

probably 1973 or 74

2:55 p.m.

it's got up over 20 finally
but sharp gusty, the
wind-chill index down god only knows
where

but sunny,
the sun like a laborious failure,
the winds just not letting any heat
connect
with the ground, sweeping it right
away or
~~else~~ pouncing on it with nordic
absorption (and dispersion):

there are some clouds, mostly
white, but ~~the~~ furry ~~kind of~~ frozen
snowclouds: ~~the clouds~~
disconnected, ~~they~~
seem denser toward the horizon while
in the main-overhead blue emptiness
is clearly dominant:

if one were farther away toward
the horizon, though, it would probably
be mainly clear there, too, because
the density is merely the accumulation
of distance: the clouds are moving,
I mean, there is no illusion
of staying, and mostly from the north,
but a little from the west:

last night, because I had a
visiting poet for dinner, I forgot to
take out the trash till about nine
o'clock, and the sky was bright, the
yardstick, the big dipper, the little
dipper, even a trace of the milky way,
and so many little blurry stars:
colder than today but stiller:

I used to get scared out at night
when there was no cloud cover but now
I don't mind much, it's kind of a
thrill, terror and the wonderful being
cousins: I stand on my own two feet
now, practically, and I don't care
how deep the skies get or cold or
vacantly ~~absorbing~~:

I don't know what the weather's
going to do: I haven't heard a
forecast all day: I know I'd rather
be surprised by weather, though, than
by a forecast:

geese were ~~wing~~
honking over (squawking)
last night: the moon wasn't up
either yet (I mean the sun wasn't
up also either) - how do
those birds know which
way to fly: by stars! ~~shimmering~~
maybe: ~~in a~~ ~~hell-shell~~

I think they could see Lake
Cayuga off to the left and were mainly
just holding to the right margin:
how come when you write about the
weather the continuous light falling
on the paper is not
visible in the poem: poem-light has
to be created all the time
or the poem ~~seems to be taking~~ place
in the dark: let me say: all this
time the light has been coming in my
window, a bountiful, bright light,
partly reflected off the white side
of the garage, superbright: but, then
I wonder if at night you have to keep
creating dark while the poem tends
to sound white: that's an interesting
problem we can try existentially:
there I go, talking again to "we"
nobodyes ~~agains~~: hello "we" "you"
"us": I'm here: buy this poem so
"we" can be together: I don't mind
talking about nothing but not to
nobody:
(by the way, there's still plenty

window, a bountiful, bright light, partly reflected off the white side of the garage, superbright: but, then I wonder if at night you have to keep creating dark while the poem tends to sound white: that's an interesting problem we can try existentially: there I go, talking again to "we" nobodies ~~agains~~: hello "we" "you" "us": I'm here: buy this poem so "we" can be together: I don't mind talking about nothing but not to nobody:

(by the way, there's still plenty of light - in fact, it's only 3:15 and the sun hasn't been setting lately till about seven (I'll get an exact reading on that, though of course those readings change daily)) just now there is a small white cloud nearly overhead and every now and then a tuft of expanded snow drifts down but it's so windy you can't tell which cloud it came from:

better quit: lately I get tired doing nothing: the wind jars the window into a low burr like a hoarse cicada: but of course we don't have any cicadas now:

I think the amazing grackles that came two weeks early wish they hadn't: they aren't sitting in any high branches today and I don't blame them: but it was comforting last week to look across the yards and see a skinny tree occupied by one black item: I hear my son downstairs say he can hardly open this door the wind is so hard: hard wind:

think of that:

while the light outside feels washed clean of heat, inside in the living room it catches: you can stand in it, the same light, and warm up your legs right away: I don't know how light carries heat:

probably heat appears only when

there's a disturbance

to the light, an interference: otherwise, all that cold heat gets cold through cold space here and then, breaking against something, turns hot: amazing but the hell with it: let the scientists, inclined to

worry, worry

about that: us poets just came along for the ride, ~~and~~ to ride: we ~~se~~ splain~~ing~~g nuttin: ~~that's because~~ the best news

of riding is riding: everything else

there is to know about riding

ain't worth a shit: pardon the dirty language: I don't like its phony force, either, but people except you in this age to be a little déclassé, shall we say: I'm willing to be lowly but frankly I'm glad for some of the elegant who sit about reading (or writing) nothing about nothing: you need an independent income to bring that off: a vacant aristocracy

who prove there is need in the world by needing nothing: did anything ever sound more intolerable or desirable: and anyhow isn't it probably true that no matter how high you raise the lowly somebody will be higher: it figures:

I think everybody should be rich - why the miserable putdown difficulties - and I a little richer: or a little more independent:

death will, of course, make this whole trip look silly, but then it always does: if there is anything whatsoever to hold onto it is the rim of a turning nothingness, not

that I suggest that nothing is the same as nothingness:

4:46 p.m.

the paper came and says the sun will set tomorrow at 7:11 EST - our years now universally covered with EST: paper also shows gulls working flight over the lake shoreline against a background of whitecaps: low tonight 10: high tomorrow 25-30: cold and sunny:

4:46 p.m.

the paper came and says the sun will set tomorrow at 7:11 DST - our years now universally covered with DST: paper also shows gulls working flight over the lake shoreline against a background of whitecaps: low tonight 10: high tomorrow 25-30: cold and sunny:

there's a feeling for cold, sunny and windy: a thin feeling, a floating, warping expansiveness: and tonight five six hundred streakers plan to strike up like slope in the at 10 degrees: all the penises will be short and the breasts crinkled: all the little faces of penises withdrawn like turtleheads and all the big faces of girls (breasts eyes, etc. - mouth beardy, you know) will be astonished:

what's interesting about streaking is the permission ~~given by action~~: speeding through provides the ~~aesthetic~~ disengaging that removes threats of intimacy: the way a quail will sit by a highway as if knowing fast traffic is caught in its own prison:

but if streakers stop and loll lust will turn exposure vulgar:

and certainly the balls will be caught up tight and the guys will feel a lot better running, unflopping security: but the big tits will churn and jounce the little tits (I like them) will be so ~~much~~ modest in the cold and so tempting to the heavy mouths of warm

onlookers: nutfucker: jellyfish belly: plump potty: now the sun is sinking low: (6:30) to the reading I must go:

what I liked about the brook yesterday was that at its falls it threw up drops that caught on overhanging twigs and froze and as the night came there's no telling what happened: the ice pulled the twigs down into the running: or ice made a shelter over the rush: or maybe it got cold enough to put a stop to the whole brook: imagine, the reservoir of stillness: but consider how much motion has to be drained away before every drop gives mobility up:

I ask my students, where is the tension: I answer the question by telling them, the tension is in the medium: what is the medium: the medium is the self first and then the poem: and who are the makers of tension: the great spirit-beings: the hero of focus wrestles the hero of comprehensiveness: their great feet splatter forests and undo ranges the hero of motion engages the hero of resistance: that leads to some tight, slow musculature, like bending iron: the hero of energy meets the hero of restraint and neither ~~one~~ will give more than an inch: it is, I tell my students, in the inch of giving, to one side or the other, that the artist finds his difficult play: right?, I say to my students, and they say, right on: they like me, as I do them: I tell them, further, the poem is like a raft of cocoanuts, its own means of travel: my students like that: ~~such fine students~~:

10:21 a.m.

how much play is there:

an eighth of an inch in bowling off one way or the other ~~can~~ strikes a strike out ~~out~~:

a sixteenth ~~can~~ leave a corner pin standing:

but in the fine play such freedom to knock all the pins down:

same with poems the wide free play is no play ~~at all~~: define room by sharp concisions!

the sky is sound, bell-whole, blue, misty white on the rim, cloudless: arctic high: like a smart woman on a morning porch, the wind sweeps the

a sixteenth ~~ear~~ leave) a corner pin

standing:

but in the fine play such freedom
to knock all the pins down:

same with poems

the wide free play is no play ~~at all~~;
define room by sharp concisions!

the sky is sound, bell-whole, blue,
misty white on the rim, cloudless:
arctic high: like a smart woman on
a morning porch, the wind sweeps the
heat like dust away:

maybe 25: when flying consider ~~the~~
surface weather situation, ceilings
and visibilities, significant radar
echoes, low level weather forecasts,
and upper level wind patterns"

it's

so

great

to write about

what nobody ever does anything about
and can do nothing about: for what
is the use of writing

about something if

you can fix it some other way:

~~but~~ for those things ineluctable,
irremedial, and often invisible, we
need accurate perceptual feeling and
consolation: writing is no way to rid
the world of

war

abuses to women (the majority
minority)

poverty

disease

greed:

FREE OFFER

FREE LUNCH

FREE RIDE

promote

fantasies ~~contain~~ the grossest chunks
of meat: ~~that is~~, afloat in the finest
weaving and separation into mind
reality takes on its ~~most~~ gorgeous
sensuality:

9:11 A.M.

today is forty and gray: last
night a skimpy snow made a thin
blanket but then the night warmed and
morning had all its darker colors
back: odd that things can survive the
winter and not the spring:

in the fall, snow got to and
covered up the snapdragon bunch early
so its low sprouts stayed rich and
green under the higher brown seedstalks
but last week after the snow was
gone cold came and got right into the
ground's skin withering the snapdragons
just when I thought they might last
~~through~~ for another season:

as I said, the grackles came two
weeks early, obeying apparently a
secret knowledge of an early spring:
but robins either lacked the knowledge
or disobeyed because now on the 16th
(their day to come back) there are
still no robins: ~~but~~

in the thicket the squirrels
are winding round the trunks ~~in a~~ vine
way, male chasing female, the two
sometimes pausing into a fluster of
stalling, a bunch of leaves breaking
out from the invisible vine-ways:
I've never seen a squirrel springing
from tree to tree catch on a dead limb
and crack down:

they know ~~where the~~ snappy woods;
~~is~~:

but I have seen squirrels inch out from
the trunk on dead limbs; ~~they~~ test my
rot: wherever they run, swaying deep
on sprung, caught branches, their
weight is a gauge telling them the
strenghts, tensions, resiliences of
their roadways:

the clouds are
separating into masses with higher
light in some regions: the forecast
though is for an afternoon of wet snow
followed by a colder night with less
chance of precipitation: in winter
I can catch from my window
a flake of lake surface low through
near-hill nets of stripped branches
and cedar stands: today it is the

but I have seen squirrels inch out from the trunk on dead limbs; ~~they~~ ^{my} testing rot: wherever they run, swaying deep on sprung, caught branches, their weight is a gauge telling them the strenghts, tensions, resiliences of their roadways:

the clouds are separating into masses with higher light in some regions: the forecast though is for an afternoon of wet snow followed by a colder night with less chance of precipitation: in winter I can catch from my window a flake of lake surface low through near-hill nets of stripped branches and cedar stands: today it is the same color as the sky so that it seems a cloud has escaped and is tunneling under the lake's other ridge: I like the weather: I like to dwell on

weather, even when it's bad: weather is, in a place, like feeling to a system of things, ~~that is~~, the atmospheric effects, sometimes invisible, summary but difficult to pin down in the tangible: one can be in a strange place that is home to another: takes a long time for inner feeling to learn the outer weather, the feel of things, the knowing what something means without having to be told, the catching right away of the right tone:

after you know a poem well, it becomes imbued with itself, its aura, atmosphere, interpenetrating, breaks out around it, a round, invisible blossom and there are fine sensations sensed not with eye or mind but with the feelings: subtleties for ~~endless~~ nice considerations:

every day across the sky the figure is described: one stands in the forenoon or noon or afternoon until the day is spent: what is a spent day worth: nothing: only memory keeps it ~~within~~ ^{for} the new day: recalled and recalled it cannot be recovered: weep your heart out: stand blank ~~the~~ in the face of a new day: stand blank in the blank dawn where the figure will unwind again: the figure having writ moves on to write itself again and again till the face of man disappears and the writing, written on nothingness, continues its unheeded description: what are we: my, what are we: we are roarers: we roar in the writing as the writing sun roars: we flare with heat and fall with terror: we guzzle the present flavor: over and over in flesh we write our figure: we make the flesh roar and ~~give~~ ^{hear} fruit: we write back in every new face our correspondence with the sun: what have we for this: writing: we enact the figure of the motion: though the day quits us we will not quit: we will not quit: because of the sweet roar we will hum and buzz ~~in~~ the hour:

6:25 p.m.

the rain, sometimes heavy, we had all afternoon now is turning to wet snow, snow in the air, melting on the ground:

figures of motion: here & there
up and down
back and forth
round and round
in and out
out and back
meandering (sort of like back and forth)
spiraling (sort of like round and round, round and round with progression)

is the banquet of life for you
a feast of pain: when the patterns of intimacy and community formed were you a loose thread to the weaver's annoyance: is your face the puzzle ~~of the reject~~ ^{of the reject}.

9:00 a.m.

the snowflakes are almost lighter than air: when the air eddies and stalls the flakes ride in an open holding: they streak past the window ascending:

back and forth
round and round
in and out
out and back
meandering (sort of like back
and forth)
spiraling (sort of like round and
round, round and round with
progression)

is the banquet of life for you
a feast of pain: when the patterns
of intimacy and community formed
were you a loose thread to the weaver's
annoyance: is your face the puzzle
of the reject?

9:00 a.m.

the snowflakes are almost lighter than
air: when the air eddies and stalls
the flakes ride in an open holding:
they streak past the window ascending:
but when the wind descending stirs
it screws them to the ground: inching
backward they catch a forward ~~streak~~
~~of air~~ and ~~streak~~ away:

11:14 a.m.

so many grackles
and starlings light in the
thicket that the branches ~~go into a~~
~~new~~ swaying, weightier, a deeper
average of the wind's motions:

but the droppings!

every single one when spring starts
working can feed a branch: is this
a sound artistic enterprise: I
think not: to the essential figure
of going should be added and
exterior unity - along with some
sense of congruence between interior
and exterior :

but I am not interested in that:

I like this: maybe because it is
unsound, the leaning column, the
cracked bell, the chipped pot: no,
~~the~~ smashed:

creation into figure restricts
process: but destruction of figure
doesn't promote process:

neither creation nor destruction
answer me: only the interior
weavings of the ongoing, those
essentialized motions, ~~they~~ tell:

change is said to be the
work of the devil? ~~said, -to-~~ said
to be, said to be: actually, change
is the perfect assimilation into the
only possible now: the only recovery
from the past and the only continuity
into the future: change as the
holding, the only constant life:

the snow is so skinny the grackles
can overturn leaves and find the
brown ground: the starlings aren't
leaf-turners: they graze closer
where the grackles have been: black
birds in the bunch, too: they all
fly together: and redwing blackbirds:

12:53 p.m.

so hard to keep ~~the mind~~
on the subject: weather:
what is that: when it dwells,
as it's doing now, snowing, millions
of events, it's dull: and when
it changes, who could keep up with
the nuances:

in bowling, as in poetry, you can
play to win against a competitor
or you can play to beat the game:
to beat the game in poetry includes
designing the game to beat: and
the game others have designed:

what is the central concern, the
concern of concerns: finding one's
place in the social order: or not
finding a place, learning to live
without a place: finding a place
includes changing the order or making
a place where there was none:

this

benefit the outsider
gives the order that rejects him:

the thaw snow melts and
macadam makes ripples rills:
elsewhere, bank and thicketland
go spongy sodden:

place in the social order: or not
finding a place, learning to live
without a place: finding a place
includes changing the order or making
a place where there was none:

this
benefit the outsider
gives the order that rejects him:

the thaw snow melts and
macadam makes ripples rills:
elsewhere, bank and thicketland
go spongy sodden:

(my junk is more beautiful than most
people's jewels)

Lancelot, acantering along a forest
way, made out upon ~~the bank of~~ a
brimming brook, ^{back} a maiden, and made the
maiden, laid his eyes on a lay and
laying into her laid the lay:
Lancelot had a lot of lance, and the
maiden said, Lance me a lot, Lancelot,
so he took her to the brush and
finding her brush and thin wound and
doing it good indoctrinated it with
tongue to a lippy, purple bulge, a
rampant wound which weeping he stuffed
tight with lance and filled ~~it~~ with
~~not~~ pus (monstrous ministry) which
wrecking the wound improved the whole
personality, two personalities:
ruffled but becalmed, Lancelot and
the maiden shook and preened till
~~they were~~ smooth again, a stormy
clearance: the medicine of the sphere

s:

class, let us search this story for
deep, perhaps central, figures: a
classy society: not a rag on: hard
on hardship: piercing romance:
probably it all means something:

~~there's no future in killing yourself
to prevent dying: keep from~~

~~when constipated, don't push down too
hard, as if from on top: the harder
you press, the tighter you get: relax
wait till you're seized by an undergro
n: after all, as Coleridge says, it's
an undercurrent of feeling that gives
life to things:~~

~~not much to play without balls: but
with them! (have a hand in it!)
football balls, baseball balls,
basketball balls, soccer balls (sock
her to'im), beach balls, play balls~~

~~(will the bisexuals in the audience
please stand up:~~

~~thank you all:~~

~~will the sadomasochists please
stand up:~~

~~thank you, sir:~~

~~will the specialists in cunnilingus
please stand up:~~

~~ah:~~

~~will the specialists in fellatio
please stand up:~~

~~see: not a straight in ^{a full} the house:)~~

~~critical chippy-chippy take apart but
dismayed to find no use to try to put
together the taken apart because already
put together before chippy-chippy:
most out upon a dead limb! crickets!~~

~~bowling balls, tennis balls, ping pong
balls, pinball balls, loaded balls,
pool balls (billiard, not a variant on
beach)~~

~~on the brink of the slope where the
slope sharply slopes the wind's high
and so cold: where the brook usually
falls pilasters of ice stand from
ledge to ledge: ice decorations of a
toy ice cake:~~

~~but down south off the Antarctic's
shores, juvenile penguins are plunking
into the blue-clear ice water and
scrambling up on to floes: each floe
with a little dark colony riding:
I hear the trickle of little penguin
bones way down into the bright heavy
cold water onto the continental slope:
occasionally, the skeleton of a
leopard seal nods down and touching
the penguin bones tricks into bones:
all this will die, grow and~~

on the brink of the slope where the
slope sharply slopes the wind's high
and so cold: where the brook usually
falls pilasters of ice stand from
ledge to ledge: ice decorations of a
boy ice cake:

but down south off the Antarctica's
shores, juvenile penguins are plunking
into the blue-clear ice water and
scrambling up on to floes: each floe
with a little dark colony riding:
I hear the trickle of little penguin
bones way down into the bright heavy
cold water onto the continental slope:
occasionally, the skeleton of a
leopard seal nods down and touching
the penguin bones tricks into bones:
all that is alive will die, prey and
predator, all will come into rest:
the deep blue icy rest of the tiny
bones, millions, all sprinkling the
slopes and settling: nothing is to be
understood, nothing: no wonder we are
brutal, taught by nature the blank
fact of ultimate brutality, but of
course with an indifference we can be
fairly free in construing but can't
be indifferent about: life's rough:
speak of the reality principle, I'd
as soon be crazy with illusion, as
with reality:

8:12 a.m. think of the snow
left on

the ground as a description: (gray
cloudy this morning with shallowest
furrows of delineation): most of the
ground is snowless, but the snow left
is nearly unreadable: trailings along
the northern side of hedges, the
height of boundaries reflected in
white: that would be because
yesterday's sun couldn't reach full:
there: between the big yew and the
backporch, a big island: the wind
was probably responsible for that,
drifting concentrating and deepening:
out in the thicket a scattering,
the wind snow-wind calmer there, the
consequences broken up by branches
and shadows, the shadows, of course,
mixing with change as the day went on:
today is supposed to go above
freezing but stay cloudy so evaporatio
and melting should be even everywhere:

anyway, however today proceeds, it
begins on yesterday's record which is
so perfect a summary, if hard to
assess, it seems it should be kept:
whatever is well done attracts us
with recollection:

to be overwhelmed with sobriety is to
be fueled by the universe: champions
of the spirit know the score: a
quitter never wins and a winner never
quits: space-age accuracy: if this
be error and upon me proved, I never
thought about it twice and am willing
to regret it: fussbudget: no alarm
for a cause: that yew can take the
breeze out of nearly any breeze: a
recap and update: short comings:

those who favor change are
hell's speakers while those in grace
do not care for change and recognize
none: the weather through all its
change is perfect in itself (is that
the answer) but hardly ever for me
achieves a perfect hour: the
demiurge in an ury dramaturgy:

writing is when possible, possible,
and when not, not:

man is of such splendid devising, he is
pleased to run into a failure or just
somebody who makes less than he does
or has less because he can indulge his
superiority and make it agreed to by
the other party by controlling the
gestures of meeting, a touch of
arrogance, the aggressiveness of
determining just how much will be
said and how long the exchange will
take: the failure makes him feel so
good, he almost loves him and indeed
becomes somewhat willing to "help":
derive "charity":
but if he runs into someone rich and
successful, he is offended by the

man is of such splendid devising, he is pleased to run into a failure or just somebody who makes less than he does or has less because he can indulge his superiority and make it agreed to by the other party by controlling the gestures of meeting, a touch of arrogance, the aggressiveness of determining just how much will be said and how long the exchange will take: the failure makes him feel so good, he almost loves him and indeed becomes ~~somewhat~~ willing to "help": derive "charity":

but if he runs into someone rich and successful, he is offended by the grandeur but feels forced to praise and congratulate so as to handle his resentment: this is the creature we ~~all~~ love and are: the rich man dies easily in our minds because we ~~feel~~ he deserves it so: *with his money on his*

I was born in Whiteville, a southern place: I can remember when the sidewalks were planks over muddy holes and when the stores were tin-roofed shacks: at least some of them (the stores): then Leder's was built, a big department store in the middle of the block:

but not right in Whiteville: go about a mile on past Soul's Swamp to South Whiteville *road* where the road forks off to New Brunswick but keep on straight pretty soon a dirt road splits off to the right: go that way: far back in there, after some turnings and windings, sandhills and branches, you come around a curve and go up a little and there is the place, on the right, the pecan tree and pear tree still standing: but no house: no mother or father: just where it all used to be: isn't that just like life:

I'm going to make a decision about happiness - to be unhappy: a lowgrade permanent depression: for who wants to be the fool of every surprise, the butterfly of every passing delight: the toad, the cold recalcitrant toad ~~is~~ my figure, the cold toad that flashes out only to engulf: the ~~only~~ thing more depressing than what is is what is not:

fella said all great poets were (sic) monsters: I said no, all people are monsters but only great poets know the full extent of ~~the~~ monstrosity:

know and tell:
show and tell:
blow and tell:
crow and tell:
snow and tell:
flow and tell:

fella said his marriage had got so the only favor he could do his wife was die: hard way to show affection: but he could be merciful and do himself a favor: puzzling possibility

a descent into hell encourages everybody: so wonderful to find somebody worse off than you: bad news travels fast because it is the self's best/good news:

what man makes, from the moment of its perfect completion, ~~decays~~ *flashes* to paint chips: the stone oxidizes: the instrument obeys the note with a different voice: the new language is frost heaves to the great poem: but what god makes decays and rises: the playing out of the full motion pleases, though that motion never pleases by (John says I should mention him)(so I will) pretending to stand still:

it is hard to relate art to the ongoing art stops a moment before it falls apart only to have the art fall apart: a difficult bind: a crunch: an unamusing frustration: death the only viable alternative: getting used to death: getting used to giving up life: give up nothing till death

it is hard to relate art to the ongoing
art stops a moment before it falls
apart only to have the art fall apart:
a difficult bind: a crunch: an
unamusing frustration: death the only
viable alternative: getting used to
death: getting used to giving up
life: give up nothing till death
takes everything: hang out:

in the academy the necrophiliacs speak
tenderly of the dead: they write books
to them, husband their remains, wife
and mid-wife their spirits: they make
love to the remembrance: they sort^{out}
dust and imagine the dead alive in
death: they nourish shadows and with
long tongues lick them into the pretense
of life: they mumble and their great
jowls drip with murmuring: for in the
world of the dead, knowledge is the
only show of life, the knowledge itself
not ~~strong-enough~~ firm enough to throw
a shadow:

once a year the necrophiliacs rise to
the late rite of spring, put on their
shadowy robes and parade solemnly in
the strict air: the underworld appears
in daylight and thickens darkness into
day: they show their funeral to life
but will not touch it: if life
touched the processions, they would
puff into the spores of fungi and blow
away: their robes would fume with
smoke: they would reduce to tiny
flagrancies of ash:

once a year the necrophiliacs swarm up
from the ground, pitch and cluster
on the quads, line up in two's and
seep, seep in a martial somnolence:
look out: the keepers of the dead will
sing your life away and when you are
sung lifeless they will lay their
hands on you and say lost languages,
~~for they will not touch you while you
live:~~

this they cannot bear, the imagination
that burns them off the streets and
quad-walkways: cinders to the
imagination, the imagination can make
but smoke shows in them though it knows
their substance better than they;
they are knowledge's dumbshow: the
flavor of culture is a black tang in
what they eat: a somber lace enthralls
what they see: their hands are gloved:
their ears bristle with ^{metal} ~~black~~ cotton:

the life of the mind! cutting out
shades from the papery past, tearing
them up, and blunderingly pasting them
together again: behold! life! ~~the~~
~~life of the mind:~~ do not go too near:
heed the peripheral sight: the body
is the imagination: ^{let} ~~watch~~ it dance:

learning ~~to~~ by burning, the fire
scripture: the wounds heal and scars
are our collection, repository, our
vocabulary memory never fails to recall