

A HUNDRED POSTERS

#20 August 77

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Stephen Emerson:

THE LEE MORGAN MEMORIAL ALBUM

He wanted to take in, to exhaust, to possess, the tones. It was another time. The buzzing airplane blended with the distant music. The fish scorched on the pan, a glazed, crisp spot formed on his finger as he burned it on the handle, so that in his unsure grip, the fork emptied the fish into the glass of milk. She smiled at him and he mistook it for a taunt. The record was called, Sidewinder.

This page is empty. A tone, or maybe an errand to run, could involve it? Sepia, odor of fruit, tangy of well being, they sing as they unload fruits and flowers, or the land lush with ripe fruits, or a woman, as in a painting, or what colors the void is the tone of a brass instrument, which we call, warm.

She called it a tire iron, when what she really meant was, a lug wrench. The term seemed right, but it wasn't. He said, I love you, when it meant..., and he meant.... He picked up the arm to hear that part of the record again, where the saxophone took over the vocal part, somewhat against himself, you could never have that moment again. The sound, however, was startlingly identical.

Although freedom is, primarily, an undeveloped idea, the means it uses are external and phenomenal: presenting themselves in history to our sensuous vision. A might be black, and O blue. Rays redolent of sea and sky, colors that glance from the vectors of, the trumpet solo. Lee's own freedom was inhibited by his unexampled romanticism, his alcoholism, and his gunshot death on stage. As the grande dame remarked, Don't even know how you can blow: the life you lead is bad, I know.

What is one to make of elegance? Are its pleasures to be honored or not? That a certain misery, to which she gives an exquisite tint, will draw you, is an inevitability. The objection here is that the inevitability lies in your own necessity to see what happens to be that. Lee could play "out" music as effectively as Tin Pan Alley Ballads.

She doesn't speak our language, you dig? The world drops away in a single sheet just out of reach, or like so much past sucked out the back of a speeding car. On a hot day, a street lined with pederasts in linen suits, also some alert people with whom connection might intelligently be reached. Right now I could really go for something that would combine fish, lemon, and garlic. At this instant you can have every skill and grace you ever wished for.

Lee was fourteen, but playing, influenced by Hot Lips when it wasn't fashionable. Stylish as Hammett, with quick doodling phrases and tricky lippping. Lee was doing everything he could to keep from laughing. This was before they wired his mouth. He blew You Go To My Head with blood oozing from the mouthpiece, wearing a mantle he'd got off Clifford Brown, from the corpse, that he'd had dyed and made into an electric blue pimp suit.

The most amazing rehearsals were done with a single sheet of music. It was just one of those things, how, crouched on the edge of a stool, embittered, horny, and proud of it, he still blew clean and fast, like the old pro he was. Invariably he took a break, drank a soda, dropped a speedball, his thoughts wandering to Ceora, who'd gone to his head

more times than he'd blown Sidewinder, neither did he allow hocus pocus in the studio, his intuitive response to the surroundings brought everything together, all forgot the woes of their lusts, the brass of his instrument cast a glow over the room.

It seems impossible to predict what will ultimately prove the emotional worth of anything, i.e., after time has passed, asking the begged question to please shut up til I've finished. I think I've got a thing here, he said, stapling the sheets together. To what extent will the unmartrialled activity of your mind serve your values. The coffin, containing Bud Powell, was preceded by the Jazzmobile, on which Barry Harris and Lee played Dance of the Infidels, Bouncin with Bud, and Time Waits. An estimated 5000 people lined the streets to say goodbye.

Richard Dillon:



Diminished pine,
prone, grey,
shrivelling, with
day seers
blithe
above them.

Trunk base
rolled over
dead

with gouged grooves
filled by
1/4 inch boxes

of wood
what carpenter?
demented!

Wind blows
on wet boots
my Yankee

fast sopped
floating
in saren.

This pine
in high grassed
meadow

dark shout
store warning
we wander

in last sunlight
as cold shadow
brings squall

on the way
to Mount
Dunsmville.

Pinedale, Wyoming

Cowboy Bar has polystyrene redwood ceiling beams placed over white styrene insulation sheets. Bartender and owner'll talk to you about once sumbled deer skulls now yellowed due to tobacco smoke. The huge saloon is vacant, but soon two couples will arrive, women heavyset over redsye while their men enter slowly in ten-gallon hats, flowered shirts, rangehand jeans - the entire outfit, black shirt flowers being white and pale blue.

We nosed down from Hankson's T.V. Repair for this bear. The owner tinkered a few hours with Ed's tape-deck, took a long time, and told us that folks round these parts don't take an easy liking to strangers. Even after several years residency doing good business was considered to have flown when he took a month's homecoming to Chicago. He returns and the bank thinks he's gone for good. However, people leave him in peace here, and that's why he came to begin with.

Barkeep's telling us Pinedale is Wyoming's richest town, he motions across Main Street towards some fine tavern cum hotel, says that's where a guy can buy us a drink or two, give us some straight local loadom.

I attempted to give a supply-store shopgirl the lowdown on Boston, its top hats and carriage boulevards, but she just stood there, stolid, chockle-less, following my jawquick mouth. I guess Easterners to these folk are a fast-tongued breed that's got to be watched, they're already branded.

Morning at the Patio Restaurant. Ed discovers that the tables have been inscribed with boomerang designs that, I contend, might have been designed by Arp.



Ed perceives that every ten square inches the design repeats itself. "A million amoebas trying to take shape." The surface colors create a mirage of different levels. The main, innermost tone is gray. A red plane separates the gray from a lightly toned white surface. These Arpish boomerangs disappear into the table's gray sky. As will Ed and I later this morning, boomeranging out of society, where men in stetsons stood about on pickup trucks at 7 a.m., "They're still sacked out!" I heard a bronco buster course. They mean us!

What Pinar Mitchell, Wyoming's Major Mountain Men, Has To Say About The Very Trail We Travel.

Take five here, sit down, relax. Pender over your U.S.G.S. Mt. Bonneville map.

You've just read about the south area to Wolf Lake and all the Silver Creek Drainages.

Now rest your eyes on this map as far north as Halls and Middle Fork Lakes and to the high peaks on the horizon.

In my opinion, neither dictator nor King has a more divine land elsewhere on the globe.

And, until about the last 30 years, it's been used mainly for cattle and sheep grazing.

Raid Peak just south of Bonneville, and Raid Lake in the center of the basin were named in memory of the vicious sheep raids here, over the range.

Satisfied? Then follow this trail on past the old guard station at the right of heavy timbered area where soon afterwards a trail branches



- (A) is a computer symphony or side view of the end of thought, or even the End of Thought in the brain pattern of a metropolitan human.
- (B) is the profile of Mt. Bonneville.

It is quite apparant that ooneys seek out and imbibe with full intention amanita mushrooms, the Doorknob to the Gods.

Horses overtake us on the trail, a band of pilgrims journeying to Canterbury Chapel, Dream Lake. John Erlichman is one of them, he calls over, "How far to Dream Lake?" "I, of course, bury him in cant, "Er, further you go the farther it goes."

We hike over pastureland, scene of range-wars not long back, quite calm. Mt. Bonneville almost like Turner's country stroll jolt of a cathedral, but different because we are galoot Americans, and because Mt. Bonneville has the touch of evil.

I roam in a rich white hat and have heard myself saying, "Yankse, with meekness never come to this endless urge of life; hills, meadows, stream embankments, root-ribbed trails, put your best foot forward."

to the left, crosses the stream and leads across the open meadow to join the High-line Trail between Raid and Dream Lakes.

Or go on, passing South Fork Lake on the left and still further on, Raid Lake down to your left and arrive at Cross Lake where once sat a little white Patrol Cabin, but which I think has been removed since creation of the Bridger Wilderness Area.

From this point, one can cross-country to many lakes which drain into Raid Lake via both Raid and South Fork Creeks.

This is the original Highline Trail that passes Raid Lake on the east side, then Dream Lake, Dobs, Sandpoint, Lakes, crosses Halls Creek, on past Pipestone Lakes and to North Creek described previously.

It is becoming more difficult to move. We are hungry and don't realize it, even as we gorge voraciously. We must slumber in stone hollows and fend streams in a state of seeping inebriation. The insistent wind gains intensity, will is all that remains of our bodies. We enter the stream basin. A cry, crossed between violin and flute, similar to the one we heard greeting us when we mounted Washakie Pass, rises quickly into song. We adjourn our hiking.

It recalls Mozart's touch, its song is measured and spare. But alteration can appear suddenly: the melody rippling abruptly against itself, atonally. Other singers feel compelled to follow, backing the dominant leader. It is all I can do to stand motionless, without a word to remind me of my place, and listen.

The wind, once unseeing us invisibly, includes itself in Mozart's concerto.

Lunch for today: peanuts, peanut butter, cheddar cheese, coconut cookies, grape juice, and sunflower seeds.

We replenish our power, lie back, dreaming of a planet built in our interstellar void. "Say it was like this landscape, 10 X 10 miles. Mountains would be easy to climb. Sky's water vapor would reflect them," Ed says.

Have I relinquished his notions accurately. I ready myself to question him, but don't - too tired.

There's that cabin in the distance, "Ed surveys," not too far off. Wonder if that old guy is out there, the old guy who staked us coffee if we could stalk him down when he accelerated away at headcasp.

We hike towards Bonneville. Pastures wild with grass and silvery sage and fat low flying birds. Wolves shortcut the trail, diagonally. Gaining time with a trick learned on desert/flatlands. Our trail is still connected to all trails, to the Equator, to Gramercy Park, to Mrs. Octavia Pas on Brattle Street, valentine faced, gliding in my dream near weathered titles toppled into Banzai fire, quite stunted and complex near antelope brush.

On The Way To Bald Lake

Why when taught that life begins in a point, extends to a line, unfolds into planes, and fills out like a seal when cubing, this teaching didn't jive with my vision of landscape?

The air-war out there isn't what did it, though, admittedly, those screaming delta-winged meemies are enough to make one forget about geometry, let alone geography, in favor of chemical warfare.

I am referring to the awkward bridge between the vision of Euclid and an actual boulder and blue landscape.

It's a real chore to be a geometer within sight of Bonneville's Jurassic upthrust or within faveas

when placing one foot before another tired of scraping for life

- dirt path between pines and two stone hulks -

staggering beside pond

out eye-corners: concave heptagon in marshfield, head of chess-knight.

Enough. It is, thus, difficult for me to rectify the world of the geometers with a landscape, where every so often, fording a stream or weaving out of high brush, the Saurian arrowhead of Mt. Bonneville kicks my vision into the back of my head.

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Difficult, but one day, in Virginia's Blue Ridge, I went to the top of a minor hillcock, knelt in the snow, cowboy hoisted, to pray as did one George Washington.

And there grew before my eye a tuber of ground straw. Beside it another, making a triangle, Pythagorean, and this not another, these not yet others

Conner Party inundated in 30 foot mass snow among California's Sierras had to retreat to combedellins. Today a 30 foot stone pinnacle marks their tragedy.

Mietzsche asks whether the survivors of that disaster could sit through what we would term a tragic drama?

Or on Long's Peak, two men struggled over a woman, she walked away; snow fell during their tussle, would have killed them all, but the woman walked away.

We spend our hours in the illusion of unending normalcy, less tragedy.

Hugh Glass watched wolves bring down an elk calf. He had been crawling towards Montana for weeks, vowing to destroy his betrayers. When the wolves (who had separated the calf from its mother) tired of eating, Hugh Glass crawled towards the carcass and ate the remains.

The wolves looked on in silence, they were satisfied.

Richard Dillon once lifted a sandwich from an abandoned plate at Patio Cafe, Pinedale. Fellow diners said nothing. They too were satisfied.

After crawling along Yellowstone to Missouri River, Glass found an abandoned canoe containing moccasins, knives, clothes. Too weak to take the boat around a bend to hide it from Blackfoot Indians, who'd killed the original owner.

Hugh Glass strolled forward easily, having gone hundreds of miles naked and crawling. He'd served with Major Henry, General Ashley, Major Henry.

A grizzly jumped him in the Saga of Hugh Glass. And Jim Bridger was reminded continually of this incident down his starry career due to a coincidence of names:

Bridger's nicknames was "Old Gabe," or "Old Glass." There weren't many mountain men. Bridger in mountains about 40 years.

Hugh Glass out-tangled the monster.

//////////

working down snow crusted slopes until triangles constituted hill after hill, quilted valley, farm houses, highway, exactly as Buckminster Fuller

has always signified. Triangles crystallizing until on the slope in direct angle to where I knelt, a cow came under their growth. Only its eyes remained and these observed

ought to the owl, anchored, ages wise, amiably randy eyes, moist, by geometry untouched, staring out of a godhead, knowing me better than I know myself.

Bald Lake Night Life

I just looked into the eyes of a mosquito from behind a matted hood crouched under tent by midnight fire. Cohort hundreds observe me also, all with eyes of unfettered being, a relentless being, famished, personless. Attackers preparing for kami-kazi attacks. O ranting rancols, reveals with eyes of pilots out of World War I, gas masked faces. I crush one of your comrades, hold the remains out to you and still you are not dismasted.

The Second Law of Thermo-Dynamics: everything more homogenized
with time
rocks sized down mountains into sand. This may be a waterfall
of rock terraced with butterflies over its strand.

Ed has a way of seeing the Second Law of Thermodynamics in Everything:
" There is, Ricard, no such thing as a free lunch. "

//////////

A stream breaks into accordion ripples
always this way
down the
geo-sons.

//////////

Imagining the most heinous acts against my enemies turns my life
into an ache or swoon.
Forced to sit in roadside shade, I permit
the wind to provide continuous cool against my taut face.

//////////

A nest in an open field:
probably coney's,
gray tufts,
well used,
conyfy.

//////////

The future is the choice-matrix open to youth.

//////////

Masers are on a band used only by radio astronomers. Microwaves could
be the evidence of an extraterrestrial civilization. Frankan Dyson
invented the notion of sun-girdling spheres.

Manifest Destiny
aquale
Technological Self-Determinism
that technology
has plans
of its own
regardless of the
human component
like evolution,
insect evolution;
insects have total will to power
single mindedness
according to Rene Dubos
technology
has insect plans
insects can flourish
in radioactive
Maharas

Our friends in Nepal
could and would
till all Wyoming backcountry
terracing farms to tree-line,
their villages supported
intelligent planning.
/genius/

One man in Nepal I met
can walk 100 miles
in two weeks.

Our packs are pigs
compared to bags
of sifted grain

50 pounds
racked on his back
banded forehead

one of the tallest men
in Nepal
a crack walker

Hatmandu to Yarkiguary
in one day
lugging fowly grain
for one year

that guy
could really take care
of himself
striding village
upon village

horses compete with him.

Without oil
could Wyoming
become Nepal!

Solar Power'd have

Solar Power'd
have to glass in a whole lot
of territory, yep
its solar power
versus oil power.

Of course, you could take nylon sheets
made from oil/
throw them
into Interplanetary Space
to catch 5000degree heat
off the Sun, yep.

humankind's exoskeleton:
techno
intellectus
as in
grammatical
erector set
bridge building
but also
pure-theory practicality.

what the insects

do

//////////

Among these pine distances
tent in wind-rip
on denuded slope,
Yankoo
let us demonstrate our ignorance.

//////////

Ed is at it again.

" Power per Person
one horsepower
at the inception of the good ole
workaday
world
1000 even 2000 horses today/now
In Kipling's and Indira's India
1/40th of a horse
prances, drills and lugs
per person.

Let's be clear:
each man alone operates/at one horsepower per man/
they till
with a hoe behind them/
12 hours per day/
if they are
if they are
Lucky enough
to have
a piece
of land/
peried

Another way of generating power would be to throw
a cable
Antarctica
to Alaska
spin it around Earth
a rock
at tether-and/

In theory, this is feasible. The cable energized by Van Allen's Belt.
As Lowell Thomas would say, " A new way for generating power for Planet

EARTH!

//////////

We are fighting the mosquitoes!
That's why the need for POWER!

//////////

A POETRY should permit its subscribers an entry into alertness at the end.

//////////

Nylon Peak, Finis Mitchell's Nylon Peak, named for the pleasure of
all the rock climbers just starting out on nylon rope when named.

//////

Bonneville Bonneville Bonneville

what a sar-
castic cy-
nical general

GENERAL BONNEVILLE
ordering his soldiers to climb

unloading ladders
mappable lines
" Alright, Scabbies, ON UP! "

//////////

Evening of the 26th////Explosions in the sky

//////////Endless Expense//////////

//////////

Nyx Olympia, The Highest Mountain on Mars

50,000 feet

Rainbow Lake

To sing about the sanity inherent in walking over an alpine meadow is extremely difficult since eruptions on my brain's terrain intrude,

but we will begin anyway. The trail to Rainbow Lake is a meagre sluice interrupted by occasional burge of outcropped rock over which boots are known to bungle.

When Rainbow Lake is reached, middle of afternoon, there should be little unsettling, save for its desertness, noted by your partner, with a touch of tiredness, seeing anonymously rounded ranges back of low foothills.

We stashed our packs at an isolated spot, and lightened, proceeded, encountering an individual with scales, rifle in well-stoched holster, quill, arrows, pick, lasso, polished saddle,

giant wooden crates toting dynamite and victuals, and dutie partner along for the ride, absorbing wilderness tricks from this who-knows-how-many-crised force

worried about enemy ranchers who resent freeloading trappers roaming licenseless in their backyards. He is a man prepared to meet calamities but a handful can handle in our twentieth century.

These apparitions are dissolved more quickly than they arrived. On this most open and ancient road, men must move on regardless of what they are told.

Nearing Rainbow Lake, we conjure Shoshone, whose country opens up beyond the rounded range. If we find them, will they welcome us? "Guess there'd be an office," suggests Ed.

"where we'd go in and sign a permit." Yes, right under those planifera clouds floating like orange smettes over the Continental Divide, Shoshone, known to spear Wauchops on sight, wait.

"Maybe they'd kill or mowh us out, if lacking permit," concludes our farsighted friend. How should we handle such individuals, Credit Card Comrades? Well? Huh?

in excellently crisp sunlight, pine-scented air. Overjoyed, I mount the flank of a bordering hill, run skyward, abandoning all, to leap, yell, roll, a fool,

released from all that preceded my coming, and all that the future may yield. Catching Ed, we continue, sunlight after these hours hasn't dimmed a bit.

Master Robin orchestrates, Sweet Wind bounds, we hike in everfresh fever, godly in God, at home.

////////////////////

Night cometh neither crow nor black-hawk night It's name? Who knows it?

We adjourn that Daxle /its Sun must rest/ fording low streams we met in early going.

In chill wind, a low hill. At meadow's mouth, we trak, southward.

Out of pinetops on hillcrown arises night-winged dukus.

Their cadre'd eye-flash decided: scout interlopers.

Out of circling squadron, a single rap circles us.

Why not try, "The mouse eats catfood, but the catbowl is broken." The chief's reply? "Well, that's the first sensible thing I've heard you say, Whitoman."

However, the only thing awaiting us at Rainbow Lake is the fancy of sailing a raft to its lone inlet, wooded, flowered, sitting isolate and dry, amid a vista of choppy, wind-driven waters.

Perhaps, as we did, after smoking, you'll decide to try the experiment of photographing rock-splash. I heard said rock and my newly surreal doctor recorded its quickly de-crystallised sculpted exiting.

We say farewell to Rainbow Lake, start the ten-mile jaunt campward. It has been healthy but tedious, although this is appropriate, for now we are about to be tested.

As the lake falls behind, we are exposed to an onrush of planetary glory. Meadows unfurl their flora: Queen Anne's lace, dying to dum; White Columbine, an orchid in sunstream.

Out of Paintbrush varmillion, before greeny, flickering Aspen leaves, the bustling alan vitale in corkscrew whirl of bees.

Fashion can only mimic this fast. Only in such escapes is self-esteem refitted. To be succinct, direct and irrefutable: this is the finest walk anyone can make.

Returned to a sunlit nothing, that singular take coursing somewhere, and always, through life, we come to, we awake, in this lovely meadow.

Over glades, robin bounds, low pine to sun-fleashed log throne, with consummate song out pippin belly lots larger than robins east of this territory.

We have become as Finis Mitchell became, sleepily for having wandered our way to Rainbow Lake. Are become champions, broad-spanded, glistening, like Nikolaus, applauded, tracking a fine Augusta fairway.

Night cometh who knows its name? This keen-eyed avian? Not condor not raven night-winged, songless.

In late-day chill, he circles us occasional wing-thrust but mainly he glides night silent.

We keen to vertical minute after minute the pure glide

until his call cracks cross night-chill to his fellows.

This hawk-headed duke, rear wing-edges with five scallops, three wing-tip feathers,

follows us round their dukedom,

with occasional wing-thrust until

we mount hillridges homeward.

Deepening cold night cometh That songless avian

what name? We descended out the dussle,

sweetly endless meadows fell away,

we circled low hills governed by night feathered dukus their wing-span manlength silent as U-2's.

Night cometh

Barrett Watten:

HELLO, by Robert Creeley (Hawk Press, Taylor's
Mistake, New Zealand, 1977)

That'll look good, later. The page
is bent upward. Black pen in hand
is all I see. No wind behind no window.
Severed heads looking inward. Remember
no figure of surprise--it's all been
reinvented. Prose as a tension, lines
fathering. Reverse order of sequence.
Duration is come upon, later. Habits.
What you do is left undone, not behind.

*

Five lines. Two women in red and blue
look out of white house (what house?)
with faint green trim around darker hole.
The quality of light felt is slightly off,
hazy but expecting more. Spring weather
for a year or more. Cement pathways
to white sea, bay, dock, cruise liner, or
wharf under steel structure of bridge.
Simple as looking, the parts of the dream
replaced, lead to a story, big question mark.

*

Sit in room w/ floor cleaned, papers
in piles, table cleared, curtains
half open on imaginary scene, play of light
and motion of nervous response, simultaneous
access is felt as existing inward. Language
is all around. Inside the machine spins
a celluloid disc on which the strobe light,
synched to keyboard, spots letters through
opening to reactive "white" paper beyond.
It is "developed." An alphabet of surprise
combinations, irresolute acts. Whatever is
picked up, he wants to put down. It is that way.

*

The point of half-life
expands to
everything else. Why not?

*

These are the limits of
the known world. Suddenly,
I've got a job.

*

Opening moments in air connect both
to sound, quality of light, and distance
assuming first rush of anticipation.

*

Enough not to get trapped in. Pieces
of the light recur, in varying patterns.
Pieces of the life return in different
orders. When did one get made? Reach
farther back, with the hand. Can you make
what happens be all the time. All thinking
follows. A key inserted into cornerstone
of enormous public building. In the rubble
he forms his remarks. One stone at a time,
property interest, transporting all European
has-beens to mark his grave. A company
is a family deployed. What history. There's
too much to put a stop to it. Someone throws
money at me. A blanket is a rug.

*

Keep setting things apart, drawing strings
back in, on command. The porpoise appears
later. The crowd is quiet, without a sound.

*

Full of dream stuff--
green cheese.

*

Now I would like to picture mental space,
cups and saucers, a man standing up. When
to go, knowing enough is enough. That
mythology, landscape, a pattern of entrance
simple as syntax in "There is--." A world
following, but subjective's apparat's disquiet
kicking at irritation, which does not resolve,
like the rest, just grows. The whale's bones
an enormous collar the buses drive through.
Step back from this picture in order to see it.

On request, the curtains fall. A stratum
of correspondence like a port of entry--
contradicting self-extant lines of the town
beyond. "This is China, things are better here."

Ron Silliman:

from 2197

CONSIDERATIONS OF REPRESENTABILITY

Language is the fireplace.
The lower the envelope,
the higher the sound.
Roaches of the stove.
House
the block, block the house.
The grapefruit is not
the dream of the awareness which it represents.
A
geek's I suddenly expected to delight.
Former home
are life here.
Pants in which leg pulls.
Great
forms of urine dissolves in the east foam.
Summer,
we dream, is foghorns song.
These are only birds
and have no other art.
Loss of write, loss of need.
World from the insect syntax.
Poem swollen from a long development of events.
The
ontology of my whatever world.
Page of this and
that without read.
Locating "prior" to concept.
A room of news.
Sound of gas kite, warrior, faint
song in the mylar as I make my breakfast.
The
tide is full of forms.

Blind matches talking in
color.

Coming to sensitivity of language with the
greatest information.

Rain as hangup, as sex of
handguns.

As woman feeding older, his popcorn
drifted into pigeons.

If the object becomes fill,
objective forms become obsolete.

This pastel noise.

The concentric forms a pastel that readily circles.
The recognition coming with self greatest.

Augury
or the wax of matches from the flight of Mexico.

We
becomes object to obsolete, objective by obsolete.
Each one drifted his body on, one older at a shape-
lessness.

Headlines from the insect world.

Thought
was small carving than the block.

The bowl of
names.

A new rain of loss had form in our form.
Swollen in a day of volleyball.

I speak the power
of my former truth.

This sound brings in the gas
jets of the water.

World what you fill.

More on the definition on their way to certain.
Loomy sailing in air.

Fear of sleep.

Distance
arrived between the small fishing meaning just as
the verification worked its way over the this.
Work bus sleepers on way.

Choices went sailing
through the genuine language.

This is the page
between chosen and random.

Anything is a many.
The more we put into the meaning, the less cer-
tain we are it is this.

The small fishing of an
old sun.

There enters open window within a world.
Random chosen at random.

Popcorn I sprinkled is
sea for many kelp.

Pour car as glad spray.

The saw gets cruel in that
corner of the circus.

Thing, it is not a hedged
idea.

People who run to catch the bus tend to sit
at the front.

Really personal universe.

play to cure the snows.

The turtle

I smell my own breath.
Trapped to corner the sun for the porch, it snows.
Glad rags define bags.

As sense of soil begins
to rock, little of time begins to grow.

Only
struggle or us is defines in so by its conditions.
More eat above the porridge.

Crowd could stone
my own mime.

Korea is doors on many.

Past case attention.

The
morning Phnom Penh falls, the Khmer Rouge merely
walk into the city.

Mereness the degrees which are
not to be mortality.

Diane loves to Arbus his you.
Think on the do of what.

The rim of ages is dimly
page.

Only by the clouds, but amid the light.

The
undefined is descriptive a catalogue of terms.

This
city, merely falls, walk morning.

A said alias
rose up out of the name.

World of the floating.
Death should not have destruction.

This action, inevitable in its guilt.

Is this a

thought or language of longer.

Ocean who run to
catch the calm tend to perfectly at the never.
Strewn form and/or order.

The wall is never well
words.

The bicycleriders glide through as a re-
gatta.

A rolling people and down sleeves.
Each
one pulls his pants on, one leg at a time.

People
catch on bus is front for those who run with
what they know to be the sit.

As if a time, the
synonymous glide through the tense.

The poem,
remorseful, are a form of progressions.

Boy asks
the small, doing down I'm me.

Shirt and tie are
not white.

Sickling with the cells about here.

World words
make.

There was fear of locating the concept
sleep.

An old grandfather would lay table to bed.
This is a meaning.

How long does it, did it, take
to sense this data, this then language, this.
Nervous head are a loud system.

Temperature searches
for an back of whatever there is in the body.
Skates sound.

Low oranges at ten thousand pour
highway.

A collective without inward, without turn-
ing, without neglect.

Dark is a glare.

All of same.

The kill in the brain of the ghoul.

Cross-section
the loud headlines of nervous world in head and
you get insect.

As he grew older, his body drifted
into shapelessness.

Value, it's other words.

Turning higher can cause sun to lower your collective rainbow.

Patterns of objects.

Morning in the dark wall advances, but thru its sky the glare of the great east.

Vision ten loss oranges onto a loss.

Which is dogs, which is bark.

Here the meaning is adequate.

How do the razor decide the day.

I would speak his photograph on the suddenly by the expected.

This is a name awareness sentence.

Ontology searches for an inventory of whatever there is in the world.

This is the turned truck. How do you conversion bird.

Rim spring.

A true as things and known as the all.

A first experience, not existence, of light is the predicated sign.

What if I have goals is not poem.

Fud he turned.

Mushroom is a rose, not a cloud.

A specific blues, gray, reserved for the day.

Clock with a mane made of not act a not man.

Across a present with a merely instant.

Proliferation filling the alphabet of the room.

Existence is our experience of what might have predicated.

The upstairs is a room of coleus, canvas, barnwood and news.

Specific forget of lepers called blink.

A morning in which to use the term Q-tips.

A voice that coming part from the brain room.

Presence recognize up off the new.

Loose
 is not senses but a morning of shake.
 By spaces
 I barren a land in the awesome and we immense.
 People incoming sidewalks stood.
 This is now
 an incorrect life of my themes.
 The weather smell.
 The poor cat can't spray.
 Needle of the diamond
 to pine.
 I omitted warm visits.
 The spring mass is langor-
 ous, the barren language casual.
 Realism is the
 condition.
 People stood on the expression, object-
 ify to the incoming black-clad insurgents.
 How do
 we recognize the enemy of a common time.
 A geometry
 of trees.
 This is not an incorrect example of con-
 stituent negation.
 One blow-fly, filling from
 several parts of the room, or sky.
 Swamp is pre-
 dicated on gas.
 Milky I see the field in my sky.
 Grapes made to mane.
 The rest of stasis,
 Haze in
 the glow to shake light day's sign.
 Lion with a mane made of grapes bites a peach-
 headed man.
 I meet my friend in the market.
 Which
 do you use.
 The sun's loss amid family brings only
 a specific freedom.
 The angle of pen is not in
 page.
 The rhesus' habitat loves you.
 The seal of
 the south came ashore.
 Connect his name was
 Thoreau.

The morning Phnom Penh fog, the Khmer Rouge merely steams into the field.

warm language.

A grammar of colors.

Example in the negation to share loose incorrect constituent.

One coleus, canvas from several skylights of the upstairs, or barnwood.

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