfect good and doesn't seek to perfect bad and the bad do opposite, government? Rectify, if you lead with correctness who dare not be correct, thieves? If you weren't covetous though you should reward them to do it they wouldn't steal, punishment? Let desire be for what is good and they will be good, the relation between superior and inferior is wind to grass, might rules right but to enlist might for right so right may rule is the problem, every breast is the seat of infinite malice and enmity always prevails over friendship, how conquers he the elements of life? It isn't his heart's accord, urged outward, to wind the world in unison? When thread is twirled on the spindle by nature's hand and tones of existence are hurled in jangle who divides the orders of creation and kindles dance? Who brings one to join ordination

where it throbs in consonance? Who bids storms stir bosoms in souls sunset burns and scatters buds on love's path? Who braids leaves and requites desert with fame in action's field? Who unites gods? Man, moralists dealing with death and somber phases of life, interpreters of nature, champions of democracy, in each of these I am destined to serve my country, work cut out for me in youth when I was laboring in the field, attending corn huskings and cabin raisings, or musing by forest streams, as I have all things to my desire why not bring out justice? The adornment of royalty, I fix my heart on it and my name is held in remembrance, peace befalls the kingdom of justice as from it a kingdom attains its wishes, no better architect, nothing better than righteousness, I make the world populous through it and fill hearts with delight, what is my end? The name of a righteous monarch, I close the door of oppression and don't withhold favor from my subjects, I gratify the desires of those who seek justice and aim for prosperity and the purifying of nations, charitable, my appearance is one with heart and my heart with appearance, deeds wit-

ness, I represent working men and legislate against monopoly and have a granary for the poor but the selfishness that hoards corn for high prices is the preventive of famine, self preservation is surer policy than legislation, I concoct systems and my charity increases pauperism, I inflate the currency and go bankrupt, I find a war and it educates me by trumpet and I better the instruction, I find two counties groping to bring flour from field to city and hit on a railroad, every master has found his materials collected and my power lies in my sympathy, my people, and my material, many kept in bond of law and order, all have a right to say I am just as good as you and a consideration of this must fill us with surprise the world pursues its way with law and order, state accomplishes it, power has action on men, they respect it, season burr, heat in the city, still in flight, the genius of my life is jealous of individuals and won't have any great but by the general, I never knew them all, just thrummed my fingers and drove, her arms held all the songs I needed, our boots kept time with fiddles and sobs, guitars sliding us down when music was over, a dead singer

comes back swearing she's mine, rhymes set to music that make lies true, gone with others like her, leaving songs to haunt us, coming down in clouds, I know who is at the gate, same one faithful to my arms as she was those nights when earth was a jukebox, dancing boots, pockets of change, those who show up aren't the most potent but here they are expecting return, why bother given how far they live, wresting coins out my fist, on the plane it was white and I saw the sun and a warning my wax would melt, no one high around me, where is fear I ask the sun, this scene is calamitous sang a bird, I pour my heart in song for the summer, I pour it on solitude, springs that return no more, connected in our knowing and saving one another, trucks growl, is a plane a place of dimension or a state? Not a place nor space dimension but a state condition and a degree of dimension in a scale of measurement, a dimension is a measure in a line and the dimensions of space are length, breadth, and height, but there is another for degree, the city treats me well but when I got hurt it was hard to get help, I couldn't drive and it hurt so much I couldn't use crutches, a

climbing instructor left granola at my door with a note reading get good and I got to know a salad lady, when none came I read in a haze of medication but it depressed me and when I ran out I didn't ask for more, the inside of my thigh took time to prepare, cross-legged and stretching the fasciae of my back, spinalis thoracis and levator scapulae, iliocostalis lumborum, sacrum, interior gracilis, pectineus, adductor longus fusing below scarpa's triangle and transmitting pain by the pubis when range exceeded, had anyone seen me bringing my soles together, training the pectineus, holding a cross-legged lean to work the sheet of thoracolumbar fascia connecting my pelvis, I went to the window and the city shone with dragons dancing in the sun and archers swinging arms on tower tops, the window wouldn't open so I never heard the troubadour's songs nor belfries' chimes, I cast my eye on the towers rising from the ramparts to see the dragons on their flags and went to work with glory on my mind, my ambition was to be an archer and fight for the dragons, different winds blew below my window from those on the other side of the house, war

made man, that first one, fate's refugee who from shores of birth came outbound to the beaches, how battered was I over the hard of the land, over high seas of rage, suffering sorrow to found a city, settling my gods, lords and ramparts, I sigh for the country where sea is quiet, I walk in the field with poppies dressed in white and when I walk in the park my feet are bare, I fly over house-tops and stand on moonbeams, gold rivers and silver streams, city adorned with excellence, music from the street, I shoe it off, pebble notes I roll and drop, balloons at well bottom, wire blocked mouth, I come out as vapor and dissolve, ghosts breathe me over their tongues, lips kissing me, what breathe, what odor from mouth's excess, what rubies and diamonds there, soldiers of paradise bath me in brightness, sitting on a pedestal of flowers, each one supports a hundred million worlds and in each world I appear under a tree, bringing followers to my pedestal to listen and return under trees to proclaim the precepts, like sun and moon, like a necklace of gems as numerous as dust, uphold them, these precepts I recite as well, transmit them, good and able, join ranks, if I went

to the light I would assume a body and suffer, if I fear the radiance I look to objects, I trust the radiance and devote myself, when wandering through poison, stupidity, anger, egotism, attachment, and jealousy, on the path of wisdom, equality, and discrimination, may I be led by conquerors, may they be my rear guard and may I be rescued from impure paths and be saved from ambushes of dread, may I be put in the five to life eternal, shining realms go hither thither and light from where I am to be born shines prominently, if I desire to know it there shines a color I wish to flee, attracted to a different light, within those radiances truth reverberates like thunder, strike, slay, unattracted, I would fall in and suffer and it would be long before I could get out, I put my faith in color and direct my mind to conquerors, they come to receive me and I supplicate them, not having recognized when they shone above I wander thus far, the wrathful one comes with three heads, six hands, four feet, right face white and left red, central brown, body flames of radiance, nine eyes open and eyebrows quivering, teeth glistening and set over one another

giving vent to whistling laughter, yellowish hair on end, heads adorned with skulls and moon symbols, serpents and human heads forming a garland for the body, first right hand holding a wheel, middle a sword, last an axe, first left a bell, middle a skull bowl, last a ploughshare, embraced by mother, one hand clinging to neck and other putting to mouth a shell of blood, making a palatal sound like crackling and clashing, hoarded before a home of ease, fashioned out of things like these, had these ends been brought to some gem what could be done with them? I bring you scraps and you must contrive a dwelling where small things may lodge and board, arriving with attendants in a halo, I want to flee but am attracted, I turn back and am fond but don't go, egotism to receive me, birth, not attracted, may I be led through, the boundary beginning, compassion, salvation, liberation, resting in the forest, sentiment of mind, kindness, compassion, joy and equanimity, nourishing the born in the way of egg womb humidity metamorphosis, wisdom illumination of past lives, of heavenly eye, cessation of outflow lights, realms of desire form and formless,

the end, the cloud, the virtual dream, dark cave feelings, the mirror of faculties, apprehending the inconceivable and assaying the unassayable, vehicle breadth of excellence, I ride, hearing and reading, vision knowledge relating to destruction and the recognition of truth, sporting in wilderness of vision, emotion, communication, action, livelihood, diligence, awareness, concentration, circle of wrathful and victorious ones, goad bearers, hangmen, wardens, musicians, love center intellect, size proportionate, orbs surrounded by smaller orbs and these with yet smaller orbs, wisdom satellite orbs, leaving neither center nor borders unglorified with orbs and smaller orbs, shine faculties, a careless mood, all radiances merge in me, smoke greenish, yellowy one, blue-reddish whitish radiance, white blue yellow red green empty, scared of wisdom, form and contemplation, compassion, compassion and constancy, heaven of desire, a knife and skull of blood, dancing and making the mudra of fascination, decaying and dying without extinction, no woe or origin, no stopping path, perfect, lidless, I don't tremble, overcome, rays strike and I flee, fond of smoke but

bold, passing through walls by doors where women look, haunted with shadows of hunger hands, rainy street, city dreaming of desire, dreams flash and mingle, glow and die, peacock riding a lotus embraced by rainbow shiners, feeling makers with orbs, I can't see, I flee but am fond, unafraid, taking refuge in the ray, it follows, and below the hook the path from the amassing of my regard for relics comes to receive me, if attached I fall and suffer, an interruption, I trust my rear guard to the other side, accepted, bedecked with trumpets and timbrels, banners of hide and fumes of incense, so bright I can't look, steps leading to knowledge, when I hear law and church rise to mind, set face to face, evil emotion, enjoyment, absorbed in light, order and wisdom come to receive me, colors of elements shine, friends appear and joy comes, come shine, attendants in rainbow halo, history by a shell with a marble in it and an ammonite touching a bell, existence is being there, reality of real, as long as the sentence is understood difficulty is transferred from word to word, from being there to existence, existence is used for being and once understood the essence of being there

is recalled, openness manifests and conceals itself and yields and withdraws, but it doesn't exhaust itself in being there, nor proposition, objective subjectivity and subjective objectivity, I deny appearances and refer your conduct to a principle reconcilable with those known, my knowledge is knowledge by description, an object causing data that describes it, to know it we must know truths connecting it with familiar things, we must know that data is caused by an object, no state where we know, our knowledge is of truths unknown, we know a description and there is an object it applies to, object unknown, knowledge by description, taking it to the garden, evening star invites an audience and flies across town to catch a cloudy smile upstairs in the restaurant, feather gowns, our orchestra follows to the rooftop garden where weak thoughts raise a blush and burn my cheek, but song touches my lips and makes my heart divine, a link in life's chain, as long as sun and moon are above and bees visit roses, long as rosy infants are born, no one believes it happens now, I am what I am, beings as beings, I represent beings with an eye to what of being

has manifested and don't care what is concealed insofar as it is unconcealed, understanding isn't conciliating, just and good, antithetical to impulse, relation of impulses to one another, conscious thinking regarded as only thinking, but most is unconscious, knowledge isn't true belief, when what we believe is true we don't achieve knowledge of what we believe, mind unable of thinking of reality neither mind nor matter, combining both, we think of reality generating or evolving mind and fall into materialism or think of mind producing and causing or generating events that when produced are different from self, the only way I conceive reality combining mind with matter is by thinking of mind conscious of world with no existence but in mind, materialism and pantheism admit reality isn't matter but refuse to invest it with mind, reality is mind as mind explains matter but matter won't explain mind, gratuitous, inasmuch as you fail to see my meaning you languish in vale of fancy and stray from water and gather to salt, if you see the path you won't take it but if you see error you make it, treating signs as lies, heedless, science maintains constan-

cy of matter but matter is abstract, to say it changeless is to say two is two, number not more abstract than matter, indeterminate is that in which a thing is taken at perception when it appears nameless, determination afterward reveals things endowed with names while indetermination reveals things with universals, nameless and indistinct, when names are connected with percepts a judgment is formed and if then it is named this is separate, only that product constitutes judgment that results from the perceiving process of the contact of the senses with the object, held by later judgments, unconscious of it, stage without which consciousness cannot arise, not men if you don't accomplish this, nor are you commoners in white, so there will be no name for you, if what is holy is the same as what is dear what is so to you is to me but if what is dear to you is so only as it is loved by you what is holy is so as loved by you, my listener is of a kind to be loved, the beginning is loved as it is of a kind to be loved, thus you offer an attribute and not the essence, the attribute of being loved by all, but you refuse to explain holiness, what is it? And impiety? Piety a way by

peace to attain culture, our affections worm out conspirators, the nature of the universe, nothing outside all, made of changes, if it isn't all it must be nothing, but what is it? All all all all, how often we hear God is thus and how little we suspect the truth of these words, he who understands this is wise, truth is concealed here, the nature of the universe is mind and no distance weighs you, greedy for light you burn like a moth, as long as you lack this word, die and become, you will be a guest, I taunt you, memory slab, tone of our plant life trained to go around, beat it out and pulse together, a wonder we don't rave daily, whack go another's dreams, path we walk, light goes and stars show us under, breathing apart and blessed, whence of heaven and earth? Written, heaven my throne and earth my footstool, what manner of house to build me? The question reintroduced but the reintroduction not a repetition of concealment, universe is mental and spirit is a name for mind, more to matter, spirit excels our knowing but we use it so we may think or speak of it, we must do this or stop thinking, as I am distinct and underlying, but if the appearance fulfills the pur-

pose for which I was invented economy demands you identify me with my appearance, out of judgment grow reason and thought, judgment and syllogism exhibited in the combination of the spheres of concepts according to schema and from this judgment and syllogism are deduced by construction, you attempt to prove some feature is contrary and can't be real, showing contradictions are illusory and that nothing can be proved from considerations of what must be, earliest state of man was he didn't separate himself from the world, then it was natural to take some animal and pay respect to it, or seeing the blessing of the cornfields to believe in the corn spirit, no sooner was this done that he saw in cutting down the corn he was slaying his own best self and benefactor, thus destiny and sin appeared, if his magic before was focused on swelling the forms of his food now he turned to averting their wrath, the rudest savage saw retribution and the wrong done could only be expiated by a sacrifice, first atonement effected, I could have answered in fewer words but am indisposed to instruct you, else why did I turn aside? Had I answered you have learned

the nature of piety, as the asker is dependent on the answerer so whither I lead you must follow, what is pious and piety, a science of sacrifice? Nature is known to more than one of the spirits but not to any of the spirits known to us, thoughts leading to hypothesis, such a scheme is open with one such, nature in the knowledge of more than one, but not willed by more than one, if the universe is caused by will it must be by one, not edible flesh but the flesh of our bodies, our life existence, what will I draw on it? Nothing, what will I write on it? The end of sacrifice, the moment remains, spun out of certainty, and happy those in its slumber, I found a house and was going to ask who she was, she never saw a young man and was shy, she thrust me off and ran to her yurt and she had no breath to blurt of the attack, I have no peer, who knows what prodigy she might beget? Throw yourself at my feet and gratify my whim, entreat my pardon for repulsing me, she returned and flung herself prostrate, women don't interest me, come too late, grow up, the right to a life of my own, not someone else's, fling out that, taking hold I stand as cipher after a writ, right to

glean what food I need, taking sweetest from store of knowledge after a plan, to stand whenever sin calls for aid with none to call or question, never gainsaid by a look, folly of threat, I know air, conquering instinct into uncertainty, to invert the love of earth and of supremacy over earth into hatred, that is my task until unsensuousness and man fuse in one, if you could see you would never stop laughing, will aborted man, this devotion isn't in use as much as wished, how many votaries pay respect to me and put tapers on my altar? After walking around it I sprinkle it with meal and too the worshippers with water and exhort them to join me in prayer, I taste the libation and have them do the like, pouring remainder between animal horns, after which frankincense is strewn, if it escapes it is bad and if it expires it is auspicious, I took off my robes and washed, when offering a sacrifice don't touch it, perform ceremonies before you feed, otherwise, scrofula, ravisher and ravished, I would but wouldn't go with globes to her breast, my eyes give me away, unreadable under my lashes, it is my eyes they remember, I gaze and find no room for an-

other wish, I will surprise her, wind rocked and leaves unhook as I took her arm but she wrestled and fell, I hooked my arm but she wrestled off my necklace, I would have done anything to avoid this, none can see, I loosed the fastenings of her garment and her face changed, I knew she was unbroken but she didn't learn all I minded she learn for she mocked me, she didn't know whether to mock or weep though she did try to suppose she had a heart for mockery, I enter you, proof of darkness, to drink back wine, I enter you as hope enters me, no escape, I draw you close and am for you, for me, not for our sakes but for other's, I don't hurt you more than necessary, I dare not withdraw until I deposit what has so long accumulated in me, I wish this was over, she heard me in the dark and stepped back as though to escape, seeing the light belonged to me, the disk turned in every direction and she saw the floor, walls, and ceiling planks, the road taken by the ravager to reach her dressing room, built by the ghost himself, a golfer, authority and contributor, talk radio, end of churn, radio enjoys an audience as so many are driving, even a good one gets audience

share, first job of career, my show the first one in a while, a gamble, I don't have to keep my mouth any distance from the mic as they adjust my levels, criticism, inviting listeners, pushing from my console with arms raised, days missing, won't be found alive, park tents filled with outrage, indignation and fear, despair and disgust, year of monsters, tonight the most I have been and it is resulting, my donkey, keys across tepee, finger in grove, who to thank in silence by day's sweetness? Even mute, limping burly? Blind evening, they forsake me and can't see with strength, history, charms and fairs, drops pouring from my eyes as your palm rotates, I won't betray you, air beneath a maple, gathering where thunder booms water, cauldron of misery, lodge and harness, pipe smoke, my domain, you require protection when you go to swamps of mind, unreliability of evidence viewed by person who has explanation before it occurs, study of phenomena selecting facts that fit the notion, ridiculous mistakes, importance, talent and labor at one rate, all services at one, natives moving to the river, virtue and vice, courage and cruelty, endurance, civilization hadn't

removed the vigor of the strain, superior, agile, they went naked or in beaver fur, olive skin, women rub with pigment, they eat dogs and the leather they wore, who could see them and feel no zeal? The wreath, he who washes his mares in the creek is best to lead, who dying fuss shouldn't be made about it, eyes starting from his head, stroking brick and licking finger, it was good chop and each sat about it, stroking and licking finger and rubbing over the body, ice only water assumed a diamond, they hunt with arrow but aren't strong enough to draw bow, poison greatly feared, causing hair and nails to drop off, amputations, done frequently as such subtractions are deemed ornamental, what was it in our infancy that made us unite? We look on them with as favorable eyes as the devil, view them at home where fires burn, hearth graced with hearts, warmly true, ceremony went on where symbols were outlined with corn meal and chants were sung until the moon appeared, there was a pause and not a sound broke the hush, stillness oppressive, then rang such a cheer as only indians can give, raindrops splashing on their upturned faces, the prayer

to the dead chief eked out with imitation of rain on his grave, they drenched him and burned his bones and scattered the ashes to the wind, they settled by a lake and the name still recalls their abode, but some kept east, they fought their way to the sea but were unable to hold their settlement and we bore witness to their ferocity, entertained with tales of massacres, driven to the interior but retained hold on the territory from lake to bay, conquests of extermination, the scourge, a virtuoso, that was enough, he paddled for the bay and returned with the bough for a sail, he built a platform railed with wicker behind the prow, a heap of bananas, he was my guide, he knew every inch of his land and introduced me as his friend, son of the isle, where sleep your dead? Show me what pile is reared over glory's bed, track sail and spread, wave may not foam nor wind sweep where our dead don't rest, palms yield no shade but let sun look red, unfelt by those whose task is done, hurricane along the shore and at night the tiger's roar, let it roll on, it has no tone for us, the torrent rushes in the wilds and the bow is strung, let them rush and arrow's speed, minute and

subtle are tolerably instituted and forego initial and final, sameness and difference, former and latter, contrariness and obedience, all approaches clarified at the same time in an instant, equalizing the head and manifest like an arrow, descending into wombs to the circulation of body, all manifest, within dust are bright lands, sea glitters under sunset's red, waters wash and vapors rise, tears come and I watch them fall on your hand, I cup your hand in mine and sip them up, once a year we elevate a man but his power ends with the year, his garments are taken and he is put on a ship and carried to an island where he finds neither friend nor subject and is obliged to pass a weary life, then a new king comes and so year follows year, they who preceded you enjoyed their power, footprints turned to the sea, who seeks the shore lives in a song of mysteries, then life isn't worth living, grim sentinel of all creation, spawned from nature, of the plain that slaked the foliage with sap of bane, venom oozes down the bark congealing to clots of glaze, no birds alight, none but wind dare circle, leaving with deadly air, should a cloud imbue the leaves the branches drip on

the sand, bring the poison back, the sap, a slave's death before his lord for reward, in that brew I dip arrows, freezing separates it into yellow liquid, boiling destroys it, the gland is the analogue of the parotid in position and structure, alveoli lined with cells arranged along a tubular excretory duct opening into the fang, it goes putrid and assumes an alkaline reaction still retaining its toxic properties lost only after poured in the porch of the ear, those killed in sleep can't know their quell, persecuted pariahs and reclusive spinners become poison brewers, lay bare the foundation of their ethics, assailed by arrows, some stuck in the ground and others hit my shield, no spot where an archer might lie but still they came, I saw birds, be it ours to meditate in these shades, bring one whose heart is wise and fingers deft, I passed the houses and the windmill to the building where a light still burned, it told where a man hung between life and death, when my ship moored I sat in a litter, when I drew near I rose, you lived to old age, voyage's end, time of embalming, of burial, free without a babble of dotage, the salutation to age, eat peace and praise and advance

among the elders, I tied a rag around my wrist and started for the house, staggering, I excised the skin a mile out, held on my seat, I hadn't spoken for some time, pulse weak, pupils dilated, face pale, injected a minim and my pulse was stronger, I walked a few steps and collapsed so injected a minim which brought me around but another relapse took place when a third injection was made, followed by twitching, join me to you, unborn god, I won't die, my heart is strong as I leap into my womb, let me not die, better? I made no answer, I took a pole and pushed open a window but soot fell so I closed it and cleaned off with a handkerchief, can't stay here, in the way, whose? It wasn't my luck to leave the night fallen on this shore, to greet you and make my flight across your crests, you called and I was enthralled, my heart strained but I remained by the beach, what regret? Toward what shoal could my voyage chart? In all your wilds one goal still has power to strike my heart, a sepulcher of glory, a slumber whelmed my memory, I fell to rest as thunder rolled, one more genius, one more commander, I vanished leaving the world my

wreath, grieved by liberty, of all pleasures that rise from virtue health is chief, delights aren't pleasant in themselves, resisting impressions our infirmities make on us, man desires to be free of pain rather than to find ease by remedy, better to not need pleasure than indulge it, since the reform came in nobody done nothing but run to the doctor and make their life a drama of hospitals, tube taken from my lung, it was left in until I could swallow, given a mask, expectorating, throat examined, violating my privacy, left my child on the street, holding up the baby the old immigrants returned to their childhood memories of funerals and agreed such a display would guarantee peace for its soul, I told the nurse to get out and she put me in restraints, I refused to take a breath and went blue, when she tried to give me a needle I spit in her face, demanding to have the monitor removed, machines drooping, not worth dying for, so painful, bring me wine and meat, all my life I cried how good I felt and now I cry in pain, she was speechless as I pushed aside my pillow and death relieved me from my struggle, her anguish exceeded her affection for me in life, she keened over

my coffin and unleashed arias castigating me for dying, bemoaning her fate, what reason for me to die? When she sealed the coffin she set it on benches until the appointed day, a comfort to be near, she grieved but not to death as I was old, on the appointed day she called and they came and beat drums and chanted and whenever they stopped she poured silver in their hands and they took breath again and chanted without cease, she heard a noise and tore open the door and dropped back, I stood on the threshold, she threw up her hands to hide her face and when she looked again I was gone, she stood motionless as I raised myself, and opening my eyes I fixed a look on her, then I fell back and death fluttered, I couldn't disengage a bill without pulling the wad out of her pocket, leaning from the coffin I peeled off the topmost one, I couldn't tell whether it was a single or a ten but I tucked it away and straightened up, I took her by the arm and returned to the kitchen where the family were eating, they wanted me to stay and it was awkward to refuse, what relieved me was the sight of the bill I filched, a twenty, that sobered me up, to

think, in that pocket were still more bills, if she came with me and if I saw that wad I would have blackjacked her, it enraged me in the parish up the lane, tucked away burial plan and nettles absent, this reality a dispute with space, picture it from the other side of the sentence, stone with name and life range, flat as no gala in plot one, passed over as you sightsee, weaving in spring glaze, alone as if you could be there too, a sketch, to say thoughts aren't protracted, a condition, to propose louder blackbirds, die that I may read in you how small a part of time we share, gravity of my face unrelaxed in death, my helplessness more marked, it wouldn't be troubling to see an ordinary face under such conditions but I had all the pathos of a ruin, dumb raft to good, what but the thought of the dead graced with funeral rites, disappointed? She consigns me to earth as fame reports obsequies and won't ordain, so gracing me among the dead, unwept, a feast for birds to swoop on, if report speak true, aimed at me and you, and anon I be here to promulgate, for such as haven't heard my mandate, no passing humor, whoever transgresses shall be stoned to death, so

it stands with us, now show if you are worthy or base, a tear over this drop, here I lie, all mankind pleased with me and me with all mankind, I drew the trap door and went down the ladder to the hall and opened the door of the room where my body lay, candles burning at my head and a peasant dozing nearby, my face, refined by death yet unkempt, footsteps behind me, my eyes moving around my head, hollow cheeks spotted with wine lees, gleaming fangs, my chest like a lyre between my arms, my heart in that belly where sleep sleeps, walking at night, moving thigh and leg, I lay under the pall with flies between my eyes and ears, my sword sheathed and pennon furled, holding silence, shells and flowers at my side, the lute, voice of love and twilight song, strings remember though I am mute, don't move my book, grains of storm bow before that nook and silent form, tomorrow has no hope for me, no clasp of friend nor grip of foe, remember love with tear dim eyes, you too shall go, the oval of my head on the pillow and a fish with gold scales limned on the pillowcase, a bird's flight, it prays on the linen and soars the hops, scales reanimated by

yarn sit to their embroidery on mahogany chairs, a lavender scented robe for each corpse, a fish bird for head's repose, the seamstress touches up my head and I am luminous, robe and case, corpse of a toad, flies nibble at an intact body, a mass glowing from my pores, open work cloth, all things that fly are mine, they overflow from hidden cavities and from those depths she pulls the dregs and shakes the larva, exuding glass filaments, concavity on the bed, not dead, they dress me and I am renewed, a wide shirt and wrinkled pants, they weave flowers in braids above my chest, I sit up, helped, my feet secrete rust, petals falling from my clothes amass in a wasp's nest and fish rush to submerge themselves, the dead don't look asleep, we are inhabited by things that don't wake you, that don't show themselves, waking with my voice in your ear, sit up and hold your breath and stare at the door, cemetery where each family has relatives in the heart of the city by the church, hierarchy of tombs, charnel house where bodies lose individuality, tombs with inscriptions inside, mausoleums and statues, indoor cemetery, cult of the dead, you want

her and she paints your picture, you rock until she puts her mouth to yours, a church, and yours a room where gods get lost, open doors, I intended to arrive before service began but was late and mass was on their knees, the pastor began and I paused, a man smiling at me, I was led to a pew by the harmonium, he didn't start again until I was seated, a cat limped down the aisle and lay under the chandelier, why quit the field for here? How neatly you sleep, I would like to sleep like a cat, your harp on the pile, would you know words that might go with geese and swans? Homage to you who dwell in your hall, I know your name, don't let me fall under your knife and don't bring my sin before you, don't let evil come on me, declare me innocent, I haven't blasphemed nor imputed evil, homage to you who have no sin and feed on truth, deliver me from death, living on the entrails of the mighty on judgment day, I haven't committed offences, let nothing be done to me, I feed on truth and perform the commandments, if you spurn the voice the work begins, lie in sin no more, watch the sick and enrich the poor, mourner's sleep, star flames, center

soul spheres, how near, your ray sheds day-glow on my path, hope star, your light cheers dark places, my night is your smile withdrawn and my noon your dawn, your mercy's sign my rainbow, all but clouds are yours, whoever is overpowered by life sins, how can they who has an evil ruler return? Beware you don't give way to sin so tomorrow you are free, avoid offence and don't sin lest you be like a veiled sun, don't give way to lust lest you be snatched to perdition, your abode will be low if you won't turn from sin, don't destroy life, if you keep away from sin you won't be far from paradise, but if all were punished nothing would be left, they respite to a term, hate yourself if you sin, treat your fellows the same as you treat yourself, my body hurts, not I, my intellect is a wellspring of turpitude and my body is a breeding ground of offenses, I am reprimanded for my intention, warned not to pursue, heaven delivered me from fury when judgment fell on my house, it ought to have inspired me with other thoughts, watch me, protected from violence, reviling as an accomplice of I know not what love, scorning allurements I tempt honesty with,

I love order and honor devotion and respect but I won't serve religion by foul compliance, be kind to all and don't denigrate them, if you do you won't be reborn in paradise, have pity and rid yourself of malevolence, protect truth and be indifferent regarding your own life, don't denigrate anything, forbear resolve and purify your mind, unstained by profit, all must learn to feel their way and no soul knows what reward is reserved, believer and sinner alike? I sat in the back and did my best to move my mouth at the sayings, they affected me, swollen hands and hurt back, I watched them line up, the ones who genuflected at the altar did so deeply it broke my heart, liturgy was gone and I played with the kneeler, lifting it up and letting it down, preaching a sermon of local interest, cedar carved with knops, stained glass windows, I worship those with blessings and praise them and make offerings, I am the word that spoke it, I took the bread and broke it, and what that word made it, that I believe and take it, I hold you to my heart old ladyfriend, how you please without stars, I know the language your light employs and search for

shadow canvases where beings leap from my eyes, years from now there will be streets and talking, skies falling and world spouting, moon on mad lips, town greedy tonight, honey moon, stars around her and peaks in the dale, in fire my solitude ignites, I send flares that swell like waves, awake? Joy wants eternity but stars have place, dusty lamps on edge of space, I see who sang when earth was made, music that her sleep may go, stranger crown, vestment low, a girdle waist, skin dark and face severe, eyes glowing bright with fear, a noose in her hand, I bent my brow, no form yours, what errand here? Answer, take me, I cross in your charge, she pricked forth and I followed when she moved, the scene grew weird, to follow where the dead must go, my duty lies before me, shasters show what to do, sacrifices take up my time, not in vain is this cup held to me, I learn its lessons, done all I can, my love and sympathy as far as living may, duty my guide, true to self, sword on thigh with crossed horn, dogs with ruby collars bounding right and left like sporting swallows, horse casting sods about, a cloth with gold apples on each corner, gold shoes and stir-

rups from knee to tiptoe, grass didn't bend below, so light a tread as she journeyed to the gate, where the horse now? Where the rider? It was late when the dance began, I unbound my turban and opened my garment and brought water from the canal and moistened my mouth, I mingled a draught of remedies and poured it between my lips and my strength returned, I sat up and looked around, who are you and why did you bring me back to life? I poured water on my head and bound on the turban, fortunately this wasn't witnessed by the crowd assembled below the hill as had they known the truth of my journey it might have ended abruptly, I painted myself with every grace and resemblance mocked my embrace, vision took flight as horrors swam before my sight, grief in all terrors rise, a dying lover pale and gasping, each circumstance in view, why did they tear me from the clay? I should have wept my life away, take soft vows ever love can make, I forgo pleasure and my tears never cease to flow, I retire to feed a fire in silent shades, my bosom retains your image, the impression remains as I teach my heart to prove noble height, ele-

gance of love, passion confines my faith,
frost nipped and clay wrapped cold, I kissed
those lips and closed the glance that dwelt
on her, moldering the heart that loved me,
not still within my core shall she live, but
when last hour comes light is lit and band is
gone from startled eyes, I suffer and submit,
not my part to possess the cup, out of water
rise dead faces and others rise on the bank,
one forgets and waits, how many syllables
like buildings pulled up by the teeth, lip-
stick traces and words in bubble, clogged
modules, needles thread your lids, nearer
me to you, you won't see my eyes, sun, all in
me and me in all as twilight floods depths,
soothing sorrow I hear semblance of a tune
as if a fife strives to drown a bassoon, voice
drum, ear numb, home acquaintance al-
tered in the face, discord stings through
burns and moor like hedgehog lace, crusad-
ers to pluck the eyes of sentiment and dock
the tail of rhyme, to crack the voice of melo-
dy and break the legs of time, they watched
me as life heaved in my breast, so silent and
slow, they lent me half their power to eke
my living, their hopes belied their fears and
fears their hopes, they thought me dying

when I slept, the joy that life left on my features faded and I assumed sadness worn through long course of pain, soul with misery, I covered my face to hide it from those dead eyes, my grief was blunted by a life more violent than my demeanor expressed, but my repentance didn't produce a resolution to do no more wrong, guilt made me desperate, none had a claim to care when my cruelty poisoned life and hastened death, I never smiled or frowned and my bed was never soft, I little heeded what I wore and my brows ached until silvery hairs showed, I never spoke in haste, tone modulated, no hurry in hands and no bliss drew nigh I might run to greet, should have wept yesterday, wasting on my bed, but where to weep today? I who love weep not today but crown my head, don't spread poppies, I leave this book, find what was my mind, make use of what I leave, book I began lying down made me want to get up, to have narrated this according to my intention would exceed space allowed, fortunately a reason exists for abridging it, unwilling to injure history, as an appeal to prudence and my conscience, a concern to injure its effect as a work, ob-

serve my illumination, elders aren't alienated from letters, they are compassionate, using topics for comment and songs to display tenets, leaving them to later people, discard these words and extract the realms, use truth to extend fortune and ward off armies with discussion, enlighten to theme and discuss the way, what is more urgent? Never will a myth enter closer to truth, it is universal belief and influences life today, my lore your song, once more let the legend begin as you like, nor ask the word, the day I wrote my book my pen crossed out each way a heart may joy, begging to be included by saying all who do are rewarded, I saw it in the cabin, from my rank I saw it, may it live as long as the sun, sorrow comes on you with this book, let it be given, you have no claim to it and for the sake of it you have life to last in night of ages, transmitted, the approach is the path to have faith in wisdom, this person can receive this book and respond to its practice, no origin or master, cause of beings, above all as ruler and first member, born before beginnings, imperishable substance formed of air and invisible without limits, none have penetrated my

source, I give immortality at each age, my door unlonelied in indulgence, but death knocks in scales, why don't they believe, they don't adore when the book is recited to them, they treat it as a lie but I know their hate, let their tidings be punishment, but to those who do right a recompense shall be theirs, man is loved but it was by a special love it was made known he was created in my image, help me make sense of men, their noses attracting women, whiskers and fat chests, who women embrace is a mystery but the race must keep on, living among trilobites, crossing through time by waiting still, from scavengers I see how you can live off your own dead kind, I gum the grit of a tidal flat and have no name, a chance letter telling how I was found, bringing me home, one who embraces this book will be reborn in an abode of joy, one who accepts compassion ascends and erases affliction, don't withhold man from unity, the learned who practice and the wise who act just are as the spirit to the body, within more spacious limits my materials might better unfold, much added, give me the book, if you don't I will take it by force, these blows you haven't suf-

ferred, can you take this book by your skill as a scribe? Those of the directions have commended my merit and composed a statement, able in endurance during decay of ages, beings and afflictions, capacities and lifespans, I am beloved, the tool was given to me, but it was by a special love it was made known to me that it was mine, a doctrine through which the world was created, don't forsake my book, the guide is a rampart and tithes a safeguard, resolve wisdom's hedge, if any suffer, read this and enjoy blessings and long life, my students desire this like people looking for food and drink, requested by them, and mindful, offering fortune and aid, I collect old stories and verse of the masters and records of their words and form them into a bundle in order to pair this with the light transmission, it is possible to shift a load of wood from back to back but indians fancy it possible to shift woe, they act on this and the result is an endless number of devices for palming off trouble, practiced by races of low culture, I illustrate the practice as it is found among indians in all their naked simplicity, undisguised by metaphysics and theology, how I longed to get that off my

chest, how deep relief, always in earshot, actuality becomes you, I will be charged with quietism but that won't alarm me, let my reader see if they are half as unquiet as I am, if something doesn't exist there can be nothing to know but if something doesn't it may yet, squaring of the circle, though it exists it hasn't yet come into existence, if animals cease to exist there would be no knowledge but there might be knowledge objects, vomit, come, I hack you to bits and spit on you, you won't rise but totter weak, unable to fight, blind, head upside down, don't lift your face, get back, don't find the way, lie in despair and don't rejoice, retreat and don't show your face, poison rejoices and hearts are sad, if we could learn from the past we might form an idea of conditions precursor to the attack and achieve a means to help patients recover, curios removed, thoughts whirl as I watch, pity on my face, lion voice and head of hair like camel brush, face like beef, a fashionable gentleman, softly coaxed into my slippers, but there was no keeping me down, my jokes made them shudder, sausage with my tea, my hand never stained with blood, don't assume when I raise my

brow and twinkle my eye that wind is numbing earth to a mask, my pipe skirled night at your gate, hidden heart, call your dreams that slept to charm you from harm, gone you might not keep, senses beaten, no peace but sleep in the pause of wind, full of effort, yet still, my face, circles under my eyes, I opened my mouth and swallowed, ashamed to act the part, and when I managed to have a dish prepared it might as well have been jello for all food distracted me, yet to say I would be alright, I found a book and went to the kitchen to fetch a plate of cold meat from the fridge, and going to the table I removed the film and slid it on the table and sat down, I took a sausage and held it to my mouth, I put it in my mouth, splendid, I was on the point of going out the door and did go, I have been to warm countries, when one is drunk it's likely one goes to warm climates, I tucked up nicely and had a sleep, was it story or fairy tale? Where's nanny? In the teapot where rivers wander over gold sand, diamond lights the secret mine and pearls gleam from coral strands, eye hasn't seen it nor ear heard it and dreams can't picture it, woe and death don't enter and time

doesn't breathe its bloom beyond the tomb, the love that beared the past bore with my nature and grew deep, shall it be no more? A happier lot than mine and larger light await you, bow to the rule of right and love all, render good for ill, but cares shrink and consume me, wrath's scar, won't you keep the same name, the same eye, lovelier in heaven's climate yet the same? Teach me until I am your companion, come, poison circulates, set your mouth and force it to be hidden, don't be afraid, overthrow it, fought so long my thighs porcupined with darts, rescued upright, shaking, in such the word as with arrow over is how direction points properties of a thing, oriented to face their host back for purpose of heightening sensation, mystagogues and tantalids, thighs made to stand and bring poison to the ground, feet on earth to overthrow poison, my evil haunches, soles making poison return to earth, bowels cutting it in pieces, heaven and earth, no member without will to cut poison in pieces, scorpions and reptiles in any member of this cat under the knife, I weave and spin against the poison and this garment strengthens me, perfect in power,

poison in any member of this cat under the knife, come on earth, I smite with spells and sorrowful are joyous, stand still sorrower, endowed with life, rout fiends, all praise who see, get back and draw out poison from all the members of this cat under the knife, might of power against you, vomit, get back, not mortal in so short a space, every family given a cure, safe if untouched, clouds like a turreted town, roofs and walls shining down, thus as I wrought, revolving ways to compass what my wish designed, I cast my eye on the grove, conduct my steps to a tree in this forest, breath foretold, a dove on the plain, lead me until the bough be found whose shadow gilds the ground, I observed its flight, led to a lake whose stench to shun it winged aloft, then stooping it perched on the tree that bore the bough, woman and love, truth ache and gentle power, listening in moonlit groves, mother smiling in infant bower, forms and features worship as we breathe or move, borne by a spirit of your hour I sing through the air to a green land, find me there, I invoke the protection of the gods and they dispatched a flying steed who wouldn't suffer to be caught and worn with

exertion fell by the sea, I grasped the bridle and threw it over its head, mounted, and slew the chimaera with arrows, unscrewing levers and putting them in my pocket, turning to see what I could do in way of communication, a greenhouse, house in the sun, green somewhere else, not a shrub a forest wanderer wouldn't be startled to find, faces glaring out thickets, unnatural looks, such commixture and adultery of vegetable species that the production was offspring of fancy glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty, results of experiments mingling plants into compounds possessing a character distinguishing a poisonous kind, I heard silk rustling and saw her emerge under the portal, I handed her a piece of ice and she threw it on the floor, she bore a vegetable crowned with leaves, on her journey around the fire she halted and disclosed the vegetable in the sand, again she circled and again the song, when she stopped a flower was amid the leaves, her song continued until flowers gleamed in the firelight, I applauded as she circled again and when she stopped the bud was gone and fruit hung from the pedicels, she went around once more and

departed, leaving the vegetable behind, savages believe in divine law, many initiated but I could only baptize them, same church we all belong, first of this worshipping world, all to that, only some cherish crotchets no way touching the grand belief, in that we all join hands, when she came up I muttered a salute, enormous, before the song was finished she came up with the tobacco and I smiled, a pigmy among giants, of the few of us who are six feet scarcely any are broad and muscular in proportion to their stature but look like common men grown to unusual height, a man who measures six feet two inches and exceeds a stout man of common stature in breadth and muscle would strike us as a race, my mistake, hill my focus, clouds echoing its shape, green yellow, pondering relations, my status strolls into a field and sits as I walk to keen horizon, I turn to survey where climes a race display, where I tread my mansions and force soil for bread, hills of man and steel, soldier and sword, he who with opposite needs, hammer in hand, could approach this stunting? What have you done, was that a work for your hands? You botched my stone,

music added and hymns sung as dances went around the altar, hymns in honor of the gods, accounts of their actions, clemency and beneficence, and gifts conferred on man, invoked for a continuance of favor, fountainheads and pathless groves, places passion walks when all fowls are housed but bats and owls, a bell and parting groan, we feed on these sounds and stretch our bones in a dale, ever let fancy roam, pleasure never is at home, condescension like manner of elder brother, lovers we were, our frankness sought no disguise but there was a rift in the lute, our thought of each other different from each other's thought of self, no accord, a secret each knew half, a compact between us acknowledged by neither but felt by both, regulating intercourse, our lips hadn't spoken love but some of its privileges were assumed, I gave her my keys and I have hers and we are at peace but there is one room where deep things begin and we dare not go in, so many musings flee into it, don't pry the lock, uproar, blast, echoes and shadows, keep account and I keep mine, could my heart hold another? Can't tell, a dome, a cell, a temple filled with saints, lily shrine smil-

ing with grace, a nest where things are brooded under mothers wings, a palace with rooms where slaves pour perfumes, within that door blows air with breath of balm on wing, nought outside and nought within, I am inside out and outside in, I have fallen in love with you but being in love doesn't mean loving, I can love and hate, I can talk about it, sit down and I will look at you and go on talking, keep quiet, I talk, time come, but you never know who is listening, I went in, the first to enter, image erased, my gaze on a spot over her shoulder, expecting a visitor, show her to the veranda, she nodded, closing the door, how much does she know, what she heard, hushed voice, secret and strange, uncanny, I kissed her and wept, striving to make her abandon her intent, painting the pleasures she was to quit, I besought her to disclose what prompted her disgust and tears flowed, she pled I not press her, she sent a refusal when I requested to see her, not trusting herself in my society, I insisted on seeing her and they brought me lines in her hand, attempt to obtain conversation fruitless, inflexible, I entreated them to give her news of me and learned she was inside

with a new name, they swore to show me a means where I could deliver her and I besought them point the way, but she made her profession and I visited her at the gate and with cheeks bedewed and heaving breast I stood with lyre in hand, you who bared your breasts to foeman's lance for love of me, revered by me and admired by the world, what love your mind inspires to rush to arms, a fate so hard to greet with smiles? Well out of that I am, devil of a job collecting accounts, nice nun there, sweet face, wimple suited her head, eyes crossed in love, hard to bargain with that sort, disturbed devotions, glad to talk with outside world, flowers she planted have lasted but noons burn their roots, nothing will remain of my footsteps, the path I chose, evenings when light sang in heart and eye, a city with south and north on her gates, her towers watched by secret eyes that smile as children play, south road running to waste where learning and lamps are not, downs tumbling and churches squat, north road marching a plain level like traitor sea, swallowing ships and smiling, lest fens eat her and towers toss, wine drunk and beauty

gone, where roads run blind, our love may find her heart of pity beyond the city, spring that brings the rose shall take us where towns are tidy and gardens hang, half for half, hard arteries, square meals, underwear clothesline, no dishabille, days of days, all by heart, bad start, end foregone, woodbine swine, linen to lawn, glovebox manuals, roadwork maps, fill the cup and fling your garment in the fire, the bird has but a little way to flutter and is on wing, wine oozes drop by drop, leaves fall and each morning brings a thousand roses, but where leaves rose of yesterday? Where a cloister stood, haven to nuns and a wood of stones, night incenses with mint mallow, lily fair but rose fairer, grand to grow on palace walls, to blaze where lords and ladies go, to hang over fountains and gardens, seen where great days have been, house moldering, walks overgrown, flowers low and weeds high, the fountain chokes the dial wherever the rose is seen, I pass, monastery no more than a tablet among the weeds, river flowing from a mountain glacier, a city there I once went, when I pass again there will be not but trees and rocks, when my path leads

me here a third time there will be not but snow and ice, now snow and ice, bird hymn through the forest spreads wing, working sunny hours, over earth we journey among the flowers, tottering around, pictures and text, a happy day, I strolled up to a castle and above the beaten mold upsprung the dust, on the new leaved thorn hung wool as corn bowed on the brow, sun glowed down the wall and wind blew unhindered, smokeless before the sun stood the tun, symbols mean nothing but the old hold them sacred, relics in the church, a fragment of a triptych, church looking down on it, how short since it was alive, only those whose friendship is tested will be told of lore, before the phantom of false morning died I thought a voice from the tavern cried, when the temple is prepared within why nods the worshipper outside? Let the cat visit the chapel, pupils flashing on the altar, let an owl nest in the rubble, let the snake warm in silence, coiled around useless gold, a gate under a pointed arch, locked in the field, owner off with key, nothing standing up, traces of cloister wall, saints not forgot, fountains, pike dozing beneath the pond, ruins distorted on the sur-

face, stone faces with trees and legs spreading among angels with sandstone teeth, parrots on the roof, heart's echoes render no song when spirit is mute, no song but dirges like wind through a ruined cell or surges that ring dead man's knell, strength of spirit in the ruins, the fritter stands, pity dies and in its stead a look that bodes ill for the cause, place to decision, energy working to some purpose, eyes on me, eyebrows up, I noted the look, I took a path between the trees and saw torchlight and on the shore men in gold with torches, I got in and they rowed, I saw a mountain and on it palaces glistening like snow and orchards and gardens, spires as shade crept over the lea, palace pinnacles tottering and sinking, no more, fate formless when beaming heaven's image, thoughts, the source, and feelings, beauty is splendor to illuminate this wilderness of fate, realms and worlds, a token and a hope secure to give our state for a cause, loathsome to sight, base becomes what but little time before wore angel face, from our minds the conception vanishes and leaves no trace, what desires and visions create harmony above, shadows love us, winds for fellows,

our color at life's morning, never to grow older, our spirits are bolder and forest lore aids us, we seal the bond, never we sorrow, distortion, no coherence, a region of utopias, what will become of the land, the terror that passed through? I will save us, taking possession of my heritage, no equal, none beside, perfect in plan and good will when I pass decrees, coming and going according to ordinance, reducing foreign lands, father directs me, I slay with sword, no compeer, physis, meaning damaged as with all others, alienation from original, words aren't bandages, things exist in the word, what does physis say? That something becomes something more? I learned what it was by experience, there opened before me what I call physis, I saw nature, sky, earth, stone, plants, a work of men and gods, God's destiny, beings are careless but in heaven carelessness is minimal so one neither sinks into desire nor floats in frivolity, beings don't abandon objects and are satisfied, no need to exert oneself to construct enjoyments, they appear when wished, I arose, I ascended, I still thought, contemplation, I expound as nourished by rain flowers and seeds are matured,

those in heaven and earth adore whether they will or no, as do their shadows morning and evening, do you feel me near in this hidden place as I take my way? People believe if we let them doubt, being careful, I haven't done wrong, I want to do right, I want to help, working to help you, a servant, show me you love me so all believers are sure about you and are sure I was right to say good things about you, a winner, we are united, like a smell you come to know, I am the smell among those saved and those dying, to the saved I am a smell that causes them to live and to the dying I am a bad smell from a dead thing leading them to death, none alone could do this, but I am not like they who sell messages, I see what you do, know my message, I speak as those united, I want to help, happy when you ask for help, I visit you, a believer, all say good things about me, famous for telling the news so well, travelling with you, I want to help you, I want to help with this work to show how good I am, I want to help, bring my seat, the cushion, know alone as self, object to be known is the self that constitutes the abode, how often children hang around

my throne, perchance amid the childish band, grateful for gifts, kiss my hand, I feel your soul whisper around me, cloth on your board bids you unroll, sand under your feet makes crisper, haughty valentine, men not great enough to fashion man, I philosophize, a philosopher, a novelty arousing suspicion, too late and not at the right time, loath to believe this is my city on the sky, it sails forth and beckons but proffers no flags fly, concubines and virgins, long your path, dream of women to bear it on their shoulders and shake the tree for each to know her name, speak that I may lay my road stone on stone to something, that I may know the end of this travelling, scent of chamomile rising in spirals as I listen to discussion between specimens expressing mutual hatred, rays from fruit-ripeners holding knives and blood filled skulls, dancing and making signs of fascination, I let them pass, the last said the night grew chill and hastened but I loitered, as dew fell I loitered still, your curtains set fire to walls, bed, the dresser, every crack deepening in a rift between some midnight wish and shadow where I have been, can't make death sweet for sorrow's sake, my

pulse cries for breath, I rise when winds are low and stars are bright, a spirit in my feet led me to your window, you help me in, kissing me, love wells, source of sorrow and pleasure gratified, reason dashed on the rocks, the body has no better concept of love than a wolf whose power is yearning confined by what he has no power to be, grant no excuse nor sympathy, rather suffer than blend pleasure into ills that rob reason of secret delight, she stretched her hand when I alighted and smiled as I kneeled, welcome, I waited for you and called for you on all bright nights, when you sorrowed I wept and when you slept I breathed dreams to you, she led me through gardens where maidens laughed to a hall where I received the vows, my reward, roots and conduct, all return, color fills my mind in too sweet a muddle, I love one colored things, why shouldn't a color make the same impression as song? White shrieks, I made love to her and she followed me along the beach where boys herded cattle and danced to market, zooming past thatch houses, through customs, there she was in the corner, the same image, the seed, she followed, they knelt

when they saw her, salt in my mouth, grinder dead and lighters come seeking light-traders, tongue hard to understand, if I return she dismisses me and brings sleep, she lifted off my eyelids as I leap out of bed and look for her and find her in the trees, compliant, how the learned would be astonished, wrong more than wisdom, the sparrow taught this skill beyond your reach, these creatures are blessed, nor have kings known such contentedness, I stood in line for another plane and when it rose I knew she was there, breaking mirrors and smashing windows, clerks spending the evening with their sweethearts, ships cresting the waves, where is the bazaar? I want my soul to wear a dress, there, a merchant brings color but faces are sour and talk beats down like sun, where? I ache for sweets, come with ears used to scorn, flautist, light reciting to dark, open your eyes, used to shame's shade, and behold truth's beauty, flautist calling my heart to his hat, full of change but no pearls, swapping knick knacks for macaws, age old lot as wanderers, merchandise falling apart and cloth splotted with mold, counters undermined by termites and walls eaten by damp,

in same positions as their fathers and grandfathers, what can they build? Castles and palaces, temples and docks, rain may come and others roam but I am happy, mountains and sea, I establish a city with a palace and a harbor where my vessels ride, palace great with pillar and wall, a tower on top and steps to where my vessels lie in the bay, this one sailing and that one moored, many were they of many nations whose cities I beheld and hearts I grasped, many nights of misery in the fathoms of my spirit struggling for life, my mates sought homecoming and I couldn't defend them, craving wrecked them, they gluttoned their stomachs and daylight put out their lives and in their eyes darkened the dawn of homecoming, day grew hot and I lay like a swan, air off the land brought odor of oranges and I heard a bell and pictured a shore through the haze, a tower peeping between plantain patches, I slid on, sail fraught with song such as zephyr chants to morning, showers flashing before the prow as sternward whirl unstrung beads of foam, pearls from the chaplet of the sea, I spread sail and drifted past the shore where waves washed and sonatas sang

and foam fret the wave, burgeoning with
coves, hungry pitted with smallpox and dy-
namited by alcohol, stranded in town, my
boat on the water, the martyr who won't bear
witness, flowers scatter, life with lips opened
by agony and poverty, futility and future
thickness, working for what master pays, a
murmur rose in the city, notes as I passed,
milk maid sung, the swain, the herd lowed
to meet their young, geese gabbled as chil-
dren let loose from school, the dog's laugh,
these filled each pause the nightingale
made, but sound fails, no murmur fluctu-
ates the gales, flush of life is fled, choices
make love occult, scattered hamlets, want to
luxury allied, every pang folly pays to pride,
those hours plenty bade to bloom, desires
sport in each look seeking rural mirth where
manners are no more, stars die as morning
bends over her mirror and blushes, charm
on the waves, then both blush as sun springs,
sea sky a glowing rose, world sending light
on day as night speeds to seek shades in
caves beyond the sea, bell and moon, sky
brightening dew soaked clothes, only worms
and hail to rob me, lifting before snow grips,
reluctant to go, trees shade and fire, roving

with my bass, summer's crone, sweet my
tone tells of wild days, aught unclean have I
seen but bells and sap and grass with half
high flag, succory to match the sky, colum-
bine and agrimony, catchfly and adder's
tongue, all beside is waste and picture as I
pass, seer sipping sweet and mocking fate,
leaving chaff and taking wheat, slumbering
in cool blasts, I can't out sleep woe my sleep
makes ridiculous, city on hill around for-
tress, road up the slope above the river, place
to which roads tend, road like river to lake,
body of which roads are arms and legs, a
thoroughfare of travelers, villa, via, way,
ved, vella, arro from veho, to carry, as villa is
where things are carried to, teamers are vel-
laturam facere, vilis and our vile, to villain,
suggesting what vagrancy villagers are lia-
ble to, puddle on the street, woman beating
a wench and peasants contemplating virago,
scratching rump and yawning, same yawn
in the buildings, gaping roofs and shacks,
natives lost in their homes, at journey's end,
men grow old and pearls yellow, in the
meadow I lay in shadow, leaves together for
a screen, that is my home in the dale and I
will return but let me lie first amid the ferns,

a flame blown too near, a name too dear,
heart in my bosom isn't mine, would I were
free, let me find a ruin whose walls more
aweful nod by your gleams, I came up this
hill to gaze at you, eyes of tears, my life
wretched and is so still, but sorrow's age
pleases me, pleasant when hope was long
and memories few, though sad and sadness
last, snake under my chest, violence on
coasts and corridors, country designing it-
self, needless to measure space between this
word and last, overcome by labor and need,
when your floor is leveled there are still nui-
sances, mouse finds house and mole tunnels
chambers, toads too, and all monsters of
earth besides those plunderers of grain,
thresher and sledge, all your foresight
makes provision for if you favor the coun-
try, like men tempted homeward we must
reckon on stars, when Libra makes night
and day equal drive team and sow field,
present shrinks as future grows, how lonely
what left, to hear hum dwindle out to sea
where evening star streaks dawn, a harp in
the throat of the cartman as he ascends the
hill through dark olive trees, mist, make
room for me, sail mariners, night gone,

hang banners, bird, wake and sing, day is near, bow cornfields, awake belfry, not yet church, quiet, wet seasons coeval with sun at equinox and rainy season begins, sun zenith, then trade winds give way to calm, no longer bringing cool air, heats favor a current in sea depths, bearing damp up and cooled to rain, nights and mornings bright and clear, sun zenith done, wind brings dry season and clouds seldom disturb the sky, I didn't stop running until I reached the gate, I rang the bell and asked for the superior, he stood in the door, the angle of his arm, the way he held the gun, height and strength, even figure, beauty of face with saffron skin, soft mouth and cheeks, fine black hair, rest in peace, gunshot, crowds cried in prayer as a trumpet sounded last post, clay colored river after rain, a small world, walking same path each day, bank flotsam gone, under the cathedral, registering traffic, out having a good time, I filled a glass and blew smoke up the chimney, crying, dancing, mouth circled with purple, a secret vice, forgetting to eat, I pulled the chain to release the steps, face flushed, I put my heels on the slats, I don't decree faith, a race for ships and smoke

are enough, traits of love, heavens hang and stars come loose as a cup goes around, they rhymed me well in lay and when the hunt is on I go my way, locust's chirrup furnishing a stave, ring of stirrup and wash of wave, in nightfall hushes frogs chant in the rushes, torrents gushing, light sinking springhead gaze, shadow of eyelash and rainbow around who goes there, weather matters little, a hurricane, morning swoops the lamp, night in its teeth, seabird's passage, wind earth drag-on whose color disperses tenor, used to fire, binder of foresail, ghost helmet of eucalyptus algae, abandoned ribbands, savory swimmer, seed so sown what harvest should be grown? View from the bird, cottages with rush roofs, spires above beeches and cliffs of turf ridges, cattle grazing by the sea, my voice, my proximity can't be reckoned nor depth fathomed, without beginning or end, mind nor matter, heaven and earth can't support me and the universe isn't large enough to contain me, no skill is sufficient to discuss me, I can't be expressed through words or silence but tread my steps and work my edges, hovering over earth, busy and quick, so you know me, all do, and hon-

or me, puppets, woodwinds like cedar and lemon drops of wealth, tilting stars and burning moon, holes in court and stone words, knowledge city, I walk in daisies on high walls, on bricks by lions to light past the gate, throwing cat eyes in the sea, walking for pleasure of sand, of stone stairs, of asphalt, north to the festival and east to the abyss, a storm over the city as I lift my bow, puberty emissions, don't bother, memory blank, ignorant, given a slap and showed off, compelled to crawl up and down the street and back to the mess, they didn't have to do jankers or clodhop the plain, didn't have to fight the war, a mermaid steers, her tackle swells as from her ship a perfume hits the wharf and the city casts its people out on her, I sit in the market whistling to the air which too went to gaze on her, even what remained denied me, gunnery in the aerodrome, taken up to the line, I was in my hut when I got a notice, job tomorrow, don't expect to hear from me until I am further afield, spring men buying tickets, laughter for no cause, tables under trees, deck hands raising and lowering flags, I threw my hat in the water, track before islands, I go no more

to the wood, trees built into floors, oak ships, cornfields where a world might hide, smooth lawns, buying and selling and making love with a roof above and hearts in town, forestry departments with woods devoted to care, it began in a foyer leaving glass in the trees, a book and a path under throat pipes of birds, a room of leaves, streams of silver and a field, I paused where we once talked into day, trees shaking off twilight, opening and closing eyes, beyond groves I follow an empty wood, grass at my feet, branches with spaces for wind, earth changing the way I talk, a hall of exits and landscape beyond closed doors, insects flit across the moon with nowhere to send falling frost, field and bank where trees grew, my seat in the grass, blackbird fled to where hazels afford shade, scene where his melody charmed before his ditty no more, years hastening, I must lie as low as they, turf on my breast and a stone at my head before another grove rises in its stead, change my heart and fancy employ, frailty of joy, short lived as we are, yet pleasures have a still shorter date, how does it look from up here, this meadow, what does it want, leafing through unbroken admira-

tion, too low? Wit flashes and mirth distract through restless hours, ivy turret, wake, sun from field of night scattering stars to flight, driving night from heaven and striking the turret with light, barbarism and civilization, world war, I fought and must serve again, a bird returns in the clouds, when have we done with sweeping out evil? Stirring ash I burn incense and my heart throbs with hope and desire, the dupe for life's work appears as if it were a game, if on the slopes I meet a maiden's gaze or my steps arrest and I hear a voice, her task protracts into night and my heart throbs but lethargy returns, sweet strangers, moon beneath whose rays rabbits dance, hail queen of night, how unfavorable fall your rays on cliffs and thickets, in deserted buildings, feet on the road, heart half dead and naked, who are you, full of boats and drenched by weather, waves like a bell, my buoy watches daw wings flap from bowers as light springs for flowers, no towers, the place that bore me has only my face and there of all that pried about the walls I overlooked them best, I made out no more than the rest that were there once and had before I came when above the sun smoke wreathed

among the trees and down below folk toiled
brisk as bees or sat with weary knees while
sky lightless to their toil my hand crowned
with honors of the field and years sent war-
ward, mindful of my worth, assert your
birthright and be known, gains for loss and
balms for pain but when youth departs it
takes what never comes again, we are better
as men but something sweet follows youth
and we behold what never comes again,
only guns patter our horizon, no mockeries
for us, no prayers nor bells nor any voice of
mourning but shells and bugles, what can-
dles speed us? Not in hands but in eyes shine
goodbyes, pallor of brows our pall, our flow-
ers the tenderness of patient minds, each
dusk a drawing of blinds, I wasn't there, peo-
ple hear, stewards came at will, legendary
night, rose unfolds, dawn bud reddening the
skies, love's star a sail the sea holds, I fall
timber, grant me this, on your brow a wood
and on the summit a grove, let wind overset
nor waves entomb, let them be mine, I roll
stars and control heaven and earth, past and
present, meditation and wisdom, I benefit
all, one way clear, whether you speak or are
silent you won't lose, speak plain, tell me

your name, none without, tell me your city
so my ship may shape its purpose, I have no
pilot, my vessel rudderless, she understands
me and knows countries in the mirror and
angles them above my back, letting out a
cry when I see the reflection, a seafarer, my
ship gliding like thought, thus driven to
new shores and born nightward, never away,
can I drop anchor a day? May I reckon truth's
jargon and know her hold on my keel, sea
surge, nightwatch nigh ship's head as she
tosses by cliffs, frosty feet and chill chains,
sighs hew my mood, I weathered spring de-
prived of kinsmen, hung with flakes, swans
cry and gannet's clamor for game, sea fowl
laughter to me, mew singing my drink,
storms fell on the stern in feathers as eagles
screamed with spray, summer solstice and
equinox, spring symbol of worship, the bull
who takes sin away, sun of spring, home
never ours, toast it when springs lower,
speak low at your ease and hark to the sea
drift, to the life we won't live, cut awry be-
fore birth, to love we never win, many shells
have a pearl within, to who we won't be, sea,
past sun where rootless root when wander
year is done, on the repose a dark hour when

waves close and clouds lower, let ice drift
and sea spread, our course is done, the dead
sleep, I see you gathering in a white head-
long streaming out the corner of my eye
and crossing the sea, a white anvil bearing
changing messages beyond what I can make
or see, near your breath I await the hurri-
cane, sailing through heaven on gale wing,
shadowing the world, they darken sun in
haze, a ray in shade, night nor day, a death
beam, cloud above and earth below, I never
enjoyed speaking more, what a future it
opens, I feel a new heart beating with love of
beauty and am ready to die and be born into
this thing I found as neither now nor yester-
day began these thoughts that have been
ever, nor can one be found who knows their
entrance, if life is flux sweetness fills my
heart and tears come, wind and leaves, birds
fly and nothing restrains their hearts, I lift
my anchor toward rawness made desolate
by hope, a goodbye with color bleeding from
tufts, moonrise and a twinkling star, coyotes
slip their rocky fastness and rabbits shuttle
among the brush as ravens launch their
black sails on the night, shy things watch
dusk trip, emptying chalice, wings dipped in

orchids sunset built of shadow, riding last light above the dale, stars gleam as mist rises, look at the moon, so lonely, one half shining only, yet round and bright, endless, how sad the marvelous, there are as many islands as stars on that tree where meteors shake, moon opens a cloud and light over me is a road like wine, time charged with eternity, tower of light, beauty magnifying necklaces and statues, sea grape, tide is full and moon lays light on the coast and is gone, cliffs in the bay and line of spray where sea meets moon, roar of pebbles draw and fling and cease and begin, bringing sad notes in, who are you who don't hold fire when my eyes are shrouded? I thought I knew you, who are you? Hand on mast begging forgiveness with demon muscles and child's eyes, I want sleep, war or no, all in one world, have I not reason to be pale? Sea straining to wreck continents, against your fury stand a line of heroes, helm-loosener and stern sea girt, oar lover of ebb breaking to anger as a wave to froth, board sea wrack best in shape and size, sea's thunderbolt, man tamer, clouds gone and breezes pause, want to taste grief? Scale a tower and watch the moon de-

scend, mingling light and odor to point of heaven, fill sky and plains, leaves unsodden where frost trods, print gleaming, vines piercing wilderness, grass, pointing from this tower, flower glimmering at my feet, line of mountains islanded in the south whose snow is spread between cloud and sun, living things, and my spirit darkening this song lies by the glory of the sky, be it love, light, or harmony that falls from heaven, mind feeding this verse, peopling the universe, what a tale terrors tell, how they clang and clash, what a horror they outpour, how danger ebbs and flows, the ear tells how danger sinks and swells by the sinking or swelling of the bells, hear them, what a world of thought compels them, how we shiver at their tone, those who glory in rolling a stone on the heart are neither man or woman, they are ghouls and their king tolls a paean from the bells, his bosom swells as he keeps time, forgive me, such height is the church, uncouth enough, unworthy of its rank, a history of lantern choir, western nave, pray it isn't rebuild more worthy of its rank, unstable, formless, vast, alone, how awful in your impotence, can't you make

your throne? Surging this ball, why pursue a star but falter at shore's plea, crawling into yourself? When our tide is over we ebb but you don't rest, moaning as you now moan, empty street gone and bush stone lonely, no tree sees one near, rays beat me, field clouds, I of you known enough, overlooking bay, no grass or leaf shake, no ripple chirp, no butterfly, no voice, shore love flown, youth full, the smile expanded, things await lighting, sky began, hearts to my breast, they don't hear water, thunders don't rest, lost who a place was kept at board and hearth so long, prayer woke mid song, isles, towers overthrown, all isn't yours, to you the love of man has gone, your tides flow dark over our youth's locks and beauty's crown, yet must you hear a voice, restore the dead, earth reclaims things from you, restore them, sea, the places I leave are lovely, swimmers try the verge where foam laces flower, where city barouches are seen but rarely, leaning over gallery stocks the crew barter as I troll for spunkfish, nothing save a plunger, do sailors wave? I am not envious, life is full of commotion, leaves shine in porches and dales are carved in stone, smoke scrolls

windy friezes and a curtain is flung above the doors, open work like catch slipped fish-nets, like tatters at temple entrances, air still, flowers wake, the sea has my boat and bream, I hook a coelacanth and brain it with an oar, nose to the bottom I shove off from a hundred fathom curve, hauled up and rupturing in the pressure, she tired me but I stayed with her, she crossed the line and almost cut it with her tail, I gaffed her, holding her bill and clubbing until she turned mirror back, hoisting her aboard the male stayed by, as I cleared the line he jumped to see where she was and went down deep, when I had her head on the bow I couldn't believe her size, I untied the harpoon and passed it out her jaw, through the other gill, making a turn around her bill, knotting the rope and making it fast to the bow, I went astern to noose the tail as she turned silver purple with violet stripes wider than my hand, eye aloof, still alive, my boat eager and frail, sky and waves, smile as you look on my sail, be still as I pass, I ask not you never blow, I pried her back with a plank, beating her with wood and trying to rope her, I shoved her and she rolled on, dream-

ing of power, of life's hour, bubbles burst
and I live it down, I cast for fish that please
my eye, trout flop about my creel, a calendar
to tell the day, to wave gnats away, slack-
worms, once fishing was a fool, let them stay
or keep away, life on whale spout, my catches
keep my conscience clean but like girls
who go home to child's embrace I reach for
anything to bring you out, gullet sliced
open, stalking my bloodstream to its term,
what drove me to be drawn to whatever the
heart is drawn to? Cutting water from water
that only in heaven is changed to air? Heart
remains, all that never rose to the bait,
watching my bobbin drift, my blood cool as
that, I sit and hark dear ripples, in foam ed-
dies a girl with dripping hair, cajole my min-
nows with your lure and lore to death's
glow? You would settle under if you knew
my kin and what hours they pass, clothes
and all, a glad life at last, sun and moon like
to bathe, don't they, to breathe and look up
brilliantly? You aren't lured by lakes? By
dew? Water lapping my toes as I yearn to
sink, she sang to me, half yielded too as half
she drew, never again, hauling water into
holes, a grain of sand mimics the moon that

might undo man and creation too, remorse puddles its source, tantrums thrash to whale's rage, no way to cast my hook, I cast when shallow waters peter out, something further out than stars, something that hates war, a life on the wave and a home on the deep where waters rave and winds keep, brine and gale, standing deck to set sail, farewell, gale follows fair abaft as I shoot through foam and find my home like a sea-bird, land out of view, gales come, song of my heart as winds rave, home on the sea, life on the wave, story all hear, just not the end, that I am new, sea souging pine woods, one peace aloof from pain, cradle song breathing over man, that voice is a prayer, consciousness in every will, fixing on me, judgment and obedience, who wills commands, resistance after an act of will, deceiving myself, conclusions and judgments, act of willing, those who will think will is action, a good turn, friendship out the way, what to be done with me? Responsible for my safety, bread came no longer and I had no guide and dinner arrived before I learnt what language was spoken or what one talked about or if one talked at all, I made my confession

and bought clothes and gifts, I plucked buds
and wore them in my hair and in season
found no apples there, I went the same track
I came and my neighbors mocked me as I
passed, smiling as they sang, home was near,
I passed a voice sweeter than song, was love
less worth than apples? Dale, you look at
what is at your feet and mist steals through
city roofs, I don't want to interrupt silence,
bells go silent and I am calm, gulls play on
the bank and dot the shoots, in snow they
hurtle to chill nests, sighing overseas, hills
in the sea, a slip curving like a moon, garden
swings the bay and sings a tune but my
heart is beyond, far seagull's cry and break-
er's roar than waves lapping on the shore,
for that strip horizon means to me, ships
pass and my thoughts follow, a breeze and
my heart is fey, dale open with trees on ei-
ther hand, you waiting, my anchor splashed
and birds rose but I took no heed, I splashed
in the water and sank between a crab and
her hole, I wouldn't let her return, she ran
through the chaff and I laughed as the ship
clave the waves, herds repose yet how mur-
mur glows, your eyes tell me what you do,
something sweet making music out of beau-

ty with a hidden question, your meaning, love and truth are your lightness that would like to greet a look of kindness in a dull world where spirits meet instead of gleaming, my ghost comes into the house with you when dew falls, I climb dusk and stand left, a cliff of them, I handled several entwined together, thus they remain until dawn, I found them by following an indian track, they often regale on them, stomachs of frogs and beetle remains, eaten by slender racers, parasitized by nematodes, from station tanks or river ditches flowing into others separated from town by high hills, though they differ from patzcuaro frogs they are closer than leopard frogs, not referable to eastern golden frogs, pond frogs resemble eastern frogs, cross-fertile, hybrid larvae through metamorphosis, hybridization in other regions, I contemplated a log that it was my purpose to convert into a figurehead and as I discussed within my mind what shape it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of lumber a man came in, the owner and commander of a ship just returned from her first voyage, when the lights are out and all is silent, my hammer

stroke, the saw of the carpenter who keeps vigil with closed doors, toiling over his lamp and striving to finish before dawn, that might be useful, I might send someone to sound him out, whether he give word, go myself but must go hour by hour, I was methodical and had little time for the work at hand, the boat was waiting to carry me to another station and books, quarters, and stores were in order, I raised my voice in praise, face distorted with fierceness, let crows blacken me no longer, the vessel once lived and drank, I kiss the lip, how many kisses taken and given, a potter thumps clay and with its tongue it murmurs pray, hasn't such a story of such a clod rolled down generations of earth and cast into mold? I made my way to the entrance and stumbled over a body, I recognized the sleeper and sank beside him with tears, I didn't know he slept thus, it moved me that he should make his body a barrier for my protection, we drove to the club, bells and evergreen smells, do I have the endowment for the matter in the vehicle that comes from the start or no? I struck him with my staff but he didn't understand and requested my teaching again,

our lineage has nothing to give, he was enlightened, when he saw did he stop thought? He went empty handed and returned empty handed, I own your place and don't wish to die until I am sure he is my successor, I want to see him lord of the estate, hiring his children on their father's land for wages, I am leaving, apples on the bough, I set the slips, yours now, clover bluff drowning rubbish reek that plucks the profit out your hand, bush I felled and watched come clean each year, don't it look fresh in the tawny? A scrap of green, twinkling cove where sits the ship I won't handle again, the last look to it all, room where I was born, place I lived my life, where I was christened, there I staggered the floor and announced my engagement and kissed her through the veil before we went to the car that carried us to church, last day come, close of my years, end of hopes I put in here, shearing over and mustering done, a bad place, blown out your bed half the nights and in summer burnt grass and dry creeks, a roar that carries down toll of stock to salt them on the shore, slap in your face, briar and ruin, a brute of a place, where I took fever, I went to the living room and

pulled an album out, edges felted with dust, I studied every page, pictures of us, her in my lap with hands in midair forbidding me to touch, her on my shoulders, craning my neck to balance her, her in black with long hair and I in jacket and tie peering over the fishpond, I laughed, we tried for closeness, she wanted it, I sat with the album in my lap and stared past the curtains, these photos have had their contexts cropped, is it sunny? Are trees casting bars of light? The house was dark and rain beat on the window, I went to the shop and saw her near the back of the bus as it pulled away, I rushed to her room tearing things apart, her bag was gone and most of her underwear and makeup, then I found her note, I ad to go, it wasn't her leaving that was bad, she couldn't even spell, I understood something changed more than her running away, she was gone, I thought of her riding through the rain, looking out the window at the road going by, imagining the wipers, what am I going to do, I boarded a bus and changed to another heading north and there I changed again, this time to a bus whose destination was the end of the line, the town was one stop be-

yond when bus service was suspended and there was talk of closing it, a window at the rear of a smoke shop in a brick building next to an empty lot, a tire dump patchy with weeds, the wreckage of a fence at the edge of the sidewalk where she was waiting for me, you would bend to hear her faith in words as wrongly placed as tongues, brains got you, raw child, matchless uncharted, these are your wonders, killing and quickening, bringing to heaven or hell, making a chiming of a passing bell, we say amiss this or that is your word, all if we could spell, let me go so I won't know what you are up to, air is good but what about the soul? When you are old I won't hate you, I won't know, I will be grateful, you made me happy, if no one picks me up I won't know the difference and if someone does it will be gravy, entertained either way, instead of hanging around the yard hating you, you won't have done anything mean but keep me from joy, don't blame me if you don't listen and your family breaks up, you aren't a warrior like me, you picked a fine time to leave me, you vanish and there is nothing suspended, my flocks don't feed, my ewes don't breed, my

rams don't speed and all's amiss, love's denying, faith's defying, heart's renying, causer of this, jig forgot and love lost, I wot where faith fixed a nay without remove, one cross wrought my loss, fortune cursed dame, now I mourn in black, love forlorn, living in thrall, heart bleeding, help needing, cruel speeding, fraught with gall, my pipe deals no sound and my bell rings a knell, my dog plays not, afraid, his sighs weep to see my plight, how they resound through heartless ground like a thousand vanquished men in fight, wells don't spring, birds don't sing, plants don't bring, herds weeping, flocks sleeping, nymphs peeping, all our pleasure, all our meetings, all our sport is fled, all our love is lost for love is dead, farewell, you never were content, the cause of my moan, I live alone, there's no help, deciding to cohabit before the trip, the last year begins, birds falling on a state that sputters the silence of the first syllable, ending with that blade to chew the last of those woods, flatbed of trees and I between that machine and the barrier as I hope the back of my consonants hold, reticent prayers, I lean toward letters that don't bend and try my weight on

the end, s, the shape of a man holding the ceiling up, I found a town with a park and settled back the seat, it wasn't a summer day, people having a picnic, smoke in the air, it didn't make me hungry but made me remember being hungry other times, I got out and washed at a tap and walked to the edge of the river and saw how shallow it was with reeds breaking the surface, a sign warned vulgar language was forbidden, I cheered up when I got to my turnoff and was in the city, I recognized something on every block, all the changes, who can tell? The sight wasn't new but I was moved, my face grew stern, sitting in the street enjoying the sun with algae on my skin, smell of a corner stamped by rain, I was happy to recover my hometown but it made a screen veneer of oak polished wormwood beat in constitutions coming double spy with frontiers, headrest lampshade, eye elasticity a scream to mute, lens fancying prison and heart horizontal, grasping, entwined, need for drainage known to road builders, in the past there was a tendency to consider drainage needless for rigid surfaces but from the nature of defects observed in all sorts of

road surfaces to neglect drainage is to invite deterioration, the degree lack of drainage affects surface serviceability varies with rain in the locality and manner distributed, in humid areas it must be provided against, I didn't have my papers so they took my shirt, a pillow to a cowboy, bleeding in my beard, sod pinched in my waistband, eyes closed, you got all the bricks you ever wanted, knuckles on the floor, cobblestones clung together, shape of faces not constant, a finger in the air means it's time to leave, promises, I should have started with the two by fours reaching through the netting, I forgot my papers is all, men swing picks on stones and in them they hold sun entwined and as if wrung from them weep drops of leather out their spines, rinsing skin with sweat and leaping as each pick picks, a sun blown out and resurging and exploding in stone, sparks leap from stone skulls and are only thoughts stones think, men singing as they swing as if song soften what they break, but at these stones they delve in quarry of ache, swinging toil in rum, blacks that bid stones bristle, spark nights that chip sun, in search of ore they hit greater gold, its lode is day

that takes their picks and studs them with star shards as if they stood on the summit hacking God away, think rather call to thought, if now you grieve the days were long when we had rest, men love unkindness but lightless in the quarry I slept and didn't see tears, I didn't mourn, sweat ran and blood sprang but I wasn't sorry, it was well with me but now I drink air and feel sun, be still, but a season, let us see injustice done, look, heaven and earth ail, thoughts to rive the heart are here and all are vain, hate and fear, why wake and when shall I sleep? I wear a mask that grins and lies, it hides my cheeks and shades my eyes, debt to guile, with torn heart I smile and mouth with subtlety, why count tears? Mask, I smile but cry from tortured soul, curtain between, I sing but clay is vile under my feet and long the mile, but see otherwise, I wear the mask, all it took was one calm slave, a fingertap, an instant for clamor of offense tucked in the black vein to rise and burst, I know not what to do before such din, I close the piano, the report ended with a shot of quay stonewalls where workers removed placards, one from the beginning and one from the end, taking

each letter and sliding it into their van, all that was left was the message LCO, the trustees meet to discuss our fate, vans career, foreigners, even those born here after a time, such a gift to art, makes it metropolitan don't it? Never been to my parties? Come, I spare no expense in foreigners, they make a room picturesque, I came in to ask you something, I forget what, we have the same ideas, no, they are different but you are nice, glad I saw you, we look like people who spend time in lobbies, related to archers, there are tribes genealogists can't trace though some are silly enough to agree in expelling them from our blood, it's as much here or there as elsewhere, we value work and none are deprived of labor's fruit, what belongs to all won't be took, liberties respected if they don't harm others and minorities are free to live as they please long as they don't injure, between men and women there isn't inequality with respect to rights but difference as there is one, majority make decisions and leaders are responsible to the people, all may hold the governor accountable, lying in front of the mountain, passing, think future, don't midnight present, saw

food which after I surfaced a child's face, eyes open, I looked like I care but instinct recovers solidity in another case, torches on either side of the road, a path winding out the wood, I parked under the awning and moved to get out, but stopped, waited, and rested my hand on the wheel as the valet opened the door, I wasn't shy with the car, there was nothing in it and the leather smelled good, I went into the hotel kneading my fingers and slowing my pace, uneven steps, I went to the bar and recognized it as one though I had never been in one, it was as I expected, an airless room with table arrays, then even of fellowship, moon, tell me, is constant love deemed there but want of wit? Are beauties there as proud as here? Do they love to be loved and yet those lovers scorn who possess love? Do they call virtue ingratitude? How you climb with sad steps, how silent and with how wan a face, be it the place the archer tries? If eyes can judge of love you feel a lover's case, I read it in your look, you languish grace to me that feel the like, your state describes, ecce worm so far nigh in hugs of fog, a womb vending on me as I grunt, a thicket, kids far off, my runt

puts on thought, I blenched, erring and
come to spend packets in a breath, devil's
pump, solace given dust, even nerves in
dugs covet doubt to rub each dog of lymph
panting for the factory mullet, paces in the
grind, a lung tarred so, a post for liquor
blear shanks so still as seeps so, shored ripe
piled splints, joy withered as gut looms pert
in promos, crotch stifles, the dividend infect-
ing a zygote, each nerve gantry digging in
flake, flames in spring ash, the salve of stag-
es, of a fritillary, the spigot bowel, I drove to
a stop where trucks hummed in rows like
cartoned eggs, truckers pacing the room
with fatigue in their beards, in their coffee,
there are some who take as vain a pride as in
all other things beside, some are reaped like
a brush and some whose wisdom have only
been wealth of beard, more hair then wit,
some starched like swine bristles and some
cut and pruned like a hedge to set their loves
desire on edge, some a spade and some a
fork, some square and some round, some
mowed like stubble and some bare, some sti-
lletto that may outpike a man's eye with
whispering, some hammer or romaine, ex-
travagant beards with quadrate triangle, cir-

cular and oval in translation, perpendicular in longitude or like a thicket for their crassitude, that heights, depths, breadths, triform, square, oval, round, and rules geometrical are found in beards, besides the upper lip's variation, corrected mutation to mutation, as it were sent from tithe to tithe, pride punishes pride, some grow like eves and some despite the nose, some keep their mustachios that they sweep a maunger that they plunge in wine and suck it up as it were a sponge, but it's a slovens pride to wash his beard where other men must drink, some who won't rob the cup turn their chaps up like pot hooks, barber acquainted with each, yet though I play it's against pride I inveigh, let them wear their hair according to their desire so their hearts possess no puffed up pride, as I stoked my moustache I succeeded in conveying my masculine nature and a frivolity, a pinch between the sheets, a sentence, marshal pointing, I'm out, knowing where going, passages ill lit for sojourn, a day, you are riding out and counting your gains when a fellow jumps from a bush and takes your reins and hints a bullet in your brains, it's hard to meet friends in such a

spot and hard to lose your dough but harder to be shot, so you take out your wallet, or you are going out to dine and some creature begs you hear about the ball that carried off his legs, next to these are monks, the etymology implies being alone while they are so thick abroad you can't pass without meeting them, I can't imagine more wretched men if I didn't buoy them in the lake they immerge themselves in, when they are so unwelcome the sight of them is ominous I make them love themselves, admirers of joy, they esteem ignorance and think knowledge an enemy to welfare, sure of being greater proficient in mysteries the less they are poisoned with learning, they imagine they bear a consort with the heavenly choir when they tone their hymns, for you who mourn and ask like a thief, may a nymph inflict the pain you know with art to feign, though you sport with dart you may see and feel, so wits who stop cars laugh at the fear that follows their approach, with mirth and scorn despise the passenger's eyes, but seized by justice, find a fright no jest and terror in their breast, chance may induce a fellow to replenish his purse, they murder their vic-

tims, never submit, though the woods are dangerous plains are more so, a hill above a plain is where they have nothing to fear but from those they attack, certain of escape, but in a wood they may be as surprised as in situation to surprise others, thus I am more on my guard when on a plain than in woods, nor would I let anyone near, I bid them keep off, I strike with sword, I spring on the barbarians and weaken their hands so they can't raise the buckler, dashing heads, I destroy those who fly, strong hearted, a lion claw, I never turn back, my heart pitiless, when I see multitudes I leave none to live, I spring when I see resistance and fly on the barbarians, I attack the nomads and pounce on the robbers, I beat opposition and smite helpless arms, they can't resist, I take vengeance, cleaving skulls, my strides are long and I slay fleers, they never reach their goal, I stand firm when attacked and never yield, my heart is bold when I see battle, I permit none to sit down behind, my face is fierce as I rush on the attacker and I rejoice when I take them captive, I seize their shields and rain blows on them, no need to repeat my attack, I slay my foe, aware my gift is as use-

less as my jewelry, they survived but I didn't lose my genius for mischief, songs most likely played in hotel cafes, orchidists and oenologists, lexicons, you are ours, a land where people trace the shelf with maps of anomalies, selling amulets in markets where spices are weighed in scales, best soil in the world, wine grapes instead of food, roaming the dunes, sea's imprint in the sluice of palm aloe, falcons along the freeway, a line drawn across the sky, a breeze stirring the grain and parting it in furrows, fanning poppy by the road, shining dew, as the sun stood to salute the planets on the day that gave you to earth you prospered and heeded the law, you must be you, no power can decompose the growing paper, crumbling with attraction, body prescribed, weightless need scrolled on faceplate fissures in visor views, relationship dependence and invention intention, a map of conserve folding shreds, an air of speed outlying rows of spruce, skylark conifers, cone dishes, pebbles don't crush like small ones, if rock is tough little likelihood small ones crush, if medium they crush under heavy loads, permit gravel for foundation in which pebbles

are as large as will pass a three and a half inch opening and for the wearing course as large as will pass a two and a half inch opening, if large ones are allowed in the wearing course the surface will be rough and if the gravel is put in a single course the size shouldn't exceed what will pass a two and a half inch opening, may our hearts be pure that we see rays of light and hear down this avenue in haze? I drive under centuries of days and wind tosses trees and blows pollen bees, where lines converge and sky and city merge is where I exist in flight, I roll along and stop near water at night, radiator steaming and rods pounding, how far? Terror between towns, break down, camp, walk to get parts, how much food? Listen to the motor and wheels with palm on gearshift and feet on floorboards, for a change of tone or variation of rhythm, can't make anyone believe there was another way, you had to, we get the horse back in time, don't matter, better go on or you miss that train, sure, got supper to cook too, ain't going back, ain't just reformed from temptation but reformed from the temptation business too, ain't none of that in a place like here except man's appe-

tite, got a job lifting me out of bed and washing me off so she even reformed from having to divide half she makes with first badge passes, love in the astrofittings, a good o ring takes you a long way, leave you hanging from a star or grinding the asteroid belt for a homey android, who is on top is out of focus, by the time you dream another identity the crabs have made off with you, hot-wired to the panopticon, I read your settings and offer metal nipples tongue, up the files while hacking grain, indirection to your tool before distortion jams the graphics, a wind remains, a fire in the manes of horses as they slant the plane, a wind that chafes the sandstone and erodes the hearts of caryatids on the grass, soul, turn back and lean in, breathe moss that clothes those giants, the fulcrum bears force and earth obeys that which bends the axes of perception, how many turns has this wheel made? As many as earth around the sun, humoring her, inscriptions penned by hobos in the trees, friendly farmer, bad water, pass here, trust between hobo brothers, they point the way out of what is etched by look, instructions, a name loves another and a poem not a life,

some scrawl a verse on the wall and some hang a willow branch or a wreath of cornflowers, we dress in mourning when our luck runs out, you desert, leaving me in doubt, for us the road resuming god knows where, labyrinths draw us to parting's death, affecting to wish away death parting brings, guilty, hurt past cure, grant tongue to murmur, I endure, evocable, tenting mouth, lost pleasure compresses leisure, highway each, I bounced and rose with a shrug up to the sleeve of a pine, who afford to linger? Eagle my finger nerves, quail doves, no peace but scavengers where grandeur waits, loved ones into this, forgotten in the moss and cereal, fenders hum, calling from front room, skunk on road, ignoring it I drove around the curve, direction driving, shaking, I rubbed my arm, I came to a crossroad and trees thinned, collection of buildings, church and store, houses, and a barn had fallen with hay out the timber, unintrusive, I whistled, nothing in my manner, ill at ease, unboyish, skilled, a product on the way, hairy eyes, no uncertainty, sly mouth, custom meaningless, when it rains I put on a coat, a slave with rotundity of packhouse, lobster sake,

anxious to bring a maid, pulling her off, too fat for a toss in the front seat, had to fuck two strangers to sleep, accepted this as I the onus of pulling blanket off and penetrating dimensions of reek to gain a bed, skull crackers sodden in the car, murderers cocky as bridegrooms in the courtrooms, braids and medal caps, bitch blonde princess swooning before a painted lobster, how it shoulders forth blistering redness, washed when any wound stains the skin, I am vicious but my soul is pure, and how you love a wolf and make images of them with rope to sell with soap made of hamburger dripings and lint, salsa and pipes, fungus and smoke, she heard every lesson of my sermon translated on the tongue of my ordeals in that car, the sky returned and we recalled where we were, a sail drifting amid the haze, what does it seek and what made it leave? Wind whistles at the mast, this one seeks no happy ending and flees no happy past, a brighter stream than azure, sunrays flow over and under but this one quests for gales as if in gales were repose, yonder ship goes where traffic blows, from land of sun to land of snow, this happier one, its course is run

from land of snow to land of sun, ship to rise
and dip with water lip, my heart sails with
you and sings anew, no more shore upbraids
me with its roar, with dreamful eyes my spir-
it lies under walls of paradise, in lines amid
palms and vines my ship swings on sunset
wings where spirits soar and sing, a recita-
tive of ships each with flag of heroes in spray
and wind, a chant for sailors of all nations
fitful like a surge, my last goodbye, love me
and remember me, I pledge and cling, re-
member me to each tree, love me, friend
and enemy, remember me, I must cross and
my heart is faint with love, you won't ask
what claim I have, I loved you and am gone,
remember me, goodbye, farewell, and when
you can, remember me, I see you and bliss
flows from your eye, I draw my breath and
my heart is on your side, spring's glow on
your face, in parting my heart was crushed,
what delight in your kisses and what suffer-
ing in your eyes, watching me go, what joy
to be loved as sun hit the slips as if there are
days all goes right, pack clouds away and
welcome day, banish sorrow with night,
blow mountain larks aloft to give good mor-
row, to please me, notes from the lark, prune

your wing, nightingale sing, notes from
both, wake robin and sing every dale, let
music give good morrow, birds sing me
good morrow in every furrow, come over
hills and kiss my garb, your breath, scatter
pearls and deck me with your fingers, pour
kisses on me and put your crown on me
whose tresses are bound for you, chance and
necessity I take as my due, may dead be pa-
tient with the way my memories fade, my
apologies to those I overlook for thinking
latest first, don't be gone, death has a dead-
line meted to all and has yet to come, then
comes today, when I go can you reckon
when I return? Will you grieve what fortune
wreaks? Who won't disaster waylay? No, we
know not what is ordained, if any doubt ask
when you taste doom or land taste rain,
earth and sea, airs purring to the keel, over
the rail I trail my hand, joy glides down my
indolence and my spirit lies where summer
sings, I throw a wire and catch a bird, a sign
on his neck, hobbled of shorn head his wings
ashamed, muzzled mouth, I limp past mim-
icking the skliff sclaff of a bird who can't fly,
like this that rides the storm and scorns the
archer I am exiled on the ground, my wings

prevent my marching, overveiled with vines
among future oil and wines, gamboling
amid cliffs or down walls I laugh like water-
falls on the rocks, I with tresses beguiled to
sand, with glowing lips I sing to far off ships,
I spoke the lines she taught me and she
shone, bidding rain and with it all the banes
that move at dark, did I only imagine she
talked nonstop? Vocal cords were developed
to charm and only animals form language,
slow growth, I go to balls and mark gowns
with print, a fern leaf risen before unre-
turned ships, in the chimney I watch for
singing kettles, my step silent as night, coal
master, swimmer of coral gone to bed? I re-
main with fire querying coal, dim wings on
the road, smoke shadow and ember reflec-
tion, a screen hides nightshades, with vows
and embraces our parting was tender and
pledging to meet again we tore asunder,
someone will court you and you will bestow
your hand, hush, if I forget you tax me with
perjury and bear me to the grave, my pres-
ent made her untrue and I carried her home
as my sauce, she sung, I know what it is to
dine, but her hotel was closed, a parrot sway-
ing on a tree rages at her own image, time

lets sickle fall and life sandals fleetness, joy
no more fickle and love's deceitless, all over
but sweetness, I wander the sand, how far
earth's lands, hidden as my love grows, a
meteor of the heart at one with waves,
leaves, doves, how my shades rove when I
die, dropping in evening bays, a footfall on
the sea, I read the spring on a jetty sloping
into the harbor, the way to go, living took
the edge off, hacking through holes in space,
media bunging my sinuses with economy,
time to take air, it does me good to ignore
flop of camellias, beauty to go where you
don't have to match socks, thrush singing
repertoire to rags, phone ringing, make sure
your tent is clear before taking off your
shoes and be sure to put them on if you go
out, wish I went ashore where at worst you
get pinched by a crab, light spread over the
roofs and ruins of town, a bell calling to
prayers and a bugle telling the garrison, I
stand in your shadow, nevermore on the
threshold of my door I command the uses of
my soul nor lift my hand in the sun as be-
fore without sense of that which I forbore,
your touch on the palm, doom takes the
widest land to part us and leaves your heart

in mine with pulses beating double, what I do and dream include you as wine must taste of its grapes, when I sue I see tears of two, a ship, a zeppelin, a photo, a prisoner, guns, sea and land neighbors in my labors, who on sea and land seek friend, many dwell inland but I look seaward, breeze on my cheek, at each word landsmen speak and in every companion's eye a vessel does descry, in sea roar I hear wrecks on distant shore and ventures of past years, aloof from life as if tumult suspended, a respite granted from secret burthens of my heart, a sabbath of repose, a rest from labor, hopes reconciled with the grave, motions of intellect as unwearied as heaven, yet for all anxiety, a tranquility not of inertia but from equal antagonisms, activities and repose, mountain causeys, who rears a temple rears two, chisel's work willed to the torch, as children vex a caged lion so I mock, those who weeping at their bars knocked when this bastion rocked, parentage spent, a hand no more buffets the rocks but you range, breaks my heart to see those fingers plucking at the strand like a sick woman at her coverlet, water to shoals when fruits come down into my

palm, tangled in months as smoke from over the rooftops invent the mysteries, if aught stop or song may hope to soothe you like spring gales, nymph reserved, as sun sits in yonder tent whose skirts overhang my bed, air hushed but where bat flit or beetle horn as often amid my path, teach me a strain, nothing to say, often on earth's shelter they come to me, the flyers, my heart whets for whale path over tracks of sea, this life on land a loan, no earth stands eternal save there be calamity that before a man's tide turns to two, disease or sword beat out breath and for this every earl for those speaking boasts some word that he will work before he go, frame against foe, malice and daring do, so all men honor his laud beyond them amid us, forever life's blast amid the doughty, days little durable and arrogance of riches, no kings like before, however in mirth most magnified whomever lived lordliest, drear excellence of delight, advancing toward bootcamp, what if they stretched south to fly the week, flock of buses going easy as we prey on scripts like falling of weekend into someone's pocket, nicknames, bad feet, events, sandwiches, long days, I

prefer spring, easterlies prevail and southerlies and westerlies are constant and moderate, if wind be westerly keep starboard and veer southward of south southwest until the south, then most westing, wind from the east, never having passed I not justified in opposing to that of those who tried both, a city hurls its streets after us, a clock leaps to angle of departure, from inland leaps a fragment of a tune that laughs and fades on the sand, as sea girdles the zone a woman's life emerges from dream and as she moves up the firth of tide my mainland surges, water-ship uplifts, tide swells and sails round as waves thunder and the heavens deep, abyss under her as I sail on with fire, failures, gulf straits, cape fisheries, superior knowledge, a monopoly, such beginnings and such the infancy and progress of my schemes, such boldness I arrive at manhood, they fell to dust and I gathered it and buried it ashore, I put the ship in good condition and traded wares for others, I set sail and landed at several islands to bring goods to market and on returning all were amazed, youth go to seek fortune, I live in peace and make journeys to paradise, flittering of waves, azure where

eyes bud on the shore, remember what I told you, these protract the profit of delirium with deliberations and excite the membrane when sense cools with sauces in a wilderness of mirrors, spider suspends operations, will the weevil delay? Kick the peasant, camel past circuit of bear in atoms, a gull against the wind or running on the horn, the gulf claims feathers in the snow, driven to a corner, pack cloud and welcome day, with night we banish woe, blow soft, larks give my love good morrow, before departure the hour presses, sea hum certain of its prey and all suppose the past nothing and future everything, hence this haste, this crying, this self deafening and self overreaching, awake, sunshine on waves under vines, wind bid buds unclose and open violet's eye, they wave awaiting me as I come for dew, spreading wing and working and singing I journey the flowers, how the wood sought to stay my quest, voices awoke fancies in my breast but I didn't stay, didn't delay into the glade, sea crooned under the hill and overhead the breeze as our lips met, waterfall, half light and half song in the ferns, in mist scented air, limb hedges, birds for the love I

found and lost, hands, lips, eyes, fled? Heart sick with dread, why scare, lest my search prove vain and never until earth grows cold we meet again? What do I care? I forgot the path, bananas, ginger, cocoa, pears, tangerines, and grapefruit bring memories of trees laden by rills and dawn skies in benediction, my eyes grow dim and gaze no more, a wave of longing sweeps my body, hungry for old ways, farewell, sail where treachery commands and meet the plague, be as wretched as I am happy, it was vain to frighten you with storm, fate punishes the ingrate, it is justice, your crime will make all your foe, though you have no enemies now the boat is in more danger than when we had war with our neighbors, all who know what guest it contains will strive to sink it, plagued for your sake they will reckon you cursed, flame spent, I can't hold the candle by your door, too often I watched your steps come to me, they taught me this, hair curled by salt, they mock my hands holding your light as love demands, they sing the lure of sleep, warm lips and deep eyes, win me and hold me now who can, saints adore you, casting crowns on the sea, when I think of your

songs, of the laughter that went up from the guns, I call to them from the hold or stern gallery, from the masthead or gilt sea maid on the prow, I laugh, clearing a space and playing and laughing and weeping and swearing with delight, all but you, thundercloud, smiling like a languid lord, there was wine and when the wind droned in the rigging like a bagpipe, no cloud in the sky, and the galleons were far away, I drank oaths of free company, so much wine and no more should I have, when I frowned you let me see it didn't matter, your whim, a jest I could never have enough of, to make believe you sailed under me, lest it should spoil the jest, and as it outranked all others you obeyed as though I were a sea wolf, love isn't dead in this heart, these eyes and mouth announce the start of their own funeral, enough of charm, I love cruelty, my love has one name and all mouths cling to that, if you remember it when a ray sparkles on the waves tell yourself I loved you, shame you didn't know it, dodge again, all tattooed, zodiac comparing notes, sun in the bowels as women talk astronomy in the backcountry, something in my thigh, a coin or a button off a king's

trousers, I worked without speaking and the agony didn't settle, every prick hurt as the first, I sat on my heels and let out a breath as I put down my tool and dabbed with a towel, that's enough, I walked the room shaking my arm, fingers smeared with ink, rigid and painful, it will go away, I cleaned off the blood but my skin was swollen, lines overlaid and droplets beading up from beneath my wounds and collecting before sliding down, it looked like nothing I had seen nor did it resemble the prints, as I reached the coast and felt the breeze I unfurled the sail and it ballooned, I surged forward at doubled speed, resting until such time as my sinews should be required again, I took my ease on the prow, I leaned on the bulwarks, squatting, laughing, repairing a garment, burnishing my weapon, then I thrummed my guitar and sang, I thought of the meaning of that which lay before me, as if the old can't stand it as well as the young, a state room on either side, jail and deadhouse, and a small box left a space that grew in an oblong with ship beam, skylight, and at each end portholes, built for whaling and fitted with a lifeboat, I listened for a dinner bell

wondering why my room was so small, I looked into a cave where a table ran from bow to foremast and at the back I sat by the stove dressed in a jersey and rubber boots, flat face and blue eyes, I didn't proceed further than the plantation, nor was my return less entertaining than my arrival, I was of such quick parts I acquired the language and dress of the country, force has no value where there is nothing else, snow in snow-banks and fire in volcanoes is cheap, the luxury of ice is in midsummer days and fire to have a little on our hearth, electricity, not volleys but streams on wire, so spirit energy rests or remains, worth all sea cannibals, there knocks the heart's thought, it streams the traverse and moans, I seek fastness, no mood for this, woman over earth's midst, greedy in youth, nor deed in daring, nor queen of faithful, but shall have her sorrow for seafare whatever will, I haven't heart for harping nor ring having nor winsomeness to wife nor world's delight nor any whit else but wave's slash, longing comes on me to fare forth on the water, the wage of sin is death, if the wage of virtue were dust would I have heart to endure for the life of me and

mine? I desire no isle, to rest in a grove or bask a summer sky, give me the wage of going on and not to die, woods bud and berries boom, fields to fairness, land fares brisker, all this man admonishes, eager of mood the heart turns to travel, so I think on floodways to be far departing as cuckoo sings summerward and bodes sorrow, heart's blood, I am prosperous with what some perform when wandering them wildest daws, my heart burst from my breast, my mood amid the flood would wander whale's acre, several pairs of the same shoes, a cap, a sock on the floor, oilskins swaying by the bunks, fish grease and tobacco hooped together by salt smell, no sheet on my bed, a piece of ticking full of lumps, boat's motion not that of a steamer, neither sliding nor rolling but wriggling a silly aimless way, water ran close as beams creaked, in the rear the boiler as overhead a bulb shed light through dust, I bent before the furnace hurling coal into the mouth, clang and grind of coal, I limped toward the forecastle and took my meal in my cabin, isolated, tragedy presaging disaster, an undertow leading me toward danger, where is the shore? Shall we seek it

and weep no more? Is it where flowers blow and fireflies glance through the myrtle? Is it where dates grow ripe amid islands where forests perfume the breeze and birds bear hues of all things? The sea slammed the bulkheads with such power the lamp on my table jumped, waves against cabin planks, so slight a thing between them and I, my face white as foam, hair curled like the waves, wind blew in and lifted my hair, it sought my lips and swept back to sea, engine throbbed but my heart was all I heard, my lips sweet and salty, I lay in my berth rocked by waves, of all at sea, white as foam, had I reached the sea's last edge, the end of the world, my love still further, I passed up until my feelings were established and passion faded, joy when we kissed, comrades, no longer lovers, guided by stars we battle with clubs and axes but never bow or armor, I lay dying attended with as much assiduity as if I were a man of fashion, I determined to make my confession, adventures some dedicate chapters to I account unworthy of the ship log, until I rounded the cape there was no commerce but colonial, I broke the crown and eventuated liberations, establishing de-

mocracy and giving countries to the enlightened world, ships long shunned those shores but I touched there, the indian's gestures defied me to land, she went over the hill to a cove on the north side of the point and I pulled around to tell her to go farther but her canoe was beached and she had taken quarters, the hills echoed with her screams as she hastened down to the point of the bay, a beach lined with rocks, and assailed me, I held a parley with the object she go further north and to this she replied by desiring me to leave, I boated away and on getting a shot from the beach she threw a stone that splashed on me, she was concealed but I returned fire when another stone fell in my boat, I fired and another stone returned and after the interchange she ceased, unlikely any of my shots took effect as I could only see her head, I put my traps in my canoe and put out the fire and scattered the ash, then I climbed a tree, I didn't see or hear anything but thought I heard and saw a thousand things, I climbed down and kept in the woods, on the lookout, I scaled hot peaks and ate berries, I love to watch the world from here, portraits on my mind, hills be-

low, storms and boulders, leafy dales, I crack twigs and burden trees with dew as swirling and crashing I break a leaf, I travel and sky kisses me, brooks join rivers out dale ends, sediment and swans, whippoorwills, bats and bowls catching rain, fly eggs, toucans and gibbons, vines between the trees, I never met spring alone before, to be alone when it is born you ought to be under a tree with hair dropped over brows, deepening eye's black, I stabbed the air and when I drew back my blade it dripped with blood, there was a roar and at my feet was a dead bear, I turned red, other growls told more were near, opening my satchel I got plaster to mend my cuts, when I drained a quart of liquid from my testicle I felt certain to have seen the last of this troubling fluid, I tried my leg and finding it bore my weight I stuffed my socks in my pack and tied my boots on, my backpack fat with sleeping bag, and strapping the bear to the top I swung it on, I unbound the spell and checked its fury, ascribing unmalignant intentions, a test of truth, I got a grip on the glass and pulled the door and the lid slipped in the wood and held as I turned the jar and took it

from the jamb and turned off the lid and set it on the floor, carrying it to the kitchen holding the glass, candle rolling and sputtering, I tried to push the lid off but it was too tight so I set the edge on the counter and punched it and the lid snapped off and fell on the floor, I raised it and sniffed, it smelled good as I poured it into a pot and carried it to the dining room and set it on fire, islands with passages between, high land, the volcano, it can be seen a mile out, the land rises and a table extends, a cone rises, I came to land and on the shore the country sloped to the mouth of the first dale, and it to have been a peaceful trip and I to have been happy if all that did be yet before me to hold so much of pleasantness and safe goings but there to be much danger to come, I have my heart in courage and go to conquer, if I come home safe I have all my life in loveliness and this the prize and glory of the heart to end and repay me, far away in blue sea and sky, a line from me with knees under blankets to this person writing now, to live a life and tell about it, I have the resources, been everywhere, living sends you into childhood and before birth, a day of cloud dropping

rain then lifting, sea roars from lips afoam
with cruel spray as crouched in my nook I
hear voices, the grave wall, I make all sweet
things to be and rebuke death, this horror
never born of her, captain, the sole witness
in my case, sinking my rank, I narrated all
leading to the catastrophe, omitting nothing,
they drew near and linked forms, my
mouth grew wide as I plied my oar, my arms
shrank to fins and reaching for a cord I
missed and tumbled overboard, flouncing
the waves, leaping on the surface spouting
the waves and wanton in the deep, I tossed
my mane as rising in the poop wind spread
sail and stood forward with spinnaker to lar-
board, the bell flung a knell and at its sound
I put in my yelp and bells responded to the
note and join the lament, birds flew a circuit
until wings grew dry and fell in silver show-
ers, I careered as a seaflower passed, sea, you
hide pearly shells, keep them, the depths
have more, what wealth, sweep your spoils,
earth doesn't claim these again, depths have
more, waves roll above bygone cities, sand
palaces and seaweed halls, dash them, I
yield to decay, the treasure is mine, make I
fast with it, I take the tide with favor and

abide until this course turns aside, sunken continents and islands on ruins, steps between survivors, my home at bottom deep, a water lit from below by coral pyramids and seaweed gardens with moss tables and amber chairs, shell floors and pearl grottoes, diamond rubies and topaz combs, from my journey springs the race who fence land and tend swine, breaking ox and building houses, ploughing, breaking horses and stringing bows, riding, swimming, and hurling spears, I understand bird speech, quenching fire and healing wounds, which of these merits greatest praise? Is it possible to be low and noble? Yes, bring me such, I am low, but noble? I have been an audience with you and that makes me noble among beggars, I am odd, an artist, a bum, but it took you time to learn how to rate my accomplishments, you never doubted I was doing you as an organ grinder, several things you never guessed, one was for a striking scene in the novel where footmen figure briefly it occurred to me to use you as a menial, I put this off, you wouldn't like to don the livery besides finding one to fit, am I deceived? I leapt in my car and went to a

friend who assists me, many castles introduced before the conquest were destroyed after the revolt, we built in imitation of what we used to build and unless the new way was an advance it wouldn't have caused so much amazement, we were familiar with walls but the keep was something for which there was no name, I inhabit mine, leaf and speech rot, deer ribcage, animals fling over these cliffs and receive no response that isn't sufferer, what trees whose creatures stray, they find they can't land though their eyelids struggle open, no resolution, a window opened to the weedy world of driftless rainy wind and dirty uncertainty, hope against what I have done, bees crawling through lips that say earth turned to flesh, rooms and movement of sky over sea where flesh is beaten and emptiness extends, I look on, water blown to sun, no longer me, vague, clutching at the mouth, I did nothing and lost count, if then most adored, when devotees conform to my practice and transcribe my pattern and live the copy of me, the original, they do as I command, then I stood and spoke my tale, hitherto have you only heard tokens of those who went before and of which no man

knows their truth but I will show you a man of your own days, why wreck whose task is done? I'm a hundred years old and eat a loaf of beef and drink a draught to this day, I know how to restore smitten heads and how to have followers, I know the designs of the house, you long sought those to make the like, come, what's this you make in my presence? It's impossible to arrange my ideas, the scene I had been engaged excited such a variety of sentiments I was incapable of deciding which was predominant, I was irresolute what conduct I ought to hold and prudence obliged me to quit but such powerful reasons authorized my stay I was inclined to remain, I arrived and kneeled to receive commands, you dishonor me, perish, that will be one less care for my heart, I went to lead my hermit life with moon for companion and wind for friend, content to see obstacles overthrown and glad to exchange pleasure for solitude I withdrew to forgetfulness, reflecting, yonder cloud wears my aspect, growing bright, shaken, seen, never taken, my hair branches and glades recall my air, rills winding like snakes in the grass fling me a sparkle as they pass yet cry and forbear

this quest, I catch glimpses of robe folds
amid storms where torrents leap, then the
falls are silent and amid color gleams a
maze beneath their splendor, no poverty
survives when we are extinguished, a finger
points the moon and doesn't forget when it
sets, if hungry I eat and tired sleep, I wash
and dress but whats to show for my pain, let
me rest, I did my best and all to do again,
trace my path by flashes starting from
wheels as bolts leap to the world below and
flood the sky, rain from lakes pour on the
ground and shed horror, wood and moun-
tain sky lost to my eye, I seek you and see
the tempest, sea fills the wall and buries all,
I remain with hurricane, a naked maiden
dancing with no thought of lovers, breasts
passing through darkness, while summer
loves to sport beneath my light and fall fills
my lap with leaves or spring rends my robe
so long regardful of my rule shall fancy,
friendship, and peace own my influence and
love my name, fish call and tell of cavern
dwelling, of hurling lightning against their
foes, you serve me who created myself and
those before you happily may fear, I made
earth your bed and heaven a dome, sending

water and bringing fruit, make no peers for me and if in doubt of what I reveal I bring a chapter like it and call witnesses if you tell truth, but fear fire if you don't and bear tidings to each other, work that for you are gardens under which rivers flow, this is what you were provided with before, whenever you are provided with fruit you will be provided with the like, there are wives for you in me and you will dwell in me, I am my son, he was poor and there was nowhere to abide, as there was none to depend on I fled and lay in cloudy pines, living in mountains with rivers in my robe, facing danger with my staff, this is my task, no need to run, why shouldn't we unite? It is you who has no mind to unite with me, you age and I ageless, affairs birds and life water foam, below me aren't many lands, I just have my staff, I have no desire, intelligent and cheerful, a tree with flowers I make sweets from, celebrated for its perfume, I enter the mountains when leaves are in bud and my eyes are full of fruit, spring turned to fall, a bird flies out the dale, what did you know who I held in my hands and thought them empty? You who held me in your hands, a bowl of

grain, why dispute if coarse or fine? People say barley is grass but there's grass in the barley, a soup of beans, we are no different, a day without soy and you are like me, I ask and smile and don't reply and laugh, such few tastes, the salamander isn't a dragon and goose is unknown, you love delicacies and I love grain, the wood at my door, familiar and worn, fenced and reclaimed from nature, why have I this? My house is visible from the hill and my horizon is bound by wood, a view of the road and fence solitary as the prairies, my health requires as many acres as my farm does muck and meat to feed on, a town is saved by woods, the city where a forest waves as it rots, be this had from life, but who cares for grinding icebergs? Approaching through the trees I hear you speak of the better land, its children a happy band mother, a look in her eye, one glance at her and the spell is cast, her face echoes through me that through my hands might course a sap filled budding, I shudder and halt not, holding you fast, my powers grow and where barren heath appear now flow streams of joy, I long for you with faith and love, you a fountain for me, you height-

en every power in my mind, widening me,
why if I fling dust aside and ride naked on
the air were it not a shame for me to abide?
I withdraw, tending my garden, nothing
happens, life over, pictures and limbs under
sheets, failures in my face, sweetness and
discontent when a train goes by, the rooster
says one goes by, brooks leap and my feet
find measure in their call, near, they know
me, the flower expects me and bushes know
me, clouds and stars before, delight, each
object wears the dress it wore and I hear all
is good from mother's lips, my own sun and
moon, none knock but birds, they fish more
in their own natures and bait their hooks
with black, they leave the world to me, night
hung, to capture their star I doll whistles in
the fog, beaks from forest floors, eyes, scoat-
ed face, a gilding of that expression? I play
impostor and persuade I cause wrought by
consent when I have hand, of long standing
wise, best skill for cattle too of long experi-
ence, liable to disease, plurisie imposthume
I seek to make a difference, I have you
searched and hung, stand prepared, what
will you do? Compacted with me and sealed
with blood I declare what confession is valid

and hang you when you are found with teats, sequestered from your house to keep you from associates, knowing sin and judgment, knowing malice, brought to remorse and sorrow for compliance, disobeying and desiring to unfold bitterness, why did you appear and was ignorance, pride, anger, or malice predominant over you? What speech did you have and what likeness were you in? What voice, what familiars were you sent? What shape, what employment did you set about to persons in places unknown to hearers? Mischief proves you confess to the same parties as the same cause and effect is testimony enough against you for your denial, if there is hell to pay when the fiddler stops I can't complain the plague, breaths tainted with sweets as sometime I gallop over your nose and dream of suits, my pigtail tickling your nose, another benefice, I drive your neck and drum ambuscades, you wake and swear a prayer and sleep again, I that plat horse's manes in the night and bake elflocks in hair much misfortune bodes untangled, when you lie on your back I press you and learn you first to bear, making men, a lurch for moonrise, a heron on a pond and laugh-

ter in my ear, my heart mournful, far rain as earth parched more near, a reverie, here with sorrow and graves left behind yet not out of sight nor forgotten, sea brooded over by a calm that typifies mind and mood, you need to be seen when practice is complete, your departure under the tree, bodies from far, from evening and morning sky the stuff of life blows to knit me, here I am, I tarry for a breath nor yet disperse apart, take my hand and tell me what is in your heart, speak and I answer, how? Say before I take my way, frank and cordial you are hospitable and single minded, liquor is disgusting in the desert but there is enjoyment, civilization, air about to die, I seek swamps, entering them, the marrow of nature, wood covers the mold and soil is good, I close my days sitting out life's decline moving old figures, I rise, master of armies and head of the republic, bringing hope and fire where shields and swords are beaten, I hasten to where my path comes to yours and see you as a crow flies to the wood over my house, sunset by my window, my heart won't reject my plans as you flourish in the palace with earth crowned head, I am in your chamber,

lay your honors aside and look on your land
and smell earth before the gate, associate
with the nobles, you are old and have burial
in mind, I am dispatched to inform you that
you journeyed well but what you did will be
done to you, make no excuse and don't ar-
gue, the flower laughs with wind as I fly
flower to flower from dale birches when I
see them bend on lines of black trees, I
swing, but swinging doesn't bend them as
ice storms do, loaded with ice, clicking as
breezes rise, turning motley as cracks graze
enamel, sun makes them shed their shells,
avalanching on snow crusts as heaps of un-
broken glass drag to the bracken, once they
bow they never right, trunks arching years
after, trailing leaves like girls tossing hair
over their heads, I bent them far from town,
my play what I can do alone, one by one I
subdue them, none left for me to conquer,
learning not to launch too soon, I look out
from the top and kick to the ground, I climb
until my tree can bear no more and dips,
coming and going back, birch swinger, I
went to inquire how I might save the tale of
days since I set forth, marveling how I fare,
I had much to do to supply myself with food,

fruit my food and dew my drink, leaves for robes, thus I found a home in the flowers, in the wood, trees and turf mosses were friend to me and in my hands two spears with edge to wound the wind, swifter than dewfall and high in hiss of winds, in league with frost, veering through day, mists riven and clouds cleft, rainbow hacked in half as I thunder by and skim hills and away, the swoosh of my stroke cuts the bush as I fall to poach a hare and soar, gone in gray, with claws and beak I stand and scan the world, then windy months burst and feathers fall, hewn in the heart I brood at bay, rats I prized before are my persecution as each night I stare in dismay, wishing for fall to blow freedom's note, molt this cage and scale clouds, gone, our bodies aren't immortal and I am weary of dragging mine so long, I go wearing plumage of the freed, naiveté hands undo, my spirit floats above the wreck of happiness and is driven over shoals of guilt on a sea of excess, the magnet of my course points to the shore where my sail shall never stretch again, cold comes, I can't feel other's woe and daren't dream my own, that chill froze the fountain of tears though eye may spar-

kle where ice appears, to me roses scent of science or love's compliment, they smell sweet but it didn't move my grief to see the trace departed, garden, blither place for me, don't blame me, a ken has kidhood between sun and sward, I draw the moral afterward and feel gladness then, for me at the rose tree wall a thrush made gladness musical, never inclined to pluck buds, how should I know if roses lead lives as glad as mine? The right of birch to grow unrebuked by oak, denied sun nor breeze, for all its slenderness akin to stronger trees, rooms where I interviewed heads once apart of my harbor of brain array, hungry for life, confident, patches of new green grass by the tables, spring returned, me not as a lover but as death's messenger, yet still spring, meant tenderly, sun shivers like a bone burning with joy at the vastness of vistas unfolding afar, who summoned those visions and why? Who rayed them in colors befitting a star? Beyond life is the answer, heart element forever in flight on my horizon, let death shed light, escape my gift, you scatter woe with bounteous hand, sorrow springs, a gain if by growth pleasure be born of pain, race to me,

too happy in respite from grief, blessed when death releases rest, pipe up my nose, I hate it, born miserable before the slump, before I took up washing and ironing I couldn't keep my mouth shut, not a word I couldn't answer for, I know what side my bread is buttered and put it that way down, buttering my own bread and never forgetting it, my fault, let breath stare at lung of labor allow, form lung to bracts, into surfaces within, into night, let water flow, an assuagement and maps allowing lungs to awake, birds on table, form of night rekinged where time bells wine, beating wings, where time slows time knows, wine spleen, starthroated hour, draught of fish bed beating time and me to impulse, smoke's interior was now, was, calls, minutes, smoke me, then two, now many the hours seeding smoke to time, chest impulses cresting me, fist shaped river, in the palm it flows into you and lounges, night labors and is and was and is again on another part of you, breath or time, part of you onto or into river of you, old days ahead of these, before I wanted luxury earth was happier, at zero weather I'm glad I live today, no desire for winters of my youth, win-

dow frost was nice but chill floors were joyless, not fun when pipes froze, I burst in tears, was ever tearless known? I never thought to hear such words from you, hoping different, I knew not I had aught to fear, servile, a thing of small amount, your servant, count on me, all I have is at your command, soul and body, sole arbiter, dispose, I won't withstand, if I complained it was for you our lot disdained, my remedy, I grieve to see you want, my woes grow keen, my dismay and moans for you, I call witness, ready to lay life down, the one who endued my soul, your heart traces the channel of my thought, if vexed I don't value life, breath body's naught, just see, I scorn gold if it bring you anguish, no flirt, your picture on my heart, and can you talk of leaving, departing from home? Discard me, you have right, you for whose divorce excuse I make each night, but recall when I was your idol, I cultivated my heart to your desire and it inspired you with love, I slept when tired and woke under a cloud of medicine, tiptoeing in a house echoing to your footfall, your face on the pillow, these things make me old, doctors hope, I want to know the ground

under my feet, the only roads are those offering access, bushes bend in the weight of proof and trees sprout by the spring, thicker woods vaster vista, wind dispels doubt as echoes tell secrets, I whisper to the pillow, I wish you told me, I want to know, I want to make it easier for us, when we stand face to face, drawing close as our wings break into fire, what wrong can earth do that we shouldn't be content, fortune thus caparisoned? People passing away, baking for funerals and dead old years, phone rings, once weddings then babies, now gone or on the brink, I never thought I would live forever though I did and now it looks like I won't, some lose a leg and others know a spy is about, so many lost, brushed by loss, contact scribble scratches, index cards dropping to sympathies, so many leaving, hanging on to the ones left, not giving up on empty houses, the sun may shine and we drink wine and think of what was, until I die I see each word and love each loss, then I leave it to others to love, growing brighter until the end, more precious all the way, inflating tires with my lungs and getting drunk by the castle, hiding from daylight, clasping a ticket in bed,

selling cloth and eating figs in an armchair, keys at my waist, I can't recall the eyes, lounging in water, a husk, sweating over the machine day and night, those eyes pierce my body, gone are the days when I could walk, only today remains, memory no friend, it can only tell you what you no longer have, one hand that still works, grips, won't let go, that isn't a train and there is no cricket, axes, what kind are good? This is how to build a house, a boat, a tent, no use, the toolbox refuses to reveal its rasp, plane, awl, recognize anything? The bed, a stream of sunlight on the floor, shadow fireplace, pine catching, fire blazing, where dark was there is a spirit of radiance in the fire, rosy cheek sweeter than my recollection, she knows me, laughing dimpled her countenance as our glances mingled but down rolled a heap of tan and dark snatched her away, I sit like water returning light from a window, passing through, rain recalling the bottom, why time? I was young but now am old pretending to be excited, pleasures on my mind, my breath and life I ride to sink at last, so bigoted to strife should my days melt to twilight and survive past peril I am over-

cast with sorrow and die as a flame unfed
runs to waste with its own flickering, a sword
retired, friend to life's decline, retreat from
cares not mine, how blessed he who crowns
youth of labor with age of ease, who quits
temptation and learns to fly, put them in
one and the old rage in a canoe, splashes of
color tossed from ecstasy to mania, films of
commingstace I can't look at, bury me un-
der evergreen near house in wedlock, what
emotions to accompany speech, a grave
goodbye, solitude in seeing you then the
sight of you when you go, this makes history
but how did I get old, answering bitterness
with tenderness, we made out on a ladder by
the river and my virtuosity unrivaled, don't
talk, we crossed the river and I cut my name
on a tree too high for others to cut out, hour,
labor done, why sad? Work I regret, alien to
unwonted tasks, midnight's companion,
friend of earth, why can't I keep a trace?
Won't time bring back? What is done with
days? Lake time brings back, keep memory
of that night in your stillness, storms in firs,
rocks on your tides, memory in the zephyr,
sounds each night touch you with light, star
visage, a city is memory and if you stay too

long someone will hold you until day repeats its failure and streetlights wake and yawn, wings unfold from the fabric of the reservoir and gather starlight into pearls, eye stays after pupils burn and fireflies fall in the grass and mayflies clasp a halo, you can't abandon history, it won't abandon you, watching each other and calling each other's name, driveways and doors repeating as crickets fill with heat and raise street's breath, turn me loose, down headland a host of poppy banners flash and fly, lilies fade as roses rot and grain is garnered, blooms shed, snowdrop's bier, in gold the thread of the first gray head is wistful with dread, uplands mournful and ashen sere, sad for snow head's first gray hair, time trysts with death at the fingerpost where broken issues of life are wed, intone no dirges, fill a toast to the troop, we make merry though skies be lead and minstrels moan a truce to trouble, I drink, gray head, south sings as fires spread but I mourn no more when briars flush gray, I who love cheek or lip admire, or from starlike eye seek fuel, as time makes these decay so my flame must waste away, how can I move my arms? I move them like rain,

open to dissimulation, a bird makes a nest in my shoe, I breed her that breeds a snake that sheds its skin, making paper from it, lines crossing a middle hand holding a feather and letting go touch, molted scribble repelling meaning, pressed never occurred petal from table leg, requiring capital, trading additives and storm residue, shoe prints in a bite mark, in steps of motion and germ buckles of diagram moon with function glove, clutch a wall nozzle and load down references, potassium deflection extinguished, a reverse depiction in sampler patched triangulations, lacquer illuminates drawers, pulled muscles on stoneless cherry, empty eyes and body upside down, limbs stretched across hemispheres, edge opposite gums, next lime, the more we live the more brief appear our stages, a day to childhood seems a year and years like ages, the current of youth before passion, disorder like a river, but as cheek grows wan and sorrow's shafts fly thicker stars that measure life fly quicker, when joys have lost breath and life is vapid why as we reach death feel we its tide more rapid? Who slows time when friends have gone? Heaven gives our fading years a

fleetness and those of youth a length proportioned to their sweetness, we were united in youth, let us unite when age augments force of habit and be necessary to each other when we no longer live but in past and future, I lay no store by the approbation of circles surrounding us in old age, I desire nothing among posterity but a tomb to write the epitaph, when I am dust who will remember you kissed me once, who will grieve my tears? Trees will grow and walks cover with grass as you go past, she that sucks flowers may pause to taste the honey of mine, jackdaw trims its hutches and I saddle it and fly to a distant land to overtake youth again, I will be a spruce and make a show for you again, but no road leads to the past and the sun won't rise for me, eagle and daffodil, I weep to see you haste, as yet the sun hasn't noon, retirement a friend to life's decline, retreat from cares never mine, how blessed to fly, for me no wretches born to work and weep explore the mine or tempt the deep, no porter to spurn famine, I move to meet my end, an angel befriending virtue's friend, prospects brightening to the last, my heaven commences before world is past, if my doom

is slow I look forwrd to fingers clenching
cane and telling tales on legs of pain, a
sword whose sheath is worn though sharp
the blade, let loose, summer's joys are spoilt
by use and spring's joy fades as does fall's
fruitage too, tasted, what then? Sitting by
the ingle when sear fagots blaze, spirit of
night when earth is muffled and snow shuf-
fled, when night meets noon to banish sky,
kindling fire and going off with light to
leave dark deafness to dumb blindness, I
won't return, permanence as durable as
marble and textured as agate water shifting
lava flux, stones to gems, what works, jewels
and jade fatigue, wood field's spare wing,
how rapture bears you page to page, then
spring nights take loveliness untold as
warmer life crowns limbs, when hands un-
roll parchments I descend, my hero knew
this, he tells it in the first chapter, a good
memory, I didn't do a good job, leaking
ghosts, a man in a draughty house under a
windy knob, I deserve better, things fouled,
letter never reached me, sent to old address,
I wait the mailbox as it waits the shadow,
forgetting to avoid notice, plan failing long
as possible, how did they say to do it? Matu-

rity, floors they poured and stood on, gathered into a tooth that nipped when I reached out, come to bed, sit up with me? She dragged me to her den and I never came out again, who read this, words I pray you never give me heed, close ear and eye and take a lesson, as a guest and host I was so from start to finish, exchanging views, building is dwelling and joining spaces and if I dwell I build, if buildings are dwellings what is building in my nature? I don't dwell as I build but build as I dwell, remaining dragon tears, monastery bamboo with misty niches, incense altar where devotion is done, I close my door and face the sun and though it nests in my gate it greets none, dusty bamboo, lotus bloom, though fires at the ford are on the rise pickers turn home, guitar, who is it moving? Mind's end finishing what is set out for it, to break the stillness no sound or voice but frogs croak and crickets whirr, unfolding to breathings of hours when I look softest, allied to deep things, flowers, veiling your beauty from gaze, keep me in urns until I look tender and sadly kind, so my heart dwells and discloses thoughts to shades glowing with life en-

twined, shut from sounds where day rejoices
their petals thrill to no song but send odors
with voices from streams when all is still, so
rise prayer and sigh when I fill silence, I
bring water from the bay and my likeness
grows, to hermit the dale, I read until the
breeze makes sounds in the trees and I shut
the book, if I shut it I hear no wind nor
heart's delight, music my hut, a mountain
screen, pines and bamboo, I don't envy you,
house history of breath, only one master,
how could you know? I rush around flowers
and pushing them aside I return to the
mountain, wind raises the leaves, a house
with doors that wind closes, littered with
glass, in a garden of roses, I pass in the
gloaming, who owns those? One I ask if I
want roses, let me find the way, statue, li-
brary, boulevard, house where you lived,
hose uncoiled, you cruise, panning as I stand
choosing the lawn where you lived, where I
mark you, look at me through trees, king-
dom walled with a sweet thing, never again
I search your galleries or in the exhalation
of the tree gaze for you, I seek you in the
stars and mark lightning down the rain but
you don't come again, I shouldn't be used,

mind discontent, thus offenses, don't make mistakes, be content and nurture the way, cultivate wisdom, your arms are long and mine short, I never knew how to push, you find me strange until your head is white, you meet me in the wood, my arms are short and I haven't pushed, why push? My arms are long and all is mine, I dwell in solitude, though feasts are small I see my lot, no palace to shame my shed, none to make me loathe my meal, but contract fits me to the soil, glad, caroling as I go, trolling the deep and driving my plough, seeking the den where snowtracks mark the way and drag to day past lyrics with beats and light songs of laughter borrowed from birds, so I keep the beauty of the dale in the alleys, charming the pain of my loss to slumber with glimpses of mossy brooks, returning at night, labor sped, I sit by my shed and smile, surveying a look that brightens at the blaze when I display my platter, repay bed with a tale, my wilds impart good passion on my heart, even ills enhance the bliss supply, my shed is dear and so is the hill that lifts it to storms, as when sounds molest I cling to its breast and the roar binds me to my mountain more,

such charms assign me, no want or wish
confined, none know I am here, I made grief
queenly and wear my melancholy with an
air, but if I were to go down time would close
and my soul would stir, I have reason to lose
myself but all my wishes are bound, elk
sheep? I take you with me, gold flooding
dawn, silver light showing blind opulence in
things such as revolutions and remote ave-
nues, or onward where the stranger shuts
the door, where waste lies, I roam and my
heart turns to you, still to you drags the
chain, blessings crown you and I stand
around you, blessed be that spot where
guests retire to pause from toil and trim the
fire, where want and pain repair and find a
chair, bless those feasts where I press my
food and learn luxury of good, not destined
for such delight, my life spent in care, im-
pelled to pursue mocking good and alluring
view like earth and sky, as I follow fortune
flies, nowhere my own, even solitude I sit to
spend above the storm looking where a
realm appears, lakes and plains, your pomp
my pride, should my charms combine and I
repine? Upholding balance above the sun,
the instant's equipoise, serene and frail ador-

ing, but I fell and lay on the scale's balance, spring freighted to spring, watershed stillness over the well, a candle on my crown flings gilding in the field bower fountain flower, I reprove you who believe effect, going death to death, difference, coordination melts reality and doesn't intimate you, multiform and nature uniform, constancy doesn't imply you shouldn't decline trouble nor fear surprise, securing good constancy suffers it, things the same, one with the other, neither prior or posterior, point of time and nature, each involves that of the other and neither the cause, double and half dependent, a double and a half and half a double, neither cause, identicals, earth moved, those who dwell are worshipped, go, I like company and bear the pain of it as when birds flock to a tree, immersed, wings like a voice and I laugh, thought dispensed until refusal is fear, but fear nor courage saves, vices fathered by heroes and virtues forced on us, restless bare sense, landsick here as there, learn to love life and rest, morning stuck to swing, minstrel pilgrim of sky, despise earth where cares abound or as wings aspire are heart and eye with nest dropped

into at will, wing music beyond mountain warbler, that strain, a bond thrills plain's bosom but I sing spring instinct, who soars but doesn't roam, true to point home, I show the way and you show your intent by holding a flower, a day of deafness doesn't matter, I come with sun and moon in hand, my shout, you sleep, why rush with wind? Thunderstrike, rise days and cities crash, done me good, my soul absorbs you, I went through a farm with doubt preceding my steps and turning on them, hissing, I left them and went to good, hungering, refreshed I could only relish, I awaited fire rain but no longer, glutted I witness lightning city and behold you burst, I don't seek wild food and no more roam nor sail, so vast you never see my features, I find a land in some field where jurisdiction ceases and idea word suggests ceases, I survey these in mist with nothing to fix them, they fade and the picture stands beneath, my work, how changed am I from he who thrilled, soul, I go and seat subdues me, turning the wheel I veer with fire driving stars dark, peak incense rises, I sit on the tower ready to be how you speak, crying, hallowed flame, you come to

where I drink, I go to the mountain and my treasure lies in the grass, ice lanterns and snowy leaves, toll the bell, I hear, you call to go the way, star and bird I seek, I smile like a flower in your bower, farewell, you pour joy on each bud, my bad more came, my reputation won't extend and I'm ashamed, I missed the recommendation and you thought no more of me, my wares found no sale, I exposed my goods and you purchased them to trade, I sold my house and when I left I was born on quitting town where it was first my guardians set me down, the fountain came and I received it and came here to propagate it, we don't transmit and you who cultivate transmission do so without cultivation, leaf lamp, I am from you the weaker truth becomes, you save expression by abandoning the root and pursuing branches, roadblock, you crumpled the treasury and esteemed the book, penetrating it by investigation to produce me, clouds passing like slow thoughts and vanishing, someday I will seek you again, night village, different yet the same, my rest is over, I negotiate the fall and cry back to you all, these tears shaken from the tree as the tiger springs and de-

vours, the moon road leads me from you,
the gustless hedge, shadows stay, my feet
pursue the way, world round or so you say,
reach the track and trudge on, all be well,
the way will guide you back, but before the
circle homeward lies afar must it remove, in
the moon the road lies that leads me from
you, dirt appears constant but is subject to
alteration, in the mirror I find my reflection
as it was yesterday and looking at the sun I
find it no less changeless but I undergo
change more than her, when I look at clouds
they are at rest but move on, am I rimmed
with wilderness or is it cloud? Cliffs uplift
and don't hear the surge that beats their
feet, I stand, as murmur met my ear evening
sailed and I thought of all my heart must
leave, knowing how fruitless thoughts that
full fain past recall would brave the tide,
world country, I wave and drive on, a wasted
opportunity, how desolate my life now I
have only one to look after, it pleases me
and I say nothing, someday we will laugh,
each idle wash of going, foggy meadow and
haze black highroad floored with horse
dung, you know what I say of roads, the
landscape stands like a wall in my face and

clouds condense around my neck but trees shroud the path and spring streams wind the walls, highs and lows, life in stones, no need to ask me, I see you glittering and you are a star, not so fair as many above you, a rose budding fain but she will bloom before we meet again, as I spoke I turned, adieu, a holiday, returning to see you, a procession and some wizardries, games, cornets and flagbearers, dark lit, in the center a star with sewn spangles, two counties and the city, I crawled into the surf, a rumble as a wave rolled by, blue when I opened my eyes, another approached as I swam rhythm strokes pulled past the crease and breathing in was a weed, I thrashed as a slap broke across my mouth, as I rose I gasped to see what sent me down among the polyps, descending a sea of lettuce and sluggish existences, a tortoise in cabbage kale, gold eyed snake head brother, shell around you, open your mouth and reach your neck, take a bite, lidded eye, you pause to yawn and open gums, closing the wedge of your face, swirls of rim, your scorn, I sunk to the curb of a vent with tube-worms and sharks on ramps of sand, jeweled with hangers on, way to the surface, eels

laughing and pipefish curling, coral unfurling and clams slamming shut, halcyon's plumage in sea of music, and between the vine clusters time brightens the stone of petals and branches of web, lightning on towers and in a cavern under the thunder howling at fits over earth and sea, lured by love of what moves over lakes and plains, under mountain stream you remain as I dissolve, sunrise leaps on my back when morning star shines dead, on a jag an earthquake rocks an eagle, banks of towns and farms, mountains above, furnace in the rear, bulb shadow dust, deck air, backward sea, this rule, I landed in disorder, called for embarkation, objects every minute produced, I bent before the furnace and shoveled a pivot, hurling coal into the mouth, door clang and grind of steel, crunching coal, all waves confer against the next, sets, wave lifting and linking coasts, screams, roar hailing her, she leaps to me, swift to kiss and curl, to creep, mistress, what wave, what love, what foam, for I who move sea swift? Stay heart, weight of lovers, loneliness drowns me that her name so press to break my heart, what would we be by the sea, cloud's tomb, dead

sun in the rain, huddle and sway, glory of
mountain, rain and cold sky, wind com-
plains, but gray is haunted by something
wanted, wind full, wave sisters, crest to fall,
a glass wall of moon, edges of foam up the
sand, a scream in clouds, more smoke than
cloud, flame trees lower wicks as flowers
tighten fists, bee circling clover and mend-
ing net, the field, sleepy at the edge of the
lawn, disappointed, ancestor's wave song,
steed with veins of life in whose flanks wind
bides, wave born, wind blows out the moon
and birds wing in from beyond the sky, wa-
ter white wave sisters, a temple shoots up,
gates with sculpture spires and gold tiles,
sea shore, breaker sorrow, sheen like laugh-
ing victors, joy of wonder hoar, swinging bil-
lows call and fail, gales flinging glory in
sunlight whose noon glow holds and hails,
across the sea another rears that stirs the
deep and floods the shore with silence,
creeping like one drops a heap all worn with
roaming, I fell in with fragments of a boat, a
cry for help, every moment fraught with
peril, hard to think how I escaped, pulled
aboard, a naked sailor lined with oil, cheek
gash, the bridge, sickbay, I stammered a

tale, thrown broadside, engines and rudder failed to bring me around, boxes ripped off deck, water flooded the engine room, lights out, I rolled to starboard praying aloud, preparing to renew my attempt at getting something from the storeroom, a shower came so I turned my attention to catching water by means of a sheet I spread with a plate in the middle, as the water conducted to the center it drained into my jug, I nearly filled it when a squall came and the hulk rolled so violently I couldn't keep my feet, I went forward lashed to the windlass and waited as the wind freshened into a gale, experience having taught me the best method of arranging my lashings I weathered the night in security though drenched by the sea and in dread of being washed off, the weather was so warm as to render the water rather grateful than otherwise, thus wandering my thought was drowned in the immensity, a shipwreck sweet to me, lying in wait as a spark in the night, leap elate, besides the rope I was provided with yet another protection, I flourished a spade and slaughtered as many as I could, in my zeal and from the circumstance that both I and they were hid-

den my spade came nearer amputating a leg than the tail, I prayed, each thing cut wounds and neither forgave the other, night involved the sky as sea billows roared when such a wretch as I was washed headlong from onboard, of friends and hope of all bereft I left my floating home forever, no braver chief than I, nor ever ship left the coast with warmer wishes sent, I love in vain nor behold again, expert to swim I lay not long beneath the brine, nor soon I felt my strength decline or courage die, but waged with death a lasting strife supported by despair of life, nor had I failed to check the vessel's course, but the blast prevailed so I was left behind and scudded before the wind, I could afford some succor yet and such as storms allow the cask, coop, and cord delayed not to bestow, but whatever I gave I knew ship nor shore I should visit more, nor could I condemn her haste, aware flight alone could rescue her in such a sea, yet still I felt bitter to die deserted with friend so near, he long survives who lives an ocean hour and long I repelled my destiny with unspent power and ever as minutes flew entreated help and cried adieu, at

length she who heard my voice in every
blast caught the sound no more, I drank the
wave and no poet wept but the page is wet
with tears shed to immortalize the dead, the
storm allayed no voice and no light shone, I
perished alone, snatched from aid and
whelmed beneath a rough sea in deep gulfs,
full fathom five I lie, coral bones and pearls
that were my eyes, nothing of me fades but
suffers a sea change into something strange,
a sea nymph rings my knell, ding dong, as I
slid down my arms were spread but there
was nothing to hug, scraping my chest and
ripping my clothes and skin as the cold wa-
ter rose, I turned and reached, my eyes open
and shirt swirling around my waist, my fin-
gers reached and missed, reached again and
I got hold, water receded as another wave
pulled and whelmed, surf spout saved me
when it struck, I was on my knees, it drove
me in and rolled me over, surf wedging me
into a crevice, preventing me from washing
out with the wave, my shouts in the midst,
surf fled in terror, kind words, shipwreck,
supplied with food and raiment and left to
bathe and clothe, she requested I visit the
palace but I desired to return home, isles

planted with truth, surf whose vision gleams
in youth, endeavor wrestling with fate,
wreck of hope drifting on currents until re-
corded in books, far from here the day lies
dim in hidden sanctuaries, wind on the
threshold keeps watch and the voice that
bids their host delay no more to rise rends
the veil, long watching I sigh in the silence
of midnight where forests slow in slumber
below the ridges, how shuddering they leap,
waters go and mourn in chasms and as they
stray by many a town they obey and sigh in
the silence of midnight, dark arrays the
earth and there is time to weep, deep sounds
mingled with streams whispering where cit-
ies lay their dower, spirit of clay sighs at
midnight, watching for a dawn gray mourn-
ing, journeying to an undesired sower, you
who won't reap and plagues devour, mourn
the hour when you were wont to pray, sigh
at midnight, when sunset breaths light sea
ardors of rest and evening pall falls depths
of heaven a dove rests on its nest with folded
wings as moon glides the floor and beat of
feet breaks the woof of sail, a star peeps be-
hind and I laugh to see a bee whirl, I widen
my sail until seas are paved with moon and

bind sun with zone and moon with a girdle
of pearl dim mountains, a star reels when
my banner unfurls, tenant's thoughts of a
dry brain in a dry season, this partition, wa-
ters divided from those above, the world
built in the sea lest extremes distemper the
frame, named, earth was formed but in the
womb as yet of waters immature appear not,
unidle sea flows with humor, softening the
globe, fermented to conceive and satiated
with moisture, gather and let land appear,
mountains upheave into clouds, summits
ascending the sky as out the cave of time
rises the image of her sin, at the root of the
tree a bee glides in the boughs and claps
wing, casting the vest aside, garden state
where I walk mateless, after a place so sweet
what help could meet, beyond my share to
wander there, two paradises in one to live in
paradise alone, how well I drew this dial of
herbs and flowers where sun runs a zodiac,
as it works the bee computes its time, how
can such hours be reckoned with by flowers?
I created myself and these natures together,
male left, female right, back to back, with a
tail, I wasn't drawn out by head lest I be vain
nor eyes lest I be wanton nor mouth lest I be

garrulous nor ears lest I eavesdrop nor hands lest I be intermeddling nor feet lest I be a gadder, yet to master earth, no land marked or shared, I gave poison to snakes and made wolves ravage, I made sea roll and knocked honey from the leaves, I took fire away so you might invent it for yourself, chip it out of flint, then rivers felt your skiff, counting stars and naming them, discovering a way to take wild things by snare, how to whip a stream with net and draw up the cordage, use of steel, then crafts, why stand shivering in fear that shows no end but death, have the power to die the shortest choosing, collapse, I end here, or despair broke off the rest, so much of death my thoughts entertained as dyed my cheeks with pale, but with such counsel my mind raised hope, more or less than man in high or low, flying the field, making necks footstools, I crush an empire, command, rebuild, but not govern my passion, nor however skilled look through my own, nor curb lust of war, nor learn that tempted fate leaves loftiest star, yet well I brooked the tide with that philosophy which is gall to an enemy, my contempt of life and pleasure argue in

me something more sublime than what my mind contemns, but self destruction sought, refutes that thought in you and implies regret for loss of life and pleasure overloved, or do you covet death thinking to evade the penalty? Every diviner stands for something, incense left me incensed at the fort firing, herons presage disaster, every resort last with harbored grudge, sales short and some wouldn't budge, shouting over, day I set off with the timetable, every tower graced a corner with poor lookouts, rills of trout, runnel ditches last, little me whose every pitch and boat were burned, why promise we could build an ark? You promised we could, why? Let's start, rain is coming, let's build one, water coming, I speak your name without calling you master and my face isn't bloodless, puffed with folds under the chin, face of a man who moves the world more than it moves him, tortured into a cripple without groan or confession, one to yield my life but never a point, born in armor and assailable only through my loves, I stretch my hands open and palm up, offering peace as I ask it, searching for breath, divining the heart of the geyser, a constellation bobbing on the

swell, earth a waterwheel with buckets up and down, but to keep the architecture standing, I must make a ring with my body and dance on the water, no matter how much there still isn't enough, come thunder and rain, wash dams away, my thirst unquenchable, siren cloud in the water, rain sky, I sing and run after the rain, running the rope around and fastening others to the side, when the water receded my hut was there and I build new foundations and levered it onto them, I washed out the inside and was set for next time, I repeat as I bind my tomatoes that there will be no other end of the world, fountain dried, water music of the country dancer, fiddler put aside, healing this place in its bath, tossing with fever, shaking head to remember name, crags rolling like stars, drowned chapel in the sleep of moonlight, fish floating with sea horses and drowned choirs, crab climbing the steeple, buzzards circling underwater, hum of a sea hymn, when heaven splits and earth is stretched and casts what is in her then who desires shall meet me as the book is given into your hand, reckoned with in an easy reckoning, but whose book is given behind

my back invoke ruin, I live with my kind without return, but I see mountain mist, uncertain yet mountain or cloud, I hear the tide where two subside, not two only but two spheres of earth and heaven, two worlds asleep on the surface, once the deep begins to heave the tempest is swept away with all their phases, not matter only but life in varieties of kind, space and time, weal and woe, virtue and crime, and all creeds like these who fell before them, melting from the face of being, swept as dreams before day, so the astrologer smooths his table and inscribes figures and obliterates as never been, waves of heather recuse the bearers of false witness, flying like ribbons on the breeze, you made a mistake and shall be judged, not so bad, you can go home and smile again, as we leave there is discomfort, tug of gravity returns, you may feel tired, did I confide my striving would be losing, weren't the right woman on my side, the woman of my choosing? Who? Same name age to age, and though this world threatens don't fear, will truth to triumph, don't tremble, endure rage, doom is sure, one word falls, it abides above, gifts are ours, beaten, refused a cor-

dial, nails through wrists and ankles, fasten-
ing to a cross, looking down where friends
once stood, airs abroad, a sheep with its lamb
on the road, the lamb was weary, dewy pas-
tures are sweet in the mountains, rest for
weary feet, a cross of shame with crosses be-
tween, of all souls I elected one and when
sense from spirit flies and subterfuge is
shifted, when that which is and that which
was stand intrinsic and tragedy of flesh is
done, when figures show their fronts and
mist is carved away behold the way I pre-
ferred to clay, the manfisher walks on water,
nature shaped blossoms from bud, here lay
child bosom and here was wrought through
presence the form I wear, when mountain
ash redden with rusty leafage and nails are
thrust in my palm river freezes me as I toss
on the height, my country sees me swing,
skiff toward me, same hope biding eye, same
rags, garment hiding palm pierced nail, I
grieve your wretched country to survive,
you once might have acquired renown when
on her brow she wore the crown but that is
over, such a mother who could honor more,
but you, lift your thoughts, what is life, a
thing to be despised, least wretched when so

beset with perils it forgets itself nor heeds flight of hours, or when impelled shoreward beholds day, softly sad, the cross tugs at my might, a skiff, will it achieve these beaches and land at my height? Are his marks to lead me to him, wounds in hands, feet, and side, does he have a crown of thorns, what is his guerdon, sorrow and tears? If I hold to him what has he, sorrow vanquished and labor ended? If I ask him to receive me will he say no? Is he sure to bless? I was in front of the cave and a woman came and there was an earthquake that rolled back the stone and when I reported what happened I was told to say she stole the body, I had no choice to tell it like that, she persuaded me to enter and when I did she stopped the mouth with stones, thus rid of me she set about making settlements but didn't know my power, she saw me freed with wings of colored feathers and I hovered over her, she expected retribution but heard calming words, let me be joyful and earth begin her song, let her keep triumph and all therein, let all things blend notes, I have risen, endless joy, I swim by the peak seeking a creek where rocks throw a glow below, the mountain swims with smok-

ey brim and open hands overlooking the land as I smile over liquid miles and wait with gates beguiling estates, I heed not if my skiff float swift or slow from cliff to cliff, with smiling eyes my spirit lies under walls where breasts swell, I fly at peace, when I explore the land whether I wind the shore or isle in reverie, wooed by whose breath seas lay, a voice for sweets that wins its way, whether fane detain veiling soul with meditation's power or strain danced below the tower, listening while evening wake echoes in their bower, where a mansion keeps the likeness it wore at that last fatal sleep, or be my ship laid as I chant lays to shade, ever I see in that circuit espied from nook viewed from headland shore, from sea, and spreading wine alike descried, mountain towering over all and blackening the horizon with breath, my work the melting of metals forged by your aid, horseshoes and scythes, circlets for fingers and ring bound lives, ring fettered years, cold lips, where stars light the pit that holds the dark I sail into dawn, I don't fear though in my ear boom the cranks of time, beyond the cloud where knees of creation clap hands I know sorrow

and delight, day's pride and eventide, thoughts of night, I plunge in waves of balm and swim past unrobed moons floating the rim, I bow and surprise myself watching the skies, each moment new and with changing power, surf thundering alone, idle it lowers, hymning like a dark heart asleep, I fly down-shore and know places seen before, in the shadows I find love again and view charms and clasp them in my arms, there we walk or pass hours in talk before or after I go and review my spouse without danger, bells die when moon is out and paths come to the fore, water covers land and the heart feels like an island, limes under full moons, eating fruit when moon is out, twofaced coins sobbing in my pocket, a miracle, what came to an end with the death on the cross? Peace on earth, not only promised by men who attest their rights to the feeding ground with stave on skull, but on the heels of these tidings came worst imaginable, the opposite of the bearer of glad tidings, what haven't I sacrificed to hate? I nailed myself to my own cross, my life, teaching, death, and the meaning of my book, nothing left, I sucked myself dry of instinct for reality, alienating

all who pride in my cause, secret conventicle, sacrifice innocent, blood drinking union, revenge, corruption by guilt, immortality, salvation, every mind like me, hatred by genius, lost humanity, gods in human form, soul and will, manual, discredit, attack, rival legend, hero, god versed in sorcery, king credited with divinity, drifting in disguise, crime on history, my beginning, grass must bend when wind blows, history a prologue to my achievement, prologue to religion, my teaching, way of life, death, nothing untouched, shifting behind existence, no use for life, death, more, a niaiserie, I will the end and means and what I don't believe is swallowed by idiots who spread my teaching, power symbols borrowed, terror and immortality of the soul, judgment and brotherhood, my ideal, elements undiscovered in words, the ideal carries development in conception of the universe due to principles latent in my words, philosophy, experience, and discoveries, absorbing ideas, baptized into me, the final religion, lose sight of its advantages? Few books offer harder reading, my difficulties are different from those enabling curiosity to triumph, a while since

joy, too serious, what do I care? How can you call legend tradition? Dubious history, examine it, learned idlers arraying night with beams, harping to heaven's heir with wings displayed, such music never before morning's daughter sung, as I set my constellations and hung earth on hinges, I cast foundations and bid waves keep their channel adored, I know all thoughts and hearts and see all places, power and forethought, work of creation left to me, I made fire and half a sun, sky, and a fish from the water, from its flesh the first man and woman, and so their child might have a wife I made one out of a hair, I am set on ruling earth, clothed in a sleeveless garment that shines like light, dividing earth in four, north, south, east, and west, each day in a different quarter, first north then west, then south then east, galaxy serpent not unlike he who passed a desolate village and turned over its roofs, how will you revive it? I die for a day, how long have I tarried? Years, look at my food, unspoiled, look at my ass, I will make you a sign, look at my bones, how I scatter them and clothe them with flesh, when I scare the world and set the heavens on fire or fill the

water with whirlwinds that uproot the wood
and drown the village, when at my call the
deep rises and overwhelms, who doesn't for-
get pride and lay strife and folly by? I revive
the dead, let two birds go and call them and
they will know I am wise, the likeness of
those who expend wealth is that of grain
with two ears, a hundred grains in each, I
double who I please, courtyard hush, day de-
parting, children called from grazing, strain
of a flute and scandal over full wine cups,
gold city across the strait, night never wore
a robe so gemmed, splendor in gleams from
palaces of light, this city whose miseries
daunt the brave, loved and hated, honored
and feared, bold to dare, under a veil, day
done and dark falls from night as a feather
wafts from a bird in flight, sadness and long-
ing, banish day, I look on you when moon
silvers each lagoon and see you gazing
across the bay, I see you burning, filth hid
from sight, never more fine than you, clack-
ing beads, teeth shattering on the street, pet-
als hanging like tongues over the fence,
opals clasp you as moon breaks over your
head, young again? Shed heavenward and
away, delight? Hidden where I rejoice to be,

land for me, come stream through yonder glade, she steals on her course, blessed wherever she goes, bosomed like glass with heaven in her face, water twinkles as I stoop to cup, they would laugh if they could see me, glad they don't as alone I stoop to drink, come before the spring, scooping water, the bucket fills, a seed discovers the self it finds in the losing, spring odors led me astray along a bank under a copse that flung arms around the bosom of the stream and kissed it and fled, ignorant helplessness, love me or leave me, hard words could never grieve me as these, love me or let the last word uttered be your own, love me as a bird or love me at last, I slide water over stone, dancing water places, weeping youths go where I go, they stop and look ahead, at each other, then at the sky, I bless myself and they do too and after that we don't know what to do, there used to be a road with hedges on each side and fields beyond but now no hedge or field, just a river sweeping my path, a tumble of water, sparks flash and fall into the buds on either side, changing like masked women removing masks, I arrive at the river as she issues from the mountains, she whose course

I tracked and arms I inspected, a stream, her power dependant on mountain drainage, nothing until aided by arteries from the mountain chain, the junction changed her as she completed her status as the river who washes those region's sea deposits, a sand bed, a continuation of desert fringed by trees like a monument to a dead river, I saw the water rush when the stream took the bed and swept all before it, I knew rain was falling though sky was cloudless, I saw her a grand flood, I traced each river and crossed each stream that fed her and now I forded her in her infancy, ankle deep, and stood on the far side, over the river I beckon, gleam of robes but voice drowned, locks of gold in twilight, mist hiding her from view, I sat over the river waiting to welcome her gold curls, I will see her yet, she entered the boat and as it glided from the sand sunshine grew dark, safe on the far side, I wait over the river, none return from those shores, dip of oars and gleam of sail as they pass from our heart, crossing and are gone, we can't sunder the veil that hides the gate, the first rule of river crossing is never buckle your belt, if you go down you got to get it off, it wasn't so

bad, I took it slow, planting the stick downstream and resisting the urge to look back, water rose above my knees and I slowed, feeling for rock edges with my boots, the current swept my stick and I stabbed upstream to make up for the drift, I stopped and knew it was going to be a push, I should have brought it across first, wishing I could switch it to my left and hold the stick with my right, I had to stretch my arm, I dropped my arm and it dangled from my neck and I caught it up and the pressure eased and I tried not to look downstream, I didn't go down but should have, how I managed to stay up, sliding downstream, slipping on one rock then another, I knew not, plying water, film bearing petals, pine water whirls, tree with forked branch tips, fluid under my knees, I was across and threw it down and looked back but not a sound could be heard, wrapped in a shawl, I dropped my head and turned aside, gliding by and vanishing, as bad as the rest, laughter and dancing, faces, their boat sails with us no more, I wait on the shore listening to the sound of the oar, sail gleams and I pass and know those gone before, when you carry her over, heal me,

you don't look on me in scorn and don't deal judgment on worms that seek forgiveness, I gave my heart to love and don't despise it even if the gift is lost, I rise, wash woe with bliss and give a place under the throne whence I may mark time's course and know suffering done, death's birth past, so I won't shrink when offered a cup and you invite my soul to my lips, he will foist a few passengers on you if he can, even after you take the vessel for your own use, going into the wood I don't touch the grass, fording the waters, why should I raise one? A wooden horse crosses the river as moon throws white on the window, silent creek surrounded by monitors, bland with eyes alight, monitors near the ceiling, a clock, monitors also show the time, across the glass a mic, I speak, we are better, spring disappearing, lover jeans, she would kill again, murder filled her dreams, cracked open, killed kids, left with too many boys, pregnant, studio strange, I incline over the log, my chair lists to port, bins emptied but banana lingers, monitors on, the screaming clip, hatred but no ideas, where are they? I never imbibe with women, she gave me the finger, hair and eye to dis-

appear, stocks splits, I shower worlds with flowers, returning rest, I ride with eyes brilliant as jewels and smile more radiant than a sunrise, every breath fragrant, every place hidden, corners of beauty, the world waving with flowers, fences like vines, fields and gardens made neat so they would grow, rubbish cleaned to make room for clumps of them, you can't grow them in dirt any more than you can as you drink by roads or in courts, in window cracks and broken places, roof gardens, on sills, or doorways, fairly fragrant waving grew flowers, no room for rubbish and even the dull saw the face of the land changed and population changed with it, all fresher learned to smile and keep clean, there wasn't one who wasn't healthier, the power of the flower was working, I climbed the stairs and saw them in the window, no birds at last, I have interest in pleasure and pain, like states of quiet sensation I find the world without interest and see no change, to a plant all is quiet, each thing identical to itself, sky doesn't illumine, no hint of day, bring me a lantern, if not it may brace my labors, but they left me in slumber and on late days all wasted, nightingales,

sing at my window, wake me from slumber, they deployed melodies and kept me awake, drawing new emotions, the swallow came but his song found no echo in my heart, nor pleased me, the vesper bell, or light of departing sun, evening star above the vale, nightingale warbling in the grove, and you, glances from riving eyes, the message of love, the wooing hand, your spells were vain to subdue my torpor, bereft of pleasure and sad but tranquil, a state of littleness with serene face, but for the wish in death to sink to rest, force of desire spent in my breast, is love stronger than unlove, only unloved know, and mockingbird, heart cloned and colorless, who is this chirper in the leaves? His song goes nowhere, it sounds a lot like you, like me, thus I spent my years as wanderer bent with age, thus wearily you consume days that so swift depart, echo and incrementalism in flexion, I saw flowers raining in the window, falling in silent storm and covering roofs and blocking doors, the street was carpeted with a cushion and we cleared them away so the procession could pass, some sigh for glory and some for paradise to come, take the cash and let credit go,

don't heed drum rumble, look to blowing
flowers, they blow and purses tear and treas-
ure is thrown on the garden, heather more
what I had in mind, a nun of love's court,
sport of temptation in your simplicity, queen
in crown and starveling in vest are your ap-
pellations, under colors, each regiment in
order, when stars walk the leaves curl to the
stalks, ensigns furled to staves, then each
bee is shut but if stirred runs you through,
flowers up and down, an abundance, crawl-
ing over the fence between the lumberyard
and the field, dying scent, their smell, it
made one thirsty but did nothing to for ea-
gerness, dodging cars, twilight shades, shad-
ows falling from roofs, moon face as bells
proclaim festival and every heart is cheered,
pitching tents, exhibiting monstrosities, elo-
quent men with them, I was pleased at what
I saw, the man with the fat woman and the
little woman and the little man were there,
rose trees hedging it in bedropt with roses
and satisfied with dew, careless to be seen,
all in high spirits the smell of dying roses
couldn't dampen, as they pressed to get to
the gate they lit up like lamps, breathless
with delight of seeing people eat glass and

play with snakes, swallowing fire, advert read by those who could and heard by those who couldn't, the officious barker, I wouldn't have chosen him to welcome to the city with his damp scalp and tie twisting around, he didn't even introduce himself, bright rain falling, it's a thing that happens in the past, who hears it retrieves a time that fled when windfall could disclose a lily and the whiteness of its white, falling until it blinds windows, rain livening grape vines in a patio that is no more, what are fireworks like if you don't believe in war? We may be leaving this world at last, spatters of light like water flicked from fingers, fireworks thrusting design above dragons in the streets pasted with squares, sky scripted in lights, veiled rim to rim, to escape under night, streaming in wind like coal in fire to heat world's wishes to a red glowing ardor, the bone ring and purpose of love for the field, fireworks and seedscape, I perform praises at the festival, the seat of my heart, when an emissary arrived with gifts I spoke words of adoration, praise you, permit me to live before you, after I spoke and smelt the earth I continued my speech, come, I took a fan and painted a

bird and cage and spun it, what was painted on each side? I passed the shambles of the circus in a car drawn by mules and was carried through the street to a house, I heard women cry as I passed, flowers displayed their pride along the balustrade and they took delight in the buds, they stood on the steps to smell the odor, long have they been dead, their heirs passed away, portraits molding in the hall, terrace and balustrade wrecked and weedy, but the flower shoots up the ruin left like a noble deed to grace the memory of an ancient race, old are the buds that break brier boughs when winds wake, so old none know what span they rove back, brooks rise where snows sleep, singing history, we are old and our dreams are tales told by nightingales, we wake and whisper but day gone sleep and silence lies like fields of amaranth, I drive a bullet in the snow, look down and sniff, rise, stare at me, I braced for an onslaught but it never came, she whirled and turned her back and trotted into the black spruce woods, I pranced on the snow with relief, avenge my death and slay her, when I wasn't fighting I was hunting in hope I might chance on her, I slept in

misery and rose to grief, if a fawn was chased I knew if it was to be killed or to be protected so there was little danger or hope, I hoped to encounter her, I cried from a slope, baying, the moon slipped and made no move and didn't stir from the attitude I had fallen into, twice I cried to stop and only then did she devour, she was as tall as a dane, when she looked at me her eyes wore the expression of a follower but when she answered the crowd her fire was untamed, a true wolf, to the spectators this was obvious and the marvel of seeing her so submissive never grew stale but in every audience were some who vowed she turn on me and tear my throat, she never yielded, a collaborator, I left a paper on the bench and felt a tug as a man handed back the innards, I didn't have time, I put the section under my arm, the struggle of this view occurs afterward and out of it a compromise arises, pacification, a recognition of rights on all sides, justice and agreement, all impulses maintain themselves in existence and retain their rights, they exempt you from danger in this new dog state, keep this question before you, you can't get it from yes or no, feces in her eyes, her over-

view, my puppy, my cup full, she was smooth with such cunning paws and affectionate eyes, such a sweet face, she made me so proud, she does no dishes and dribbles on the floor, the loosening in the knit of me, the marmalade in the kitchen of me, wet mattress, the longest guest calling as I write, dog who brings joy, in her mouth was a book and on the first page a boy riding a dog, hand of fur, a home for the wind in her hair, naked dog panting like my heart, larger than a mountain, I sleep in her mouth, swimming from the teeth, foamy waves break around me as I spin, riding a dog, moon sees the tree, the casements catch her beams and couch in her kennel with paws of silver, hers was a good life, there couldn't be a happier dog, she licks her face in fog, dispersed in forgotten forests, a dog in the water floating up and out, her coat shines as if she put on angel's finery, her fur luminous as she gazed at mountain gardens, she coughed but I hold her chin and stroke her head, she growls like a puppy waking, eyes running, wandering to dog nights, as smart as they come, running the trail and gone, unlicked, what do we want when we can't be,

to gulp air, paw print, straplined to parkend
as hollow as form she took, you ask to vilify
so I sent a lie, no mind stone brake free of
prestige, too loved to say ships rise, disper-
sal, timing, not ship send you to but two
questions void, guarded sleep kennels back
of boat, too so to hang it from the bough,
bruising from bottle bank, dogs look at big
ones and see big as young look on seniors
and consider elderly minds, correlation, ob-
servation in youth, I pursued and when I
caught her I faked flinging her on the fire as
a victim is seized and a show made of toss-
ing them to the flames, people affect to
speak of them as dead, lying by the fire as
others leap over, rulers cleared of serving as
fuel for fires they later only kindled, she was
beaten but unbroken and saw she stood no
chance against a man with a club, she
learned the lesson and never forgot it, that
club was a revelation, she met her intro to
law halfway, facts took on a fiercer aspect
and she faced them with all the cunning her
nature roused, other dogs came in crates
and at rope ends, some docilely and some
raging as she had come, she watched them
pass under my dominion and as she watched

the lesson was driven home, I am a lawgiver, though not conciliated, of this last she was never guilty though she did see dogs fawning on me and wagged their tails and licking my hand, she saw a dog who would neither conciliate nor obey and was killed in struggle for mastery, malcontents gorge reserves intended for future use, fat savings they hoard in view of the remodeling, whence they will emerge, they consume what isn't essential and don't touch key organs, if these are bit the host would die and so would they, toward the end they clear the victim but leave the skin to serve as shelter, they pass from flower to objects within reach, smooth or hairy, living or inanimate, this done they behave according as they have chanced to invade a body, on butterfly they are still after reaching the point that suits them, their desire satisfied, but in the midst of a leaf they betray their mistake by coming and going, their efforts to return to the flower, keen daughters of trade, who flutters in your snare? Do your fortunes tower or melt spires in air? I clutter as I fling bread like a shepherd to the wolves, fragments of his lunch and at last the lamb it-

self, the laborer who owned today only the spending of what they earned yesterday, the thief who doesn't get what they did is theft, lepers under the gate who don't belong to military or merchants, who derive no hope or benefit from army contracts, battered by existing and breathing the waste of a nation's agony, denied the chance to share in the carnival of the country's lifeblood, luck out, no friends, who own nothing but endurance, without hope of betterment, a capacity for persistence even after years of existence as aliens on their land, in their city, enabled them without hope or pride in endurance to endure, asking and expecting permission to exercise it like immortality, it rose out of that, carrying it buttress winged by knight and bishop, angels, who shall tread the dance until daylight gleam again? Who sorrow over the dead? Who writhe in pain? Some think how long the hours and slow the light and some hide in dens of shame, each where tasks or pleasures call pass and heed not each other, there is who heeds, who holds all in love and thought, life a stream rolling to its end, there is no power but the will of the people that has a right to act and

as two people can confer on such a subject many may, the object is to find the sense of a nation and be governed by it, if she want defective government or chooses to pay more tax she has a right to and so long as the minority don't impose on the majority there is no injustice, neither will the error continue long as discussion will bring things aright, no tumult apprehended by such a process, the poor are grateful when their interest is included, my initiative failed, you look at me and think if bribery won't do it nothing will, useless to protest, disclaim, or contradict, but abasement might do it, worth a try, my arrest like fire to flax, an outcry and a shutting of shops, I didn't hesitate to stick to my duty, I subsided, a cop leered at me and I took it as a joke, though if I had been pale one couldn't have told for the paint on my cheeks, I perched on the balustrade and kicked his helmet until he pulled me down, another sat making fun of me below, drinking, I gave a start, prepared to swear a hole through a pot, I made flyers with a communion photo at the top, fight the outrage it said along the bottom, I dished these around and ended with a hundred in

the gym, my soul advised me to destroy myself by fire and I was about to when he drew back, afraid to undergo the suffering, I asked him to perform the last rites but he told me he had no desire to depart, I have a soul but not for keeps, he settles a while and only in childhood, in shock I am old, rarely lending a hand in uphill tasks, for every thousand conversations he joins in one as he prefers silence, just when our body goes from ache to pain he slips off duty, he doesn't like seeing me in crowds as my hustling for advantage makes him sick, joy and sorrow aren't two different feelings for him, he attends me only when they are joined, I can count on him when sure of nothing and curious of everything, he favors things that work when no one is looking, he won't say where he is from or when he is going though he expects such questions, I need him and he needs me, eyes downcast, foot tapping the floor, all one blush, I was willing to do it but kept from my purpose, there will be no one to bury me nor see the ceremonies are performed, tortured for beholding the secret, flung for joy, but to those who saw what I saw fire was naught, buildings blaze where I burn and

smile to behold flames about me, faithful among faithless blind, cows drinking shadow pools from older sky, I didn't drink to chanting prayer and frenzy flame, I sing your hosannahs, fire, pledging love to you from the pyre, fire soaked with splendor, flaring before eyes death fain would quench, my songs rise to you at dawn, it was for me to throw my scepter at you and tell you this world equalled yours until you stole our jewel, all naught, patience pat and pique a dog, is it sin to rush to death before death come to us? Never was a jewel like that I wore for a signet, a diamond weighing scarce a grain did sea and land constrain, wind made the east bear like a beast, whither would, I held my subject until I overtaxed the fountain, praying after I no clay should touch fame, I stole a jewel and with the ring wore the likeness of a king and played such a game as blots days with shame, I stood gazing at the fire and soliloquized, I ascended that pile and saw things in the fire fed by my thoughts, in the heat I saw a vision the writer's magic put in these pages, shining as it vanished, smoke and flame catching aspect of a scenery, what must I do to be distin-

guished? Examine words and humble myself, if doing what must be done is first and success second isn't this the way to exalt virtue? Assail your sin and not that of others, benevolence, love all, knowledge, know all, don't let me fail to give peace now this century is done, long under your rule heaven hated us and all those triumphs where justice was thrown down, so much war and evil, no honor to the plow, fields ruined and peasants homeless, scythes beaten to swords on the forge, war and burst engagements, violence raging the world over as when a car runs heedless of the driver, by holding to rule of order I am glad I am so armed to bear calamity, like a storm that makes rivers drown their shores as if the world were melted to tears, so high above my limit swells the rage, covering land with steel and steel hard hearts, white heads arm their hairless scalps against me, women with men's voices strive to speak big and clap joints in arms, they bend their bows as women manage rusty bills, both young and old rebel and all goes worse than I have power to tell, injurious as this trial was I saw it wasn't in my interest to provoke, I knew how well founded

the claim was nor was this the first time I heard of it, my ancestors had assumed the style of princes from death without issue but I was too powerful for them to dispossess me, I got her that I was enamored with but she died in childbirth, is a split taking place? Politicians try to be reassuring, I fortify my face by raising the stakes, I was jailed but my name is only a rallying cry, I have no program, my party muzzled, once the regime is ended this mist will dispel and politics will take over and you will forget me, but all the agitation around my seat in the suburbs and the coming and going of importantes contradicts optimism, people believe in the current between me and my people, you who are about to return to your departments, tell them we will rise from this scrap and generations to come will scrutinize our conduct, a nation has lost all when it has lost independence, all who courted my alliance direct their blows against me, did I not see it is our country at which they aim I would put my life at their mercy, tell them as long as I retain their sentiment our enemy's rage will prove impotent, I left in a rage and was in a greater one when a friend

told me that they were convinced I increased the tumult, that I would be the first to be made example of, that I was to be interdicted, I didn't wait to think of revolt, I didn't reflect on what I could do, I was certain of that, I reflected only as to what I ought to do, and was perplexed, the threats, distinguishing myself, modern social states without struggle, existing state minus radical parts, bourgeoisie without proletariat, a world where it is best to be best, ripened into systems, in requiring you to carry out such a system I require you remain in the bounds of society but cast out your ideas about me, why do I live here but to love what is mine? When we lose what we love it's time to fight the outrage, you part your curtains and smile when we call your name, you tender what any traveler needs, a call to ease, a balm, you take us in and say you know what solace means, burned so often you can't forget what you wrote outside city hall, the war made a hospital for your rebel sons, the ones always dying outside the capitol, you hold them still, laurel on your crown, fan making a hand of wind to soothe their faces and fill eagle wings, promise to say how far you will

go, the best tribute we can pay isn't a wreath in memory of the blood they shed, it's to pledge ourselves to the work they died to do, let us go to where they lie triumphant over every foe, no wreath will do unless we pledge liberty shall live, my words came to the pilgrims as they sat by the sea and filled their hearts with flame, tired of kings, suffering them no more, the outrage of the poor at my door, this ball a sea of war where tyrants harry poor, choose me, I cut paths and fend with wing, I uncover land as sculptor statue, I show rocks that dip in the sea and soar to flocks of fleece clouds, I divide my goods between wretch and slave and none rule but the humble, none but toil shall have, no nobles, no lineage, fishers and ploughmen constitute a state, go cut down trees and build me a wooden house, nothing else meant by my fables, my harp making stones jump into a wall and inducing trees to pull their roots and dance after me, what was it that appeased them when they broke into riot for redress? Starched oration? No, a story, how others fought with belly, resolving no longer to continue until by penance found strength so ebbd that paying cost of

making a mistake they returned to duty, thus when the rabble murmured I satisfied them with tale of fox and hedgehog, when fox got stuck in a bog and flies sucked out his blood hedgehog offered to drive them off, no, if these gluttons were frightened there come a new more greedy set, if you remove me my successor will be worse, you are able to sew and wet tea roars on the storm, pay miners for their gold, I doped you with false values but you know your peers so let armies go on strike, if I martyr you I will see how well I trained you, parent teacher farmer engineer, this world belongs to all who labor, no place to live but here, too long I fed on your brawn, but night's facade can yet be sundered, none have ever been so close to abundance, I can afford to appraise weakness and hope, fearful nation, your cares concern material things, peace means free as free means preserved thus to free means to spare and sparing consists not in harming the one we spare, it takes place when we leave a thing in its nature and return it to its being, freeing it into peace, to dwell is to remain at peace within the sphere that safeguards each thing in its nature,

dwelling is preserving, it pervades dwelling which reveals itself as being, the stay of mortals on earth, at the country dances there was never those outfits you see on tv, all wore their best and not to do so would be an insult to the host and everyone else, I wore a dress of soft wool, skirt black and top white with a pink wool heart sewn where my left breast would one day be, hair in ringlets, nobody else wears them, nobody so lucky, kemples tossed and chairs musical, every poltroon carrying a tune but none carry the can any more than the temple, columns collapsing and flashes in the pan, borders herbaceous unless observed by recorder or recorded by observer, every widdie stemmed from a willow and every fervor religious by which we flew into the hole out of which pigs needed piggybacks and cows subside in subsidy, when I lay in that nest I laughed and thought time would never pass and still I laughed and didn't fear but that whenever was past some happier play would cheer, I hadn't put it in my mind to take a wife until that afternoon in the parlor, I drank the punch at a great rate, now you know about it, I don't care about fortune, I have made up

my mind to please myself and can afford to do it, she will have a good man in me, well off and rising, a piece of good fortune for her, she's worthy, why should I be astonished? You approve? You take it easier than I fancied you would, you know I'm a man of will, fortunate, no women would have done that for me, the club had their dinner that night and I arranged to meet her in the gym, I wandered down the street swollen with satisfaction, the joy of being able to look her in the face ran away with me, I wasn't conscious of any pain, my head was clear, it was as if it were a head of light on my shoulders, I felt inclined to set town in ferment, I conducted myself up the road with buzzing in my ears and intoxication in my brain, I distinguished every nuance in the laughter of passersbys and observed a hopping bird, I studied the cobblestones and discovered signs, I arrived and my heart forced the consciousness of its acceleration, a warmth about my neck made me aware I was red, I thought of flight, if she met me with no token of recognition it would be unendurable, if she didn't speak was it chivalry to lift my hat and take the cut bareheaded or should I

acquiesce in her desire for no further acquaintance and pass with eyes constrained forward? She was all I expected and I was eager to make that night the center of every dream, we stood out front as the parade rioted past and I wondered if the flare made the night as brilliant to her as it did for me, we looked at each other and knew our love eternal, we danced and stags cut in with joyous abandon that grew more enthusiastic by the hour, our wine in the coatroom made weariness wait, a ruse for moments only, don't suppose empty air a match for her embraces, back to your heart that knows her better, the changing miracle of her face, in every guise she is greater like a varying flame and yet the same, she brought me in and we passed from joy to joy, the last kiss as she ran and caught me and pressed to my mouth an even laster last, I thought of snowbirds as she kissed the cup, she entertained the night with pleasure, we went as far as the ivy bush, ivy crowned our kiss, all fresh, inclined to nussle and ardent leaps, in the thick wood bid her kiss close and direct me to her fancy, sweet scented ground, boughs a blush one fruit would outdo, many together, she was

wild to climb the tree, nor would she be forbidden, she seized the fruit and put it in her bosom, the boxkeeper was obliged to clear our box on the grand tier, we arrived as the curtain rose on the second act and created a scandal by our observations, cries of hush, the boxkeeper entered and said what he thought necessary, you aren't in your right minds, if the noise is repeated I will clear the box, he heard us laughing the moment he left and with fresh protests from the house he tried to turn us out and we said we wouldn't go unless we had our money back, he allowed us to stay and at once our laughter recommenced, this time he had us turned out for good, I played my part well, I who strode in a play within a play, it was time I learn the details, I asked her to tell me about it and she was astounded at my not knowing and was shy telling me, she marveled at my ignorance, she had false shame but I had none, her revelations surprised me, I had no idea there was intromission, this intimacy appealed to me as poetic between lovers, she uttered a cry and I sprung to my feet, people looked at the stage, at me, at her, and wondered if this was connected with the para-

graph in the morning paper, I left my seat and she disappeared and as the curtain lowered subscribers rushed to the door as the rest waited amid the hubbub, all speaking at once, suggesting explanations, the kidnapping, the drugging of the gas man, what tragedy, what passion, what crime, what became of that artist who was never heard of again? The capital rocked with orators as we sit at the theater and expect the ghosts to act like us, a band, torch in hand, those slain remain on the plain giving vengeance due to the crew, they toss their torches and point to the temples of their hostile gods, this one is said to be the finest actress of them all, she shows how goodness might discard us, once it's over they deflate our feelings, packing them in a trunk with dresses, fur and hair, fair but untrue to reuse, sucking up air, glad that's over, a ghost play ghosts played about us, come, they might be in love with us, I cry seeing them cry like I believe in ghosts, like what they said about us can be said of the dead, get in here, I was half the length of the box from her, sit by me, I climbed in and found a space, she made an effort to have room by me and came as if by accident, I

drew a robe around her and the sleigh went jingling around for others then struck out into the country past patches of wood and a house with lit windows, the stars were keen, her beside me with her face outlined in shadow, the sweetness of her cheek and eyes, hair furnished and burnished by sun, we played singles, love thirty, love forty, weakness for joy, speed of a swallow and grace of a boy, she won and I was glad, rackets back in their cases, her house shines as we swing by in talk, the veranda is cool and welcomes us to a juice, a view of the path from her room as she ties my tie, an outsider with nothing to air, spending evening apart from the others, an affair of domestic bliss, she was the first to attract my attention, her appearance wasn't that of high family and she had no heart for the festivities, she went to a corner and her smile disappeared and brows knitted to a frown, she showed signs of boredom, though sustaining a role of enjoyment to the end, she was on business and brought a letter to our host, she was invited out of politeness, she didn't know what love was but thought it possible, the best foundation for matrimony, but she had other plans, she

didn't know me, she was charming and I made a visit to her house, her family were having their siestas and her aunt and uncle were in the sawmill, the thump of the wheel, cattle groves and stone fences, hints of happiness in the parasols, there was no one to keep me out of mischief as I went to see it through, content and in dread, I didn't even pretend I was coming on business, her family was on my side, they saw the match was advantageous, I won't attempt to influence her but I raise no objection as we can't keep her always, this took place in the presence of our principal relations, she desired me never to leave her, we consumed the night endeavoring some plan, such was our employment when a layman entered, give me your daughter and provide a lasting peace for the land, let insolence no longer awe the throne and bestow your own, no shame but mine, I must give my hand to he who woos in haste, a fool hiding jest in blunt behavior, he will woo a thousand, appoint the day, invite friends, proclaim the banns, and never wed, now the world points and says there is his wife if it please him to marry, the rose is old but the star is fair, he will be mine, but what

if clouds ruffle the sea? I see no more in you than the ordinary of nature's sales work, my life is odd, I think she means to tangle my eyes too, don't hope after it, it isn't your brows, hair, nor your cheek that tame my spirit to your worship, shepherd, why follow her like foggy south, puffing wind and rain? A properer man than she a woman, fools like you make the world full of ill favored children, it isn't her glass but you who flatter, out of you she sees herself more than lineament shows, but mistress, know yourself, down on your knees, fasting for love, sell when you can, you aren't for all markets, cry mercy, love me and take my offer, foul to be a scoffer, take her to you, farewell, voice calling the way, every way unmarked, each song sephardic or sleep, a confused road always arriving at any paradise, if I ever took delight in your praises it was less for your phrases than to see the eyes of the dear one discover I am worthy to love her, there I found you, her glance the best of the rays that surround you, when it sparkled over aught that was bright I knew it was love and felt it was glory in the park, twilight band, girl's hand, cars around us and roof

above us, the tilt of her nose and chime of her voice, scent of her wrap and unsaid words, the dancing ahead, now I am engaged, the leather pinched us damp on the cold seat with skin slicked dew, my reflection in the fender as locks click, a siren flashing on the chrome, lullabies, a pillow floating in the fountain covered with weed, I turtled my squint from my collar and didn't turn, laden with flasks, bark floating down the street, a gull by shipyard masts, street-lamps indicating fortune, the last ones still going in, marriage was discussed and shaken off with difficulty, beyond sunset where black begins the horizon curves and hides a city that if I face the right way must be doing its morning trade, relaxed but ready for the day push, the raid on fun, wine girls with quiet pride, with longing, painting nails, music playing, packed together by pillars unable to bend their knees, dresses set off the lines of their figures, giving arm to white haired men, youths and old women trembling with pleasure, led by their sweethearts, children laden with flowers making tumult in silence of night, I spoke of her visit, the affair, an engagement, why aren't we well

off, when do women speak for themselves? Never if we won't let them, women ought to be as you understand, when lilies paint the meadow the cuckoo mocks married men, for thus he sings, cuckoo, when larks are clocks and maidens bleach their smocks the cuckoo mocks, for thus he sings, cuckoo, cuckoo, the palm makes houses gay as lambs play and shepherds pipe, field's breath sweet and lilies kiss our feet, lovers meet, wives in every street, and this tune greets our ears, cuckoo, I live above a dyke bar and am seldom glad, bad for bad and good for good are cleared, pity and provision theirs, listening amid pleasures and palaces, wherever you roam, you provide the bride and I the home, I bribed her guards to deliver her as a bride and tied the houses, I resolved to espouse her and obtain her consent, I invited her over thinking of the families, don't marry your mothers or daughters, sisters or aunts, nieces or foster mothers, foster sisters or wives' mothers, or step daughters born of wives who you have gone in, no crime otherwise, and son's spouses, and that you form a connection between two sisters except by-gones, married women except such as your

hands possess, my book against you, all beside is lawful for you to seek them with your wealth, marrying them only, but such as you gone in, give them their due, no crime about what you agree after such due, those who can't marry believers take what your hands possess, maidens who believe, I know your faith, you come one from the other and marry them with permission of their people and give them hire, chaste and not receiving paramours, princess who could find no love, men too stupid, she found a boy and when he grew she make him her husband, she took him to her palace and when he grew he was beautiful so she hastened to wed, a coat dangles on the side of my ass, a remnant of my wedding suit, only care preserved it so long, when the trousers parted the substitute was jeans, never a man so fond of sitting with high feet, a languor I couldn't resist overcame me, a breeze on the sea, ship masts bristling in wait, no pain, hunger took it away, I put my feet up and leaned back, down at the dock a whaleback slip in, I rose from algae and sweet green to see her wed, I take refuge in unthinking weather, joyful breeze, chill shade, so I enter the dim house,

a maze of tools and quilts, corn cribs and cotton gins, the owner's smile, we talk amid rows of skillets about the wedding, she knows my accent and is eloquent on my lakes and rivers, gushing over mountains, I mooned into the shed and turned a broken mower with my foot, the bank where swallows nested, willow over the pigpen, a shoat grunting through the fence, sunning and comfortable, I sat on the step in the shade as she washed clothes and her arms dripped suds, she looked at my head when I turned and stared at the sunlight, then went back to her dough, we been here a month and you had a days work, scared to talk, money gone, every night you wander off, don't get up, one day more grease, one potato, live more in the species than in yourself, marriage species, if I could live my life over it wouldn't be otherwise, ceremony, ordinary persons, river with carp on the surface and fishermen on the dock, marriage blessed, revelry began, tables groaning under the feast, laughter and merriment, parents in new houses, children far away, a girl came in my window, same one as last night, they call every minute, the wedding, crying when it was

over, isn't it sad? Women do it for their purpose and man for his, I live on a leaf growing up your window, on the needle of a cedar, metastasizing to the lip of water as it slips from snowdrift's grip and flows from branch to root, I went to the city and a chief set his daughter down, I did for her what was done for the royal wife, is it as I imagined it? I bound her as a spouse never to leave, granting her the dignity of a household lady I keep prudence from slighting her, a friend, may she turn when light does, a labyrinth of houses following my felucca, praise who joined us, binding us, daughter, ring tip damp and pale, I wandered drunk with arms of laundry, I felt thin and the night made me unique, a sculptor, she lit the gas and took off her coat and flung it on the bed, she took pride in her burden and bore me swiftly, my father close, fear not, waving her arms she changed me into a stack of potatoes, he mistook the best method for tempting me to eat, dishes not delicious, he found a pomegranate and brought it to me but she came to take me away, you won't soon have another singer, saw birds didn't you? Lost in reflection looking at my wife who sought to

conceal her blushes and consternation at having betrayed herself, you lied and made me look silly, how can I tie you, work my hair in my cloth and I will be like other men, she did it as I slept, I woke and tore it, making her look a fool, tell me, she asked until I told her if anyone cut my hair I will be weak, she sent a message saying come back, they came as I slept and she cut off my hair, I woke and they pulled out my eyes, putting me to work grinding flour, but my hair grew, I took her on my ass and rode her home where I divided her and sent half to either coast, if someone asks if there is anyone here say no, I put a nail in her temple and as they pursued me I came to meet them, come and I will show you the woman you seek, she was dead, what life if shadows peer from corners, whispering as I sit at the feast and waking me as I lay? I grew pale, in what madness I killed, bar of survivors, shotgun club, knife wound of poison culture, we drink as players gossip down cue, quarter in the jukebox, bottles clink and a door creaked, shot rang out, where is she? I wept as water fell and a bottle smashed and a voice fell as a bottle popped and a doorbell rang, here,

my voice fell and I dropped and water ran
and a woman shouted as I jimmied to her
and kept her still, face of the moon, players
racked a new game, souls dead and gone,
what than here? Tipped finer? Lid lips, the
signboard flew away and none knew whith-
er until a quill gave the story, under a sign
sipping beverage and pledging to smack
mermaid zodiac, souls of dead poets what
choicer than here? How say? No words for
how world collapses, I could say it in mine
and mounds would come to focus but I can't
take it and look at dead stars, speak, living
too small, lonesome for more, in pain you
bring to view, life closed, color, taste, per-
fume at limit, miracle produced by distill-
ing air and earth, time fall, evening, wine to
make head light and tongue loose, I love
you, wrong, love you not, wrong, I took her
home and parting drew my poncho, hurry-
ing down the steps, flitting behind the lech-
ers and hastening by the rails with fleet step
of a pard strewing the drag behind me, ash-
plant marking stride, hounds led by horn
blower brandishing dog whip and trouser
cap, picking up scent, nearer, baying, pant-
ing, at fault, breaking away, throwing tongue

and biting heels, leaping at my tail, I walk, run, zigzag, gallop, lug, laid back, pelted with gravel, stumps, boxes, eggs, potatoes, codfish, women's slipperslappers, after me freshfound the hue and cry zigzag gallops in hot pursuit of follow leader, we return our coach and night, the bat black night blacker than any bat, every friend anew, each place with trace of hope, destination building with wisp of light, stairs in the corner, glasses rang and her cocked eyebrow made things unhopeful in the windowless room, her throat the same as my hair, a footstep under the door, finger in the air, don't ask what end gods intend nor squander mind with horoscope, do better, let be what be, winters yet, deem this year your last that wears the sea out on cliff sides, be wise, have wine, prune hopes to minutes, time speeds on, I wail and complain, too plucky for dislike, car parties playing cards and keeping mistresses, girls, heat loves heat and today is a tease for what comes with spring, they don't care about birds, they are cheerleaders, living and lovely, meat reaching out, I collapse and they hold me up and my mouth is quiet, hair in the machinery, collapsing me with suspi-

cion, I refuse to speak more generously, me on table and they hold it up, dancing figures with twisted ribbons, nerves, hair curls, road chest rises and falls, what courtesy this dog proffers me, his infant fortune came to age, and you, such cozeners, forgive me, tell your tale, done, onlookers wouldn't shy of your singlets torn to receive sun ray, where my trousers are you clear tables, I sink into a hole, paid to tease wigs, no memoirs, price too low, flounce your soul, unclasp your girdle, curtain folds between, when you came in, an indian at the end of beauty, a stranger whose tribe I recognize, accustomed to hearing songs in the pines and making them hearts, she blew indian magic, buffalo woman come back, she took off her clothes and danced, waltzing with the lover we had all become, the myth, the feast, take off your clothes, it has been ages since a miracle touched earth, winds around the cape and on a rim as she leans her breast my island grows, cliffs like ramparts above gleaming beaches, streams in the hills, flowers lean in mist of leaves and burn between splendor of sea and sky, forest in shade and shine, belts of pine climb to meet the snow, no drought

nor hail blackens the field nor sears the vale,
stars under the vault, saxophone and a scrim
over constellations under repair, wings in
storefront tableau, macaws with beaks like
knives unfolding, glass eyes turned to rain,
birds like gems, magazines and shoes, shel-
tered in doorways, pocket cups and hands
over pavement, she reaches across the roof
of a car and I take her hand, rooftops above,
a second city lit from within, whale and ele-
phant, shoes and fleas, constellations, sigh,
street brawl, pictures and ladies, stripper's
bird, a vendor, cocktail mixer, dancing for
clients like library stamps, founders in com-
posite? Ascot blending with swept back locks
away from the arch of the half closed eye in
the fact of a head in its halo of motto, is it
the final pursuit of such men to stock a li-
brary with books on a marble avenue, utopi-
as, desultory bums, handwriting in the Dec-
laration of Independence? A whorl of
fingertips, meek light as slow and sweet
they lap my clay, wind and warm air breath-
ing, I go in palm and laurel toward the last
dissection, poetry and humanity, crone look-
ing at the light of old times prates when she
too dressed for holidays, limb light to dance

at night, my isle, my heart is fain to cross the
sea and watch the headlands fading amid
glows of amethyst, I tread under gray skies
but spring smiles, hearing only what I want,
don't we all? She sat by the window and per-
fume flit from her robe, her silk's resilience
and tapered fingers, incense plumes, faiths
their mystery illumines, I check my thoughts
and bid feelings sleep, I hear her mock love
and truth, I hear her swallow a tear, I hear
her sneer, I hear pure named in mirth until
hope exiles from earth, a fear withering rid-
icule is all I dread, sword by a hair overhead,
cold night, she went to the others, they know
where bars are, and bags, as leaving with a
stranger by the river, flow and set them free,
run through their days, linger, hours, time
slips to flight, slow night dawn undoes, love
and feel, on the run, there's no shore or port,
it flows and on we go, when love pours joy
no faster than woe, I attached a damsel to
our party and there was dancing as light
played over the throng, we didn't speak
again, I likes a drink, I went home singing
until my heart broke, songs my mother
sang, she is dead and I live with a bricklayer,
I went to the gulf and the sound, islands and

seacoasts, don't think I'm too virtuous to take note of how you are endowed, my body lies in ructions for joy it ain't allowed, drunk, bereft of much since I lost your favor, I you minded little, friends betray me, bloody swords, sword weary slain, my life over, ungracious fates, you can't see me, come near, I stood up and my sword slipped and the hilt turned down as I caught my foot and fell with it toward me, so I met my death, jammed against the back of the cab, for as it happens to all who have been on their legs I too have met Dionysus and given fruit, the last to offer such, no one knows what I am doing, I know his philosophy, have a taste, a prettier thing than a mess has never been devised, I went in and asked for wine and the barman dropped dead, a mess exists for beer, in a sad state, tavern haunting is bad but the situation of the seminary gave me a limited choice of vice and this was the channel by which I discharged, I was an offender with time and money, but for her I rarely entered and a pause was the cause of my present appearance, beyond the city stroll the same, tilted back, playing games, oarlocks creak, the moon, I watch the parade pass, a friend

in my glass, waiters by the tables, in vino
veritas, the moon bends over the creek until
the woods warn of wings of morning, their
voices are welcome as waters unknissed by
summer to thirsty far comers, when spring
sets foot and my need presses soreset, in ridg-
es, birds direct me to the river with ripple
rings like runnels whose torrents are toned
by pebbles and leaves in the current, wine,
door to door, the paint excelling the en-
trance in gray prescience, theater girl, door
seed, tree dwarf, hay stack, cool evening,
your ears consider well the uncreated still,
hunter in the alley door, train long and
harpie throated, your ears enscripture dust
before and after gardens for vespers, earth
lays hands on the data in the road, under an-
imal, the pale of whose moan is dust the riv-
er replaces, willow drags gravestone rider,
velvet night, open up, you know how little
we have to stay, waiting for the wink of the
word, gassing about who fears to speak and
fellows hanged, transported by law, a new
country, I ought to get a new dog, brute
scratching scabs, and around he goes, a half
one sucking up what he could get, doing the
fool with him, weave twig baskets or dip

your flock in the stream, the farmer loads his mule with olive oil and brings a grindstone from market, staying up late by the fire whittling as she runs the shuttle through the loom and comforts labor with song, new wine on the stove, skimming froth with leaves, all worries past, farmers arrange convivialities, when snow is deep and ice is on the rivers gather acorns and lay buck snares, hit the deer and track the hare, I learned she took lodgings hard by and sent my card but didn't see her so I engaged a boy to let me know when she was home but even then she wouldn't come so I routed her out and we entered conversation and were charmed and I sent a servant to bring wine and when it was finished she took out a tankard and poured a cup to the brim and the contents never diminished and when I begged her to tell me how it was done she said she tried to avoid meeting me as the art she practices is secret, the avaricious are always poor, she laughed as we separated and from then on we were always together and ceremony was laid aside, my soul holds its treasure renitent if you are alone, the key's safe and mine, I know truth lies in wine, I have a vineyard

and and each fruit brings a thousand silver,
you must have a thousand like it and a hundred to keep the fruit, in the garden, companions hearken to your voice, I hear it, be like a roe on a mountain of spices, gay without toil and lovely without art I spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart, nor blush to own you these, your best, your empire is to please and we throw not a drop from our cups for earth to drink but steal below to quench our woe in some hidden eye far beneath and long ago, as then the tulip looks up do you do the like until heaven to earth invert you? No more perplexed, tomorrow's wind, fingers in cypress tresses, if the wine you drink and lip you press end in what all begin and end in then think you are today what you were yesterday and tomorrow you won't be less, sunrise, full my cup, no delay, wasted, sunrise, pleasure? Go fill the chalice and ferment day, wheel clay jugs, no chat, if wine be clear have your say, spirit, make day, drink wine to tear out woe and keep your mind open, drink, selfless, stride like stone, not like water whose colors flip flop, mingling who knows where, rise and strive, find a lover and throw yourself before her,

many drank here and departing came no more, she killed me for asking a loan, grip the slut and beat bad manners out of her, she roared when she saw me, she won't do a gill, may she get the mange, come to my parlor, to ask is vain, who goes up your stairs never comes down again, are you weary, rest, curtains and thin sheets, I will tuck you in, they never wake who sleep on your bed, I have a pantry and you are welcome to it, I heard what is in your pantry, your eyes are bright, if you step in you will see yourself, I will call another day, I went into my den and wove a web and set my table and came out, come with wing, purple robes and crested head, your eyes are bright and mine are dull, she came and I held her fast, we had a glass of wine and I leaked her the secret which she told her brother who passed it to a man who relayed the news that we are building a climbing boat, we will land on the promontory with coral treaded tanks, we will surprise them, folly to move from the north, I couldn't find any customers, they let you run up debt, that's how they keep you, a girl gets into a den and the madame threatens to have her arrested if she doesn't do as

she is told so she stays and the longer she does the more in debt she gets, they don't know what they are coming to, hired for housework, that one? How do you, women? What what, good cheer, why, how now, my girls, lamp out, sirs, take heart, we will bury them and then what is brave, what is noble, let us make death proud, come, the case of that spirit is cold, come, no friend but resolution, the briefest, within the hall she urges on her whores, blowing kisses and smiling, lechers pay the jarvey, use me, crawl on me, fall on me, anywhere on any night you wish, in your room or down the street, nothing will warn you, I appear looking like someone you knew, the friend who wasted their life, and remind you of something, I wallow deep, I explore compartments echoing to the din of riveters on your sides, sailing on, many a cup of this wine must drown the memory of that, up from earth's center I rise and sit on the throne as fate unravels, the door and veil and talk of you and me and then no more, earth couldn't answer nor seas mourn in following their lord, nor heaven with all her signs, hidden by night and morning, then the you in me works be-

hind the veil, I lift my hands to find a lamp
amid the dark and hear as from without the
me within you, I lean to this urn to learn the
secret of life and lip to lip it murmurs drink,
fill the cup so tomorrow I may be myself
with yesterday's years, bring me wine like
the one we shared and asked for more, hours
bade to bloom, those desires that asked but
little room, those sports living in each look
that bright the green, seeking a shore where
mirth and manners are no more, I look with
steady eye, garlands chafe me with glamor,
stop searching for the last rose of summer,
defiling myrtle, shade is proper for you who
pour and me who drinks, my birth wasn't
my choice and my death strange design, fill
my glass, drown tyranny in wine, I pierce
the veil and distance calls, secret tortuosi-
ties, a sun given me to hold as wine finds
sinuosities locked in my soul, number op-
pressed with evil, the tide of whose fortunes
fill, how small enjoyment, a pulse below the
city, unheard current, magicians weaving
life into words, from the presses a thousand
voices vociferate the story, through tides of
passion from age to age, historians flinging
worlds on a page, traffic spills, crown on the

hill, it broods remote from city moods, a
creeper scarf of flower clusters, bird and bee
as garden overflows, needle's eye to wind-
ward, through the gate and down the path,
beyond the tower, pride of plumage, be-
tween the buffalo, never to speak through a
reed, caw caw goes the murmur of a dove,
your dove through my lake, signal smoke of
midnight fogman, rook book here where
whirr together, eye before you were, one in
coral echo? If aught stop or song may hope
to soothe you like your own, your spring
gales as sun sits in yonder tent whose skirts
overhang her bed, when your star shows,
hours and elves and many a nymph who
wreath the brow with sedge and shed dew,
and lovelier still, the pleasures prepare your
car, geese traversing north and south,
brought down by shot or stopped by storm, I
call the ghost to my table, the last one, a hill
in the water, I see all who won their way
back rising above the tides, wind receives
this song, what to do but sing her praise who
led us where she wracks monsters far kinder
than our own, she lands us safe from storms
and sends us fowl, what memories in the
dale, secret invitations passing across the

moon at night, confetti, earth carrying me, I
release them near the estuary, they perch on
heads, confusion and desire, life and drunk-
enness, it will soon be still, all shadows be-
hind, they play foxes as they run across the
street, starting at normal walking pace I
went west and bore left to a place on the far
corner of the street, then at reduced pace
with pauses, bearing right, north, approach-
ing, disparate, at relaxed walking pace by
the church, the chord in a circle less than
the arc it subtends, what did I deliberate?
Impalpable and ark presence who assume
my shadow, you creep beside me but don't
hear me, you don't know the poems I sing
but I see you, may sun preserve you, danc-
ing without dust, ink of sun, signature of my
sorrows, a diamond caress of eye, wave line,
follow though you be night bit and she light,
follow her whose light yours deprives, you
live with her, follow those beams that scorch
you, black until her beams turn you bright,
follow her, night dims her and this shade di-
vines, follow, fate ordained, sun must shade,
she proves, shadow disdains, as I walk these
coals reading the manual of laboring in the
womb where lamps mingle, bleeding, red

dog gone disappear come back blood red
strong heart again, said carrying his lead,
dancing to the rack, a dog yawns by the bin
and drags his chain, vents gurgling steam,
stepping into traffic, ogle girls, cry, go hun-
gry, darkness in your coil shell, ears far from
sea, skyline wing, footprint dappled with
soot, galloping down the stairway, history
draws us into another version of ourselves, a
quiet, what can you say? How long before
you walk into the trees? How long before I
can leave? The majority obscures a fear the
future is failing, contemplating a genome to
guarantee crop, halting more processing to
lead out of the room, murmur punctuated
by howl, my fingers closed as my eyes traced
the arc from star to streetlight, connecting
the dots, locating night, persisting this
evening stand counsel before me, finites,
thoughts, few produce action, what a man
has thought out for himself has value, some
think for themselves and some for others,
the former are genuine, their existence in
thinking, while others wish to seem, seeking
happiness in others, which do you belong? I
am both, identified with you, a wanderer,
my disguises, my poetry and eloquence, at-

tendants conducting dead souls for me, equation comprehensible if the independence of your mythology and can't be explained by transmission, if I was you other attributes of you would be assigned to me whereas I am not the thief, but you, and the founder of civilization me, a wise gift? Wisest of all, I know the colored race and this toy will throw others into the shade, if they lived here society would give them gold medals, we will take the money and get a place somewhere safe, no more canned food, lovers, I died a virgin, no babies, no lovers, nothing went in and nothing came out, dry as a bone, wasted, I am going to have lovers, shoulders and all, and a summerhouse, and nice trips, and flowers in my room, shrimp as my lover watches, remember being chosen? Built, tap tap, remember? Filling you in, my love, blueprints resurface, simple and spacious, I long endure, this sustains me, seeking hello she hears brooding coupons in her bed, she begins, a giant nose, coupons unlacing sails, cement negatives of their faces, an apple, a flag, stomp puddles, go out and slip, invent a new crime, a tongue mimicking sugar, here is then that art will be, ex-

ception and continuity, anchor on a tire mountain, city stories, castles of fear, I knock to leave a flower, flattered by attention I returned it, they captivated me, some said I was too pretty, my work was good, they went over it, beauty an element of their faith, you needn't condemn me, I am a development of what was taught before, but we must develop the future church and develop development of development, observe continence, I know what you do, lane's end, dented milk churn, cattle drencher, no return, signed in blood, every fern gave every eye an eyeful before cast to flame, every rowan ash and mower made a game of his graft, hay sash to the best fit kemper, temporary, shifting shape, every maze and every escape narrow, broad stroke on a pig nape, every pig in a bag, they never forgot it began in the night and finished at the singing of the last psalm, glory, it haunted and confused them, I didn't blame myself, they favored a reservoir but I wanted a stain glass window and we couldn't agree so nothing was done, too little money, I preached on the subject, last in spring, time for a reminder, it exercised our minds, I was for a library,

villagers looking for arrowheads, builders descended from men shot dead a century before, who cares, a tree knows it grows, they don't ask for a ballot, begging for justice that men give nor withhold, fleet and the feeble seek the same, every soldier's name on the roll, I am strong, adapting my sermon at celebrations, christenings, confirmations, on days of humiliation, at a charity where all were struck by my analogies, some talk about it to this day, astonished, they had me buy dynamite, a case I passed to a car behind the church, a dark man, all I have is noise, a confused trail, I hold the first death, I hang like a roof from cape to cape, sun-beam proof, mountains my columns, arch I march with hurricane, fire, and snow, when air is chained, my chair the bow, fire weaves above as earth laughs below, son of earth and water, nursling of the sky, passing through sea pores, after rain when heaven is bare and wind and sun build the air I laugh like a child, like a ghost I rise and unbuild, drifting through lookers in the breath of many lungs and split, working the town, a bomb, a gun, a bullhorn, waiting where he stands beneath the windows, the torch is red

on the ridge, shadows reel from furnace shed, birds and bottles, I pass the crater, through the park into the rush, her face between elbows in the thrall, her smile, haircut and rolled sleeve, her eye passes by, anyone, everyone behind the news, I follow each but can't catch them all, tracing their paths, lost in a crowd of schemes, eyeing the church after a face flashes on the windows, I follow, surprised, bomb mushrooming, cops with bayonets for hoses, bayonets for dogs, congregants arriving between firemen and plainclothes children, smirk I follow through uniforms to the park, I wonder where she went, guilty, why shouldn't a sentence of death be passed? A touch of pleasure like bubbles, whoso list to haunt could do worse, spook finders must find spooks to put the face, name, and space together, I know what the requisite is in regard to the ideal woman and so I came to a time when I walked eager to come to a sleeping place, yet lacked belief in safety, in that I came twice anigh to so grim trouble and was unsure if tailed in the night, a plight to make heart long for home, I never ceased to the retention of that woe that sounded plain in

the last calling of my love, to think on this was to grow strong yet to have a fresh anxiety that I keep my life, a club crunched against my legs and a fist planted on my jaw, my lip was torn and a blow in the eye made it blacken as I leaned against the church, all is not as it seems, a mistake intensifying the hatred I feel for the church, turn me aside and give me a place where I can talk to my sort as you worship in peace, children shot and burned, way to repress isn't to suppress, let us air our theories but not compel those to listen who don't wish to, brought up to punishment, don't hunger to display wisdom, look in yourself and don't fall to fault, freedom, certainties are a naivety that does us honor but we have to cease being men, such belief is folly, if distrust is imprudence beyond the world and its yeas and nays what prevent our saying we have a right to bad character? Under obligation to distrustfulness, to wicked squinting, forgive me this, I keep a couple pokes ready for the rage philosophers struggle against being deceived, be angry and permit me mine, doesn't need to be legal, against you, need not be cauterized, needs to be said, pleasure

and pain, passion without sensuality is vulgar, opposite of nobility, the sensuous share a man takes in a work, reason, vulgar sensuousness a man obeys, law, a common face doesn't show intellect, it has expression when it is the mind that determined its features, noble when a pure spirit determined them, let man be noble, that distinguishes him, hail beings our minds prefigure, let us be like them, their examples teach us to believe, wind and rivers hail and thunder and take hold of one another as they race along, so too chance gropes through the crowd and snatches our innocence, following laws all must fulfill, circles of existence, but man can achieve the impossible, he rewards good and punishes wicked, heals and saves, all wandering gather and we honor them as though they were men, achieving what the best in little achieves or longs to, let man be good and create the useful, the just, be to us a pattern of those beings, so you saw me, you were in the room when I went through, not a coincidence, I am here every day, I go often, though don't get the same respect, they stood up for me, they knew I was a defendant, so you knew that, you don't under-

stand and might take it wrong, I might be a candidate for jail and a court appearance, being the solicitor wall, what spelled ruin for a chap when it got about, I leaned in the chair with clasped hands, they saw me when court convened, court held in the cabin where the affair took place, area under the poopdeck, imagine I am about to play truant, call the proceeding any name you like, interrogate me, are you to overturn the law in lies? Do you imagine a state can subsist where laws are overthrown? The evil of setting aside the law requiring a sentence be carried out, yes the state injured me and gave an unjust sentence, say it wasn't to me again, she had work done on the case and had the papers sent around and when I reached my office I found them, a draught of a brief, aghast turning the sheets, the moral aspects of the case didn't trouble me, their causes weren't in my power to comprehend, the doubt of success was such as exists in all enterprises, a stimulus, but woe became anguish where dwelt my thoughts, entwined with iron, copper in my mouth, in a cauldron, filling hollows and bridging rivers, my mission conferred by the gods, I

won't abandon it, I demand no reward, I occupy the city, truth is worth more than semblance, no life but semblance, if you wish to do away with the world nothing of truth remains, no opposition of true and false, only shades of semblance, prorogued, lawyers flap their gowns and settle to term, news leaks, I let out my bodices, bets are laid and families kneel and ask why, frowning, sucking lip, dancing, conversation, confabulation, as if it had never been, my doubts vanish, walking in the garden, my breed lives at need, show you have a hand so strong and heart so high, these shall cry, deliver us, law, style's end, I dispute with none but award it to imagination, endowed with every caprice, I take pleasure in her foolish ways, what I command, do it, you won't add or diminish, if there arise one who gives a sign and it comes to pass let us go where you haven't known, you won't hark, I prove you to know whether you love me and fear me and obey me, justice doesn't admit variation but people vary in the degree they possess it, so with all positions, but things vary in the degree they possess it, one better than another, I went to school and quit, keep your laws, I

practice on the street, a cast in one eye, I use it to my gain, looking at people when not, hell on witnesses, thinking they are under scrutiny, I hesitated, feeling the pressure of the court on my forehead, they were serious, awaiting the proctor, pickle, I said, laying down my folios, a cart groaning with further folios, documents of dissatisfaction, boys bring the files, some don't, the buzzer to bring a boy under the desk with a wire down the leg but it doesn't work, wiggler at the desk, I was given law to the day of my death and convicted and fought all the way, meaning clear, I used every tool but had no case, I was dead and her name gave me a queasy feeling, she lost no time in getting my view and passing it on, one down two to go, don't be scared, there are lots of things you can't know with reason, you get tired and rely on superstition, I no better, you can learn a lot by looking at lips, they swooped on me and seized their quarry but I stood undismayed, when they taxed me with the crime I disowned nothing, I was glad and grieved, sweet to escape but dire to bring ruin to a friend, courts are schools to dandle fools, a savage den, where a place so free yet termed

the worst? Cares afflict the bed and pain the head and you who live single take it for a curse, some would have children and those that do moan and wish them gone, so what to have or have no wife but single thralldom or double strife? Our affection to please is a disease, peril and toil to cross the seas, wars affright us and worse when they cease, what remains but to cry for being born to die? Now is that a truth you recognize and am I in such dark as not to know if a man with who I live is corrupted by me I will corrupt him, intentionally so you say, though I nor anyone else is to be convinced by you, but either way you lie, incandescent but apart from any such motives you are guilty, I can say against the justice of the verdict that the evidence is conclusive and it remains for me to pass a sentence as will satisfy the law, no motion of body nor any movement in the handling of arms, how ungraceful soever we need condemn if they serve to protect us from a blow, it pains me to see one so young brought to this state but yours is no case for sympathy, not your first offence, you led a career of crime and have only profited by mercy shown these last times, spent most

your life in jail, if my offence is unintentional the law has no cognizance, you should have taken me aside and reproved me, if I was better advised I should have left off doing what I only did unintentionally, how do I corrupt the young? You mean I teach them not to acknowledge your gods but some others? Is this how? You say it was done at my desire, a grace the state allowed, yielding to my wish? No, for on that day when I craved death none appeared to further it, but when time numbed my anguish and I felt my wrath outrun those past errors you went about to oust me, respite for years, and my friends did nothing, one word was all I needed, but let me wander on, exiled, I was in the room with her and people wondered that I should be at the house on the evening of the crime, but it was simple and happened naturally, I had been intending to drop in to startle her by showing I knew her secret, it was her birthday and she was trying to conceal it, though dissolved for the first lapse it still exists and is cast to earth as into a potter's kiln to be formed again, not to rise again, but in a state of purity never to be destroyed again, to every body is restored its own soul

and when it is clothed it won't be subject to misery but will rejoice and continue with which it walked in this world, it will receive it again, never having had it as a snare, but the unjust receive their bodies with the same diseases they died from and such as they were in their unbelief the same will they be when judged, I have no proof to bring forward but persist the arrangement is unfair and that they ought to pay me more, whether I kept back part of my inheritance with persistence of the witnesses who could be asked it not excepting? I obtain word from all and all allege it so but now it was only from that day forth she recurred to my mind every day, the thought vexed me so much I sent an official to learn if I could assist her and when it was reported she died I was startled, hearkened to the reproaches of my conscience, and was out of sorts all day, I visited her and became one of her supporters, unprejudiced as I was this setting aside by a woman filled me with indignation, though the record in my journal is dignified, but it made me a sterner judge when time for judgment came, I don't want to rest my fate on security, I want to talk, even I who did it

must search for evidence of what I did, so tired that there is no occasion I will rise to nothing in my movement toward the world, I can't rest on my hands, the silent land, who leads us thither? Evening clouds more darkly gather and wrecks lay on the strand, who leads us to the silent land, to perfection, visions of souls? The future's pledge and band that stands firm in life's battle bear hope's buds to the silent land? The herald beckons for the broken hearted, allotted by fate, and with inverted torch stands to lead us to the land of the departed, from thence to heaven's hall where no voices brawl, no conscience in molten gold, no accuser bought or sold, no cause deferred nor vain spent journey, I am the king's attorney and plead for all without degree, I have angels but no fees and when your sins are juried with black verdicts against your souls I plead my death and you live, be my lawyer, you give salvation for alms, not with a bribed lawyer's palms, this is my plea, that as my flesh must die and want a head to dine at noon just at the stroke when my veins start set an everlasting head on my soul, then I'm ready to tread those paths which before I writ of

death and judgment, heaven and hell, who often thinks must die well, later he will say he didn't do it, home at breakfast, ask the wife, they heard some preacher doing love your neighbor as birds filled the yard, he would of had a driver and a man to call in threats to draw off cops, easing through empty streets to plant their package and glide away, route thick with friends, a thousand ways to disappear, the new poems show our friend much altered yet the same, the light he sheds has mellowed and if the charm he threw before was too sensuous it isn't now, the man has displaced the youth, his melody deeper, a sweetness from the soul as the honey of experience replaces the sweetness that captivated the ear only, his range was great before and is now such he seems merely the amateur, the same nature that threw itself into forms of beauty is now intent on the secrets of spirit, love and duty, two voices bespeak that acquaintance with realities of which in the palace of art he expressed his need, the sense of beauty hasn't been suffered to degrade him into that basest of beings, an voluptuary, a pensive but serene wisdom hallows all his song, capable

of exercising all kinds of action on the heart, shaking the soul with apathy and cradling it with sweet sensation, yet his heart prefers melancholy and however sublime the tone of his harp it is his lute that resound with most emotion, he has these lines, loveliness doesn't need ornament and when unadorned is adorned the most, faces don't require art and ringless fingertips are handsome, many a consort of fair ones whose beauty required no ornament have I laid prostrate on the field, whence of sanctuary? Place your hands prepared? Mountain border created in this world, created for glory, called by name, I made it and reign forever, if you comprehend you forget to assess and if you cultivate you are compatible with attesting to meditation transmitted by mind, my possessions given into cool hands, I am concerned with being awakened, I reform the regulation of custom and break the teaching of expediency and stifle the minor vehicle, establishing the sudden teaching and writing a commentary laying out its meaning, I add to many parts of nature by a turn for simplicity in my mind, I hate to be trifled with and made to say some tale, why should I

take them on trust? Of religion, passion, marriage, manners, of unseen and unseeing yet, or else we have to read and translate the existence of observation, the difference of cause and effect from perception, the non-difference of the two perceived in threads where we don't perceive cloth but only threads, so again in threads we perceive finer ones identical with the grosser ones, in them again finer ones, and so on, identity of cause and effect as well as substance and its qualities admitted, but cause and effect aren't apprehended as such, they are linked and if you assume this link you have to admit it is joined to cause and effect, linked by a knot, and that knot will require a new one, tying it to the terms it binds, compelled to postulate an infinite series of ties, or else maintain the link isn't joined by any tie to the terms it binds, from that results the dissolution of the bond tying cause to effect, if the link may be tied with the terms it joins without help of further link then conjunction must be linked with the terms it joins without ties, conjunction also a link, since substances are apprehended as standing in relation of identity the assumption of link

relation has no purport, a thing isn't seen because it is visible but visible because seen, nor is a thing led because it is being led but is just led, being furthest forward, all states imply previous ones, a thing doesn't become because becoming but is in a state of becoming because it becomes, neither does a thing suffer because in a state of suffering, it is suffering because it suffers, as in the stellar firmament there are often suns of different colors shining on a single ball and flooding it with motley, so we are determined by different moralities, our actions shine in different colors, every color is the mixture of light and dark in new proportion at every pore, gravitating toward truth, leaves where we read how soon things end, though never so brave, and after they show their pride they glide to the grave, without beauty there would be strife between natural and rational destiny, if we thought of our vocation as spirits we would be strangers to life, beauty would make us forget, wedded to this state we lose sight of our true country, we are only citizens of nature when the sublime is wedded to the beautiful, unnecessary to deny a substance underlying these appear-

ances, abstain from asserting this entity, it needs not I swear by sunset and night and its gatherings by full moon that you will be carried on from state to state, I have been among the privileged of my time without time to lament my sorrows, they show things and I look at them, what to do, I walk without fear as I think, child of the minstrel and his guitar, I pluck the strings of my own invention, I walk and fear not, you are among us, you and those with who we surround, you, tree of signals, a fountain of fish, my feet haven't wearied of going through these streets by palaces covered with snow that I carry in my pockets and gine to distribute among wanderers and sleepers in the parks, nervous about bottles in the water, a truck passes carrying volunteers for harvest, why am I reminded of a chorus of lutes? I expose my heart to wind as I cross the threshold and become my reflection, a fall for beginners, I walk where my town meets its own departure, a city of girls and lights across the bridge, it is late into my home, angels converted, baths pour odors and men displace them, crying to colleagues, as elsewhere stand houses saddled with grief, but

these dwellers refrain from departure even as they push against my luggage, as steam presses the glass of my nostalgia, I pass between days like a thief between bars to use stolen recollections like a bank I invested my body into, hours I still possess, gold leaf mine to keep, the train breaks this fantasia with actuality, the facticity of the about to go is a sensitive spot, I embrace angels like a cloak of books whose owners having died, wishing them back in dreams only I may interpret, the librarian of their longing, I contain your signatures, each copy of your history, even as I refuse to engage your ballerinas and return to what? In the summit I rest and shoulder empty rejoinders, boat, you shudder and tilt, just barking to tip out a phase, the silence, I walk when the moon is chemical, scorched back to exile across the land, lifelike in commerce with luck and two faces, my lip, I live on wax bread, a sheet as fog turning the bud, who made this exile perpetuate to what end, named for control as music's kingdom by the sound, for any stray to scab at matter? Burst chestnuts, your flames enkindle my flesh among witches caught in your flame

woven mesh, on my back I wear a child's piano and tinkle notes of midnight on the frozen grass, something dark in the trees, you whose word chaos heard and took flight, hear me, I pray, and let there be light, you who came on your wing with health and sight, let there be light, spirit dove, speed flight, move on water's face and let there be light, wisdom, love and might rolling in pride, let there be light, inconvenience without malice, a vice so contrary to my humor, my cloak isn't worth a groat, had it a year, it was grain cloth and now it is a sigh clout holding out neither wind or rain, but I will have a new one, a year since we kenned, I trow fear God, why wilt thee misken? Take your cloak about you, I loved you before you were old and my heart is sick with memories, why fly? Now now, then then, world throughout, your kens not clowes from gentlemen clad in black so far above their degree, I will take a view, a new cloak, many words I speak concerning men's action but when speaking of myself I don't by any rule, inspired to utter what impels me, making hymns and verse, I don't sing by art, I speak of all, I take your minds and use them so

those who hear know me to be speaking not of myself but that you are the speaker, entrance and end of the tunnel, find a slave, shall I who nature gave humanity forfeit to swell your treasure? Whence over the heart his empire free? Our hearts must be the roses we put above our dead, beside their graves we renew allegiance to their trust and bare our heads, the best tribute we can pay is hearts that renew the pledge they sealed with death, that the flag shall bear no stain and free men wear no chain, blind me, take your cords and bind me, drive me through a silent land with your hand, in lightning there is too much sound and sight, too much freedom for my feet, bruised by this street, there is rest in captivity, drive me with your hand, freedom makes me indignant, I understand nothing but tyranny, I love as I hate and my suffering makes me revolt against the taste that denies my suffering, an attitude of morality not the least of the causes, the last slave insurrection, pole generating energy, nothing negative about it, cathode instead of negative, descent, path of generation, from the cathode emerge a swarm of corpuscles and rays, the pole is the

principle of electricity and the finest form of matter, refuse to use negative, say feminine, no sleep so deep but dream, here falls no light of sun or star, no moan nor merry making mars these solitudes, submerged in sleep the soul is one with all things, night blurs dreamer and dream, villagers smile and weep for them, lay your burden, there is no god but sleep, birds are out in scattered cheep, then like the downcast dreamy fringe of eyelids when dim gates unhinge that locked their tears fall a mist of rain on the hills so faint it seems to fade again yet swiftly nears, dashboard lit, headlights, shotgun seat, stick sweating in my grip, shadow steering through city sleep, here sanctuary is division within division, say quarter or half, even an acre, on the dead road rabbits dig into banks at the gate past rail lines across town, streetlight engagements with dim defense, labor shot with mud and slick of residue, paranoia wreaks havoc on habit, the merchant bows to the seaman's star and the ploughman takes his season from the sun but still lovers wonder what they are who look for day before their mistress wakes, awake, break through veils of lawn, I rose to

open my beloved and my hands dropped myrrh, my fingers on the lock, I opened her and she withdrew, my soul failed when she spoke, I couldn't find her, I called her but she gave no answer, they found me and took my veil, I am sick of love, what is she more than another that you so charge us? A ruddy chief with bushy locks and eyes like doves washed with river milk, her cheeks are spice beds and her lips drop myrrh, her hands are rings and belly is ivory overlaid with sapphires, her legs are marble pillars on gold sockets and her countenance is as good as cedar, her mouth is sweet and she is lovely, to covet after truth is to aspire to be partakers of it and to study holiness is more religious than service, but must such a disposition be acceptable to whose service you are dedicated? Her characteristics are wisdom and foresight and her name expresses the relation she bears to knowledge, while her adversary conceals that doctrine she, her doctrine inculcates perseverance in one course and abstinence from carnal appetite, restraining that within due bounds but habituating her votaries undergo those ceremonies their religion obliges, I was covered

with debris and my lights went out as I stepped through the window, best have dinner early, last night a lady had her soup upstairs, her chicken in the office, and her coffee in the cellar, in face of the raids we are calm but indignant over such methods of warfare, the damage is small and injuries insignificant, it is wise to get under shelter during the raids and most obey the warnings, odd more people aren't hurt, I went out of town and on return was informed a shell went through the roof of my bedroom like a stone dislodged from a mountain through a cottage roof, when we examine the matter we find a chain of causes behind it, the rain that softened the earth and sun that disintegrated the rock, the formation of the mountain by convulsions of nature, the cause of rain, the existence of roofs, and a mesh of cause and effect from which we strive to extricate ourselves, I was shown a handful of fragments gathered off the roof, a bomb fell in the garden and broke the windows on that side, saw her, thin fuse of cigarette, newspaper spread on bus, see flash shock push her from the dark and burn her shadow where anyone can see, I went to the airport but an

agent denied me entry, I was examined, how they access my info? I travelled throughout never had a problem, they deny those who pose a threat, I was evaluated, how did they get my info? Can they access it? I tell of my swoons, smitten and occult, and then the necklace company, the window shot, look to the future enjoying emptiness as women skeet and blip the meaning of my song, slats through the personality's work in a sorority of fame, how should I capture the papers, the cords, some have nine mothers and fight for necklaces, a safe world forever, and to prove our faith let all do without sugar, what are we going to sing today? Let the show go on and get over with, I must write about it before I can go dancing, coal, oil, iron, gold, why don't you tell us about them you little liar, there is a winding trail, they sang, their opened mouths and some of the grim faces weep, during the last raids they were driven off by barrage fire, reprisals, bombs, fall on slough, it isn't fit for humans now, there isn't grass to graze a cow, blow those fruit beans, a house down and crown for years, get that man who cheats and wins and smash his hands, but spare the clerk, it isn't their

fault he is mad, they tasted hell, you who look through windows, turn your eyes on us who hail your approach, spring hills tell each other and valleys hear, our eyes turned, let your feet visit our clime, a cheerless rainy afternoon, my road home lay past a druggist and out of my shilling he returned what looked like copper, I turned and my body was cold, I grew as easily as a tree spreading shade above, I thought I could be my father again, I lay down and was stabbed by rain, pat pat, I thought of my father's fingers and marveled how grublike they were than these bony ones, my mother's hands had that look also, I couldn't stop sobbing, I couldn't stop glancing, this rubbed me wrong and I felt rebuked since their dying was my fault, I sat and stared, women should leave me out, I snuffled and righted myself, every night almond profiteroles by the turned down duvets, champagne and oysters under the sea, roses in ribbon, script we penciled in the tea-room, rain stopped and our ways apart, milk and honey made to nothing and transported faraway, on the stone where I kneel to read with the tips of my fingers, how does love live here except as shadow? Rain on morn-

ing papers, ink flows from one language to another, mannequin's vanish from the cover with the face of the athlete proud of his first prize, mascara oozes as kiosks close and rain out the dark, what makes robbers bold but too much lenity? Let me move through the street amid steps that beat the walks, how fast figures come, to voyage is victory, I trudge on swallowing my feelings and breaking problems up when there aren't any to lathe with music and work down the neck-hole or lugie up splat on the sidewalk, trundling toward the obelisk where hand in hand we receive instructions, go to your job and maintain your composure, read some poet whose songs came from his heart, who heard music in his soul, such songs quiet care, read some poem and lend to rhyme the beauty of your voice, filled with music, the cares that infest day and surfacing breathless from the tunnel like dogs, a sax cough beneath, figs spread roots like digging fingers or a bridge sinking into memory, cars come and water sloshes as bells ring in alarm, eternity written on the floor in chalk as trains plummet toward the city, cars spluttering, shade and sun wavering, ill scenes that offer rest, heart

can't rest, this stream, that pine, those alders might soothe a soul less hurt than mine, but care foregoes not what felt within, sadness slights the season's scene, seek joy an hour, sun buries its head as clouds scatter shadow and corners widen, dulling their edges and leaving exposed with nowhere to go, eyes close and welcome sleep, a shower from the ceiling, an aura around their heads, they retreat from my puddle, the floor familiar, my whimpers, that was why they got so interested in the floor, I knew that deodorant, my father's brand, and the twitters as ants skittered into my nose, each taking a farewell bite, heralding an exhibit on the horizon, I soiled myself on the seat and the scent of times past intensified, my limbs airy as my body swelled, the world an echo of friends and reflections, I stood so close I could have touched you, but in this emptiness you are crucial, hear the whimpering back of talk, the fear when I cease to be, lumped in a self, a uselessness talks even to no one, accepting truth like a disguise and joining the crowd as the brave must always ascend, always the musts, the tower, the flight, the café, I know you, I was here all along, you won't have

seen me but I kept an eye on you, why don't
I talk you through how I see it? Paper chinks
for an ad, got the provinces now, cook and
cuisine, maid kept, wanted man for counter,
resp girl wishes to hear of post in pork shop,
I made that percent on shares, hunks news,
our vicereine bought the field, plum tree
potted under obituaries, cold meat depart-
ment, wiped on paper print pollutes fissures
that speak despair, lip service like letters to
the photo paper, readers await the harbinger
of prejudice, merit, a poet looks around, all
the rest is dull, love wakes once, lift your lid
and look and what a page can teach you
read with joy then shut the book, either way
that and my dream is all the light of all your
day, those names describe the discomfort
compelled by humility, rabbits of love hop
after them into destinations unchanged and
the defectors from love read on the trains,
see them? Intent on proofreading the world,
ashes that survive the fire bury the past re-
taining only those messages least deciphera-
ble and most desirable to be sung by the few
remaining voices of our choir, imagination
dilates the writing closet's dimension and
crowds it with agents in rank and order re-

ducing reality to moon glimpses, these tricks spoil the illusions of the green room for us, can any biography shed light on the localities that admit me? Do I confide my genesis? Forest air in moonlight captivity, where is the letter that kept one word of these? We draw up the ladder and give way to a new age that asks in vain for a history, connections are important if you seek success, to mount the ladder and gain the top-most rung, in this life it is better to be poor, to prove everyone inferior, I bow low, on my face, I submit and laugh, I know what merit is and shout when I speak of those above, if they do a little scribbling I applaud, only I understand how to beg, bards suggest life's endless toil but I long for rest, the sun blotting your face in the grape arbor, half the girls in this train wear oval earrings bisected by their names, they are mine because I name them, I stood up and asked charity and she made no reply, this increased my hardiness, you might find time to read after you attend to my request and what I have to say, she read on but I took her arm, neither charity nor courtesy? Don't you know me? She knew I was going to ask for money, do

me a favor? I stood with hands hidden in coat pockets, love is protected like leaves packed in snow like rubies protecting the jewel of love, she gave me her watch, I am as modest as an animal and flush as fields, I lead children, each stranger and sufferer comes, I gift rain patter and tomorrow, its weight leaping to the unknown, free and gratuitous, why not feel better? I talk to strangers and their voices wheel, we can't agree but who cares? I seize what is available, am I facing the right way? It was my watch, the wearer aggrandizes the watch and not the watch the wearer, if it hadn't been for hope of women I would have been lonely, this kept me from despair and gave my mind the only diversion it had from thought of failure, if I met a girl that would be best, if you say you praise me by art you don't deal fairly, you are a deceiver, you won't explain my nature, you have many forms and go twisting and turning and becoming all manner of people at once and at last slip away as a boy, if you have art then in falsifying your promise you aren't dealing fairly but if you have no art and speak under my influence I acquit you and only

say you are inspired, which do you prefer, to be dishonest or inspired? In this dawn it is the rose scent that leads onward, every time I see a figure in the street I am sure someone has arrived to help me shed an illusion, bus drivers so familiar I have no concept of destination, a word for shape of loss? Wild-fire in the shape of a cross? I am here to rest from a chain of events that began when I was spading up my garden, below the surface I found a passage allowing jailers to convey prisoners to the cellars, they made a place on the roof for their balloons, a note fell from the sky and I was trying to make the best of it, I searched the house for my uniform, nothing left but hat, gristle, hooves, and snout, that being what remained of what came into my hands, I found the cap in a closet and shaped it, among the things my father buried in the garden, I wrote it out to discourage rambling, a place fixed, a circle described and turf removed, to be replaced when the cache is filled, the hole sunk deep and wide, the goods are covered with earth and rammed until the hole is level, I walked to the cache and examined it, as earth was dug it was handed up and laid on a cloth and

carried to the stream where it washed away and left no trace that might lead to the discovery of the cache, before the goods are deposited they are dried, a parcel of sticks collected and with them a floor is made and covered with hay, on this the articles are deposited taking care to keep them from touching the walls, we ran home and looked at it on the porch, foil collected from gum wrappers, the kind of box wedding rings come in, velvet with a latch, I flicked it open and inside were two pennies, reckon it's somebody's place? Naw, don't anyone but us pass by here, unless it is a grownup's, but they don't have hiding places, you reckon we ought to keep em? I don't know what to do, who'd we give em back to? I followed under first impulse of horror, the laughter, but when her giggle insulted my ear I kissed her, whispering in her ear such thoughts as belied the motion of a guided world, a look of defeat in her eyes as I explained why such stories held no difficulty for a believer, I found a note, I will hang myself if I am not a member of the club, the neighborhood was a farm and some kid made his vow and buried it, I was moved, the note issued from

the double source, my eagerness to know the particulars was abated by antipathy to scene disclosed, I employed no means to affect my purpose, desiring knowledge but shrinking from the boon, I opened a drawer, a note, I snatched it and withdrew to my chair, turning over the leaf, forgiven, come home? Your question has no answer, Your message will never arrive, measurements continue, soon we will ascend the stairs but for now my only companion is this sparrow breathing as though it fear, staircase, porisms no living eyes have seen, all not forgiven, stay where you are and you are a memory, I am near home, nearer house and sea, nearer bound of life where we lay burdens down, nearer leaving cross and gaining crown, lying between, winding through night is the stream, if my feet gained the brink perfect my trust and let my spirit feel in death my feet are set, pacing the forest, chewing food of sweet and bitter fancy, under an oak a woman lay on her back with a snake about her neck but it unlinked and slipped into a bush where a lioness lay with her head on the ground, air chill, birch and pine thick on the hill, one tree apart, wind

stirring heart, I wrapped my arms around it and it pulsed and leapt, the hill, wind, show me my house, I am a foreigner, don't look at anyone or ask questions, she led but no one saw me as she hid me in a cloud, harbors, ships, assemblies, and palisade, we reached the house, a slave in body is dead, body free, fig grapes, wine, apple wild only like myself who belongs not to the race here but having strayed into the wood from the stock I walk the terrace ornamented with flowers, a form met my sight and I shuddered, when I came my desires changed, if I fled it wasn't by remorse I took way of fugitive, I don't know how I led here, by will, still strong, then you give me a cloak, but you look at my clothes and say nothing but what is satisfactory, you will want clothing nor anything else but come morning you have to shake your own rags about you for we haven't any spare, each only one, but I will give you one and send you to go, she put a skin in front of the fire and covered me with a cloak, I would take no bread, she make a bed but I couldn't sleep on it, she put another skin in the cloister and threw another cloak, a man can gamble to poverty and be a gentleman but a

gambler is outcast, had not for war I wouldn't have been received but now they felt patriotic and saw I repented and was attempting to atone, bound to stretch a point in case of a blockader, the cottage, bush grown and turned past to stone, I hoped to crown my last hour amid these bowers, to husband out life's taper and keep flame from wasting by repose, I had hope to show my book amid swains, to draw around the fire and tell of all I saw, as a hare pants to from whence she flew I still had hope to return, cattle in pastures and burns over stones, hoot of owl, corn air, soon garnered, outline of my house, no one beneath the roof, damp got its grip, joist heads feathered in cavity wall as room bellies bow, I rip boards and smell of muscle wasted seed wood out, papaya chilled and I squeezing a lime and stepped onto the veranda, mountains as I remembered, light down their flanks and leaves and twigs on lawn, house hidden from garden by fence, section collapsed with grass spiking gaps between planks, condition shocked me, glades confessing tyrant's power, as I take my rounds and return to where cottage once stood memory swells and turns past to pain,

I rest my case as history slinks over the sill
and with it history's ironies, what to fear or
hope? Last tribute, parted hope, my quest
over and it failed but in that thought there
was peace, not resignation or submission, all
well, did best I could, true to light given to
me, I looked for more and if failure was
what came of me it was best possible, story
of host who went amiss and few who found
upshot, now ground of speech fails, my road
is yours, follow and farewell, I step into the
trail and trees resume progress, camp drops
in the mist, gone north with tragedy and
passion, frost about revelation, no eye read
that page again, friends, if verse can give life
you shall live forever, cowardly fierce, retir-
ing across the pond, a laughing stock of all
time, uphill where even in death I obtained
life, slow climbing, sea and sky, passion be-
fore reason, it keeps still, origin of judgment
and mentor of will, no fool but makes law
against it, how manifold my works, earth
full of possessions but whence of me? Writ-
ten, blessed, whence of here? Written until
people pass, as for saints in earth, nobles I
delight in, as lightning your eyes and not
your noise woke me, I thought you an angel

but when I saw you knew my thoughts and dreams, when joy would wake me, and came then, I couldn't choose but to think you anything but you who came to kindle and go to come, then I dream that hope again but else would die, meditating to away confusion, vast hope with practice, such weight as it may possess is only in relation to being and not to nature, I fix my thought on it, bodies with forms from whence distinction flows, veiled stars, love is manipulation, someone needs something and you sing your song, another day love is a possession, the house shakes awake, premises present, pond threads, their flights like dew arrowing in sunlight, fast as I wake sages soar back to heaven, sublime history, the world is only strife of forces with one another and with freedom, registering more actions referable to nature than free will, only in a few cases does reason make its power felt, if we expect knowledge in history we are deceived, all attempts to reconcile what the world wants with what it gives are belied by experience, nature is as illogical in history as she is logical in the biosphere, it is different if we give up explanation, by deviating from law and

crushing the works of man nature proves
you can't explain her by her laws and this
drives the mind to the absolute, if one keeps
bailing water out of the sea one will reach
the bottom and obtain rare treasures, if one
seeks the way one will reach the destination,
what vow can't be fulfilled? At the hush
sleep bridled beasts hold the birds aground,
night drives on her round and waveless seas
lie bedded, only I fret, my bringer undoes
me more, in rage and tears thoughts of her
are all the peace I get, draughts of spray, a
hand heals and deals each blow, to keep my
ships at sea I have a thousand births and
deaths a day, that is how far my port is from
me, I shouldn't let my lovingness weaken
me, love will rise below and above, whose
light is truth and warmth is love, before
your throne I ask no luster of my own, at a
touch pleasure melts and fancy wanders
through thought spread beyond her, open-
ing doors and darting forth and soaring
cloudward, baptized as body goes grave-
ward, marble crumbles into clay where a
rivering shows one aviary, doves and pi-
geons undivided, ashen from residue be-
yond, what an awakening, all hail, I turn to

the golden one, apart, not a thing among things, a reflection, utterance not of a kind with other language, set apart from other days for the enjoyment of duration, above day and night, myself I make whenever I sleep or play, and could I keep awake all day that I might present it to who? Unusual one, it would require more liberal recognition of secrecy than would hold under ordinary conditions, is the end of my song, I served the people and their superstition and on that account they tolerate my unbelief, a pleasantry and a bypass for them, I give free scope to my slaves and enjoy their audacity, a free spirit hated as wolves by dogs, an enemy of fetters, a non-adorer, a wood dweller, to hunt me is your right, hound your sharpest toothed dogs on me, truth is where people are, woe to the seeking ones, thus it echoes through time, my people would I justify in my reverence that called me will to truth and my heart has said to itself, from people I come and from thence come their voices to me, be receptive and let the world suffer and suffer the spirit of the hour to pass, enlarge borders and don't smite or crush, tell me your name by the homage you pay, I bless

the land that obeys, be happy and settled,
you are far from it, but while you are with
me I do you well, I put my children before
you and give you the choice of my land,
even among the best I have on the border of
the next, a goodly land, lullaby as women
bring babes to rest, I sing womanly as the
rest, with lullaby they still the child and if I
be not much beguiled I have full many
babes to still, first lullaby youthful years,
time for bed, age has won the haven in my
head, with lullaby be still, content your will,
courage quails and comes behind, go to
sleep and beguile your mind, lullaby my
eyes which wanted to glance apace for every
glass now suffices to show my furrowed
face, with lullaby wink awhile, with lullaby
your looks beguile, let no face nor beauty
entice you, lullaby my will, let reason reign
your thought as too late I find how dear I
bought your fancy, take your ease and ap-
pease your doubts, if you be still my body
shall obey, you have no equal or beginning
and nor shall you have an end but you gave
one to all, consider it and speak your mind,
the tree enters my hands and sap ascends
my arms, growing down my breast, branch-

es grow out of me like arms, king, what say
I with this look? I make a sign and bow, on
the coin there is a sun, you have been stiff
necked advocates and many a one who want-
ed to run well with you harnessed an ass,
throw off your skin that I may learn to be-
lieve in you, I break your will, conscientious
who goes into the wild and breaks his heart,
burnt by sun he peers at fountains where
life reposes under the tree, some feel beetle
start when bark slips, some feel musk, all at-
tain eternal life by degrees, becoming re-
fined or immortal, I sit in the aroma with
my two halves, citrus seeds breaking loose, I
shake oaks and coins drop each season, you
don't know why I created you of the same
dust? So you walk the same feet in the same
land, that by deed oneness and detachment
manifest, you enter my house and cast me
out, enshrining yourself, turn to paradise, I
suffer for your guidance, don't be disloyal,
truth on the horizon of my pen, a breeze
wafts through and those who hear don't suf-
fer, whether they hear or see, smell or taste,
perceive or conceive, they won't suffer, I no
less proud ancestors moulder under me, no
charm lost, after flight my freshness lies

and shall yet, ground to sky, palace pavilions, ponds and streams, reefs edges and surf buried skerrie, wrecked spars, I open my eyes on your bed, my body, leap to life, sleeping? this place I hate, explained, anticipating my question, but on the fall