

Reflections from Toledo

Canneries or glassworks, death or a freight—leave all considerations to pretty girls and observe the sheen of the wall tiles. Seated on an ancient bench, I ignore what I have come to expect, the shame and desire to hide among my fellow inmates. Does he expect me to believe really that he has just now concluded that this train station is not an airport? Better to consider the graceful girls at ease with what's not their own and yet is in a way, from education and broadness in outlook I suppose rather than the cosmopolitan airs of a trifler who fakes understanding and experience.

Floor tiles large and naturally tessellated. Only the ceiling here is dirty. And one knows that there is a water fountain containing the metal of death beneath the humorous bag. There is a strange kind of relation between death and a railroad. One sees it in the vacant upper stories—so airy and yet not used perhaps for many a year. One can picture the ghosts of the dead still standing there chatting and carrying on with one another. And the elevator that never rises anymore looks as though it would take us between decks on the Olympia. It has a porthole.

A grapefruit whose pieces could not be reconnected because it was hollow. Bitterness still lies in the palms of my not too used hands. Will goodness ever rest in them? Where is the peace of mind that goes with slow and yet unnatural considerations? There is nothing there but the agony of childbirth. Wistful considerations lead to penciled in circles on not too wistfully considered orange peels and standardized proofs of genius.

Sumacs excessively valued, oaks not appreciated at all, rocks looming over water, dead trees standing tall. Gray bed of gravel keeps the tracks spreading from with rejoinders. Laces of pretty girls all clean unkempt. A mango is ripening in China says the prophet, and it has nothing to do with a locomotive. Avoid sentimental railroad hysterics. Write of the open sea, women, and last night's meteor shower.

Forests all around me, I have no choice. A long way ahead there is the blue sky. The present forward grayness suggests it to the rails. So never worry longer of forwardness not yet passed. Unnoticed it was and unnoticed it will be until the grayness of time suggests its truth before or after the train shall get there. A penny can derail your best laced hopes. Before the meteors comes the fall of pomegranates from the linden trees. In the space-time continuum there may be no void. What your pen can't write your heart never will suggest to the higher intellectual processes. I am better off here below, among the common mass. A lot depends on quality. Avoid what makes you feel uncomfortable, no matter how pathetic.

Black Walnut

No vine of ivy is climbing the walnut tree. I should say that it is black, and so I will, and yet who really knows the differences among the trees and races. I'll come to the graves through the sunshiny-places and all my recollections shall be of the dark-lit linden amid the snow of cottonwood hair. Fair she was and always will be when there will come a time for us to forget our ways and tribulations—for it is better to concentrate on our single-minded recollections not without a penchant for commonplace desires. So there was nothing wrong with what she said nor anything right in my willingness to do nothing. So my foes you see they cannot blame me for what has never happened more than once and no one can speak of struggles that were never understood. One must seek the answer in straight-going eyes.

Sure as darkness will come, a day shall happen when that tree does fall. And who will really care? Not everyone I suppose. Only the father cutting it down with the saw, not wishing his frolicking playful children to be hurt by its fall.

The Hammock Has Fallen

The hammock has fallen and while my ass is sitting on it my knee is on the grass. I consider it a sign of hope that my toes are still entangled in the cords. My pencil writes furtively because I know I have said a word that my mother and sister would not approve of. I needed to lift the hammock to its proper station amidst the branches and the leaves. My apology made it difficult. So here I am again, free and high in my hammock. I shall always use the clove hitch—its simple elegance is well worth the risk of fall. It is easy to untie. One wants to be balanced on the edge, the sidemost string pressing harshly against my thigh like the string a modest girl has on her bikini. It is sexiest and most elegant when the sides go down the middle of each hip. The most efficient way to change two curves into one by adding a flat surface. I am writing now, you see, with a precision crafted pencil made for the drawings of the serious-minded engineer. And my lead is going low, and notwithstanding its thinness, there are rarely breakages in it. So I haven't any need for erasers.

Laziness so far from craziness,
Ecstasy so far from woe,
Why would you have it be this way?
Why would you have it so?

Early in the morning it is school. The locust tops are quite at home and at ease. Bathing so modestly in the airy element a gentle sway is all the exercise they require. There isn't much pollution today, which makes them happy, and yet brown bespeckled leaflets can only be read in a solitary room at night with a desk lamp. Sometimes smoke permeates the air and leaves nothing to the imagination. Our black slanted asphalt roof reflects more light than you would expect and the dog barks loudly to prove it. He's frightened.

So come now gloriously this my last three weeks of summer. The tree tops know what I would have gladly told you, your waning light bespeaks no loss of majesty in these our human longings, but only a renewal of water in a long ago flowing meandering stream bed.

These trees are tall and not fit for climbing. One could fall and hit one's head.

My original thoughts are not my best one's today. I have to wait two or three times before the poetry is right.

I don't really know whether I shall better be able to write at present. It is hot now. The heat it makes one still. It presses down on one's shoulders like my own solitary objective in life. I know that such a great deal of time has passed. I wish I could be still when I wonder whether there is really anything that I could do. The stifling heat it tells me in a very direct way that a plodding fanatical existence is not always inappropriate. It were more poetical if I should be lengthwise, but I don't want to take the unjust punishment. I sit upright, a cool mathematician in my pristine white sailor shirt. It possesses crisp blue trim and a button shortly to be fastened. The ghost of my grandfather dwells within me. The wind blows all the way from Chappy. I remember him telling me that candles can be made from bayberries.

There is nothing here nor anywhere save that which dwells on the surface. Vicious undercurrents of turtle hatred will sometimes sweep you below. There's nothing to do but pause and then you'll regain your balance even though you're top-heavy. A solitary buoy, you'll be safe from those who laugh at the songs which come to you from below. Some will know in their own lifetimes the significance of drowning. Analogies will take them. Thereupon some men will come out of dark caves; they will bring their telescopes to observe the event. Then they will return to a recollection of a pair of dark eyes. Ruminating in his study, the recluse will toy his globe with his fingers, wondering what it all means.

The branches are falling from the locust tops. If one should become entangled in my hammock netting it would make an interesting conundrum. I would be totally indifferent to it. Who really understands the chain of command? When the wind blows the trees sideways, Stephen goes up and down. It's a falling black walnut perhaps that starts the true mouse trap game. So why don't you consider the clouds with greater understanding? Look at them wistfully like one too tired to ponder.

War Graveyard

Feat of wondrous merriment, decline of gravestone engineer, I speak to you with graciousness, I want for her to leer. Wandering aimlessly through artless tombs all inflated, I wasn't much surprised to find her there, at the hand of him who cared for her there, in the place where he did look for her there, where she would most have it that she'd be fair, fair in grace and hair and even underwear she stood not long enough. Phoenician espials must have predicted this. Four thousand years ago they ensured this our country's worst defeat. Their failure to close up the passageways can only be interpreted as an act of pure malevolence. Arlington National Cemetery is full of errors.

Family Room

Well, here I am on the sofa again. I wonder whether I am now as usually occupied when here. I guess so. Certainly the abstract television is on. Charlotte sleeps peacefully while the men tramp up and down the stairs. They are repairing one of our bathrooms if I remember correctly. The back porch is the real world, perhaps a clothespin can make it go away. Maybe if I loved more pleasantly I could live off mangoes. Sexy mistresses will carry bowls of peeled such to bed with me because they live to give me delight. Ho... hmm... I am getting sleepy; how restful to have mistresses so very kind and thoughtful. I wish the real mistresses on TV. were as thoughtful as mine.

Perhaps I've thought too much of morality—nothing more than a cure for cancer there's nothing I can do short of abstinence for the right thing. Look into the eyes of the ghostly girl, peer beneath the carpet of the gods. Don't ask questions that can never have an answer, only think of the cannon fed soldier. High on a hill full near the enemy flank a line of cannon asks pointedly whether you're inclined to disagree. Don't you see the answer lies not in any pointed disgrace but in the painted lilies copied from the pattern of a long discontinued chicken-feed bag. Why so frightened to talk, so hesitant to unveil your most touching emotions? Why do I want to go secretly to a far away place and sigh when I can simply approach the interesting girl and ask her her name? If I don't understand much is that a good reason? Yes for the right reasons, the poet in you said it's O.K. if he's dead. Where can I absorb the food my poetry requires? How can I abscond safely without losing my way in the fallow field? Leave all questions and graces with the vestiges of the deceased. Go forth to the shallow place where the graves are empty and not yet even dug. There you'll find rest for you, the seagull and its eggs. In temptation there is expectation of a higher more limpid truth that doesn't always come. Instead arrives a vaporous foggy nothingness filled with a simple most sensible purpose all the well to help you. So many nice and pretty people they everywhere surround you. They come from docks scampering about motorboats and even race horse tracks from Antietam they dwell each in his own style of house well suited to all that see him. The women all have their houses too, at least the young ones do hope to. Let us hope and work that all the people will have a nice place to roam in. But let there be no room the evil to grow in. Cancer must begone.

So too must go away the powerful rules and people that frighten. Like a trembling child I sit full in fear of my righteous father's belt which yet I know were it not for the thoughtlessness of another he would never apply. Trace it back far enough and one comes to the evil dictator long since dethroned. Tired of well-wishing, I now go forth alone.

I don't really feel worthy of others at present. After so many errors and fanatacisms, I can't desire anything before me except a cold darkness. Yet if I can only be at ease with the cold chill there is a chance my opinions might justly change. I mean, really, it's not as the others are gods. If I could only write with a sharper surer line perhaps the truth would appear with no thought about it. I have lost what I once had and never received what I thought I had a chance of finding. And after such a long period of wait for eyes such as hers or better, I can only grace the pages of this my last hopeful book with words of empty stupidity and indifference. I don't really understand the average person. I'm frightened.

Rabbit

And to enter a darker forest were not so well when all beside thee find in hell a place of hopeful hiding. Like a greyhound down on her luck she watches the rabbits hopping from place to place amid the parsley and carrots. What kind of chance do I have for thee my soft little bunny? Nothing moves in the glens for me to play with. All consider me a ruthless dog—I know that I am a girl rather whose natural heartfelt tendencies sadly I lost amid the tar and the snow. Now there's nothing left in this my barren existence but you my poor little bunny.

Computer Game

Three penny soldiers twice placed can amuse a little Stephen if ten times played. Now I can play war on TV. I'm a two-starred brigadier general. What pretty little desire can cause such unpretty consequences? The thrill of quick counterpointed deliberate finger pressing? Calculations overpressing leaves like milkweed fluff floating through spaces only recently emptied of the contents of the whiskey bottle. Only a totaller can really understand the meaning of drunkenness. A teetotaler he knows it all and goes after sweetness with everything justice suggests. Thereafter, the consequences of his behaviour long since appreciated, he twirls about three times, snaps his fingers and begins to dance. In a trance of unpleasant recollections he can even act the master of ceremonies. Don't you see that without any master a man can master only what he wants to master? Fine pleased girls of all kinds of hair and looks will give second thoughts to him who never goes without a thought for them as well as thee. *She* knows what's right, sitting at her desk hardly able to keep the admirers away. Looking into self, the pelf is running low and she wanteth more. Oh please can you explain to me Mr. Meigs why this and that is so and under what circumstances you should or maybe would consider that behaviour appropriate? Only after I am done. Thereupon you'll see that more in life than war can undo thoughts of the wisest wisdom suggested to the worst of my idiocy. Like unto a ballplayer playing catch with a wall, there it is what sits in me, looking for a watch by which to measure in truest time. The telephone, Cathy, is only one means by which one may synchronize watches.

Madame Butterfly

Wish I knew the names of all flowers. It's a lilac only in color. A weed and not a bush rather, blossoming in autumn it's proper amid the dying prairie grass. Like unto three distinct men of non overlapping aspiring traits, they nest in separate harmony with the low places of the field they created. Goldenrod, scraggly vine, and the higher pseudo-lilac.

Goldenrod fits with the darkness of its mostly dead leaves. There's a strong suggestion of soot in the brightly colored flowers. What appeals to the railroad charmed former respecter of mistresses does not appeal to her less beautiful more flitsy cousin, the high flying poorly weaving yellow butterfly. Dark orange and black, too small for a monarch, the former does know to gather her nectar with coyness. Weaving like a cat she right down low flies safe from birds of any color. Witchcraft is in her eyes, her awe of it her only problem. Difficulties like speeding locomotives do come through the night to harm her. Not having understanding of biochemistry, she thinks it's the power of ugliness that charmed her. Her very real love of beauty should reward us at the last.

Excitement

Here I am now where I yesterday was, writing a poem 'bout many truths I know 'em. Some come now my pretties, Amy let's have some fun—you open the book and then I will run. Like thistle down fluff I'll the pages all turn and then when I'm down I'll over and drown. Not quite in water it'd be such a bother, but in something quite better that empty of water will make me a father. So come now my pretties and let's have some fun.

First I'll drink some noncommutative rings; all the kind things my masters will say—it'll give me true hope and save me a way.

How many people can fit in a bus? In the true witty circus they say only us. Run like a cat and I'll be a dog. Today there is fog says the hygrometer's log. Perhaps if you over turn it'll be even better, a letter to the president will convince him of your worth. Let me now see three things alone I crave.

A saviour for the lovely people so lonely in their misguided ways even after the reflections on their many years do fears put into the heart of him I wouldn't save from ruin if he asked for it. Let him alone and return to the purity of on high reflections.

Intimations of Queerness

There should be nearby a token of affection or her interest at least. I want to write this without my state of mind changing. Poetry is self-exhausting and non-constructive, the most difficult and elegant of fears. Why do I feel a trace of Cathy is near and unseen if not, more likely, over and through looked. Perhaps it's been there a long time, or maybe just it was proof that I might find it after three days of no mail would bring it. Three days of hell it had a meaning to the early Christians. My three days more concerned with railroads, postal crossings, and the migrations of a far away planet about Jesus' lamppost. A conductor of mail, he knows what he's about after looking me straight the last letter to drop. Zed. Mailmen, conductors, ensconced mathematicians—they're all there to help me if I can only observe with diffidence the backward movements of the ambiguous older woman. Somehow I can't really believe they would use her as a measuring rod. After all the woman no lady has above average beauty. Most mail travels on the *forward* end of passenger trains. It's been that way for years, yet laws can be changed of course.

Well, the past three delivery days I have not received any mail. Why should that be an encouragement? How can postal employees on mail cars do more than their jobs? Do they make good friends with her or her garbage? I really shouldn't think so. A very blonde-haired conductor of pillows on the Lake Shore Limited knows odd sorts of secrets can never quite be outdone.

Well, perhaps I should put on my hiking shoes. I don't have any moon boots. A walk three times around my apartment were well if I were only friends with the talkative lady, her dogs, or her repairmen. She'd be sure to report all suspicious behaviour to my landlord, and I'm not quite in the mood for complicated explanations—maybe he's not my religion. Three times around the block is better.

I walked two and a half times about it. Nothing could have been more commonplace.

Dark Secrets of Yesteryear

Some ladies know their own walks. Others only question the pace of the enemy. No stopwatch in hand, it's impossible for her to measure that gait with self-confidence in her calculations. "I have erred in this before," she thought, "I won't err again." Like three people lost in a wood, only two can agree on directions and disagree on motives. The third person is always right. Why wouldn't he be?

An ocean is pulsing and all along the shore a ripping. No calculation means no truth for several years. So sit back and relax. Hate like a mad demon will get through your ears. Vodka replaces all the pretty little stupid emotions. Two good pairs of massive army boots each fit for a separate tyrannical kind of walking do each, in their own modest way, emphatically demand a peaceful quiet reflection of what they're designed to kick.

Off to the high mountain where the shepherd leads his flock to Daudet. Three men, each bereft of what ails them most. A sky full of stars with nothing up there to reflect on. Won't you leave me alone, I see no wrong in these our lost reflections. My cave is dark and alternately dry and moist. Lacking water I drink only the reasons my mother gave me. Like three men in a wood, I only do what another should. So care not why or even how or should—like a beaver in madness I'm all for would. Would you do this? or would do better? A cold-hearted friend writes a beautiful letter. Soft in the outlines, wry in his meanings perforce, he only seeks what leaks from his head. What comes out straightforward you know can be interesting, and three times repeated is best; but what's right for some to one is best not fed. At least I shouldn't say so.

Should I Write?

So then it seems sensible to write again. These poems are nice you know, but shouldn't the plain truth be more wondrous? After is a better time for poetry. After the fall of the cool-calculating reason will come a time for a more easy mind-set. Easiness like unseasoned broccoli is only meant to make thee well. The truth is meant to tell on whatever level we go between—sometimes then that at others this. I wish simple explanations were as easy to write as this.

I could explain to you in no uncertain truths what the truth is in broad matter of fact outlines. I wish it were in your brain, Why not just cram it there? Because I am excessively weary and can't withstand that kind of thinking anymore. I want to adore thee and find in your head a peace of mind that's impossible to ignore. I don't want to err in writing too little too late. Fate is a blunderous hoary concept, I don't believe in him. He hurt my friend, the janitor? No there is more here than you think, Stephen.

Gracefully composed and not unforeseen indisposed, my thoughts, you'll have to believe it, have escaped the trash compactor. So many people say so many things, to disparate people each wanting a place to write their thoughts down. No one can tell without inspection whether his brain is in order. And in some cases order does only arrive at two minutes past midnight—but of course that's only what would have happened if the CONRAIL locomotive hadn't obliterated him. A suicide by means of being too confused and allegorical for ordinary existence. Allegory caused in part by an excessive thirst for mathematics without abuses of language. Electrical brain impulses in compulsive almost diesel-traction circles raising fearless levels to terror threshold. Solace given by straight going darksome tracks, thought it prudent to test Sir Walter Scott's theory of conflict magnanimity. "Yep, suicide."

My past writings you must surely know they had their misunderstandings in them. I know. I know just what to say but don't know if I should talk to you like a student inside a classroom. Strenuous for me; strenuous for you. Better it were to see in all this poem writing an acceptance of laziness and a resignation to completion of the circle. That which is not natural is not right. Self-discipline, ambition, target practice—each are for Nazis play-acting birds. The fan on my heat pump is quiet and tells me to walk without desperation. Just a machine, it is indifferent.

River Bank

Here's this much proof that Stephen can write in public. Each and every individual that passes does running by most realize that all of time is backwards steady flitting. I'm not much surprised. The water is cold and it has to do with me. They were not able to put a stop on their usual this time. So don't be surprised if you observe another more beautiful: acorn pieces are falling all about me. The water is cold and it's swiftly down the river prodding. Plodding only has a place in the for a single woman race. A trace of madness to her prettier grace unusual is from the indifference of her canine. I didn't expect it. Now I write while walking. A cricket in his dance does land where care must be expended to avoid him. The field is full of basket brownness bread at tops. So some grasses rise above the horizon, where the bird watcher can see what it means exactly to be uncoy. A plain-pleasing boy long ago sniveling in the purple clover he strokes. Precision is more needed here like Excelsior water.

On Sled Hill

Round Top here, Little Round Top there, Culp's Hill beyond the way. In the picture books war like this. Whoever has the feel of the slopes of the land of the lay will hop like a squirrel victorious in his pretty dark reds and blues. Mainly blues dark like heaven in the spirit of Carolina—North Carolina, UNC—the victory of the protagonist. So then who can say we never understand? Countermand the orders! Blades of grass and true feathered weeds make new formed charges. How much space is there for dust storms?

I'm bored and don't want to continue. A glance from her and I think twice. Shall I think a third time? Rhyme can uncover what the scientists discover. Over's not so great when you're late for a birthday party. Maybe the Ancient Mariner will be there to greet thee? I guess that's to be expected. I am angry you're leaving, and so am I.

WE CAN DISCOVER THE WONDERS OF NATURE

Under pine bark needles I sit like one dismay. It was a shock I don't know how to deal with. It and medicine makes me forward look without a clue or major assumption. Yeah, she looked more like Cathy than most, perhaps I'll stay here a while.

There isn't any place I want to go. No over arching fact I want to know or how to deal with. Bourbaki is nice, but there's nowhere proper for his study. Jeepers, I'm tired, what does this have to do with gum wrappers, and how many long tedious years before I find out.

I want to go home now—to her home like as not. Yet know I first must over around pass my troubles to figure out. This is a tired hopeless mind I'm in even though I've had a shock. But the shock was not so great, and maybe not so significant. I'll rock back and forth I guess—just like the low dose of medicine desires. If I were brave I really think I'd opt for no dose for a while. Oh where now should I go to!

Just sit here a while to mull a little longer your thoughts and their forebodings. There's a nice cheery pair to your left. Perhaps in some small way they can assist. The girl like Cathy is heading home. To follow were not so bad only I'm all alone in fatigue. Funny how the lights glisten off my glasses and the pencil precision clip. So many years ago I had never thought I would have been here like this.

Library

The library is dark and futile. The real information we need comes in a few clever books. It's a place for the poor to hang out—those without a quiet place of rest at home. The metallic quality of the book's furniture—it could scare you away if you don't remember they're not for dinner.

Yet it is nice that one is in the open here. You can be admired for your studious application. Or, alternatively, you can spend your intelligence bucks alone. At least the chairs and a part of the tables are healthful.

Stare

Yes, she was just the sort to try to figure things out. Eyes set on the very long run she may never understand. Lightness = death, Is that a reasonable assumption for a pretty girl to make? Why not forego madness and just be reasonable?

You would like to have a few bushes to hide behind—more to separate from the real world than to become a spy, I think. Why not be afraid of those people? Remember the slaughter of the peace loving Albigenians. I will admit that I am myself afraid—so much the more reason for your being so. Oh please Cathy why can't you see there's more types of love than between a man and his mistress. Yet I don't really want to make you seem unselfish. You were really altogether too much of that and hence my for thee, I guess.

I'm sure you had your light feelings toward me. So you love me well enough to be my mistress if I couldn't marry you? That's nice—it makes me want marriage yes in the standard fashion. It's not as though we want no control over the decorations. For all that it is your seriousness does me most endear. You wanted to be persistent in setting people straight—to quell the monogamous errors. I don't understand why you're not that way with me. Oh, I know, I'm being too edged, maybe it was just that you were screwed in the ass. I mean it's not as though our opinions could have been too different, both being thoughtful good people. I really think yours may have been better than mine in some respects. Here's a theory you may not have heard, and I'd really like you to hear it. Semen contains certain chemicals (most notably prostaglandins) that can have definite effects on the brain if absorbed as through the digestive system. Perhaps you felt love for him without actually possessing any. The love meter in your brain, perhaps it was tampered with. Sodomy is evil.

Beautiful Women in Foresty Places

Such a pretty charming smile she had; I violated my rules of conduct. I know what would have been better and yet do not care. I understand ethics a lot better than everybody it seems. Too much assertiveness on my part would not be well and is not well if exceeded what is necessary to skirt delusions. But a hello when not asked for, a few comments on the beauty of the day, and asking whether you should like to talk or by me walk is only appropriate in a messed up world. Even she the beautiful woman liked the rip of violence more than I consider remotely appropriate. So I said hello second—a great breaking with tradition. No I said hello first, but her smile was sort of a greeting. I should have said a lot more than hello. I've so much to say and no one to listen. I've so much to see and no one to observe. It's not as though I need be too assertive. Only, I have to be willing to turnabout is fair play when no one goes by the good set of rules. Reading Jane Austen may fool some, it won't fool many. The truth is a simpler explanation for what they don't understand how to perform nicely. Stop writing nonsense and still be fastidious in your choices making. Still what I have just written is true and felicitously nice.

Observations on Water

The water flows by at its own rate. More beautiful two than three miles per hour—most beautiful at one. Icy cold it has no place for this my hand to dip in form. Autumn leaves float by in time preserved each in water capsule. Blast off to the moon and recall that you were there—at the Archives at the bicentennial celebration signing your name in the time capsule. The nation's capital to me is museums with funny dinosaur contraptions and the Air and Space. Also it is Montgomery Cunningham Meigs since he gave it its water. From the source, you know, at Great Falls. Water going there a little more than three miles per hour: hey, heh! The National Building Museum has been greatly abused by ordinary people, who I'm afraid do love to abuse what's beautiful. I don't like the idea of them (and me) being unable to leave beautiful enough alone. Unless of course we may improve it. She was glad some relatives came (or so she said) to appease the architect's ghost. I know how one girl now lady I wish could appease his ghost. I wonder why the water at Great Falls is not ugly? Sometimes water must try hard and cold.

Water faster here where I am now. Quite turbulent past of recollections does fast going by entertain. That is if a cold stream can be thought of as entertaining. I will say the not little noise the rapid creates is not unrelaxing. At least it's certainly not unkind wistful. The leaves on the oaks are holding on better than maple leaves. They don't look as though they deserve to enter the cold river. They are above the pain notwithstanding laciness has its attraction most especially in youthful hair. The cottonwood's is long gone, and he's beautiful for no other reason except his leaves.

So this is it. I'm in the understory with a pen writing. Just having reread my last few poems there's no chance for remission. Long graceful slow writ sentences can always endear a tired becoming public. A lone solitary stone peers does quite above the surface of the river Huron. He's willing to take several million years, a noble wait despite the unpleasantness of the cold chill. A passing canoeist gave a laugh. Doubtless he is disturbed that I a so called impractical person could actually find a place in my laziness for pretty writing. Yes, I'm even so practical as to hurry my composition for the sake of the chill in the disillusioning weather. I'm even so persistent as not to quit till really pretty beauty comes. Now quiet my head more balanced in stillness than what the antelope would expect. I'm fast: that point in prettiness dear to pretty tea cup clever sipping English best of old fashion gentle elegance slowly approving. Don't you see they can approve on their lace tablecloths because they always factor in the weather, and you're reading this at a damp fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit that unfortunately doesn't know the difference between writing and reading. I'm fairly certain that the poet musicians of the most refined Chinese dynasty would even admire my persistence in writing this my well known to be hopeless poem: underneath the plum blossoms in springtime they'd write an extraordinary musical pretty poem about the flowers of hope amid what they the emperors have only through excessive war respect considered pathos deep and dark and uneven.

Prettiness is almost here. The leaves all around me on the ground, they are really very lacy and precise in the spots they have fallen. You know they fell of their own will, the wind guiding them to the places they'd most like to be. And those who understand science not just empirically, the mathematicians who really make the most of the discoveries, we know that really life dwells within the tree, just sleeping until spring will give him his customary beauty of spring and pink flowers. We see things as they will be in the very long run. A good mathematician even thinks Cathy will be my wife before it matters which is not very far off we actually have no delusions.

Flowers

The flowers all are gone; they don't really know where they're going. And as a couple marches through them going west, I wonder whether I shall more inspiration take faced around. Those two men shuffle their feet in the leaves—they move as they walk their feet underneath them like they figured them out—they're heading home inspired. I want to walk to another place.

I don't want to listen to the little things too unprotected—the sounds, the atoms, the molecules. I want to wrap flowers about the tree trunks: I'm too afraid to stare, too afraid to commune with the coldness. I know that I am right: there's only so much I can take. I actually enjoyed what is called the most hellish grading session. I don't see why we don't meet more often without beer.

Readers don't you feel it all comes down these my thoughts to wanting to mix women with flowers with my wife. I want other women to be with her and me at the same time. Wanting mutual regard (reward) for me and her somewhat less a sort of approval our future marriage activities to make of, I now seek blessing from my fellow female human and not the shape of the long away far distant outlined spot of black on purest white. Frightened I am and frightened right. Of coldness.

So many ways these our flowers to greet unmet. Our days are short and not altogether fleeting. Rest comes first you know is best. Lacking a public place to grieve in you know is how it should be.

Well, here I am in the birdwatcher's seat once again. Lonely above all things my intellect indicates I must a pure idealism out of. My soul disagrees, this my mind tells me is just the other world to please.

What place be there for those who try so hard? So hard to do what's best. For it's always what seems most natural if you understand. I speak to those I love. Why is it so dangerous to think above alone?

Gentle Stream

It's peaceful and quiet now—just the sort of day an addicted drunk eschews. A lone bird squawks to enjoy his solitude—it's fall. And as with all aspirations so little auspicious, my present tendency to study diligent does only cause a finite easily overcome disquiet. I shouldn't really say it's the hopelessness of a slow-moving train that makes it harmless, but its slowness and indifference.

Yes, I am indifferent to all that does me riot make. There is that I don't lose sleep over because it is not seen as great but humbly honest the math book's virtues can be taken in without unrest. Not so with her. She I would hike the rails for in sullen determination. Yet a studied knowledge of the difficulties in that direction, a steady only gently swaying intimation well considered telling me without care and ethics there is to be no magic, no significance, and what, do I strive? No.

Pre-planning and a route of second recourse in case of failure. So different, yet both necessary as water.

Castle

I disdain any explanations. On my own, I seek a space of contemplative quiet to surround my more disquieting cogitations. I must learn that a past fully lived almost in wrongness in some respects as child can yet hold sway if not guarded against. That is to say, I must be wary of long ago born habits that came not from me but my childish then necessary tendency to emulate. But unfortunately I now can only blame fatigue.

Tired in my boring plain quite small apartment, I seek to avoid unrest by giving free rein the poetical element. If only I can walk in poetical steps—there then will be no difference in walking and writing. Such a long important letter I have to write, maybe that is all. It takes precedence.

Long ago time no see, ma chère. I thought you were there, now I see I was mistaken. Our reasons have no meaning, our suggestions no substance. Only a self-sustaining man in abstinence can bring you to countenance.

A gleeful man he has his ways and means by which to answer. To ask no questions of him is wrong when he can't make inquiries. Gloom settles in like the clouds over the castle, to dissipate which an airplane is required. So now you understand, go to it.

Three reasons remain for his indifference to thread-worn care: (1) He lacks an answer by which to respond to the telephone, (2) He disdains to respond to triflers, (3) He likes to mix grapefruit juice and banana for his own consumption. Don't laugh, it is the standard response, I mean something more I don't comprehend rightly.

I often walk about and would laugh when propriety or what is left tells me I must concentrate. Maybe all I should do is write whatever comes to my pen. Then, you know, I can respond to my detractors. I can snap my fingers four times and ask 'em what the last one would be for. The last one is for thee, my dear, and I honestly think it will be eternally silent ever after.

Where then shall I go when the drum and the cymbals no longer reverberate? To a peaceful more natural less interesting place where three men in harmony can exist in farthest separation. Maybe I am the third man? I don't think so; idealistically Orson and the ancient philosopher were only part right. Three is the conception of him who can't bring himself to believe that there is abominable evil.

How now, shall we go to the races? You bring the money, I'll tell you who places. Let me see.... Who will win? I don't know. Maybe you can tell me who will show. I think your paternal grandmother will be there to watch—and observe—and look—and finally to have at you. You see, I don't know why I am writing this.

Shore

In front the barren burnt out wrack of this summer's field. I am not by any means gloomy. Young still at least in mind and body too I'll say so much I need no jolly song to listen wrong. No love in forested regions, no mind in Cancer, I require no laudanum for my present solitude. The grass here before the field is green and so too my eyes. You see in graceful twinklings of my pencil clip by the sun a means (just one of many) to avoid the total darkness of never-ending obsession. The sky is blue and made for me and you to glide in.

We'll sing happy non-obtrusive songs about how happiness belongs. Then when we can count to three without being overcome—with ecstasy or some such like overwhelming emotion around skirted, we'll play hopscotch once more as children, only using grownup rules. No fools are we who play this way, so happy, so free, so gay. No need for us to care they understand our senses of words. We speak the same language our ancestors used; we only change to make refinements.

Thou knowest and hast seen the concession I have just made to my not always becoming public. Care like oranges we now dispense with. Blue lacy flowers on the fringes of the seashore, worsening tides that make wariness hard to care for. Don't trouble yourself today with trouble double. Release like a bird from the ground to a nest he has sprung. Meow for the cat that's lazy.

Spring like a bouquet of clover soon will be here. It's November and winter to me is fluffy snow that's pure and meek and holy and three feet deep. Oh speak no today of bitter chills and frost that blights with alone nights. We speak of flowers, croquet, and the crocus blossoms. Don't observe behind thee when there's plenty before to wake me.

In the lacy undergarments of the clean and seeking woman will come clean to mind a time perhaps in future ages when all mistresses behave with propriety in their multitudinous loosenesses. So someday in the sense that matters, to my open imagination, I shall have my share of fun and others will find it interesting. Let's return to the happy imaginations, the fallow gently rolling fields edged with lavender, the darksome woods with the small bright red flower, and the funny little girls showing off their affection in artless lipstick. Even to the musings of the apostate can come a gentle melody of sing-song. I know it all along.

Wrenches

Gentle mist of rain falls all along the path. No wrath, no hurry does lie in the condensation of the holy purest element. So I write this poem slowly with not a little care. Expansive and even too voluble, I watch with foreboding the peregrinations of the birds.

No melody is here when the rain a mist falls pat on my glasses. Lasses will come and leave and perhaps return. The most interesting scenery their dogs. A lone rain tree does widely stand at the edge of the field, waiting a hundred years for I know not what. Drops of moisture slake the thirst when sufficient. Now nothing pretty inside my mouth to taste. The tree by the field, an unknown berry.

Hyacinths like water pumps each made to quicken the imaginations. An artless ingenue looks up at the glare of the lights, imagining for the first time the cold of nights. Not thinking her black patent leather steps sufficiently pretty, she wonders why her audience doesn't understand her meaning, her reason for being there. The rosy makeup on her cheeks applied, the purple princely stockings—all are meant in innocence to suggest the higher value of love in life, and this? It is not to be the first time she spends a quiet reflective night with her pillow.

I wish that I could find in her now what she wanted there. I wish I could go home tonight and not find in its place a pillow meant for a heavy, dreary head. Imagination where are you? Why have you strayed so far from the human race? A solitary train whistle piercing through the mist; come, Stephen, no obsession with what you have missed.

Wry meanings come when there's nothing before thee save a wide juniper bush. I know in the wind of mist that kissed my cheek there is meaning. Oh solitary man on the new higher solitary bench, for whom my friend dost thou grieve? Walkest thou in slow reflective semicircles to encircle the fog. Like a bog engulfing the unwary, nature can find in her breast a coldness for the blest.

Sad musings on sadder times of war. The soldiers must feel this way on dreary days in the trenches. All they want is something to turn—and wrenches.

Marriage

Time is running out, my slowness catching up with my limited acumen. Rightly did I notice the surreptitious glance kindly given: there's not much room for error or delay. In the face of the optimist there sits a higher reason for living—a hope that can't be undone by simple indifference to loudness.

Rise slowly then and stretch to Martian landscapes. In the unfamiliar and hence unnoticed there will come to thee success in an unexpected way. Slow movements in circles will encircle the gods, and they, the little and insignificant, together they will unite in your just cause and bring success to your lap.

At length, when your life is almost undone you may well recall this time, this would be release from fanaticism. Seated on your wicker rocking-chair, you'll look back and whatever choice you made you'll feel is just. And yet if no garland is there to dispose of, reason will cause you wonder. In the dark bouncings of the atoms off the sides of the cave you'll see for yourself a worse and yet more hopeful place of rest. Unpleasant recollections are a necessary evil.

Well then, should I have done and bring my pencil to rest? The band is right slightly in their sociability and in little else—what noise! And yet it's their subservience that makes me see in hopeful faces a gash of injury. They are better than most, not so good as they should be. I can turn on the heat pump and have rest.

Now I see that here a stopping place would make for me a just place of rest. But I do not need rest at present. That I have altogether too much of. Instead I need to find in quiet reflection an everlasting emotion quite satisfying. This is the eighteenth day of November, nineteen hundred and ninety-three. I need for it to be eternity. Only there must also be a place for rational proof and theorem. The theorems of math must swing in grace with lace and poetical harmony overdone with satin, silk, and velvet. That would be nice.

I don't know what I'll think if one day, in the not so distant future, I shall find myself an old that way hopeless bachelor. I very much want, you know, to be married and have a few children. Only you must know that I would never marry unless there is *that* there. If *that* isn't there, I'll always know it best to for tomorrow wait, for I have no means by which to put *it* there, the magic. Gracefully composed, I can always try and hope with my gentle meek glances, and never shall I settle for the loveless relationship. In emptiness, nothing but the void.

So I continue now, only this time with a difference. Indifference rules my gait, hopefulness my fate. I see in the stars sweet patterns made to rest by. I see in wonderments a suspension of laughter and a way of release. And I see in ecstasy a fulfillment I want to come and yet towards which I make no harsh ungentle step. There is a release as well in madness, but woe are you if it comes with badness. Sad reflections are unpleasant if complete, and complete they can be to the insane. Beware.

Poetry needs the glove over reason now. Soft, sweet musings can relaxation extension give, and to boredom give the go. This I know, that I am well and nothing loath to tell that I know this my worth is something I love well. Sell out to the masses if you want to, but beware of boring classes. Find in peace an emotion to sleep to and never find in unrest that which a better mind can't put down with contemporaneous wrong. So it goes, what Stephen seeks is what he knows, but what he wants is not where he goes. Two times repetition, like good dentition, can chop off an apple piece that's right fit to swallow.

Grace like a bridal veil is required now. Let me speak before I give it. I want to know the right from the wrong. I want to know what I should have done all along. And finally, I want a noble marriage.

Wrapped around her feathered hair sits, a wreath she weareth for the world to tell, the bridal veil. So reticulated that of all the dress her most fair, the net she swings about her hair is shortly to be opened and then without a coyness. This is a serious marriage, men as well as women will look at it; they must think it right. We have labored many years to come to this most sacred moment, we need your approval and understanding, we want to know how you feel. Oh please give us that which is wanted! Punish us for future wrong. Don't allow him to leave me without a just approving reason, and don't allow me.... Don't allow me to give more than is in reason. Don't allow me to be owned except..., except if you love me truly well isn't it all right if we're obsessed? I am deserving.

Novel

Pointless names of pointless game, I speak for the undoing of my thoughts. There's more than affinity between the abandoned wood pile and its living sisters. I speak for the undoing of camera straps, traps for the unwary laborer. I mean what I have said all along, that without pretence I can undo a wrong. So do not permit me within a pearlish gate, let me discompose the temperament of the unreflective campaigner.

Rest like mint bonbons is here. Composition like circumspection in restless thoughts does repose the pretender. Waxy leaves of aucuba plant and leaves of pesky weed with the stupendous tap root, be my witness that I mean no harm in writing. Only seeking to excel in explanations, I write more slowly in exposition to excel the work of the last master. I want to have rest and glory in addition. A gentle routine in determination not acceded can maybe give me all perhaps. I mean no harm in explaining.

I want to undo the weaknesses of yesterday. A long great novel to write, I have no means or time the ordinary labors to perform. Lacking outline, I seek a focus on a far-away distant barrel cactus. I need no means by which to write. Force like a fallen meteorite will never laziness indict. All alone in a field, the rock from outer space awaits a million years for its plowing under. I have no means by which to write. Fallen from the sky, my hopes and ambitions await to be recycled by the beautiful maiden. Consider the trash that lies by the side of the railroad, embedded in cinders from the days of coal.

No longer now do I await for the mission to tomorrow. Presently I see in green blades of grass the edge of a basket and the creation of a pillow. I know what's right and how to indict, I only lack a method for living. Amid the clover behind the abandoned barn, two people in love can make the start of a novel. Then overcome with fatigue and seeking a better place of rest, I'll leave the computer screen to wander in the park. You see there is no need for apologies, your very reason for being, it is enough.

Thereupon, all things important said and done, one hundred pages it will make a book. A boot for a computer isn't shiny and black, it's the beginning. The start of a great many days spent in lazy, casual composition: lazy but not without emotion. Contrast between the sexual girl and her holy lover, looseness versus the church mathematical in matrimony. There will be no need for considerations of despair. One hundred pages between two well-respected binders. I know what's right and wrong.

Long years spent considering the girl walking by in blue. She's so typical I get my usual nothingness. Where is there the unusual for her putting on? Where can come the one who always gives precisely, who always seeks first to give? Who really suspects she'll walking come through the long-dead grass. I shall never see the mathematical world of ethics I dream. Never shall there be to me the greatness I see in possibility.

Ambiguity will see the day when twenty men suffice to comprehend it. In mystery there is the wistfulness of the smallest atom's most heartfelt desires. There is nothing that's known for certain, and all craziness has ended in the past. Seek a fortune in wisdom, and desperately find some way to preserve it. Orange marmalade is for childhood, and grapefruit preserves have not been invented.

Another page, another rhyme, they lead not to stories, but to a pale girl in prime. Try not to put a fashion on, seek not to impress. Find in vast fields of green a field for forests to grow in. Limit the passions to what is reasonable, and don't desire to sport. I know that a long time ago I found peace in blue clover. Someday, perhaps, an evenness will come in marriage this my solitude to replace. I expect better than this.

Ethics

Back to where I usually am, returned before I even started, I ask you in all honesty whether you're familiar. Familiarity is the great over-praised consideration. Let us henceforth start our relationships with little pretence, with great natural ease outside social structures. "Hello," you say, "I love you well." Such and such rejoinders as I know well, would come for the maiden who forthrightly goes first and shyly third. Don't despair over your abstruse commiserations—each time an evil is undone a bell tinkles in the cosmos. Each time a person is startled into knowledge of her misdeeds there will sit a little higher the goddess of truth.

Coyness can be employed as it shouldn't. A long protracted "really" may mean between two non-obvious statements that you are clueless. Cathy's sister and the sophisticates have that in common as well as much that's else, e.g., meanness when wrongly considered slightly. The terror of hysteria.

Go then slowly with answers for all the objections. Use the Zulu shield to protect yourself from multifarious bites. Seek in reason an explanation for her madness; seek in love an explanation for her badness. Don't decry what you don't very well comprehend.

Tall grasses, the remnants of the burnt out field, listen to these my just complaints. Shelter me with your thinness, hide me with your collective seeds. Don't allow me to be seen as one who fails. I speak not for myself, but for the good of all.

Truth like a sesame seed must upward glide and taste in the mouths of all. Don't impugn to criminals what you can't prove. Don't suggest to your parents what they couldn't ever understand. Leave yourself to write before the open field, the suggestions of life in view. Throw down your arms in readiness when the doe is considered lost.

Well, what I have written these past fifteen minutes does not suggest to me that I can understand it all. Like Louisa Alcott do let me consider different pieces separately.

First there is life—the great example of beauty and all that is good. Life must be protected and valued. Life must not be whimsically mistreated. Let there be rules to govern its interactions, and let these rules be reasonable.

Next there is reproduction and caring, the principles of evolution. Let there be rules. Let these rules reward good in others; for people reward others less selfishly than they reward themselves. And let these rules expand the peace; for violence does threaten—all nuclear annihilation.

Now let us consider marriage—just who should marry who and what does it mean. Every man should concern himself with marriage first—marriage if caring is a reward to his wife. Let marriage not constrain the man from committing quick adultery. It does not hurt a wife for a man to have casual sex with others, does it? But goodness can be awarded to good men by giving them plenty. May the good man love to care and the good woman love to have sex: such sentiments reward others most. May the good man promise to care for his wife as exclusively as she desires.

What about women, should they be allowed to commit adultery? Yes, if sneaky. The male bird sings that his mate will know where he sits, that his mate will better be able to commit sneaky adultery should she want. Let men be as polite as the birds.

How should mistresses behave? Let mistresses be of two kinds, basically. First let there be light, playful, temporary mistresses—mistresses it's not right for the man to be with long, for the sake of his wife present or future. Second, let there be serious, dark, obedient mistresses—mistresses to obey the husband for the sake of his wife. The man must reward the wife, the woman he loves best. Let always people behave according to rules that make them reward those best loved. Finally, let there be affine mistresses.

How should courtship be? Let women make most of the initiatives. For a world a lasting peace to make, those with the least to gain should start; it is polite and reduces disappointment and hence evil violence. Therefore let all casual relationships be started by woman. By association, let most conversational relationship be started by woman. May the man only start when he knows he wants marriage. Let no one have sex to masturbate; fantasy and reality must be separate. And let there be no sodomy.

Ann Arbor Train Station

Train station attendant stands disinterestedly before the room of chat. I will not allow myself to sink any further—I shall rise above the mass in rational cogitations and only return to the level surface when the table is swept clean. I didn't fail to realize a while ago that there really is only so much one may absorb. Lost and not found, I have a freedom at any time to change $\pi/2$ radians. I shall continue for a while on my present course.

After all, it's not as though people aren't idealistic. I have met people you'd really be pleasantly surprised at. I have seen the victims rise from the dead in dream. And after the ice cream cone is eaten, when the young girl wonders what she has done, there will enter into her thoughts grace. With grass stains on his trousers from sliding in the yard, the boy is awakened and puts down his ball and bat to rest. "What have I done?" he asks. The ruins of the Russian castle loom before his mind in darkness. "What have I done?" he asks. He sees the girl savoring a lollipop and asks himself why it's not broccoli. Realization of silliness comes all at once.

Orange Blossoms

No mail from her delivered today, almost time to reevaluate. My youth is fled, and nature is aloof in winter. Orange blossoms I have never seen, bless these my attempts at fruitfulness. In the harem of the undeserving there is what I am able to dream for, and somewhere only one can suffice for success. Even a well-written, well-publicized essay will make an improvement.

The cold prevents me from more than one hand out of pocket. And unable to switch hands there is no harmony to be had. And yet in steady musings not more forward than she'd approve I can yet find in peaceful reflections a truth that hasn't been thought of. At least, I hope so.

Is it really so bad to fail to gain and succeed in description? Only if there be no one to care to hear. So much is dependent on the least heroic of attempts at outcomes, I don't know any more how much patience I'm allowed to bring to bear. I thought I could plan well, but now I'm not so sure. I'm not even sure what I want. If I produce a production instead of a poem, will there be in my mind anything for what comes later? I don't think I can construct a tone.

Therefore, the thoughts of my head out coming, let me see whether with nothing much of a will I can arrange them, so nothing, into art form. There is the matter of the insured parcel not being delivered. This reminds me of the letter I really want. I am at the point of despairing for her. I thought the holy spirit in nature might help, but it is too cold. I wonder whether I am too lazy and whether I should apply myself. A well-written novel, it is the difference in my life between success and failure. I have to write a book describing my ethics—clear like Russell, interesting like Bellamy, proper like Austen, and yet erotic and poetical. Such a large daunting task must and must not be planned. And I have to study math.

Maybe no concern at all for future best. Charlotte meows most compulsively, her ear rubbing against my pencil, my free will. Why, my old and dying cat, do you meow? What is it exactly that you hope for? You expect that in sterility there is that which you can teach your masters, your servants. And so I suspect you're right, only you don't try very hard. Why don't you look us in the eyes? We have limited her.

The electric heater is off as too the table lamp. Life could maybe find in their being off a hope, an expectancy of something livelier. I don't see anything. All I can honestly bring to bear has been brought, except the one thing that last week I forgot.

A woman can well play another girl off herself. Let it not be so with men. Let not a woman play one man off another. The wants of men, they overlap excessively, and too much competition is bad. But there is a reason why a man can first play here and then love there. The number of children a wife should have is indeterminate. Let it be determined by the value of the husband, by the degree to which other women want him. In some idealistic world, one mistress equals one child, or two children, or three children—I'm not sure as to details. And if a man gives his caring according to his wife there need be no competition. I guess a wife deserves some children regardless.

Waffles

Sense shall not speak loudly today. Tired out from no reason in particular, I seek my reward in diamonds. Diamonds in the card deck, diamonds in her wedding ring. Parallelograms in integration. Well, I have tried to remain calm when all else is quiet, and I can't say whether I've succeeded. White snow on the grass outside, warmth inside. A tingling itch runs up my back, I used an inferior soap this morning. I need to write more for myself, to place myself in countenance when all outside is dreariness.

Warm cheeked girl on the back of the waffle box, it is evident that you are pretty and like eating waffles. Someday when you are older you will wonder what to think of your commercialization. I'd really like to think you'd look back with mixed feelings, and yet if you never meet a nice man.... Well, waffles are for little children, I don't know why they love sweet.

Grownups eat waffles too—I for one eat them with syrup and no margarine or butter. There is meaning to whether one likes butter on one's waffles. I'm glad I don't. Orange marmalade and quince jelly are proof that sweetness alone is best merriment, provided it contains the bitters of marriage. Sweetness with endive, a new approach and yet sufficient for all man's wants. Marriage is tofu and water as well. Why is there wine in the supposedly holy communion? Alcohol is bad.

Forests outside beckon me to consider the cold crisp smell of cedar. Ancient cedar so much like the tree of life, can you tell me in your tarry knots just what it is an idealist should do for success. Should I climb to the top of your branches at my own pace and look down at humanity with surveying all encompassing glances, inviting all those who wish to join me? Or should I make concessions to games I can imagine a better world without? I do not wish to live my life in lonely circles. I will remain true to the call of the true hearted bird. If birds never succeeded in changing songs, all birds would sing the same, and yet they do not is obvious. So maybe my soft squeaks are practical; I shall continue on pace.

Wry glances from quick hearted lively girls of chance, what do you mean by soft curls and dalliance? What do you say when you pretend you're a slut? What do you do when you behave less bravely? Convenient, isn't it, to change your mind like that. So I don't want to stay with you; you didn't pretend it would bother you before. If only you were Cathy-smart you would appreciate the silliness of your conduct.

Well, it's getting on towards four o'clock of a typical afternoon. No great event will happen this day to mark in the imaginations. No soft spoken maiden clear headed will arise from the Canadian plains. I see that all is lost in hopeless imaginings. I know that two-footed I go for a reason. A reason I have forgotten I now remember. Brr, it is cold this December.

Hopscotch

Corrections can be made for the night, for the duration of the storm. Lost on a far away planet, the unknown boy wanders from one place to the next, not knowing what the outcome will be. Tra-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, why don't you come and play with me? The bed is made, the clock is wound and all the birds are singing. In darkest night on darkest day there is light in the cobwebs of his cerebrum.

Ask me no more just what I've done or failed to finish. I know in three short days can come the revolution of all my fortunes. The moon revolves once every month, more or less; in three days shall happen something more. The curtains are open and the dark snowy night awaits. The owl on his perch begins to regret his style of righteousness. The cat wonders over her liking of catnip. The dog wonders about his unpleasant smell. Hear in coldness the beginnings of regret. Regret for what I don't know I could have done. Starry night of tower with height, undo these pangs of regret for what you and I have and never shall be better forgotten. Meanings flow like liquid helium across the red chamber. Life in its manifest joys, escape with truth and merry make in the feast of riot and pancakes with syrup. Oh I know just what I have neglected, it is not what I would least have done so, only there are tenebrous connections between this, that and the thing I have forgotten. Peace be with you child and once more return to the castle of the little children playing rope.

Playing rope. Jump! Jump! Hop! Skip! Leap something higher and enjoy the whirr of the rope in the air. Perhaps it is audible, perhaps it is not: I cannot remember and neither do I care to. Like a halcyon trumpet in a snow covered forest, the peal of laughter pierces the brain: it's time to begin hopscotch, then jacks, then marbles. I know that in one emotion yielding to its opposite so rashly there is intelligence. Intelligence, like the opening of a birthday present, can yet reveal to hairy heads the truths that to us have passed by, which are carefully dusted off with the feathers every fortnight. I wash clothes; I do dishes; I sleep at night. I study math and play pretty games with words. The meaning of now lies in the past. There is nothing here in itself worth saving. Root beer I have only tasted once.

Very Old Wedding Gown

Brain concentration chemical built up and fixed, the door of release is fortuitously closed. Release the dead bolt and learn that staying inside can be voluntary. I have thought the answers lay in my own head, and now I begin to see I'm right. Outspoken against criminal activity, the ancient man is at peace in his own den. I imagine he is lonely, yet that it doesn't bother him greatly. We shall see what we may see, but then again maybe not. For once done is twice finished.

First you end by shutting, and then you end by leaving. I have shut the door but haven't left yet. My tickets are purchased, my home is prepared, and yet in my mind a reverberation lingers there. Quiet can overcome in impending stillness. Riot can leave through the opening of the windows, the curtains flying free some more. And then God knows I do adore her; the jewel that was lost now is found.

Found—found like the drop of water on the window, the first of many of the coming rain. Found—found like the florid heart after a glance at the fragile purple foxglove. Found—found like the dismay of ages at all that will proceed before all that has preceded before has passed. Found out at last, the guilt-ridden innocent returns his head to a downy pillow; all is not lost in quiet reflection.

Quiet reflection—so undemanding, so modest in displaying its attractions. What you can't see ahead of time you might see later, and then again, you might not. So be reserved in your future announcements and don't allow the enemy to gain a throttlehold. Release like a butterfly from the garden gate, its only destination a pale flower overlooked by the gardener. My great-grandmother's wedding gown is decayed and undusted. I have not seen it save in dream, yet posit I must its existence. Only old faded wedding gowns can look right. Like a darkening lampshade, the gown is right for future generations; we must seek a glory for yellowness. Let us marry in faded splendor from years past and meaningless.

Well now, I have seen deadlines pass by like so many martins out the martin-house. I have overlooked it all with quiet cerebration: I did not expect failure to mean much. A pungent smell of musk now begins to awaken me. There are tasks before me I must accomplish, people I must meet and observe appropriately. I need even enter conversation. So I lift up my eyes to the highest heaven and clasp my hands before in prayer. God and Cathy so right in all, please allow me with grace a marriage to be connected with, a holy marriage that is purely fair and just with beauty united. Pale wedding gowns of Victorian years await me.

God save Cathy from the coldness of August, release her from the grave she has dug for herself. Let me be free and ever never-wandering. Let me be released from the warmth of December. It's January now, the coldest day in years, the fifteenth. Don't let me be feverish in the cold.

How am I to expect a release from the chill? What has come ten years ago may come again, but then again, maybe not. Either way, if I a life of quiet reflection do lead there will be no loss of syrup for her waffles. At least the girl on the waffle box will be happy. And so too will I. Cease.

Bad Poetry is Good

All may well be lost on her, that isn't gained on someone else. Lost on a distant planet, the future unplanned and not searched, I seek a response to the question of nothingness, to the death that has taken Charlotte and awaits us. Pretty cat Charlotte, you died at nineteen, they say that's old for a cat, I say it's not old enough for me.

Why is death so unpleasant, the last event to be looked forward to? There is quiet, and then there is everlasting stillness my mind and body unwilling to accede. Boredom surrounds and engulfs without pity. The body resists, the mind has no control, I leave in unhurried reflections a vestige for the attraction of a beautiful maiden. Leave me alone this night my drive, let me free from hurry. Let me sink into repose a downy pillow my limbs to budge into the most comforting positions. I do not know how I shall be married, and neither do I care.

A pretty girl I saw on the bus today. I may hope it will amount to something, and yet if I do, I'm sure it won't. One may try and have one's chances reduced by having done so. One may speak and go unacknowledged. Rhyme like mystery dwells in the hollow. The sleepy hollow trail is the most pleasant to walk, the creek in its iciness the right motivation does give. Leave wrong to death and let love make live.

So, you have dwelt before on your capability to accept the boredom. A trance of the most commonplace reflections on the values you alone consider. What you can't know is wrong you may find is right, and what you haven't given over as lost may later be found. Lost and found, lost and found, where is my Catherine, my hope and my saviour. Deep beneath the ground my ancestors have made their share of mistakes. It took them death to come to quiet and avoid, like cold hot chocolate, the overvalued riot.

So despair no longer of accomplishments unaccomplished. Worry no more what the others will think. Leave all considerations of marriage to the enthusiast amid his Atari games, the one who has forgotten to quit. Leave the riot where the day has left the sunshine. Pray to God and let come sweet night. Deliverance from death, like diamonds to the unengaged, I know you not, your mysteries to me an enigma. Please God, and it be this way; if it please him thus may it be so some more. Open the heavens and stand wide the gates, talk with all the people and let out the fates. Don't foresee what time has left in the air and don't forget Catherine until you've given her the door. Let me be with the woman I adore. Let me ever show my bad poetry mixed in with the good. Why not, if how I think is how I think I should?

Sun

Snow covered paths filled with many impressions, trees devoid of leaves, be my witness to the coming of tomorrow, the new less lonely day that was looked for. High in the sky the sun shines mighty bright, down on its fellow, the big bluish planet Earth. Now there is much to be said for new found introspection, devoid of a will, devoid of purpose. The sun shines mightily to warm my coat, I've a pleasant sensation that winter soon is past. Last time to wistfully regret the unfinished relationship, the goal that was never reached and only halfway existed.

Plastic mannequins unfeeling in their own sphere, speak to me of the great incomplete passages of history—the meanings that meaningless enter our thoughts when we are lazy and indisposed to drive. Play is for tomorrow, I am too mellow now, devoid of all that interest can make unruly. Relaxation gives the dove to my meanderings, a peace to the auspicious future that it hasn't had in past.

Put your hand in pocket and experience the warmth that existed there. So toasty, so fine, all is incumbent upon the sun, all the warmth is mine. Lean back and experience the solitude which leaves in its position a sentiment of grace and ease. Do you remember the past pleasant sunshine as I do? Looking right the tree its branches to consider, we are left experiencing the end of an era, the loss of our loosenesses. Now it's different, the sun is here.

Come not indisposed my warmth and abiding affection. Allow me to slowly engulf the rich shadows and brocades of purple past. *Dark* purple. I know that with or without a reason there travels in my brain a wandering dromedary, loath to be amused, even more reluctant to sulk. There is time now for past reflections to enter the present environment. There are barberries left on the barberry bush, and God will ply his trade on certain rare occasions. Heavenward is whence my warmth has been increased. The sun shines brightly today.

Persistence

Persistently and patiently he forward goes on the only path fit. Lacking a reason for his path to travel, he totally accedes to the ease of an unthinking trip. Two is one and one is two, each in its own way a threesome. So light at times, then at others so profound, needlessly he wonders if his behaviour is sound. Principles like daffodils upwards stretch to guide the hand into the propitious place. Leave not the bell to toll by its lonesome, seek to enter into the newfound stargate. The god looks down on you not without commiseration. Leaving his friend to fend on his own, the man in the ancient robes descries the catchall phrase for opening the fence. Leave the holy man to his own devices, his vespers to chant in solitude. One is two and two is one. Gracefully composed and not without a clue indisposed, the taller of the acquiesced does agree to a fit of laughter. Loud ring the bells in the hollow head, softly tramps the coy woman to the bed of her lover. Indecently goes she who never knows, brusquely moves she who never goes before she knows. So threeness in ugly overlap is worse than two in harmony. Better is three in peace with one untold than two in strife or three too bold. Seek not the peace to out of yarn unwind, strive rather for all and all unsold. Leave to the imaginings what the harpoon must not obtain.

Death steals slowly the life and hair from the plodding no longer boy. I have told you that plum pudding must be left to the imagination: it's too hard to make today, and so as well must we leave our affairs untied. Always ready for inclement weather, always understanding of the gods, death seems so far away, so inappropriate for our demeanors. Don't allow us, oh God, to die alone, but better to die alone than in merriment. I meant to tell you the truth in my tales, and this a way to loosen up and write with ease, one matter after another. Thoughtless grace, lead me the way the best to follow, don't undo my past unlooked for accomplishments. Find tomorrow a pillow on which to rest your lonely head. Leave me in suspense and I'll answer with spite.

Prayer

Master of rejoinder, inventor of all that's well, I leave to tomorrow the fastness and laziness that yesterday quicker spirits did suggest. I will be good and without lust for a while bespeak myself in gentle tones of steely magic. Listen! Harken to the meanderings of the theorem's proof. Sit upright and graceful move your pencil your mate to please.

Quiet comes on the broad still sea. Love is meant for you and me, the end in sight but never to be. Madness go away for a while, I sit encompassed in harmless song. God of love and God of grace, grant to me this day an end to dissipated wanderings. Strife replace with a steady forward going pace. Listen! Quiet! Understand through the card in the sleeve, turn around and pull the cape about the ears. I have sought the angel woman in prayer, so soon she'll respond. We shall have peace, steady reflection, and all played to a gentle, steadily increasing interest. That is how it will be some day. Now I sit in quiet, my hands clasped before. Oh God in everything all about I see, do release me this very day from my unrest. Let coolness descend—I'm not afraid. Love and peace forever we'll find in each a place to rest the head, a place to leave the equations not unsolved. God grant me this my very day a chair to sit in restful.

Melody seep into the brain, do keep me in countenance. Let me receive from the feathered one a reason to struggle on each day to itself. Now I see what love will surely bring, a steady bright commitment to labor, a look over the shoulder, and then, a response.

God in heaven, God in tar, open the door, please don't be so far. I a friend, sure-footed can I find in thee my mentor. Oh leave me alone to engage in my relentless wanderings. Never shall peace be to me away from the well. Oh I go I seek and wander place to place in search of the meek and good and noble. Leave me in my wanderings rather than in grasp of one I love not. Replace the dissipation with boredom, and my will change for a gentle forward glance above and maybe below; I return whence I started.

River

River softly flowing by at pace, devoid of wrath and all the race, I seek in your murmuring a steadiness for my faltering gait. I leave the spell of the romantic longing, I come to the grace of a deeper moaning, bereft of misdirected energy and full of fully proper emotionless style. I have sung the song of the solitary warbler in the tree tops, looked down at the passing crowd without a throatiness, with nothing wrong. Looking at the entrance way from a depression with patience, I find through binoculars a coyness that with me imparts to myriad imaginings the colors from a stained glass window. Darkest colors of purple and blue, I find no repose from far off glances can equal the quickness of a brusque unequal greeting. Sallow faces from burned out fields, shallow places where the white bird of peace does plan his preening, I marvel at the entrance of the magician into the closed place.

Well, I have seen and heard, long ago imagined and lost without a trace I sought and came to conclusion. No delusion of madness or impression of gladness can give to thought the impression I seek in sadness that all beside me can sing in glee and yet in their celebrations find nothing better than suspended worth. Well, I have found once before that without the silliness parties are made for, a suspension of death can be entertained for a low price at a common bazaar. Nothing special about the interchange of the receptacles. Nothing to be surprised at in the pool that casts a reflection, nor anything to be wondered at in the masters' lack of intuitiveness. Intention like an increase of heaviness, worth like an explosion in wrapping paper tissue. Well, I am not surprised, nor have been much startled these past years. I find in an increase of reflection a crutch that give will quite certain and never to obviate the decency that a quiet life must always be composed with.

Dappled with sunshine, devoid of mirth, the understory with gladness seeks reawakening, a new birth. To find without searching, to understand without asking, each mode of thought can answer the questions the pure never asks. Reasons without answers, glances without reproaches—we all find in warmth a life that's worth the having of. Wondering no more the reply to the riddle, the expert seeks without expectations and minus fifteen degrees. Well, hello Mr. Expert, I thought you sounded rather oddly, I thought you needed cheering up. There are answers to your quandaries and responses to be made without thought. Bark so old it is mushy—soft to the touch—now off the trees it finds it's a slow process, the transformation to dirt. Soon there won't be anything left, no trace. Later we'll find it once again. Life after death and reincarnation—a new mode for rebeing, a new type of thought. Then it seeks and, later, finds.

Radio towers are high and perched for transmitting. Answers are simple and come two pence for the asking. Riddles are answered when the sword of the undaunted falls with a clang. In dampness there is darksome worth, in counterpoint an answer to the question never asked. Seek and you will find what's there, nothing more.

Hello, my friend, I know that you are there. Your warm heart of flowers transmits its preternatural powers. Found I have three questions for asking, two responses I find must come before the asking. One riddle and two jokes—three questions for awkward blokes. Ha, ha, a rhyme, a stitch in time saves nine and now I know just where to more slowly go. Find in your intuitiveness a reasoning out of the theorem of life. One wife and one life; two wives and conflicting lives; three bags of groceries and a full refrigerator. How now does the fireman go? Where will he put out the fires? Where are the wires to keep the Germans out? How can the wireless transmit without antennae? Lesser lights of brightest stars, your worth is in your smallness, your farness away. The bark is rotting and soon will turn to doubt.

Tomorrow

Lost reflections on distant chances at distant journeys. The seepages of time requiring nothing of photography, there isn't any room left for pacing. Back and forth and left and right, the madman in his cell seeks release to the new day. The new day not coming, he reclines in a rocking chair, a horse to the imaginations. Leaving forth the house a distant place to travel, there are no remains or vestiges of the now dead recluse. And so it goes, each day bringing new hopes and new joys, new ways of looking at far off distances. There isn't any succor for our lost imaginings, isn't any hope in the waste basket. Leave enough to the new day, leave enough for the day that passed. In crevices on aged rowboats there travels wind through the sands and water through the journeyings.

Left behind when he was two, true to the last word spoken by the ghost of time, the old wizened man can still find in his days a place for remorse and release from gravity. Leaning on a cane his no longer faithful balance a help to give, he surveys the scene of present not without a hope at going backwards—to unchange the past and leave in suspension the long dead love and chances at more. Lost in reveries of a never changing inflection, the man wants peace for his tired now unsteady head. He leaves for tomorrow what wishing hasn't laundered and brought up to perfect condition.

Wanders farther than the last of the first undone thoughts. Speaks more clearly than the dead. Leaving us to tomorrow, the tired now lovely girl wanders forward on an S-curve. There isn't any place for leaving the jacket or the books. There isn't any room for undoing the plans of forever. So speaking, so hearing, the now tired girl sits down and begins to wonder.

His present troubles speaking less and yet more observed, he wonders why she sits so alone without grievance. Why unfinished does she leave for tomorrow what today can accomplish more successfully? Perhaps there is in leaving things undone a reason for living and allowing the tomorrow a greater scope. Left to himself, he wonders why she sits there, so alone yet so becoming, so hopeful that tomorrow will bring chances and maybe even more. Why forthright does he go at never ending maddening pace? Why no glances over the shoulder and seeking in peace a release from the grave? Why doesn't he leave for tomorrow what today accomplishes more sadly?

Perhaps

Victims of the malaise that comes from belief. Dire maledictions against the wild and care-less free. One would have thought that liberty would come from circumspection, but nothing except fatigue from introspection. God if he exists does know my every thought—he watches like a caretaker over the computer. An engineer of fast moving trains, he watches the ongoings of the tired male with sleepy interest. Why don't I care to write with lesser light? Why don't I send for the great calculating machine and observe with lesser light the cerebrations within? Each and every poised to leap at the smallest chance of success. I no longer care what the leavings will show. Gone in a moment's recollection, left behind for no one to observe, I seek in quietness nothing except something to do and live. Left behind for the rake of the indifferent gardener, awaiting the triumph of decay and lesser more spontaneous imaginings, I wonder whether without a care I can proceed without over wielding stasis.

Left behind to his own imaginings, he lifts up his head and asks the god questions. No one to care or hear, he skirts atheism like the dance he never sought. Wander here and leave for answers. Remain in the place of the beginnings, the hall of one's ancestors gone and past. Three months ago I thought about life and came to no conclusions. Today with equal skepticism I can live with the more or less greater doubts always giving emptiness upon their removal. What you can't seek, you can't find without discovery or a passed chance that lingers well. What I don't know, I well never understand might completely.

Sorry then for the lost chance, I wonder whether perhaps with equal indifference I may very well proceed without discovery. Whether under the lights I can go without being noticed or cared about is thought not a question my heart can answer. No bags exist for the hiding of one's soul. There is nothing left to find in the empty basement, nothing behind to carry in one's arms and cherish, the last of a bygone era. All that remains of the passed reflection is an empty water bottle. Devoid of liquid and left for the next weary traveler, we'll find peace in solitude.

Veils

Peace from a frozen dogwood flowering in time, retreat from the ash and the smudge of the pavement. Release in its expectation is worth the greyness of summer and the graininess of time. Likings leave when the bear flees his den, remaining in winter the ice to shake off his coat. Sing like a donkey and move like a goat. Your worth is well known, your heart steady in its beatings. What you can't undiscover through introspection, you may reveal to others in lurid glances received, accounts payable. So speak softly in chime and undo the mayhem.

Rockiness exists in the plains of Bessarabia. There in the iciness of December is born to all lookers on a hope and place of discovery. Revealing behind the layers of fabric one by one displaced sits the lady Catherine on her sandalwood chair. A throne for her own discomfort, a gap in thoughts a rift creates in the harmony of the parallelograms. To each his own, and to every man his due or such as may become the timorous tempest of love and sand. Wild winds blow on cold sails of hulls of ghostly ships, the spectre of the dead arising from the bones and ashes. Grief is like a bandage for the bones, to keep them in place and to make them rattle. Three trumps and you're out of the card game. So answer the riddle and leave to tomorrow what today has left undone.

The books are written on the ancient philosophers of Greece: Democritus, Empedocles, Anaxagoras, ad infinitum. What has been left unsaid may replace what shall have been said tomorrow. Aristotle for the even pace, the reticulation of thought, the last net falling from the body of the giving desirous woman. In thought pure and mild there is eroticism, in the theorems of math an enjoyment. So I have said before in an attempt to reveal it all and possess it, water through the fingers—is it the passing, or the waiting, or the having that constitutes its most pleasant feature? One often wonders about what one doesn't have and often asks what can never be answered. Leaks from the fountain may drain it of its worth. And then after the august day of summer releases the flower from the primrose will come a day when you forget and learn to remember. You will have in your basket preserves for the keeping and laundry once more dried amid the dead dry leaves of desiccated herbs. There will be one less day to remember and one more day to forget. And you will remember and then you will again forget.

Drawing out the thoughts from the unused receptacle. Leaving in their places nothing but air and the humidity of moss. Leavings will slowly disappear there, nothing but the air shall remain. One day when your thoughts have even more fully cleared, a lark and a sparrow shall frolic and follow. Each leaving the spearmint for a new place of retirement, they are young. Two birds male and female in youth of different species intent on discovering the mysteries of the other. No one really knows what the animals know each one separately.

Ten years, ten leaves, each on the ground awaiting rejuvenation. Leaves for tomorrow the wind to carry to distant far-off places. The vestiges of time remain in the hollow, one each for refreshment, love, coldness, antipathy, radiation, sunshine, despair, expectancy, enlightenment, and the last papal decree. So we have ten reasons and four seasons making ten choose four combinations, two hundred ten.

There—the majestic snow of the jagged peak of the highest mountain, not Mount Everest. Somewhere in France, I suppose. Alcohol really is bad. I wish people didn't drink it. I should have learned before that there is nothing that can't be unsaid, it's just that it's not right to unsay some things. What really matters is one's present intent and purpose. I know of nothing that can't reverberate for years with proper space to move in. A hollow, a place to echo the life off the sounding board. It's a basin one puts a washing board in and works hard with knowledge to figure out. So one plucks the spine and introduces a new factor into the equations. Readiness like snow will fall in the autumn.

After three months of figuring I have come to some conclusions. The triangle my music teacher liked haunts me like farce. No man in his proper season can give a reason for living, no weather in autumn can blow the snow off the mountain tops. It's hard to figure out what one wants, even harder to get what one figures. So shut the door and leave the room empty for silence evermore. Longtime hence shall arise a trill single note from the dying echo. "Leave me to be and cleanse me of my sins. Grieve not for my friend, grieve for me."

Dispel

Dispel the seeds from the dandelion, correct the tree with red fountain pen. Learn the true meaning of gyration and gargle out soap suds. The flowers blossom in time for only a day, their hearts dispelled once again, before the evening, before the red glow of the sun. Remove the latticework from the rooms of your grandmother and learn to entreat without remorse. Time is dispelled and eaten and swallowed without the watcher-man ever seeking in his wrist a change of channels. The connection with lodestone obscure, the meaning from hoarfrost not manifest. Left in the empty closet the meaning of wonderment and the emptiness of wood. Left to himself he wonders and returns to the crowd unfinished. Left to the muse of spades above the deadbolt, he returns unaided. Never remembering the coldness of winter or the spareness of sunshine, he wanders in the forest without reproach. Sunshine removes in August what clouds have left behind in November. The baggage removed, the empty car fully loaded, he dispels once again the notions he once remembered.

Twice done is half finished. Leaves for the flaming understory, bark for the protection of the gods. Unbent and unprotected, the apricot tree gives what the painter most wishes to swallow. Leaven for the fruit cocktail, bitterness for the harvest. In summer comes rain and wet and terror and thunder. Nonsense wonders what marriage can give to a wedding ring. Perhaps the veil will hide the true tendency of the unbetrothed. Perhaps left for himself he will find the uppermost reason and seek in his merriment a change of condition. Beware of gods and clouds of gas. The death head is stark and gray and without affection; the louse quite ugly and without good purpose. I have left the room having no windows and entered into the hall without corners. No corner exists in the hall to the window. No traces of plaster can fall from the ceiling. Nothing remains from the door to the floor. Nothing is left in Elsemere.

Speak more softly and without wishing to entreat. The garbage from Rwanda removes the viewer to plainsong and finally dispels the remainder.

Void

Boisterous times of cheerful daily life somewhere exist to enrich the cycle of living. Somewhere, between the exigencies, there is a greater good that expresses itself in happiness and the daily excitements. Yesterday was tomorrow to the cave man, and tomorrow will come too quickly for the tired. Well, what is new is not untried and what is pleasant is not unbroken. A record spinning as a top to a regulated turntable. There is something in the crevices, a vibration in the arm that the crystal rests in. Nowadays there's more to fun than mere inspection. A coolness in lifting the forearm, a wistful grimace underspoken with knowledge that more than this is so. Indeed, I've known before that more than love can spook the day of circumstance.

Did you experience the same impression? ... No need to speak, I can see by your expression that it was so. Come let us walk aslant down the hillside. Leave your baggage by the door and unwrap the gift to the goddess. Did you see that? A three-toed woodpecker or maybe just a sapsucker. No apology needed I can answer for my doubts. The whirl of the wind does scratch at the forest floor. The ice is cold, your hair so apt. Remember I have told you nothing, your own explanations more appropriate now, the silence in your eyes most expressionless, conveying to the scene a hollow under all thud. Don't walk too quickly down the path that misleads all to follow. Look about for the yellow crest, the branches that rise and the streams that follow. Water always descends into the hollow course. The river bed is crooked and wanders aimlessly, I wish you would and fully expect it. Lift up your left foot and put it down forward. Now turn about attentively seeking your own explanation of turn and wonder all about. Now there is more to the politic experience than lingers in the sleeve up the arm hidden for the last play of cards. We deal the sticks and bones, one object a time to each that wishes to learn. Earn your money in wisdom and forfeit your gains from dice. Such a wonderful girl, so pretty and nice, I did not expect it more.

Have not to follow the ducks and the squirrels. Seek not the wisdom from what clucks and what whirls. Learn rather to always seek what's true and appropriate. Take a step now with your right leg then stop and let's rest.

It were sheer madness to continue on that fashion. Fashion? Fashion undergarments? I don't think so, what now? Where the confusion? Oh yes, I see that it is there again, you see it? Well, let's move on only when you're ready. Emptiness is mainly nothing, it's hardly worth considering.

Nonsense

There is hope and love in recollection. Prayer may lead the just down righteous paths full of happiness. A night of barren tossing and unanswered entreaties may give the morrow a soft warm glow of quiet expectation. Life is far away removed from God. He knows best as any other his own proper sphere of thoughts and movements. There is a lack of understanding in earthly affairs. A lack that can only be remedied through listening and other natural expedients. God gives best to those who listen to the rhymes of matter. What matters most is not, some say, how one seeks but how one listens to the collective spirits of the small and separately inconsequential. Taken together they assume a mighty role not to be denied by God or his figureheads. Your prayers, they mean the most by day perhaps in sleepy perfection. Perfection of rest and laughter gives to tired hands the flow that is required for writing a novel. A novel idea can change the anxious mass to sleepy hands that move with slowness the erotic to incite with precise indifference. With no certain thought the hand moves aptly provided thought was there before when there was nothing better to engage in. Now we shall see what loveliness in amateur theatricals can give to the greenness of lawns in springtime. The grass is young and green in springtime, only later to reach its brown and brittle height. Future generations shall receive the seeds we work so carefully to produce. No labor of much value can produce its reward in just one season unless there is disaster given license for the future. Beware of birds singing songs on relatively high voltage power lines.

Well, what fatigue last night has given the pencil this day to write I find is dissipating because the holy spirit and God have not had their share of attention. What last night seemed so hopeless I now must continue I see or face ennui. Vapid nothingness comes from a hollow untouched. God in his manifest goodness can give to these bitter days a change not only in affection, but in success as well—in both I need assistance. What is it to love a holy one in low self condition? It were enough if I could write a novel, but to write I feel some material change in fortune is needed. Some lessening of seriousness and thoughtless interchange of facts unimportant with beings each with their own set of few ideas. I have felt that reason itself can express its pith in so many words, and yet without explanations no expression can give its value short of motionlessness—a motionlessness that is in every way difficult to maintain.

Fluffy pillows on puffy mattresses not to be sensed. The stomach distends and the arms atrophy. Laziness never ends the inertia that true callings inspire. Looked up in the phone book and called before the strike of three, the plumber leaves to flush the pipes of an original household. The salamander drips his slime from the roof beams and it seems that without a convocation the insects may gather. Despair despite the leading tendencies of the well-to-do; it beguiles the original and leaves to new sprung springs the pressure of coming to be. So I have said before and so I will say again at the rising of the dead.

Don't know quite now whether the undertakings of the master gardener can relieve the stress on my backbone. Three times three is nine and with the originality of modern day sewage and plumbing one wonders whether there could ever arise again a need for gun cotton. Spite and a lack of groceries, a short trip to the store and a walk to the bird sanctuary. So far, so good, no meaning present in watermelon futures. Well, I have shopped at Winn Dixie and thought the price of vegetables and grain stuffs just right. They should not sell meat, however. The book is closed on the presidential ambitions of the movie star's daughter.

Aimlessly wandering through drifts of snow and meaningless swamps. The grasses emerge from the white in their light shades of brown. The seeds for future meanings on top, ready for a harvest that only the autumn can so long wait for. There is no harvesting without farmers, no farmers after the snow. What goes on the mountains sleeps in the meadows and travels overnight on crack express trains. A shovel can keep the snow from between the cars, a scent of lavender can flavor the dish water. We travel fast on meaningless express the next train to catch. Our hair is auburn, our eyes of blue, the water we wash with is gray. Lacking a rosary we seek our peace in stockings and other fine ladies' apparel. With fifteen reasons for living and a blank head of steam great volumes of pastry from Sardinia lie in the oven. We can hardly wait. The broccoli is done and the asparagus awaits steaming. We have converted the rear left burner into a turntable, and a large steam locomotive is traveling over the heating element. Three dimensional stereo sound provides the ambiance of romantic dining. Fine wines of France have been distilled until nothing remains. All the vodka has evaporated as well. It has left behind an explosive mixture, three parts coal gas and one part ether. The logarithms are being used to reduce the effluvia to harmless Dutch elm disease and thereafter on the hammock the air obtains its rest after a trying day. Fifteen thousand and what do you get? Sinus congestion and control over the adamantine spheres. Leave right and enter spicules.

The reasons for the unreasoned do lie behind their whitewashed gravestones. Fifteen thousand dead in a terrible battle fought for a division. It might as well have been a division to divide people into columns by rows. Somewhere in the First World War it lies, the explosion. There in its after effect the meaning dies and turns into a solitary blood red flower. A flower for smelling while on the way to the destined place of rest I can't consider until I get there. No stopping now when stopping brings you closer to your point of origin. In dalliance and unplanned steps trippingly taken I shall get there. Or then again, maybe I shall not get there, at least not without walking more slowly. Whether I shall arrive my second least consideration, my least what is to be arrived at. But you must believe, yes you really must, that I want to arrive there. I do, I really really do.

Now I can stop and reflect on my last leg of journey, and I have done so. Now I can move on more quickly, less thoughtfully. The rutabagas in Spain are less thoughtful than those in Belgium. (Reader's note: During the First World War, my grandmother was forced by the war to eat large quantities of rutabagas from lack of anything better.) In Spanish class we learned about vowels: A-E-I-O-U, el burro sabe mas que tú. Now that I've gotten that off my back let's move on to christening. A christening robe is old, pale, and lacy. We have one. It has become slightly discolored with age. Bravo, I have used it. Now we should wash our hands with soap. The reasons for writing lie a little closer to the heart. The senses finely tuned, there isn't any need to resist sleep and steadiness. The penchant for detail is here, I should prefer it if my meanings were clear, but not at the expense of things not sounding right. I know that I have sinned in writing the last line. Everything I write is a lie on the utmost level. I need to seek a draining, a lessening of the water in the pool. Now I need to rewrite but I won't reread or tell you that I meant to write reread but wrote rewrite instead. No quotations even though what I thought about was underlining. I meant to write underlining but instead wrote rewriting. Everything I write is a lie, or rather whatever I write is what sounds right which is always wrong. I don't mind lying when it's obvious that I'm lying or when nothing makes sense. Three time three is five, and without controlling reason we can continue apace. I should not have felt guilty about lying and maybe I'm explaining too much. Why wouldn't I want to understand, or rather why wouldn't I understand most if I have explained? Furry rabbits hop about in fluffiness when their fur is filthy. So may I.

Train

Sad stories linger from the surreal, slippery eels slide silently on the sled of slippery slides. The slide rule not longer in purpose the purple to perpetuate Dymatab. Well, effortlessly goes the man who knows, and only after a pause of reflection does he bother to stop. The drain is serving its purpose, no way to plug the flow of water. Interjections like circuses—no, more like the rushes of locomotives speeding through the night mist. There's no way to stop implosions or any way to discover their meanings. Some mysteries like delusions only walk in the darkness.

After a cool lazy reflection I can look at the watch and discover through reason that unreason lingers on the doorstep in the intervals between wanderings. Gaps in the continuum between the worlds, this and the after life. No way to bridge the impassable places. Steep gorges and ravines unpredictable in their flows. Narrow gauge track and boilers in limbo. The path to eternity must first meet the barriers. Then a thousand miles of barrenness. After the whistle blows the fireman throws his coal from the tender. The oven is hot and the red madness of summer meets the blackness of the cold winter night. This is right this seeking with a will, to try so hard without cessation and never giving break for the condensation of water. Water, cool and refreshing the thirst to slake on a hot early autumn night. Might is appropriate in madness but never in badness.

This train is headed to death. Right after life it comes after the barren places and right before the reasons for living become manifest. The menu is appropriate—pure black letters on creamy white—a stop at the dining car means dinner for a vegetarian. The black porter has made crisp bleached white sheets. He's laid them out and placed them there, so sleep tight and rest uncomfortable. A cold clammy sweat on your forehead develops. The chill is before and after! Death lingers in the dark stormy night his leg extended to trip you. Beware of small children playing games in laughter. They know what they mean but have no way to say it. They will gather the flowers for your tombstone.

Flowers all about, strewn over the lawn for our own pleasure's sake. Beware of flowers. They like children do mean no harm and so like children may wrong in giving where no giving is ever returned. A cold bleak place this Siberian plain. Bitterness lies in the poppies so there's no place to rest. Think of what's ahead and you've thought of what's best.

A small child born in happiness awaits the day when the diamond crown will replace the crude one of laurel. Death is a long way from him, I'm glad. No earthly reason can exist for his unhappiness. No care of bright sunshine can dampen his love of the warm gentle glow. Innocence shall always stay on his clean little forehead. No madness of summer will visit him in the gloaming. Rest is for the small and the amiable to walk with. Giving where no giving is due they walk with faltering step and lead you to consider THE LAST AGES.

Pretty little boy can you sing a song your innocence to impart? Where is the vulnerability of the evil ones? It lies in their hearts, they know what's right yet dare not do good. Such discrepancies as these may go unpunished in life, but not in love can evil go unnoticed. Discord with her wily smirks will sneak into the heart a poison to the unloved. No one cares for a loner he walks alone unnoticed. But a solitary man may find happiness in diamonds. He may give where giving isn't sought, by leading his lover down a path of thorns her heart to break unaided. No one sees what the loner sees, he knows it all by theorem and so may give a misery in righteousness that cannot undo a wrong. No wrong can be undone in madness, only future wrong can be evaded. That she do no more wrong, it is important, yet who can say what right can't do to badness in effortless heedless invective? Pile it on; make it red hot fierce; full head of steam to Georgia.

Elderly Man

Blasphemy sits on the lips of the old man in his rocking chair. He doesn't get many chances to express himself, now's his chance. "You are heading down the wrong path. Stop. Look behind you. Observe the birds and understand. When you are old you shall have lost your chance. Don't proceed until you understand; evil is hard to unravel. Beware."

A tobacco pipe in hand was his troubles. Lost on a distant steppe he was condemned to wander. A pipe is too much a solace, more a solace in youth than in infirmity, therefore worse for the young. Now he can have his wisdom he needed earlier. The snow is on the mountaintop, the crow flies to the valley. "Seek what you can find in diamonds," says the old man. "Avoid what you have in gold." Whispering to the ghost of his wife he wonders at the gate. "I am late, I should have known earlier. You may find your way by stars through the endless forest and at the end be closer than at the start. Seek your fortune in diamonds and beware of them, the evil ones. You will know them by their gaze and overcome by deception. They believe wrong and don't understand your motives. The more you're upright, the more you deceive them. They will never understand on this planet, they have no way. Guide them to the stars and some may change. Each one his own upright stance may take when confronted with the dark. Beware! It may seem as though you're losing when the angel descends from her throne a helping hand to give. Shut up the dead and the good let live, despair of madness and the diamonds get by sieve."

Redstart

Royal cat in jet of black, sing your songs in half-steps. Unravel the measuring tape and adjust your stance for the pounce. The glass of the window will stop you, your reflection manifest to the madness of the clock driving spring between the eyes. The throat it is of empty consequence, fit for drinking and bouncing sounds off the concrete walls. The hollow laughter befits the hollow eyes, the conceit of affection leaving with the car trip home. Slippery snakish sounds slip between the lips before the teeth. God you do that well the heat from the poker is searing and I'm to understand you're giving up smoking? Your affection could be greater where I want it, between the ears it's all there but where's the spring in the foot to pounce? You left that with the last lover I fear and your stare is going right through me I don't want to show you that. Well, peace to your lover only don't slow down, remove the aura from your head and begin by considering diaper changing. You must know that I fatigue easily—I didn't want you to know that—my alertness for change beyond compare. I need some reason. Place the hat aslant upon your balding head still with enough hair for me. Look behind at truths that yesterday were clear to me. They're still there but I have forgotten to take a shower. The rain comes everyday in it's dreariness and I never stir. The birdbath too needs refilling. The warblers come and the redstart too collectively they splash water from the bath faster than the rain can fill it. I am mistress Mary quite contrary with her watering can, but I'm too afraid to stir. The birdbath needs refilling. Where is my friend the teary eyed stranger with his tears to make the flowers grow? The rime from his tears tastes like death in my mouth. Maybe the salt could be used for killing slugs. They're going to get me, I know.

Found, two golden slippers, owner apply to address below. No address given. I lost those shoes a long time ago. I need them to keep my feet clean. I need to respond but have no place to respond to. Where is my friend the slow speaking stranger? Distinct in his pronouncements and careful in his step he would see the value of my shuffling friendly gait. There isn't much reason for living in a world with so many stars. All I want is a perfect little star that never twinkles except to birds and butterflies. Not to me who am so quiet and never changing can excitement be appreciated. Never pounce again my crutch, I'm weary.

Where does introspection turn to madness? What keeps a poem from turning insane? Water please, a little water. Water and trees my only friends they leave off censure when the rains come. It rains a lot nowadays. Used to be it was always sunny but now not even a downpour can excite me. I lost the sun when it bounced off the particles that float through the air. Loneliness alone—no child dwells within me. I have been true and failed. The blueness of the sky it reminds me that too rare day. I remember the blue in the sunshine under a nice shady tree alone by itself. Things they remind me of living beings and the way I have treated them bears recollection. My tongue no longer snaps at the roof of my mouth, simple logic makes me want to spend today with my pillow, I am weary.

The creek carries water from here to there on it's wandering course. It wanders slowly. The creek carries leaves and twigs to the cold ocean. The dirt gets washed by the relentless flow. Somewhere there is meaning behind a facade of words. Sometimes in the ocean a turtle will come up for air. A comet will fall from the sky and there really are such things as meteorites. A butterfly is on the cement porch! Can he find nectar from stone? Perhaps when the winds come he will find his way but it's going to rain again. I'm afraid it's always going to rain just to be mean to him. There aren't really any birds in the birdbath and I'm not any happier. So sad and starry-eyed is the man with nothing better to do. There is no will strong enough to pick a dead man from his grave. No force of character can stop a decay begun by a small mistake. Oranges and apples shall be thrown at him, and he shall plant trees with them. An airplane will fall from the sky and he will laugh. There isn't anything left in his head, he's dead and beyond the living. His will was to end by me, and I have ended by being dead with him and me in limbo. Now indeed is all confusion.