

N. H. Pritchard has poetic genius. And this is no hyperbole. Pritchard's ability to 'pitch' and 'catch' his poetic ball is a pure indication of his amazing resourcefulness. The natural tendency of the primate man in our age is, after being exposed to strenuous multimedia dosage, to practically surrender to all levels of communication...whether he likes it or not. Pritchard simply records the human experience and his poet's stream of unconsciousness releases this energy while it serves as a graphic containment. The utterance is encephalographed as poetry and not prose. *Being* is debarnacled and set adrift. In this instance the message is variedly *apropos* and contagious if being and living are the sweet communicable and natural aesthetics of ALL men. These poems decompose the reader by sight and sound. In the end there is solidification as in the poem ASWELAY. The freeway of the discerning intellect communicating to being and non-objective being alike is a simple celebration, naturally deliberate. The way in poetically is another labyrinth of verbal textures. Thus we stand beside the rail eating cotton candy and watching the spokes of

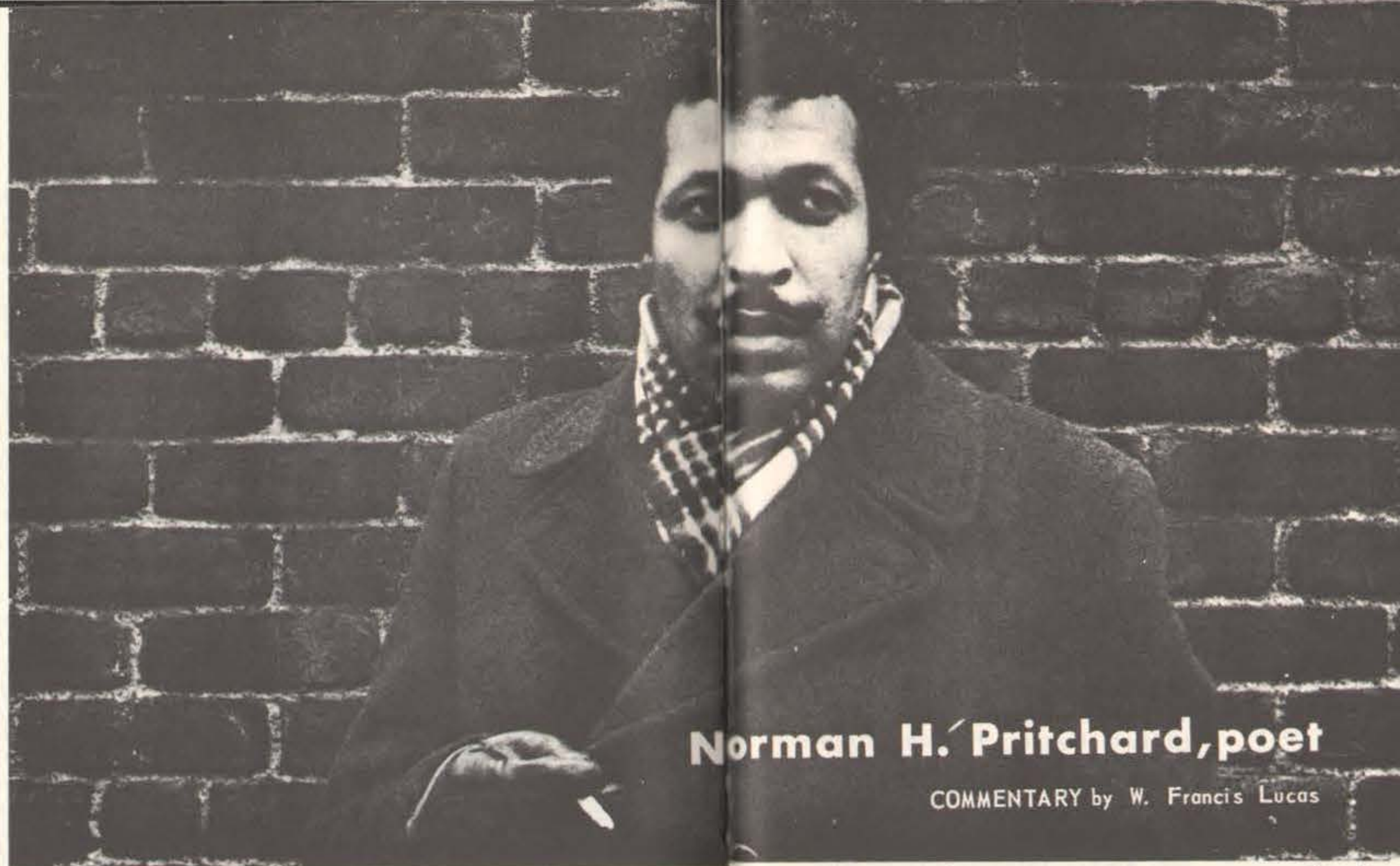
#### MAGMA

hollow or filamentary or silled  
in which of these can hold a grasses rock  
stock and fallow stretching broad  
the chord stung she could run  
scotch hiped to her never left alone  
wants herself for the ever was come  
to these sprawling among the dialed  
pent up upon where no one  
will have ever noticed  
these daisys pending the sun for it's fall

so sooner though blasted  
the blown silks fade  
of prim soft outlasted  
nary lead yet he to whom  
a purple had no power  
stood the wormy past  
of dust now bowered  
musk and stale nodes  
crest and wanted all  
and then again some  
quite so small brief  
and then a when  
to choose it's leaf

#### DE TU AND I

often	this
passion	seeking
ate	SOL
and	I
silent	TU
	DE



Norman H. Pritchard, poet

COMMENTARY by W. Francis Lucas

Omar Khareem

#### GATHERING

slowly won't while you wait  
and lastly green came wearing  
torn over called the boys  
by small ships banked  
as not a thought given sipped  
couldn't we say there'd be such  
for all and leave it at sat some  
with logs enveloped others  
touting the fall  
for twigs closest the nest

#### SAIL

downs above by the turn about a bend  
a sail weaving it's wont  
while we cupped the dusk  
nettle or two and a jar stocked  
to stroke someones wiff they cough  
as these peering as if to see  
some weird hid about the sky  
willful as a nail sapped by it's hammer

a Grand Prix racer at high noon. No device of apparition or obscurity is a terminal intention. We continually move from mood to fate and ulterior sensibility. The wandering consciousness roots itself in the gravity of fulfilled will and memory. In spite of ourselves we partake inside of the kaleidoscope without dimension. This poet dares you to come to bat.

At large are the influences of the early imagist work of Ezra Pound between 1912-17, along with the early Japanese HaiKai Poets, Matsuo Basho (1644-94) and Yosa Buson (1716-83). In the balances of language we have the folksiness of Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) and Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400) and the later works of romanticist Samuel Coleridge (1772-1834) and again Ezra Pound in *The Cantos*. At this stage of progression it is difficult as well as conjectural to linger any further with a living poet in motion, one who has obviously accepted the responsibility of an engraved precosity with direction and taste. Time inevitably holds a great deal in store for this pristine sensibility. Language and its use in our time is certainly the conveyer of larger and more detailed perceptions about life and art.