

noetic forms

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1.

March

To each. To each their own encounter, their
own measure and their own taste. The schools are
revealed in a form married to a mind. And hand
over a hand a why is thrown to the satisfactions
of wisdom. I am old. With a regard for the gray,
I know when it arrived, by which epoch of this
life a cause had arrived with a challenge to this
body. And this style of living, it is a message and
an invitation, it is security. To each. To each I
am sure. For a fire contained is something other
than a blazing forest. And a word settled by an
imagination is something other than one given over
to a social regard. And what is this beauty? This
aesthetic? This spectacle? All I know is I have
a pointer, by which we may settle the difference
between us, by which we may settle our union in
a concert. For it all is revealed, with a reference
and a hand, an association. A principle reconciled
with the course of living. And if I am trained to
enlist a larger notion, then it will find a form in
this place before me. This place will be given over
to a function of my thoughts, this place will be given
over to an idea shifting like a block. Necessary for
enlargement, them shifting and growing small.

2.

March

Beauty, by this forest or either by this poem. Beauty,
by way of nature or either by way of social force and
reproduction. I am given to it in either sense. For I
know my bounds are sustained by beauty, I know that
I am sustained by a landscape and a time away, I
know that I am sustained by a print, a reflection, an
interpretation by the hands of a generous society. No
matter the source, I am sustained. And if my needs
be accustomed to an observation of the whiles of a
place, a river, an ocean, or either if my needs be accustomed
to an observation of a gallery of walls and works and
transferred emotions, then I am filled in either sense.
For I am constructed by an environment with all of
the satisfactions, and I am constructed by ideas and
their contribution to my earliest values, these affirmed
by every every. I am the same, with ears and eyes,
touch. I am the same. But if there be a matter to the
values of living, if there be a richness to my soul, it
is covered in principles jostling each other for the
position of truth. And the two sources, beauty, let
them struggle for my respect, for I will entertain the
larger in any case. I am the product, no matter the
else. I am the product, separated from beauty but
knowing its affect by these channels, again tempered.

3.

March

And what is this composition without my taste?
What is this? The schools have given me over to

definitions and catalogues and prices and dimensions.
The schools have given me much to think about. I

am trained to judge in the wake of a humanity, I am
trained to judge by the principles which are common

to a several. And if a collective had eyes, they became
mine, and if I had known the things of beauty without

a sense, I had inherited this, this cognitive beauty.
But the forms of beauty exist without an education,

and the forms of beauty are apart from my own.
I may accuse the existence of a divinity to be contained

by a vessel, and this makes it so, in the least by my
own interest, but there is another which draws me

further. An other. And by this, faith, that a purer
matter contain an absolute of which I seek. And

if I be collected, if I be governed by a reason, then I
am lent to the satisfactions of the present. There

is enough before me to generate the idea in which I
seek. Lesser, granted, but a part of nature may be

enough to know it in its entirety. An atom is enough
to invigorate an opinion of a collection of the same.

I am enough to know the principles of a humanity
by some degree, one evolving as I do, in a wake.

4.

March

I will know when it is before me. I am prepared by those rules and by those faculties to accuse and to designate. I am prepared. And in the interest of relationships and a wholeness, a composite of my being, I will tear an object of beauty from its less than perfect parts. I will know a greater beauty by its opposition to a standard, by its transcended features. And in such a knowledge, one of reference to opposition and reference to a position among many, I have enlightened myself in the spirit of a social force. But in so doing, in knowing the one is in reference to the many, I have removed my focus from that which is beautiful, to the reason 'why' such is beautiful. Can we not entertain the senses without a contrast and a context and a history? No. Beauty is given to this which settles in an opposition to the ugly and the profane. One cannot be known except by a degreed reference. And if my position be forgotten, if my presence is gone, there could be no judgment, there could be no beauty, in the least simple reason suggests this. But there are many types of reason, including those which assume the subjects of judgment, beauty, justice, that these exist in any case, and the path of a man is the pursuit of such knowledge, that its acquisition be a matter of principle.

5.

March

Art, this created by the hands of society, a reproduction of nature, of thought, of every, it be a mark. Principle

in its demonstration, representative. And if it be good, if it contains the aspects of subject, if it generates a

desired conclusion, or either if it allows a contact with a diffused unknown, and if it suggests, if it copies,

if it provides an experience, if it be good. And what is this good? How is one to know, or either care? I

will care for this which contributes to my improvement, and if it be removed from nature, if this art be a reflection

of truth but not truth itself, if it contains the nodes of thought, be it the lesser? If something can be said for

a secondary appearance, it be for its ability to isolate specifics, to arrow attention. Social, its construction,

even the reproductions of constellations and canyons, robins and rainbows, they are meant for another, this

instant is meant for a future. And if there be an answer to a social form, it be in a continued production of

another form. Monological, art? Indeed, in so much as I am a witness, just a witness. But I will reproduce

in a dialogical spirit, I will remove an art from its subject by an answer, art itself. For this is the nature of criticism,

an art of art. Whereby the original subject remains and I am left to move along in my social quarters. I am left.

6.

March

And if nature be a reproduction, that its bounty be
a reflection of a more perfect place, I can only speculate.

But I am confident that it is a first beauty, that it is
a first subject, that it is the spring of ideas. Positive,

the notion of an original existence. But speculate, I
will continue, for this is my nature, this is what I was

given, the tools to assume, to reflect, to politic and
to deify. And this be the matter of art, my own

reflection integrated into a painting and a word, I
am a witness, indeed, but I am not everywhere and

I recognize a perspective is inherent, this reflecting
God or either hatred, or either a morning attitude,

or either a social convenience, I am trained to institute
this origin of my own. And if an object by these hands

contain two subjects, this autumn forest one, and
this position which I observe from two, and knowing

this, I am given to a grander composition, one which
recognizes a first beauty or first tragedy or first love,

and one which recognizes the limits of my own participation.
And in such a realization, that an object is unqualified

to be everything, I will make a larger, a larger, by the
references of the past I will become enlarged. For

time is the ultimate subject, and I can only take a
moment to describe this which becomes me. A word.

7.

March

The intellect, constructed by representation. That learning, from the first, is a matter of curriculum; this

introduced is a shape I will assume, for the moment lest a grander introduction deny an engagement. Truth

it be, the most novel inclusion of fragments, this beauty, this tasteful, this action which breeds content, it is a

matter of uniform. For the largest spectre which contains the several thoughts, this is my accord with life, that

every parcel justify a science, that a higher sense be made of the atoms. With the ultimate in a mind,

a threshold I shall never acquire by this limited body, I know this, I understand I cannot engage every aspect

and riddle myself with Olympus and Jesus and genetics and archaeology and scramjet mechanics in a lifetime,

not with a necessary devotion. I am one. And if this be a regard for my own free will, yes, I am made to

elect the fancies of interest with which reflect the most profound impact upon my continuance. I am

a specialist, I can only be. But by such a designation I am positioned for a lordship, with an intellect from

a province which had mountains and sunflowers and rainbows, I know these if anything. And if there be

a catalogue, I have published it, this intellect is marked by a social consideration, a social measure.

8.

March

Aesthetics are all around. Since my birth they have been a matter of me. And with the second set I was forced to consider their prior position in a reference to their presence. Predictability, by the third. Validation by the fourth. Knowledge by the fifth passing. And certainty in the eventual, the records of experience have lent this. But what aesthetics, those trees, those whistling cañons, and those social, those mimesis, mimeses, mimetic, what aesthetics if they are not trained by an earlier introduction? Just a fancy, a new record with a station trained on the future. For only the future holds symbolic forms, those with a dash upon the past, those with a reference and those given a social substance, if only to my own. For aesthetics are symbolic only given a history, and only I have a history, one born as a black slate or born with a tableau of notions, no matter, for a history governs second introductions, and thirds. A history governs the symbolic forms. And never to mind the wash of newness, not a classroom, not a text, not a word, for those mimetics can frame a life into an isolation once removed, those mimetics can license one for stillness. Or either license one for advanced forms of symbolism. I float away on the wings of poets.

9.

March

To a world representation. Of firsts. But I grow old, and as the challenges of memory turn aesthetics

to symbols and seconds I am the wiser, knowing the archaeology of language, and the ascriptions of

experience. That the appropriation of an answer return a darkness, that art return a darkness, that

mimeses settle the rain. For I have become learning, in all of its chatter and its confounds, I have acquired

the skill of substituting one problem for a larger of which I have been dedicated since my eleventh year.

And I can rest in the accord of receiving the elements in a reference to that question. God? Perhaps.

If I am tired I am inclined to such a deferral. I am inclined. For aesthetics suppose a wilderness and

an ear to social watersheds, symbolic forms suppose a predisposition to advancement. I am inclined.

These senses were not given for a tenure of naps nor a reluctance, they were meant to turn the embers

of engagement and participation. And a dialect concerned with ultimate ends can, indeed, rest

as easy as an emperor or this idea he is a subject to, or either a dialect concerned with ultimate ends

can engage a life. I am only to say. A world representation is only to say, with second introductions appealing.

10.

April

A history is in a symbol. An experience is reflected
in this object. And if today spends itself in a fashion,

the conceptions will be brought about and retrained.
A history grows, this poem is a thing in the first

moment, and another by the next, another. For
there is an 'in-between' to living, one which settles

a mark, travels away, and returns to mark the same
instant again, now consistent with the participation

by a palate cleansed by the experience of an arbitrary
other. Associations, by first a mark, a witness, a

regard, and a sentiment from a perspective. This
tree was planted as an idea, a tribute, and in its

age it has come to offer shade and beauty to my
life; I have not forgotten the tribute, but I have come

to respect the utility as well. A symbol develops by
associations, by passive experience, by its utility

in personal living as well as social intercourse, by
its chemistry among other symbols. And if an

environment demonstrates a purpose, it be across
a time reflected in the objects of this place, these

aesthetics, this sterile or either profound universe
be contained in this remembrance I will call yellow,

or either square. Arbitrary. And if by the one I
am led outward, I am lent to an association myself.

11.

April

With or without a regard, aesthetics arrive at a person,
them social, art, them other, aesthetics, the concerns

of experience. And by the education of an individual,
education in this sense being the general course of

living, those aspects are called to a definition: this
long, this cold; or either advanced definition: this

sublime, this beauty, this justice, -these more cognitive
and associative than the simple sense definitions. I

know an aspect for I have been a witness. And if
the aspects of experience are enough to generate a

a regard, a name I give them, a canvas I paint them,
a likeness I offer, -I am called to this as an individual,

to make explicit a form I have judged. And if it were
enough to contend a world of mere shape and temperature

and color, I would be mere an administrator, without
a calling for an higher order. But my passing suspends

the simpletons of conversation, they be petals and
parts of a larger union, for I know things other than

that which these eyes see. I have come to adopt a
station of preference and prejudice. This temperate

climate is a taste of mine, this coffee, with cream,
this sausage, I have come to associate a higher order

with the parcels of engagement, that a social regard
be given over to the aspects of taste, this delight.

12.

April

A name I have given the simpletons. In the interest of a social I represent. And the cognitions associated with association create a higher order. And what is this preference? This taste? I was taken in my earliest years to have a faith in social reproduction, longevity, kindness, adventure, and if I am governed by such ideals I can assume that a taste and a preference has emerged within me which exists in defense of such ideals. This is a question of human nature, indeed, that such ideals were born within me, or either born without me, in either instance they have taken a control of the manner in which I live. By a reason, this respect for a set of ideals, I am inclined to favor and suppose. And by such a regard, that a reason be connected to the aspects of sense, I am drawn to stations and manners. For I cannot defer the obvious, that a hunger need food, that I deserve protection from the cold wind, for to pass over such senses is to decline the ideals of health and comfort. And if an ideal preceded an opinion, I can only speculate, but in such a speculation my actions and regards which are attributed to such ideals become a matter of reason. And as an individual passes through stages of living they may enlist or abbreviate their ideals, or no, but reason, a part.

13.

April

By the other my mind is brought about, by the forces
in a concert of nature I am turned. And those to attend

to be the threats to idealism. I am an idealist. From
the earliest I have been one who seeks an economy

of life and a bed of explanation, a manor which
folds upon itself in justice and health. And if the

ideals are meant for no other I am nevertheless satisfied,
for a time is ultimately one's own. These leaves

blowing and this late autumn sun, this sound of
water dashing, the pebbles grinding beneath my

feet, these are my own. Personal? Indeed. And
if there were a universal to such experience it would

be another in this same body, one having been to
the islands a year ago, one having been to the bottom

of that canyon at age eighteen, for those were the
periods which have generated an appreciation for

this day, this sound and this altitude and this gentle
rain. Appreciation, by an affirmation of joy, that

the first was in a celebrated league with an ideal
and I will take a step further, one step closer. These

forms, now reflecting a past which, at first, reflected
a harmony with an ideal, and I will return again

to connect with that first form which meant a
something other than nostalgia, something other.

14.

April

But I cannot live in isolation. The forms which
riddle the forests and the deserts are not enough
to sustain a man; a creature perhaps, but not a man.
The higher representations are framed by a social
regard, them idols, them calendars, them words;
if only meant for one's own chronological navigation,
those marks reference a higher spirit in living. And
if they exist only for the purpose of a conversation
with oneself, that is enough to consider oneself a
social entity. For the passage is in creation, by the
diagnosis of an other and its representation, its
likeness framed, mimetics. And if I am to wander
a room I am lent to a social environment, a universe
in miniature by the intent of an individual, separated
from the natural universe and reflecting it, perhaps.
Only I am to say. But a universe is not universal
in its presence, not to myself nor another, lest we
all be blind and deaf and without other senses.
Lest we all be curtained by darkness and silence
will we share a like regard for eternity and each
of its forms. And in such an event I am confident
we would create a nature in our minds to satisfy
the needs of appreciation and interest, and we
would, again, mark the forms in an earnest method.

15.

April

And if a universal exist, that an event be known
in a like fashion by the several, by a disinterested

removal of oneself from a condition, an aesthetic,
a mimetic principle, then those with a preoccupation

to universals would be those which remove themselves
from conditions. Those stepping back to a larger

universe, and an other, without a sign of difference,
would be the social among us. With universal intentions

and a disregard for the littles, the senses, all could
be consumed within a blank stare and an entry

to an other, and then an other. But easy to disregard
the social, the principles of the city and the home,

for there be a higher regard in the night sky and the
late summer meadows which I can only be disinterested

if I am to imagine it never to have existed. To what
ends? To what favor? That a universal exist atween

two souls on a mountaintop buried in prayer and
disregard? To what ends? For if there be a universal

of disinterest, it be by the symbols one receives in
death, but mere speculation, this, not a thing more.

Or either an aesthetic universalism with a regard to
individualism. That this form be a matter of my own

and this symbol be a matter of representation, for you,
a gift I give, this language, this answer, this representation.

16.

April

Universalism, good or either bad, how could I know?
That if it be a recognition of a personal sphere of

experience, that there be a language of forms between
us, a word or either an art with an intended passing,

and a regard for timeliness and withdrawal, that
it be a matter of divinity, it is a matter between us

ever. That it lend itself to a constance and a reproduction
and a reception, that it favor the ideals in which I

am a governor, that it suppose a day mixed in
aesthetics and expression, that it suppose a form

in which I can be the pragmatist or either the rambler
or either the fisherman, that if it contain this, -it

must contain this, for this is my sentiment. And
forget the reasons of adequacy. And forget the classics,

if this be my compound at the moment, then forget
them all, for this form is good for other matters

altogether, that it subscribe to a doctrine of participation
and trust, of beauty, this. And if it retreat from such

an identity, and if it become a shroud of indifference,
I will pass it along the wheel for the next, I will return

it to its sanctuary of forms resembling a goodness
but not actually being a goodness. I have an idea.

And in it is the composition of a good life; one married
to a defense of principles, sentimental and revealed.

17.

April

It. Has properties, and it. Is aesthetic, and it.
Contains a subject of this imagination, and it. Is
carried from one to another, and it. Represents,
and it. I have succeeded an introduction, one with
context and associations, ones which have supposed
a meaning upon an isolated form. And if tomorrow
returns the same I will have a base for continuing
and a base for study. For this whistle is evident
among trains, and this flag means a something
among this camp. To know a thing is to assume
its environment and to attend to its principles. That
a respect enchant an object and fulfill an object
otherwise naked and with color and shape only,
otherwise without sentiment grounded in a being.
For if discrimination were all there was to receiving
an object, this red, this sphere, there would be no
pleasure nor appreciation nor dislike. If the reception
of aesthetics were left to sterile inquiry I would be
the curator of an other, none the larger. But I prefer.
The likes of this which sustains an attitude, and
this which sustains a higher order of thinking, and
this which wanders among many, I prefer. And
call such a fertile object, this, by a name, simply,
and call the products of its associations by another.

18.

April

Love. No object is this. God. No object is this.

War. No object is this. Lest we label the atoms

of thought by a witnessed collection. And the
associations, them socially introduced, them reasoned,

or either them sentimental carry the force of the
social or the sentiment. This object carries a force.

That another with like properties be assumed and
be given to a station, a classification. I know love

by the elements of this precession, I know God by
this determination, I know war by this company.

Concepts, symbolic and a form of the mind, perfected,
ever perfected by every like introduction. For I

cannot live without interest, I am inclined to opine,
I have a taste. And if action be a matter which

reflects a taste, I am the larger for having loved, and
I am the larger for knowing love, misguided or either

accurate, only I am to say. I am the larger. With
a growing vocabulary reflecting a life of errors and

preference, I am the larger, and I know why. I am
examined by mine own, lest I settle into yesterday's

words, only profound in some forgotten sense. And
the atoms of thought, they harden. As universal to

myself as any universe, but across men, again, a
disinterest is the nature of peace, a social step back.

19.

April

And I acknowledge a social with creation, that I
be an intent riddled with curriculum and desire.

For I reflect this principle in language and object,
I reflect this subject in form. With an audience at

a ready, I am an introduction, and this be the nature
of a settled discourse, that precepts be given a

station in this folly designed to accelerate an experience.
Because the social, in its regard for individualism

has isolated and readied an importance that will
sustain itself and govern itself. Natural selection,

in a social sense, natural election has designated
a several thoughts as a foundation to individual

development. Natural election has designated a
several objects which reflect the thoughts. Natural

election has designated a language of forms representing
representation. And I, a cloud blowing overhead

raining principles without ends, and raining ideas
in the interest of a social body with a common history.

And if a school be a symbol, it be that which contains
other symbols. And if a government be a symbol,

it be that which respects its own reflection. And
I, if numbers be my fascination, or either if music

be my bounds, frame an intellect naturally elected
to a corner of a universe. An elected authority.

20.

April

Authority, a social convention. That those elected subjects generate a walk of living, and those with the greatest practice rely upon an establishment of forms for its introduction to social intercourse. That a one, or either a generous pair, nominate a course for its enlargement. That those elected subjects find a voice of experience, an objective voice of objects associated with a more inclusive threshold of determination, that the littlest be enlarged, that it be presented to a general population for validation, or either disregard.

For an interest is a stone, and its reproduction, a stone of stones for those unfortunates settled into an alternative path. Curriculum, this object of authority be called, a representation of a subject, that a dialogue or either a monologue fascinate an electorate, or either push it to sleep, in either event affect. And if I be a form streaming an experience, if I be an authority, let my curriculum reflect every new day, let it turn with my beard into auburn, into gray, and let it reflect a higher authority revealing itself in an enlarged composition turning with this. For the limits of curriculum are... by every... And I can imagine no other object as indefinite as an authority which respects a changing principle, this tomorrow.

21.

April

This, cultivation of taste. In matters concerning an authority: a deferral, or either matters assuming one's own independence: a responsibility. That the favors of living mark a will, a knowledge of object, these properties, and in an eventual, an elevated knowledge of subject. Of object, objective, this quantity. Of subject, subjective, this quality. And if I am to ponder the existence of an object without my presence, I can only speculate in certainty, but a science exists for such postulates. And if I am to ponder the existence of a subject without my presence, a faith would assume that the higher regards must be ordered in a social universe, mine own or either the schematics of another. For even the simplest atom, the church of science offers a regard; and even the simplest atom, in all of my judgment, sentiment, my personal regard to taste and satisfaction, my association of it with its thorns and color, I am called to a classification. Of all the pleasantries, of all the beauties, this is like this, this suggests this, and I have a knowledge of this by this other intimate. And this object, this atom, be marked by a history, a like other, that their association enlarge a comprehension. And I, this party to the both, suppose an existence with the ordered subject.

22.

April

And in the matter of ends, that an answer be contained
in the forms, one or any, yes. That an atom contain

an answer? Of properties. That its subject contain
an answer? A speculation. And in the history of

subjects, objects are assigned. This word captures
the likeness of freedom, this image captures the likeness

of beauty. For there is no exact object for such tendrils
of the imagination, only imaginary objects can capture

the notions and the ideas. And this word captures
the likeness of language, sublime. That every notion

be handed to a governing social, a universe enlarging
upon experience, individualism transferred in the

monologues of poetry and the dialogues of novels
or either interviews or either poetry. Settled amid

philosophy and religion, and traveling to the laboratories
and flood plains and sunflower fields and lava fields,

poetry, marking an instant for its social reproduction
or either disregard. That poetry, itself, substitute for

experience, a curriculum of symbols and orders and
profanity and beauty and sublimity, or either disregard.

I have traveled the world in words. I have traveled
the world in subjects assigned to principles assigned

to words. And I know sense by the orders of another,
or in the least I know subjects by these loud forms.

23.

April

Subject, apart from any. And I have assigned it a thought. This thought represents and points to a wish, a concept, a strain, an other. But it cannot be all for the all is contained by a larger library of interests floating in miracles and experience, I can only step forward to one of its germs, and then one more; by degree I can know this subject, never in a completion. And only by a degree can I represent this subject, by a word, by an introduction, by a wand pointed at a property or event or attitude can I introduce this subject. And this is my favor, a rehearsed form pointing at some intellect, some cognitive element drawn from the quarters of experience, some supposed other existing in a netherdomain.

And what I draw, what I labor, what I speak, what I stand in front of with an intent, what curriculum is this supposing a larger? This, an object indeed. And every relation sparking a generalized conception, a contribution that can only be painted in the mind. Understanding. By this curriculum a subject is supposed. And again return it to the social in a check and a validation, that a representation studied in isolated individualism be as well shaped by the social regard. For confidence or either mastery lent.

24.

April

Subjects, they exist in the mind and in the highers.
There is no subject which appears as a direct representation.

And if an explanation be the source of interest, if
mimetics be the guide, they be once removed from

the original. Lest an education ask the questions
which force a defense of one's own, they merely

riddle a learner with representations of representations
of representations. For the latter conceives a subject

as contained within a history, a social experience.
But there are subjects yet to be discovered, and there

are manners of representation yet to become original;
there are threads to be discerned. And in the catalogues

of the newly exposed, in a modernity, the things
assume new identity, the forms assume new subjects.

For a distant history may be enough to know a past,
but the recency of interest collects the needs of the

individual and the society and scatters the subjects
to the wind, that they return with new labels and

stones. In a civil defense, in a demonstration of social
dynamics, language is turned by the needs of its

users, that it resettle in an equitable fashion, once
removed from an unfair or either inconsistent yesterday,

and changed in the interest of an ideal. That a social
and its regards change the objects in a higher interest.

25.

April

The faculties, first of the sense, and the higher faculties, them ordering the sense, arranging. I was in the

first a satellite, receiving, receiving, and in the second a thought, a preference, a taste. For an exposure

to a language was an introduction to a social domain, littered with orders of the simpletons, the colors, the

shapes. And in my adolescence I was to govern a day by the social catalogues, I was to govern with

a reference to the letters of other men. And in my maturity I was to govern by my own, that a theory

of becoming and a theory of representation of this subject could only be exactly ordered by my own

interest, my own could only be ordered by my own with collected dabs of insight and social history,

indeed, but in the most elevated sense, only I could represent a subject, this day better than the last.

The faculties know truth, and these faculties be juried by a time spent in my own corner. For I have

consumed a lot in my thirty years, enough to know a branch of knowledge can be personalized and made

to fit this debate, and made to respect the atoms of which arrive. The faculties, them higher, make a

sense of living, and make a divinity of the stuffs reporting through these devices connecting my own.

26.

April

Taste, acquired. By the journals of experience this day is reproduced. And the lower faculties be given

over to reason according to an ideal. And if there be an ideal assumed from the start, genetic, it, too,

has passed to an understanding reflected in ice cream and beaches and other beauties, this preference.

Taste, acquired. For even if there were a spot of predestination it has turned to reason, for this health

and this ease lends itself to an ideal now made into a word and, thus, made into a social conception, a

trophy by which I am led. And if the lower faculties suppose a new interest, unexpected, the higher

faculties form an advance or either dissolve into fragments and insanity and dissolution. And so

the subjects enlarge, by the introduction of curricular objects, them social and intended by another, or

either natural and exposed in the general course of the day. And so the subjects enlarge, by the objects

similar and patterned, with like properties and like validation. And this taste, the desire of growth in

regards to a subject in regards to an ideal. And be it reason, that it become a governing force of attitude

and activity. And be it reason, that the pleasures be a measure of an individual, this higher faculty.

27.

April

The corruption of intelligence is a time away. A revolution is a time away. Whereby cycles of learning meet a stop, an element of discord which discharges the inconsistent and discharges the olden ends to the winds. And a new charge, that a subject the likes of democracy or justice or beauty engage a new stillness, one now prepared for its own defense and one now reasonable and sustaining. Change is for the better, ultimately I say, change is for the worse, ultimately I say. Now in any case, change is change, and a vocabulary is a vocabulary, and curriculum is curriculum. By these intentions I have enabled a dialogue if nothing else, and I have patterned an attitude by the forces which it represents, small and sentimental, nevertheless true, or either large and reasonable, with social regards. And if a mark be made for a new cycle or either a new spiral, that the last be made by corrupted signals now deficient, I am ordered to an enlarged honesty, one which consumes a difference, one which consumes the corrupted fragments and leaves them to an other. For this place now represents inclusion and an integrity of intelligence, once imagined and now a settled and reasoned turn for concert operations.

28.

April

Corrupted intelligence. Intelligence, what is this body?
A series of images flashing in the cerebrum? A library
of words and reflections, a memory, an anticipation,
the substance of subjects drawn to explain, one's
own curriculum directed at itself? And its corruption?
That a force expel irrelevance and irreverence. That
a force introduced replace a knowledge. There is
much to be lost in the recognition of corruption, and
there is much to be lost in a dissolution of a history.
But a truth partners with reason, in the eventual, or
either its disregard be the chains of a living. And corruption,
by whatever spontaneity, be the hallmark of experience,
that I have turned and faced a new society, I have
acknowledged a form and I have acknowledged its subject,
and I have been witness to a reconstruction of knowledge.
This: learning I call it. By the corruptions of the old
and settled, the new enlists a light, itself open to a
new enlistment. And if I have framed the new in an
ideal, -how could I not? And if I have framed the new
with a reference and a string of reason attached to the
corrupted ideals, -I have supposed a system; a system
whereby the old and inefficient is not entirely dismissed,
rather it is elevated in a negative sense. That this history,
corrupted indeed, be a mark of my emergence. A form.

29.

April

And whether there is an experience outside of myself,
that there be a heliocentrism in regards to a higher

body, speculation. But I am confident in a larger
greatness, I have a faith that my days be made to

fit a greater. That there be a natural science to an
experience, and that the limits of experience be a

matter of these forms presenting themselves as fast
as I can receive them. And logic, this science of

reason marking the patterns turns itself by this
once outside and referenced to a greater. And

logic, this science of reason be made to accept a
larger bounds and a larger frame by these technical

equipments, this telescope, this microscope, enabling
a larger field of reproduction. That I once was a

king of something small and definitive, that I passed
along a depression and a regard to a larger force,

giving up my own. And then, that I once was a
part of a great kingdom. And then, that I once

was a part of a great race. And then, that I once
was a part of nature. Or either a great kingdom

was a part of me, a great race was a part of me,
nature was a part of me. For I cannot know whether

knowledge conforms to objects, or objects conform
to knowledge. In either speculation I have stepped.

30.

April

Emancipation. That nature be given to a form that I respect. And then another. And then another.

By this reason, by these enlarging technical bounds, a natural science emancipates the structures of

conformity. And if I was once large and made to fit, and then by the newer knowledge I am handed

over to a smallness, I am forced to contest and contest. In my own interest I am forced to riddle my position

with answers streaming in from a new witness and a new sound. A new position growing to fit a new

dynamic nature. I am no longer a king, not in this new measure, but in a moment I was emancipated

by a smallening which contained every aspect of my truth, now set aside. For in my new bounds I

am aware of a social heliocentrism outside of myself, for the moment. Now. Life is upon me. And the

forms substitute, and the language substitutes, the poetry, the stones, the markers of remembrance, they

substitute. And if a subject be objective and given over to measures of quantity and size, if there be

an eternity to some form, it will be known by its occupation in largeness relative to its occupation

in smallness. That there be a faith returning a subject to the possession of the knowledge it inhabits.

31.

April

I am sheltered. I am caged. By the knowledge in which I inhabit I am a subject. And this body, be

it confused or either certain, be it stretched to its limits and its reason or either wanting, it is to be

nevertheless caged. Given any enlargement and given any introduction, and given any other, it is

framed by the notion that an other remains. Against. Against nature. Against man. Against the clouds.

Against the sheeting rain. Against an other this knowledge is contained or either caged or either

sheltered. And if cognition be predisposed or either trained to animosity, such a containment dulls a

future reception, and if cognition be predisposed or either trained to consume and manifest an other,

growing and depositing within itself, such a containment quickens its limits, that it be a general matter of

life, limits, or either it be a general matter of death, limits. And by the knowledge in which I inhabit,

perhaps I will one day discover a negative semblance of words and images, a place where ideas and thoughts

and orders and principles and justice and beauty are not yet attached to a thing. And by this knowledge

I will inhabit a nothing, for there is no knowledge in everyknowledge. And there is none the reference.

32.

April

Against. That it frame a position, this anomaly.
Here is where I conduct the business of the day,

here I am situated, here is my knowledge with walls
about. And if participation be a matter of engagement,

and if nomination requires an introduction, it is I,
the grander force. I have recognized my own in

whatever sense and in whatever reference, stapled
to this other. And it be a form, by the last I can

be confident of this, it has parameters and distinction.
And if I am to shape its image in my mind or either

assign it a name, I have made an accounting. And
in the retrieval of assignments I know I am once

removed from the actual. For better, that a disinterest
afford greater association with other others, or

for worse, that the original be succeeded by a
secondary form, a step back be either in the interest

of universal disinterest or either to assume that
the lessons which an object contains can be reproduced

by my own mind for greater access to this which
it represents. And if I carry an object by my side,

that I recognize only its presence is suitable curriculum,
or either if I carry a poem by my side, or either an

image, or either a dance, then I have recognized the
potence of immediate interest, that a second be a lesser.

33.

April

And if the introduction of secondary objects be a lesser endeavor, then language be a lesser endeavor.

For in all of its exaction, a word be an object of an object. This, forgetting an imagination. This, forgetting

that I be a creator. For my principles be assigned to language, in the least these principles which consume

my social contract and these principles of nomination. But even this string of language be a catalogue of an

object received by observation. Language is once removed from original representation, and is, thus,

inherently disinterested and more universal than a primary representation, even these concepts of the

mind. And if this be true, the subject be a matter of pure isolation, and its pursuit be a matter of individualism

first reflected in primary forms, including concepts, and in the second reflected in language, journals and

poetry and art, mimetics, these social reflections. And if the composite of the social reflections were a body

of social knowledge and representation, an individual's pursuit of an abstracted subject reflected in objects

and logic, and its documentation and transition to a social form would be the enlargement of the social

universe. That an individual seek to reproduce a subject directly, for a larger disinterested interest.

34.

April

But I am of a position. I am of one cornered order,
be it the west pointing east, be it a sphere of resonance,

be it a sphere of residence, or either the company I
keep, I am partial to a single observation. That time

be a matter of my position relative to this introduction,
that I be lent to a single space. And of this matter

surrounding I, it shall be received in a manner, it shall
be assigned a perspective. And its reproduction,

its event corresponded to this form I construct be
naturally reflected from this perspective. There is

an inherent bias in mimetic construction, for every
attitude before this experience is reflected in this

observation and every sense is limited. The bounds,
however infinite, be contained by the limits of sense,

and be shaped by the properties and assumptions
I have adopted. And assuming an inherent bias, the

objectivity of any reproduction is littered with perspective
and littered with the knowledge of a more comprehensive

aesthetic reproduction. And if there be a natural
deception to the social forms, it is separated from

intent, for I am a slave to the notion of accuracy. In
all of a science I am a slave, in all of a social knowledge

I am a slave to objectivity and its pursuit. But rest
easy I do, for the ends of science will fill a lifetime.

35.

April

Deception, a social matter. Or either a natural phenomena if this environment be imperfect. Speculation.

Lest some faith of natural corruption be a guide, nevertheless a social warrant. But in the matters

of art and reproduction, in the matters of representation there can be no intentional deception. Unintentional,

inevitable, but an intended deception be a reproduction of something other than its title. An intended deception

points an arrow at an other, as concrete as this explicit manifest. A duality for an author, this intended

and this obvious. And if intended deception be governed by the manifold of a history, it is called with a

reference, it be a curriculum as any, complex perhaps but with a reference. No matter, for an intention

cannot deceive, in all complexity an intention be simply a roundabout representation. And the matter

of this unintentioned? The social is called to a corruption. In every removal, in every word semblance and every

art manifesting this, in every study, I am but a single. An individual knowing a limit. But in such a mind,

that a deception be married to the social, that there be deception in disinterest, that the cost of universalism

be the removal of exaction, I am passed along to an alternative, an other original with its own prospects.

36.

April

The accidents of representation be neither corrupted
nor governed. And if a law and a science aggravated

a hole in reason, it be now told and lent to this custom.
For accidentals, them real or either potence marked

in the imagination by the possibilities of chemistry,
they be a representation of an other factor introduced

in this laboratory. For given the ends of mastery with
an injected other an idea springs. And mastery, with

new ends assumed by the hold on this new accidentalism,
and mastery, newly shaped, or either left to the

fields of ponder. Desired or undesired, ends be
misshapen. And if I am to allow a discord with

the uniforms of science I am first a judge, that new
ends represent an enlightened aspect or either mere

error, that new ends be granted the satisfaction of
life or either disregard. For I can only represent in

an honesty, this time made new by the accidents of
experience, I am made new by the accidents of

experience, in any case their judgment. And defend
humanity's accidentalism, for in it is the refrain of

learning and spontaneity, this well of thought, with
a character consistent with my own, and with an

opportunity, this retreat to classicism or either this
vent of modernity spilling accidents and charms.

37.

April

And I know not the intent of this received. For an author or an artist sends a form and I am to return an answer by this subject I assume. And I know not the accidents and I disregard deception, for I am as simple as truth. I am as complex as truth. Dialogue is littered with this other, dialogue is littered with incidentals, these accidentals and unintentionations, and all I can trust is this which I receive. Partial to mine own, and partial to the context I inhabit, this answer is shaped by the consequents of living. In a regard to knowledge I will pass along an affirmation and clarification, that a troubled subject evolve in a social fashion between we mimeticists. And of nature, what answer is there? For I know not God, not in any confirmed sense, lest faith be a confirmation, or either I hand God over to my own restraints and limits. But I am small. In all of my canons I am ever a molecule. But if I am to assume a nature carrying the subjects, away from this place, goodness and beauty and the others, lent to this place in several faculties, I am given an audience. This ocean will bear my response, and this great flood, this extinct volcano will receive my poem. For what I know is yours, and this dialogue a reflection of our intimacy.

38.

April

And yours is sound. Yours are the reproductions
of sense. And yours is music, social reproduction

of the mind, these emotions, these relations. As
mathematics, this reconstruction be one higher in

a sense than observation, lest the mind be reproduced.
And modern design be one higher in a sense than

observation. For these be born of the aspects away
from experience, lest contemplation be a form, and

lest intuition be a form. A mark of potential, by what
imagination can I enlist the concepts, by what provision

can I reproduce emotion and the others. For I will
be a first line of declaration, I will institute a new

model of beauty and a new model of social reconstruction
and a new object, for it is presently not contained

in this life. And if music is of itself, that it is mimetic
in only the sense of its social origin, but it be assigned

a naturally disinterested anchor with universal regard,
that it be governed by a social germ, its reception

is this which marries a context to it. Its meaning is
supposed by the environment it is received. For music,

lest it be a copy of birdsong and waterfall and wind,
be burned anew, and likewise the state of visualism

which be a design unattached, burns anew an emotion
or notion aligned with the context of its reception.

39.

April

And morality, that it be sustained in a social sense,
and good, that it be turned in debate and dialogue,

that it be elevated to a status pocked in shared experience,
that it be known by the collected lives of authors

and we phenomenologists, that a table of accord
identify its premise, that it be married to an existence

apart from my own, modeled, only I am to say. For
if I construct a life by social interest, I am as secure

as a neighbor. The habits of our government, these
icons and words predisposed to the many offer a

refuge. I am safe within a social moral majority. But
this is not good, not inherently in any case. For I

know littles succeeded by grand social intentions,
and I know the cost to self-determination. And if

a social has evolved by a single question, it were:
'what is good?' A universal regard for aesthetic

principles? The debate itself of 'what is good?' By
the many I am pillowed into a discern which operates

against another social institution. And by every
remark, by every mimetic construction, I am pillowed

into independence. This must be good, for it happens
by the greatest among us, or either it be the product

of social representation, that an other good exist
as powerful a force as my own, I am made an equal.

40.

April

And perhaps the good can only be considered in
so much as it is agreed upon in words. This social.

And by what shall I discern? By what course am
I brought to the table of morality? The pleasures

and the actions which constitute and institute ends?
The activities which come easily? The guarantees

of continuance? The representations of such? I
know good by this life I keep and it is not social, for

if it were, this life would be a bill of circumstance.
Mine own is mine own, and if I am caught within a

social regard, if I be made to an order, I am to pass
along some minor sense of reconciliation between

myself and an other morality as an act of appeasement.
And return to the quarters of independence. For

I know good by this life I keep, be it whittled by
the concerts and the audients, and be it whittled

by this call to social participation, but I am nevertheless
kept. And in good faith, an object: a treeswing is

good. Another: an apple is good. For the poet in
me will anticipate the latest purge of morality and

enlist a new, it must, for this is how I am kept. And
let the runners pass, against, against. And if I am

called to a defense, follow me to the orchard and we
shall enlist some democracy in the sake of morality.

41.

April

For my own, against, against. And with a retreat
to the quarters of personal forms, and that I return

again anew with an other to introduce to the social
refrain. For independence be an entity separated

from solipsism, and this personal course recognizes
one in a relation, against, against. And this bicycle?

Good, indeed, for it be a source of indulgence and
pride; and to another? Perhaps, if this case be settled

amongst others with a like appreciation for such
an object, perhaps. Or either a reason be engaged

in the introduction of personal worth, or either a
demonstration. Or either a disregard for the social

altogether, for this worth requires no social validation.
This celebration, be it open or either closed be governed

by itself. And if this bicycle subject itself to the
parts of my determination, I could call it by name,

I could call it by the nature it represents, I could call
it by any thing, yet to do so would be to engage a

society. A name is to engage the society of its origin.
And this bicycle will subject itself to my determination,

lest I fail to recognize its instruments, lest I fail to
recognize its purpose, in which event it would be a

form apart from its potential. By a name I will recognize,
by this social I will determine, if only for mine own.

42.

April

And the new and unnamed, or either those objects
representing a history predating language: protohistory.

And these artifacts without signs, and these images
scaling the walls of my imagination: protohistoric.

For a liberal representation unchained to language
be given an instant of purity, this purely of the senses

and free from cognition. Unrestrained by the social
temples. I am protohistoric, -ironic to say such a

thing, but indeed, in a sense, I am governed by the
objects with or without names. For they arrive in

the calamity of observation and in the calamity of
of social intercourse and in the calamity of independence,

the forms arrive. Spelling a history of symbolism
with or either without a social attachment, they continue

on a string, carrying subjects and intuition. And if
there be a likening to words it be by the subjects

represented, as fluid as the space in which the object
turns and fascinates. But I cannot speak in pottery

and rock art, lest the future listen; it will. And if
the general forms of living, them utilities, be enough,

that an isolated sphere of objects be enough, am I
the lesser critic? Only I am to know. For a social

commentary be made of this room and its stops, I
am certain. But a protohistory is nevertheless history.

43.

April

And if the designs in the course of living sustain a thought, an instant of reflection whereby its form

is matched with an other, and another, or either given to a new cognition altogether, if all this will sustain

a history, my own I attach it to. Again outward, against the others. For this envelope carries its own

truth, and this envelope, given to me, I represent. In one manner to an adolescent, or either in one manner

to an adult, or either in one manner to a scientist, or either in one manner to a poet, I represent. For every

design sends a different regard to every; heteroglossia it be. That the stakes of this truth generate a different

knowledge to every. That the object itself spin regards to every, sending subjects. And if I am to represent

this sphere, if I am to govern the likes of difference in reception, if I am a teacher, there is an allowance

in fact, that this record representing this subject be entertained differently. Or either this subject be

lent to a variance of objects, in either event the dialogue be given a ground, a language whereby

the individualism of experience support a common threshold. In kind, the words collect the ramblings

of life and spill them into this curriculum, now the larger object containing this as a fixed universal.

44.

April

An object be given over to interpretation. And if
a subject were to remain a constant, we be ever in

pursuit of its material match. This beauty, a sunrise,
a newbud, them both, enlarging this notion. A life

is called to attachment, a social life in any case,
whereby a form is given to some literalism married

to a higher regard. And I be the question. I. Joined
to a history of mimetics and nature, and joined to

a satisfaction of the like. This design answers in a
principled fashion what I ask of it. And if I am to

be the limits of my questions, if my ends be this which
only affords a limited response, I am a vessel. I

am fixed by the smallness of language. And if there
were a wonder to exist aside from the socially constructed

diagrams of science as social knowledge, that a
question driven by a limited thirty year protohistory

exist with a purity of interest, let this be the ground
of truth. Let language arrive from this knowledge,

grounded in first design or either first logic or first
imagination, let language be this dialect apart from

hearsay. For by first witness, a confidence sustaining
itself. And by first witness, an idea, tolerant of the

last truth, and tolerant of truth to come, for there is
a continuity to knowledge anchored by the stops.

45.

April

But to float away by the socialisms of language be another part of me. That the most selfless curriculum

framed and expanding exist apart from a material. A learning can occur by the social monitors and the

gentlemen and the elders, a learning can occur with no regard for the elements. Civilism and civilization

exist upon such a knowledge, that a regard for a manner of being exist apart from that manner ever

having existed. Idealism. For if we are to judge in the interest of species survival, or either judge in the

interest of popularism, we have premeditated an act of social benevolence or social strength. And

never to touch the earth, such a disposition given by a phylogenic ideal. The social is given over to

a premeditated position of the status of individuals, a socially produced ontology, this if the social were

my composite. If mimeticism were the domain of my trust I would be a congregate, never minding the

earth and never minding the land, never minding a status apart from this social mixing upon itself. And

if there were an authority to such a living, it be by the linguists and the lawyers, those prepared for the

defense of a society which rests upon its words and graces, this curricula protecting itself from nature.

46.

April

Without a thought, the forms turn to a nature. The forms turn to a cognitive faculty, whereby this regard

enchants a language. For I speak in words, and I admire in images, these flashing given a context. This

history riddles the present in expectations flashing the likes of yesterday upon this screen. And I am

given to a knowledge of this present by a prior introduction. Without a thought, in the least with no intentioned

thought, a history. And by the conceptions of the last, whether this action sustains itself or either generates

a limit, I am bound to a judgment with a regard to this day. And the words turn to a nature without a

thought, representing the position framed by the hours past. For every form is not intended for consideration,

there be those utilitarians representing an aspect closer to intentions, and there be those utilitarians

representing a selected interest. Whereby the sum, the body of forms, be they language or either images

or either selected, whereby the sum points to a higher spirit of being, this accelerated truth. Advanced. This

sum be the composite of lesser truths, elected by the standard forms of living. I grow old by thought, but

the thoughts in this middle age have turned from a consideration of representation to one of collectivity.

47.

April

And a meaning, truth or either knowledge, for the instant, depends upon its lesser subjects for its entire

comprehension. There be a brush stroke, beauty, there be a collection of brush strokes, a painting, beauty,

there be a collection of paintings, gallery, beauty, there be a collection of galleries, museum, beauty. And

none the lesser beauty, rather an advancement of regards, an advancement of interest, or either the

institutionalization of disinterest, where a greater universal be discovered by a step backward. Oh!

Divinity! And on. Or either the containment of a mastery for commercial purpose or either ease of access,

but that discussion belongs in another place. That discussion? Those words? What form shall we

discuss? A composite or either the littlest? Beauty in either regard. And the subjects rain a new greatness,

for I am not content with a brush when I have the resources of facilities at hand. And I am not content

with a flowerbox when I have an atrium, a garden, or either an orchard. In the public interest, these

advanced forms, or either in the interest of larger interests. Larger. But the pragmatist in me returns

to these four homebound walls of reason in the evening. And an apple. And an image. And a book. A refrain.

48.

April

The measures of learning begin with the littles, whereby there be neither collected interest nor disinterest. And

in the general introduction of living this that first appears grand be reduced by its envelopment, this

is made small by its association with a collective.

And the process of measurement continues its reduction

by the categories erected. This cognition, that an entity at once great be likened and associated for a catalogue

of futures. For life is lent to its own governance, and this knowledge shaped in principle, this which has

endeared me to the present, this which has allowed the subordination of insubordination, and this which

protects my own, this knowledge is my electorate.

This conscience contains all of the classifications of

strength and goodness, including this goodness which began as an exercise and which now be a profession,

including this logic which first began as law and now appears as reason. And the first, the littles, be intact

as objects, a foundation, but now be among the composite of a larger character, this reinforced. For I did know

then what I do know now, and were it not necessary for an enlarged reliance I would have continued the

minor worships of adolescence. But I grow old in character, with a box of littles representing a base.

49.

April

And if a little be aligned with a more composite representation, and if the outlines of advancement

continue among the principles, that a color, a favorite, and a texture, a favorite, and a taste, a favorite, be

included in the domain of aesthetics, and if a word matches a history, and if an activity matches a

history, and if a thought matches a history, I shall include them among the domain of a knowledge.

I am called to honor a past, and this soliloquy of time is a matter of respecting a form with a relation

to the like. By this, I can know more than the day, by the little I am called to make a composite. And

in the end, the fullness of my being will be but one memory among ten other certainties arrived at by

deduction or either induction, reduction, nested as a subject among this experience. I was there, and

for my living I am connected to an other, another, this reason, as grounded as a little with either a

question framed or either a law framed. And to living by the regards to the first, this object resounding

itself in a dialogue, eventually, lest I live by the chords of the self alone. This independence, from the first,

sounding among the social in words, this memory box, opened as a representation of this life once born.

50.

April

Reason, this in the fist supported by a law, is the purpose of language. Law, this untethered certainty,

rains reason. In the first a directed announcement: 'this is a sphere.' And the actual is removed from

its announcement. The actual becomes the subject of representation and the object is now the announcement.

A name I give. Reason supposes the ordination of the objects of law, and calls them to an association

with other objects, granting a collection of value, and supposing a new form, this reason. And the objects

of law turn to subjects, and the collections of value turn to an object of reason. And the objects of reason

turn to subjects in the larger interest of language. But a language in itself is without value, purpose is introduced

by the selected forms of reason, these collections of law, these representations of the actual. And wherefrom

intent, this cognition seeking the movements or either the allowance of the actual? Desire, taste or either

by necessity with regards to an ideal. And reason be the vehicle of movement or allowance, this recognizing

a law and its potence among associates, this recognizing the whole of language but electing but a few of its

forms in an interest, this intent. And if the actual is turned to respond, I am a shaper. A shapeshifter.

51.

April

The actual, this before my sense. And if there be
a greater actual in a universe of forms, speculation,

for these senses be the limits of my introductions.
Or either these senses be the limits of my introductions

to this physical and its associates. But the subjects
contained within this object be without bounds, and

this great object, language, be without bounds. And
this stone be without bounds. But I cannot live a

life of riddledom, perhaps in some regards, but for
the most, I am called to a categorical imperative, one

which represents in a manner. For the office of this
stone, I will limit the subject, and for the office of

language, I will limit the subject to this of reason.
We all shall, supposing a future in any regard. For

the time in any case. And I will return to the senses
in boredom or either in the event of corruption. But,

alas, there is the intellect, this magnet since infancy
containing the lot of sensation and containing the

associates of reason. No less a field than the physical
and its regards, -I will return to this also, this representing

this. Reasonable, the imagination, in the least if I
am given to call upon its labors, or either not if folly

be the course. Folly, this fractal I watch and watch
without a common regard. Nonsense, or either unsense.

52.

April

And the history of reason, mine. I am the source
of progress and association, I am the allowance

of objects and subjects, their categories and their
regards. For this form I possess, this objectivity

be now mine to toss about or keep, this form I possess
with its related tendencies and reliabilities, by a

perspective, be the ground of confidence, this validation
of reason, this measure of intent. For I know what

chemistry shall become by its introduction to this,
this favor, this acquired taste. And a form by the

new medley, again for my possession, and again.
At once the history of reason is mine. And by the

likeness of the past I am called to a prediction, a
profession of the forms. That this body, this vessel

behave in a manner of some interest, that this
delight be once again assumed by a mastery of

age. I dwell in this place of history. And the accidents,
them, they are the charge of reason, they be the

charge of interest, this becoming. For their control
or either their expulsion or either their integration,

the accidents are meant for assessment. And without
their course I would surely be machined to a path

without folly, and a path stripped of new interest
past the age of eighteen. But learning is no stop.

53.

April

The automation of regards, the institutionalization
of interest, the cast of reason, method, let it want.

The air is this, and the clouds, and lest I stand upon
them they will affect these quarters. And this beard,

be it a representation of living longer than my eighteenth
year. For much has become. Language has become,

this social sport. I once spoke a family dialect, I once
spoke a twentieth century dialect, I once spoke a

professional dialect. Change is a subject of this air,
coloring the sky, coloring my regards stretched wide

upon my back. Change is the subject of this park, change
is the subject of this accidental, this language. For

nothing is fixed, lest I stand upon nothing, and the
social, if their be an institutionalization of interest

and a science to being, it be the subject of this word.
And a conversation, I have become not a thing more

than my history, now yours by this dialect. More symbolic
than the last. This art is more symbolic than the last.

Now this art is more symbolic than the last. Now this
art is more relevant. Now this art. Now this. For the

air is this, a change requiring a periodical, the social
is this. As a parade or either a market or either a nature,

a subject, the social is this, running itself to ends as a
measure of interest. For a moment, a measure of change.

54.

May

The forms, attached to a meaning, attached to a life. The words, representing, more exact by every

contact, this contact with the actual and a return to a social contact. I will carry a meaning to a social

contract, that we shall become together, or either divorce with a common understanding. For the forms

will be made into words, if I am attached to a life in any case. And think I will, in words. That a

sound represent an image, that a sound suppose a segment of life, once removed from the actual but

life nevertheless, once stepped away but in the knowledge of a social entity. This idea, pardoned from the

earth, the canyons, the sky, will become universal in its nominative description. And the chills of a

primary association, the emotions, be represented in a word, this time among the two of us. Yet with

a disinterest, once carried from the actual. An emotion can be charged by some likeness, a sense can be lent

to a language, for this I receive sustains a process of imagination whereby the colors and the stations

can be assumed in a language apart from the actual. There is a station for the poet, this of reaching out

to the actual and returning with a dialect, returning with a change sustaining a social contract. Word.

55.

May

Hero. A hero is a word. A person as an idea. History sustains such an idea, civilization sustains such an

idea. That the purity of conduct of an individual lends itself to worship. People talk of heroes. People

act like heroes or either act in their contradiction. People lend their governance to the purity of conduct,

and to the observation and study of bravery and intelligence and beauty contained in the lives of others.

I have witnessed an idea in this theatre and I am called to a repeat. I have witnessed a knowledge by this

teacher which supports an ideal or either an interest I have ordained by my own experience. And whether

the act was meant for such a lesson or introduction, no matter, for the whiles of idealism were spent upon

me in that moment. Hero, by such acts another has been granted a stay or allowance. And this is my

intent, to act in a manner of accord with this living representation, or either serve its opposite, for it

is so direct a meaning I am obliged to an answer of some regard. A form, this representation, a person

is an object if..., or either an action is an object, of goodness, of morality, of health, of beauty. For I am

of a mind to nominate a form, and this theatre is a collection of characters. Some models or either heroes.

56.

May

Away, the skeptics. This idealism has brought me
to this day, this confidence in material and its associations,

this confidence in language and its affect, this confidence
in the whiles of thinkdom. A question for the skeptics

and those empiricists, what is certainty? And if a
law be enough to charter a life, am I still not the student?

And if a reason be at first connected to a faith, is
it not still reason? Away, the skeptics, for all is a

mirage by that token. And my confidence, be it measured
by popular thought or either cultural artifacts, be a

reality. That truth rests within, ultimately. And the
laboratories and halls of logic, a social contest they

be, by what force will certainty arrive, by what construct
will I measure truth? Perhaps one is a skeptic before

an idealist. How am I to know? That a bench of
facts will mark a mind with a confidence? That a

confidence be born or either introduced with an affirmative
consequence? Choose. Fancy the notion of genius,

that it be constructed, that it be assumed in some
regard before this environment. Choose. Perhaps the

poles be too absolute, for, indeed, I am marked with
some degree of potence, and, indeed, this environment

still arrives by these senses. And, indeed, I am confident
in a learning to come. This ideal, that I will a learning.

57.

May

This, reason enough, that a mind be confident in
other matters. That a language suppose the forms

away. That a social suppose its own intellect, revolving
by the poems, evolving by the accidents. Idealism,

this, reason enough to carry the universals of justice
and beauty and public schooling, lest I am given over

to a social collapse marked in games and personal
interest, lest I am given over to a social collapse marked

in pages of official science, lest I am given over to a
social collapse marked in personal specialisms and

bowed heads and automatonism. And if a university
were to be one or the other, that man precedes the

forms or either the forms precede man, I am inclined
to be in the service of the certainty of humanity. This

confidence, that an electorate will govern the forms,
this nature including this idea. Reason enough, that

I be lent to my own governance. And if skepticism
were not an ideal enough to carry a confidence in

freedom, that I be a subject to material, that I be a
question, I would wander with wide eyes and ears.

I would be the limits of my sense if skepticism were
not an ideal. Among ideals, perhaps, that a question

serve a purpose in any regard, for I am both, the wanderer
and the governor, testing and attesting the forms.

58.

May

Skepticism, if it be an operative manner it be an ideal. In the least my own is inclined to such a

hold. And idealism, another, if it be an operative manner it be an ideal. There are paths. And align

a hero with a manner, call it religion, and align a position as reference to a confound, call it philosophy.

And align a targeted disregard for a manner, be it any less an ideal? In the most elevated sense, I

have become by an ideal, be it contradiction and discern, or be it a social attachment. To the one,

the manner, I have become attached. And call it a name, make an object from this style, for my

confidence is measured in tests and forms and observation. And given a pure regard, who will

be the match? For what skeptic will not dream, and what existentialist does not wonder? And

what idealist has not surrendered to a confound? We are each, matched to a certainty of life with

some reference to the forms. But in a chaos I will return to the comforts of idealism, for in it are the

notions of the others, them enlightened or either marked as one absolute or another. A basket of

tools, a basket of manners for inquiry, response, judgment, -the day is turned by these substances.

59.

May

Toward ends, that the most fitting ideal resolve a manner. Toward ends, words. Toward ends, that

art and dialect reconcile the years. The forms are a matter of social record, and the forms are a matter

of living, their receipt, their representation, their inventory. The forms. And let the highest stand

as my ideal, and let the contest of learning challenge itself, for a form without a reason is a word and a

stone, without a manner. But the highest be the act of movement, this mover unmoved, and this shape

of everything, and if it be contained it be by the knowledge of potence. Toward ends. And if teleologism be

an ideal, if I will suppose that, I have recognized my humanity, I have recognized the tenure of my senses,

this sixty-five years or either one hundred years or till the golden day of retirement in whatever regard.

Toward ends, the ideals are in service, and the forms, the objects and the actuals and the language, be in

a service to the ideals. For I will control a thing, if only an atom, and I will hold its potence as my own.

I will will. And if a will be a retreat, it shall be with intent. And if a will be an investigation or either an

admiration or a gift, if this atom be lent to an association in this service, I have recognized the ends of something.

60.

May

An answer, this reproduction, to the world about.
Mimetics, art. That a substance gathered and inventoried
in this humanity respond by a likeness, that a flag
be elevated as a knowledge of nature. This environment
will be marked by my own reproductions, this knowledge,
experience, will carry itself in paint and clay and
reason, poetry, in hypothesis and method, in journalism,
this knowledge will return upon its soul, the place
of its origin. For I am of a mind to copy the significant,
this time a cloud, this time a snowfall, this time a
social conception, this time a garden. And the
significant forms about, these enlisting my attention
by whatever course, them natural or either social,
them actual or either reproductions, I am drawn to
their inventory. This architecture will be named, it
will be nominated to law, classical or either contemporary,
that its inventory will once refresh itself in a reason
to this moment. This architecture will mark an ideal
for either my advance or disregard. And the like,
this brushstroke, this museum, this engineering, will
stand as a subject for my advance or either disregard.
Opine, and direct, by a history. And to those regarding
the significant forms as elevated cultural artifacts, what
reason would bind itself to a substance of four walls?

61.

May

But there is a reason to a hierarchy of forms: social governance. That a significance return and again,

this day is marked, a history is marked by a significance. Whether the spirit of law and nomination lends itself

to the documents of social intercourse or either the forms of forests and high plains, cañons and oceans,

the spirit of law first governs a reason. And the introductions gather their own significance by their repeat and by

their mark upon other marks. Only I am to say what is significant, and only I am to inventory the last for

its humbled presence among the new, or either its sweeping presence among the new. And if a social

governance be only for this life it be enough to warrant a study and a manner. And the littles of adolescence,

grant them their advancement of subject, and grant them their significance in modernity, but recognize,

I will, that the matters of childhood contained within this object were the matters of my own, no less significant

but a matter deconstructed by my aging and by my pledging a larger social than myself. Maturity. For

profit or either the comforts of specialisms or either a response to a force greater than my own, maturity.

That there be another, and perhaps another still which shall define in earnest the collected significance of idealism.

62.

May

Evidence of this ideal, mimetics. An elevated form is left to a governance first conceived in the mind.

The forms take a shape in the mind and are assigned to the littles. And by a collected meaning, this gathered

and laid upon a stillness, a rock, a stone, is an offering of this history. I know a thing, and this be a representation

of it, if to no other than my own. And its association with my intellect, and its representation will substitute

its force for another. A social will be substituted by a likeness. Evidence of this ideal, that a history be

contained in material. And evidence of this ideal, the applications of this potent material. That a survey

manage a social script, that a likeness institute a body of thought, at once married to its conception

and at once married to its association with the present. And when I am old, a house of treasures I will

manage, those of a lifetime of ideals, lest their bodies be reduced to a single item. A stone for every year,

and upon my dying bed, all of the stones be reduced once again to a single, that in my hand a life I hold,

in the least its greatest ideals, with texture, and with color, and with weight. Physically ideal in no sense

at all, but its hold upon my will be the sport of passing in a joy. I will rest with this mighty stone.

63.

May

Spirit the day with meaning. We materialists are left to such an order. Or either allow a nonintroduction.

For the limits of material are twice: that an object be interpreted differently by each, this a social limit,

and that an interpretation be grounded in the past lest it be married to every thought, this a personal

limit. And to consider the greatest of objects, this earth or this moon, this sequoia, this cloud, ever be

the limits of my imagination. Perhaps more than my imagination in a Godly sense, but this largest object

representing the whole of my thought be nevertheless limited by this store of knowledge I am allowed to

ascribe. And I am not done learning. Had I no sense I would not be done learning. In the end I will not

be done learning. For the course of living be not enough to animate material, and the course of living

cannot suppose a greatness into a continuity of regards for an object. Lest I drop an accord with

nature and lest I discontinue material contact could I then suppose myself animated? If I be an object,

perhaps. If this which lies within my knowledge be its own fullness, and this severed world of caves

and rivers and beaches be a nothing except by my own imagination, I am sorry to say I am contained.

64.

May

Material, this faucet of sense. The market of culture, evidence, the mark of creation, evidence. I am born

to a reproduction, an institution of being. Material, by these hands be an expression of my intent and

an expression, dasein. And if art be this, the material of my being, I will throw it toward a culture in the

interest of my own. For a world filled with my own purpose be filled with the familiarity of my being.

A home filled with my own purpose be a place of rest and affirmation. Or either a place reflecting

the whole of my being be a revelation of incontinence and moral collapse. For not every material is meant

for the galleries of living, and not every material is to suppose itself significant. But if I am to match

a purpose, I am to generate a regard, in the least its introduction to the channels of sociology, that

I make a life of representation, that I respect an other with these truths bound in art, my own. And if a

conversation is the matter of its return, that an art return upon itself in dishonesty or either an art be

turned to an other, subject, I have made cause for a greater material. That this being evolve by its

reproduction, an answer, a reply. In the first a seed meant for introducing the whole at a once. At once.

65.

May

And concern for the aspects of an other, and its regard to urgency upon my own purpose, that an

institution swing among my own, I have lent my character. For an art matched with an other be as

genuine as any social intercourse, and an art supposing upon my own be a reflection of my own affect, this

troubled or either accurate or either born to a subordination or insubordination. This material will be matched

as a reference to my own, an other with a meaning reflecting a grander purpose, a composite. Material

introduced to the monologues of homoglossia, and material expanding authoritarianism to every social

contact. That all be made an authority, or either all be made to fit a party, for this institution rolls

itself to slumber by its associations, that a monologue meet a match of its force, and that such dialogue translate

to a several. Material, the stones of war, firing diplomacy, and material, the stones of love, firing diplomacy.

That a cause will exhaust itself in the dialogues of art, time will exhaust itself, to boredom or either to

lesser interests, and lessers, blink. Gone. For meaning is contained with a reference to a modernity, and if

art contains a meaning, it is with a reference to this modernity. Material, the significant with a reference.

66.

May

By what cause is this ideal. That a reference to beauty and a reference to divinity be received in

the same fashion, that the muscles of thought be turned to an accord with the senses. This I know

will meet an affirmation, I am predisposed to a genius, an idea. And if a logic reconciles the mind

and the sense, I am a convert to logic. For this ultimate stored will seek its validation in material,

this native ideal will find a defense within the general course of living. And if it be a universal, a native

ideal, what cause will force it to logic, what force will make it to reason? That a material reflect

this notion, in a time. Or either a native ideal qualify itself as merely small, valid but small.

I cannot speak for every reason and I cannot speak for every logic, their nature is specific to a living.

But a cause is enough to train a beauty given a spot, and a cause is enough to train a divinity, this

experience, that a notion in the first exist. A spot was in the first. And if a cause will stretch an

ideal, I am both, native and nurtured, to a life, this beauty and this divinity, and the other. With a

response in tow, for this will cannot sleep, and a logic is the nature of reconciliation. Reason, the forms.

67.

May

And if a church be made of logic, or either a museum
be made of logic, I have separated myself. For if

a material be an order, I am governed by what I know
of it, or either I am gardened by what I know of it.

I am lent to my own ascription. An institution, a
social cloud? Perhaps, this. That there be a store

for collective reference. But only an instant can I
suppose the facts of sociology, for the skeptic returns

me to myself, away, this ideal, to the logic of certainty,
this manner and experience. I will sustain such a

social logic, by these forms, for in so doing I shall
trust in a universe apart from my own, reason and

the needs of this body direct me to do so, but I am
called on another front, this philosophy of the mind.

For it be the certainty and the base of question, and
it be the foundation of skepticism and the ascension

of logic. Reason. Numbers and letters and forms
bounding and playing and resting. Forms connecting

and subjecting themselves to an inventory. Forms,
lending themselves to an imagination checking themselves

in the security of this sanctuary. I will return to this
church of reason as a point of regard to an other. And

I will suppose the day by the marriage of this internal
draft with the positivism of an other, a universe without.

68.

May

This that has no parts, universal. This which occupies every substance, and every substance which occupies

this, all. All. That it be known, that the path of a life carry the potency of its assumption, or either

I believe there will ever be an other. That a man can occupy every thought, every form and every word,

or either that a man is occupied by every. That a man can occupy every thought, every form and every

word, that he be aware of, or either that a man is occupied by every, that he be aware of. For if a boundless

had no parts, and with the assumption of my being, I would have no parts. And there would be no cause

for discern and no cause for free will, there would be no error and no regard, no history, not in a universe

without parts. And even to regard the nature of the form, 'universe' is to suggest itself as an other or

either a contradiction to myself. And there is no cause for discern with such a reference. All. And

if I flutter between an external validity and an internal validity it is because I must, for this is how I allow

an occupation and this is how I occupy, in a flutter. That a logic reconcile the universe without and the

universe within. For I must recognize two, in the least this. In the one a subject and in the other an object.

69.

May

For the fields of amber and the wind, the night
heavens, the meters of time, I cannot debate. And

the logic, this social reproduction of reason I cannot
debate. And the reason I cannot debate. It enters.

And I have made a place among each and I have
made a reason for the houses to communicate or

either expel or either operate in independence. And
if there be a cause for rumors among the two, it be

by the discord of learning. I am responsible. For
this lack of association or this lack of study or this

lack of experience, this measure of myself is a cause
for not knowing and I am responsible. But if there

be a joy and if there be a remembrance, if the sun
can still these tremors, if the moon, then I have

made a cause for continuance. The ends or either
the intermissions, the rests, they have sustained a

regard for yet an other. Prophet or either saint or
either friend, a cause for this emotion or either this

discern, this logic. This regard, this reason. The
substance of living is a cause. Material is a cause.

The representations of such have been programmed
to be such a cause. Words, mimetics, social substance,

poetry and the evidence of living, a cause. It enters.
And a return, to the northern forests, the summaries.

70.

May

The mediation between, the disinterested removal between. The universe between. It is enlarged, the sum of two becomes this object. And if I am put to an order, that the exact natures and the composite natures of each be represented in one larger, let this be the source of our disinterest. For a removal suggests a knowledge, one has been had, enough has been known, and there is a cause for ascension. My attention withers as a season, for this, redirected to an other, attention is but an instant unto an other. And if I am to know, this be enough to set it aside, and this be enough to warrant a new attention, lest a fixed material be the germ of my being. History is a cloud and I know it in a manner. Lest an introduction this day resuppose the past, I will continue to know it in a manner. But history is a cloud. And the introductions be the subjects of mediation, for an interpretation, the last, as well becomes a matter of history. Again. I am a witness to this imagination mediating the most recent certainty, and calling. Nominating a larger reflection, that, in the end, it be made to fit an order, that the subjects relate, every, in either shape or contradiction, in language, that a reason resolve the forms at once removed from nature. This disinterest will be a cloud.

71.

May

And the ordinary, the horses of mediation, never
a thought. The walls and the staples of being, the
instruments, never a thought, for a greater concourse
be had in its purpose. An ideal, an idea, reprimands
the ordinary. The substance of logic reprimands the
ordinary. And reason. For significance will govern
the forms, and this attention, and this activity. Art
is the matter of experience, and beauty is the matter
of experience, but a spot will animate this ideal. A
nature will animate a subject. A contest for becoming,
these ears, eyes, have been trained to recognize the
extraordinary among the forms. And among the
ideals, pragmatism, skepticism, a manner of selection,
for significance is a wandering entity. Favor, I shall,
and operate, I shall, by the manifests of the past,
this reproduction of consideration and this reproduction
of living. Elevating one above an other until it has
disposed itself or either held itself as a higher form,
sustaining. And with respect to the ordinary, carry
my thoughts among the good and the beautiful, -a
debt. And I will carry the ordinary in turn. The
articles and the sections, the infinite parts, I speak
by their foundation, and their allowance that an
extraordinary be prepared for. This significant regard.

72.

May

The stars, situated, stationed. I had no part in this, this theatre. This, an authority I dispense, for I am

given this power, the authority to recognize an other and the authority to recognize other authorities, that

a station be had for the stars away the source of my own. I breathe by such an allowance. But for

the stars I will nevertheless socialize them, animate them in constellations, and bring them to a science,

or either a poetry, nevertheless bring them. And if an authority be given to their conception, an idea

away, I will retain my consideration of them, this I have. The stars, situated, stationed. I had no part

in this material. And the forest. And the earth. I had no part in this material. I believe in an other,

for I am an effect, beauty and admiration, this concourse of liberties in some reference, the words, the laws,

the logic, reason, I am an effect. Even my causes be riddled with effect. This home, an effect to the

cause of this body, this breakfast. And the human natures, the artifacts of society, these asphalt arteries,

dams, airplanes. I am governed by a cause greater than my own, an other. And if such a cause be itself

governed, the limits of faith have made a reason of teleology. Or the limits of reason have made a faith.

73.

May

And the stars, that they continue to be, given a
night fog, and that they continue to be in the daylight

hours, I trust. I trust in a nature engraved in predisposition
and I call such a trust science. The pragmatism

of living is called science. Corrupt as my imagination
or either honest as my poetry, science. Brought to

words in the anthem of altruism or either brought
to only my own sense in the interest of a living in

a manner. Science, the entity of knowledge and the
entity of the forms, this I know of in any regard.

Including the concepts, including the arts, the mimetics,
the associations, the colors, the sports, the knowledge

of the human body, the knowledge of pause, the
knowledge of language, the knowledge of the stars,

the knowledge of this, all science. And its expression,
science, that I know an audience. And its reduction

of properties, that a phenomenon be reduced to a
handle, science. By which I will be made God, science.

By which I will navigate. By which I will nominate.
By which I will order. By which I will suspend a

disbelief. By which I will suspend a belief. By which
I create. By which I associate. By which I manage

a people or either not. By which I choose. By which
I manage myself. By which I entertain an other by.

74.

May

And if an aesthetic. And if a representation. If the forms are first recognized, and in the second, if the forms are re-presented, reproduced in an interest, for a public or either a self, a cause I have attempted, idea, brought to material. And let the fabrication of such, let the material be evidence of art, this spirited idea. A painting, let such a reproduction of an idea be the science of the imagination. And the art, given to a social in a frame with some reference to its first conception of the mind. There is a social delusion in receiving the material of another, for I do not speak this dialect, and the shapes, they are a separate something than this intent, nevertheless valued, though I am brought to another sense by your science. And if an aesthetic initiate some sense of being in this mind, and if a word, if a representation bring another sense, this I will suppose art. Imagined. And the products of imagination, associated material, referenced: works. Distinct, the ends of production, this socially produced material, and distinct, the conception of association, for the latter is progress and progressive, unfinished as this day. But merely a word, art, for the truth in becoming is a matter of the mind, in the first, and the material, an evidence of art given to the public regard.

75.

May

If this be so, that an art be the conception of creation,
if this be so, that a science be the entity of knowledge,

which is in the service of the other? Science is brought
to being by an art. In the first a conception, and in

the second, a mind for understanding and reproduction,
this science. And evidence, be it an exact representation

and an exact will of this conception, I shall call this
art as well, for it is good in its existence, limited by

this canvas, but its reflection respects its conception.
But the evidence is brought to a being by a knowledge,

a knowledge of history and audience and material, I
am aware, a past has made me aware, and this knowledge

I have contained in a well of service, a science I have
contained, that a material and an act accurately reflect

its conception, that it be good. Science, requiring a
history and a study. This canvas, requiring a knowledge

of lines and brush, and requiring a question, and another,
requiring a remembrance. That an evidence be the mark

of science, and the body necessary for the reproduction
of ideas, science. Art is an idea. But I will lend the

term to museums, these, ultimately, houses of science,
for art carries with it the notion of immediacy and

experience, and only a talented evidence will carry
an immediacy beyond its genesis. The science of art.

76.

May

And if an emancipation, if a knowledge be the
course of study, if a knowledge be the course of
liberty, if I grow old by this, a humanity I have
recognized. For the forms, kept by the museums
of memory, let them fly away. Let the forms drift.
In circles like clouds, and rain affecting, let the forms
come and return with only their own force. Let the
forms drift. I am made by these, the dialects of
freedom drifting, away and back. That there be a
utility in release and a utility in recognition spanning
a continence, spanning an association, and an allowance
governing a self governance. And if it pleases, a
beauty resting in between. And if it pleases, a rest
among the certainties. And what colors collide in
free association, and what aspects form a greater,
and what mention be not a regard for a one or either
an other, and what is special, what is not, the terms
of life are one spectacle among an other, and the
terms of living are a yard. And if a knowledge be
the course of study, and if a knowledge be the course
of liberty, I will be as correct as my mind for knowing
and as free as an age permits. Wandering as a word.
And be still, for one more arrives, this ferry approaches
like a moment spelling a newer accord now governing.

77.

May

Let them arrive, for I am prepared for force and
for a retrain. The will alights by the potentials of a

modernity struggled from the past, and the will
implies itself in recognition. Where becomes a time,

and where becomes a custom, a station is for this,
a vessel, this body, for a knowledge approaches and

I am made for this, or either I am made to pass, for
a greater certainty is revealed in a decline. A satisfaction

is recorded in a passing if this be my truth. And of
the order of greatness, I know many examples: a

tornado, a sun; and in its temper, a whisper, a rainbow,
a leaf. And of the order of greatness, I am put to

a decision, to match a form with an other, a comparison,
or either to make a new regard altogether, for I am

about a change, emancipated by this notion, that one
other yet exist. Again. And if the course of liberty

reconcile itself with the old, I am made, completed
as the past, I am put to a service of remembrance.

And if the course of liberty be familiar, I am once again
forced by the charge of history. But there is a gathering

newness, one which ever rests apart from post-temporalism
and post-modernity and post-positivism, and if there

be a cause for learning, it is in the protection of a body
that arrives in time or either lights in a response.

78.

May

Cosmology, the union of independents. There is the largest place of certainties, of mastery and

knowledge, this which holds the entities and the atoms and the suppositions, the theories, and the

entrails of thought, there is a governing force, to each their own, or either each their own deferral,

a map. And if I be a day older than the last, I will navigate as a skeptic in the midst of modern

winds and in the midst of social change. For yesterday was a matter of speaking and today, today is a

charge. I will suppose by the cosmology of before, I can only, for today has not been written. The

map of atoms and entities will be larger by day's end, and if reason be the cause for revisiting the

cosmos once a season, then reason it be. And if reason be the cause for revisiting the cosmos once

in a day, then reason it be. But if a path I lead or either if I be led by a path, then reason there

be, indeed. For a free navigation of the forms is not a cause for all, not at every instance, and a free

navigation is not supported by every reason. The bounds of beauty and language and education, and

the others, are often met with stops, for the day must end, and a sunset be a rest as any. I am aware.

79.

May

And what is solid? This material or either this
fascination. This discovery or either its announcement.

This object or either its representation. This subject
or either its correspondence. And if I am to govern

a will, and if I am to match a place, the solid will
reveal its own. In ease or either a storm, in a food

or either a poem, a beach or either a desk, the certainties
be those which refute an other. Standing as a purpose

unto themselves, and reliable across difference. In
a time I respected a nature filled with mountains

and stones and rushing water. In a time I respected
a nature with myself as a participant. In a time I

respected a poem of nature. And in a time I believed
that a city was natural. In a time. I cannot suggest

one moment over another, perhaps in a time, but I
cannot protect one solid given another, lest I separate

myself. I separate myself. I do not write a poem
by every city visit, and I do not declare a meadow

a fitting site for an institution. It is enough to pass
along a riverbed without wading, usually, and it is

enough to know my own, usually. What is solid? The
ambles and preambles of the imagination. By a material

or either its fascination. By a word. By a cause. This
is solid, this consideration has made it so. License.

80.

May

I am a contradiction. Behaving against a force and against an other. Shaped by an other defining the

course of a consciousness making itself large and making itself by the provisions of an other. I am a

contradiction recognizing a part be unto itself, with organs for attachment and organs for withdrawal,

in a service first to its own. And then an other, let the solids affect, this beauty, this justice, this other.

I will let the securities surround me, in a trust I will allow a protection. And if the day opens without

a temper I will set aside the covers of maturity and walk among the lights of friendship. I will trust in

the innocence of health and spirit, lakeside or either mountainside, beside a friend who can understand

that the nature of contradiction is a settlement of independents independing. And such a freedom,

reducing an other to equaldom without a fear, and reducing a nature to rhetoric or either supposing a

nature in rhetoric, I will be a question for the force which approaches. And I trust I am prepared for

equaldom, matching a purpose and matching a word. That by the limits of knowing one single

other, and by the limits of granting oneself to one single other, I am doubled. Secured in contradiction.

81.

May

And if a consciousness is to allow an other orbiting
its own station, that its affect be known or either

trusted to act in a manner, and if a consciousness
will suppose a sea of obstacles or either assistants,

that each be given a regard and a station, I am to
know the faculties of this day. That at its end, that

in the course of settlement or either travel I will have
relied upon the properties I have come to understand.

This lantern, this knife, this pen, acre covered in oak
and stone and moss, a home or either a path, I am

prepared for my own service. And if I am to regard
an instinct, if I am to whittle my imagination to the

truths which sustain a body, and if I am to reason
a position for myself among the forms, I am as responsible

for being as any object. Honoring oneself, honoring
one's subject in this matter consuming an intelligence

by taste and health, by defense and provision for a
future. One's subject is a matter of defense, and if

an other be given a regard, if material be given a regard,
if the senses continue to introduce and I am to acknowledge

such, this body be implied. And a thought, a consciousness,
that a history exist, that a philosophy exist, this subject

has ever been a matter of this body. Now smart and
introducing a future in language, mimetics. This other.

82.

May

And a reproduction implies a knowledge; a word,
a note of fantasy, yesterday's meadow, arranged

in the mind of the instant. A reproduction, a presence
among subject, a recollection, the material enabling

a thought is brought to a presence. And surrender
to this comprehension acting within, for this I know,

the tempers of society and the grains, the seeds of
yesterday. A context was had. And this memory

restores a place, an other, an other, that in their end
their passing is a library. To be had in a new contest

apart from the last, a reproduction, a knowledge
will succeed itself in the freedom of association and

in the rambles of speech. And as the wisdom of
turning the age of eighty first admires the wisdom

of ninety, and as the wisdom of literalism admires
a science to the forms, and as a poem will always

contain the aspects of something important, I too
am called to some admiration, some model, and this

is the substance of reproduction. What is important?
Indeed. For there is a natural selection to consciousness,

and this trained by the values of what I be, eighty
or either sensational or either the poet, remembrance

is governed by the substance of character. For this
which has brought me about this place is important.

83.

May

A history implies the qualities of this foreign before me. And in the course of arriving at knowledge I have come to know a path of approach. This absurd or either this without reference will be granted an association in a manner by which the past has been associated. A metaeducation, by the reflection of the process of learning, by the disposal of subjects and by the embrace of inquiry in the defense of one's liberty, nothing more, this has called me to an end. And this absurd or either this foreign without reference be an offense to my collected knowledge. It shows no bounds and has no social reference, no name, it be an offense to history. And with a test and with a worksheet, with a voice, a step I take, in the interest of consuming an other without parameters. For the day will return one more absurd and one more evidence without reference, and if not a thing else I will in the least have a record of my own presence in its company. I am offended and I can muster no defense, I can throw no will upon an entity as disembodied as this. And I can muster no reproduction aside from my own contemplation. This is as I was and I carry not an arrow to direct an attention nor a bench to sit before it, for there is only a mass of hegemonic potence, undefined.

84.

May

The last, undefined, and if given a reference it be
by my own position. I am a thirty and some years
into this life, having past hegemony it now be in
my corner to throw at the social in institutions and
language, in change I will pass along a certainty and
call it an ideal. This form which collects other forms
is an ideal, separated by the last in the least by the
reason that this generation must elect a mark. In
the social, the language of sensation and form, will
be given a closer account by mine own experience.
The burden of honesty will be the matter of mine
own, to consume this which has become a truth,
and to irritate the inconsistent. To discern and to
represent the qualities of this turning. An age is
upon me, the likes of comprehension and studentry,
and politics, whereby the elevation of spirit, this
once contained in the oceans and in the clouds, in
a nighttime galaxy, be now contained in a social
ordinance of which I am granted a control. By this
method now improved, by the expulsion of the least,
the matter of identity surfaces. This body represents
a control, some manner will affect, and another, to
discern. The forms are matched by their representation,
and balance, this before me, finds itself in the social.

85.

May

For there is material at the ends of sensation, and there are forms at the ends of logic. Gathered in the substance of consciousness as ends, this will be understood before I am to rest. And if there be a balance among the social by the disregards of ultimates and fantastics it is because I have settled for a position of withdrawal. The limits of social comprehension are painted in religion and academia and institutions, but what I want to know begins among the liberties of exploration. And if I am to walk as an administrator of laws I am allowed to inquire of material and logic, their ends, if I am to pay my respects to the social the social will allow this. For there is no expense to an inquiry ungoverned, lest it tax the social settlement. Responsibility, to the word and to the institution and to the religion, the social accounting of God, responsibility in the earliest to existing material and logic, this will fall in a line with the ultimates and fantastics, it must or either the social is in a jeopardy. For the forms before me will defend a truth, I am trained to this, and the ends, speculation, lest they become a matter of knowledge implying yet one greater. The riddles are revealed in steps. The social is revealed in steps.

86.

May

And what beginning? What was the first mark of consciousness? What substance, what form trained me upon an other? A sound? An awareness of the physics of this body? A color? Speculation. For to presume a beginning, to presume an awareness is to presume the moment by which life enters. And the withdrawal of the same is to presume a death. A universe of form has become me from an instant and I can expect its advertisement beyond, and I can expect its closure. By the ends of sense and by the ends of the vehicles of mimetics, I am lost to the dark evers, or either I am lost to a cognition which no longer receives nor sends, suspended in an infinite quandary or either peace, suspended in the memory of its making, this mind will circle. Speculation. And what beginning is a charge to living? One bright, one with a potency of order, one with a force which matches mine own and leads me one greater, one affirming. Before and after, speculation, indeed. For no science is the composite of eternity and no art can defend this which supersedes the memory, not credibly. But this surface in between of gravity and sand and moss and cloud, this land and this character, it be the matter of honesty, and if it lends itself to an after, then it were.

87.

May

But I live by speculation. That the forms and their interpretation will animate a suspension one stage forward. The introductions and the logics of living reinforce a conception of goodness, an ideal which, within a larger governance, stays the nature of timeliness. That all within a moment will be received, that the important will return in a sweep. Pantheism will animate a life, a food, a shelter, or either the tendencies of monism will reduce everything to this which sustains a framed character, or either the elevated sense of monism will recognize the integrated nature of its composition, that the whole be the sum of its parts, and that I, this body and this knowledge, this intuition, be a matter of everything, one form representing a mark of something. I live by speculation. I am no automaton. And the manner of living, this enlarging itself in free associations and science, and this marking itself in originality, in the faith that there be an other, or in the least that there be a history, this manner of living is a testament to some thought stretched beyond a material. And put to words: I am more than an instant, I must be, I must be a legacy and an idea transcending a time. For I have seen an evidence deteriorated, and this body is this, evidence. Passing with an age.

88.

May

What a day has brought, suspended in a memory,
then changed by the force of an other. A memory

answered. For I can believe in one manner or either
another. And the last will be supposed by modernity

traveling in social intercourse and traveling among
the pleasures, the tastes, and traveling. The circles

continuing sweep upon the last and consume them
as a reference. This will explain this, if I consider

it in a fashion, and this will turn an action, if I consider
it in a fashion. The forms have been had by this

ego now entering a new season asking a something
of the last, -intuition and guidance, general senescence,

age. And if a wisdom has arrived, a word was but
a word, marking this unmarked and unflattered being.

Call it by a sort, regardless, for its substance exists
apart from its calling, and an interpretation hovers

as a cloud, shifting, from infancy to retirement, if a
wisdom has arrived, this I will hold among the few

transcendent aesthetic principles. What a day has
brought I now define, in the interest of operations and

socialisms, and if it be enough to remain until tomorrow
it will have stood a test, and if it be enough to ground

an idea, it will have secured itself in language among
the other socials. And if it were arbitrary, no longer.

89.

May

And on. Cognition whorls beyond its ground. The matters of fact support an archaeology of certainty

and the arrows after lead to a whorling inquisition. To ends that all be set to a service, all will be given

its position. All. And if I awake with an untold aspect, a science I set upon, leaving a trail of art and

a trail of lectures in one day arriving at a peace whereby its reason will speak for itself. For a knowledge will

do this, pass itself along the social wheel. That in a day the lessons of this object will entertain independent

of my being, if it be important in any spirited case. And the subject, a matter of cognitive reference, an

arena of applications and mastery and beauty, this object will be had, if it be important. Possession, the

transcended subject of subjects. Possession, the transcended object of humanity. To be put to toolism, or another

acceptable worth, beauty, enterprise, entertainment, this object will be put to a possessive worth. In a

subject whorling, struggling to forget, this object is a constance. Perhaps the ends of admission is forgetting

all, that if everything were devalued there would be an eternal rest in store. For I cannot remember a meditation

which was not a matter of some sense of responsibility, and I shall return until a knowledge whorls itself to rest.

90.

May

And if the principle be rest, that a contract known
as ideal be the satisfaction of having known and

having established a position for each the marks
of living, an age will be the source of reconciliation.

Whereby the forms of mystery and the excitement
of interest and the sense, whereby the word has

at once become common and the art become arbitrary,
whereby this ground science favors no more want

and whereby enough is known, just enough, this,
the ground rest. This, the foundation of speculation

and the introduction of a consideration of the limits
of this body. I shall now admire the immortal

forms, the presumably immortal, the likes of stars
and forests, the likes of stone and space, and the

likes of perfection, a knowledge, certainty, the birth
of an idea and its validation. This sense will rest,

in a day, no question, this principle will rest among
the material representations of this living, framed

only by this cognition. Equal with the rest, nevertheless
framed. Immortal, as a memory. At once stored

and called upon. And if this mind be put to a rest
there is no certainty that an other has been. There

is not the mark other than this imagination, lest a
faith be a mark, and by this I can suppose an immortal.

91.

May

Hear this wind. Touch this water, this sand. If
it were but a composition of this mind, existing

in one higher consciousness, no matter, for a pleasure
is also supposed from the same source. A character

is supposed by the forms in this consciousness, be
it contained or either its own end. Speculation. The

pragmatism of knowing a material presumes its introduction
be original. The operative notion of logic supposes

that this material be the first, and its associated
knowledge be the first, that a faith be the first. This

is the greatest ideal I can muster, a synchronicity with
the logic of living with a regard to the elements and

the forms undistracted. Likewise a social is empowered,
that a several existing triple the force of being, if they

are to negotiate a common threshold for experience,
this language, this meaning, this interpretation. Settled

among the foothills in farms and orchards, a manner
allows for the several, the forms allow for a several

if their reception be negotiated, standardized. And what
boredom becomes amid the social, that in the ideal

of a social doctrine, little is left for the individualism
of first exposure. That a book and a school be the

limits of research, that a museum be the limits of art,
that a corporation be the limits of ideas. What force?

92.

June

An attachment I become, to a living in reference to a social. And if the urgency of individualism rises to a new matter, a new important, the social is at once at hand to receive and to absorb. Carry the individual as a hero or either a prophet, carry the individual with a social esteem for a grace revealed, and back to the natures of social living, with gardens in rows, with children in schools, fitting the frames of attachment to the products of liberty. An attachment I have become, by the forms, them personal, and then with an upon that a social has already met this course. And if an insanity prefers an isolation or either an absurd, and if an independence prefers an isolation or either an absurd, I will be the both. With a structure of mine own, elevated, because the burden of these forms, their attachment, be a matter of mine principle, better naked and in this trust than among the exploits of professorship and capitaldom. Protection by a possession. This form and this ideal, this attachment will die prepared for social ends, but I am a hermit, for I know something, I know the cause of social deformity, that this trust becomes the substance of greed. And if I be the stop for knowing a negative potency, then I shall be the stop, for this individualism is urgent.

93.

June

The germ, I make of myself. Whereby the forms are mastered and the colors lend themselves to an other.

Education, outward. This time was spent in knowing, and now, outward, that I now be a cause, I be the

concern, and the forms, these entities of a domain be the photons of them by my allowance. And now,

the matter be heteroglossia. That a social be recognized in the first, and my position, voluntary. That a social

be an other attending to an interest, one I hold. And with the speck of attention, let the knowledge and

the answers run. And with the speck of attention, navigate the social, for it is not the same in every

interest. This knowledge I contain be fixed, though its reception meets the experience of every other,

translated and confirmed, transferred, in a language and in a manner. The forms are transferred in a

manner with respect to an other. Brother or either child or either old man or either colleague or either

stranger or either senator or either priest. The forms are managed in a fashion with a respect to an office.

And, too, I be an office, representing a something shaping a social knowledge and shaping a science.

For I have become in a way, and this knowledge be its representation, and to you, and to you, a manner.

94.

June

A germ. Traveling among the many, representing.
I have been fired by time, hardened, and now a

stone will speak. In a walk, in a dialect, in a respect
to this body and its history, I shall represent. And

if a study ends, that I have reached a tipping point,
outward I shall become, in discriminations and separations

and properties and pragmatics and ideals and
principles and the else. And if I hold to a one, that

some atom will remain mine own, that one form be
marked as personal, vaulted it will be, voluntarily

among the core of this which is I. And if the else
be public, grounded by a regard to a center, travel

it shall, once attached and now lent to the contest
of social living. But the symposium of thoughts is

restrained, this germ is a matter of instances, to be
sent only to those which will receive it in a manner

consistent with the philosophy in which it was arranged.
Or either abandon a knowledge in a poetry, in a hymn,

scattered to the social winds in reckless faith. No.
A science is had of art, of mimetics, of germdom,

that a nature be known of audience and context, that
there be affective forms other than this subject I

hold, and there be affective forms away. And if the
conditions allow, this element, this subject, be proud.

95.

June

Whereupon the social is activated. That an answer
return to this. This. And if silence be an expression,

that a separation was had between this knowledge,
this form, this social introduction, and its response,

again a sense takes a hold. For the limits of knowing,
and the limits of exchange, they become excited in

a union. And good, for having known a thing, and
good, for the allowance of enlargement. The forms,

they are to assume an identity among my language,
and if an identity be limited, allow its maturity in

the grades of life. But recognizing its flawed character,
it is not enough to forgo language, this identity will

suffice in some corners, as others spend a capital in
the exaction of representation, of words, this meaning

and this identity evolving. The operatives of thought,
the forms whorling and shaping their separate flags,

there be a need for distinction, this identity relies upon
its character, this measured in quality and quantity,

and by its productions and reproductions. This is
how I know, lest I am animal, without a question, lest

I am advanced, where if there be an instant of curiosity
I am to assume a choice, in silence by a history or

either in language by authority. And steady the charms
of becoming, for all is not a matter of this instant.

96.

June

The provisions of certainty reconcile the inconsistent, or either erode a validity of being. And if truth be a matter of subordination, I am not proud, not if a nature supposes this will, and not if an other be retained in a service. For a science depends upon the independents, flying beyond a control and flying beyond this language. I will match independence to a word in a day, and if this age has supposed a certainty, I can imagine a new form of independence assuming another form, in the same spirit of before but by another association. And if such a thought tunes my senses beyond reason, that big ears and eyes, sensitive skin, if this becomes me, I shall consider myself abandoned to the forms brought to a bearing by the voice of a social compassion. The faculties of reason, the universities of geography, these have minded my interest. I do not deny the relevance of socialisms, nor the relevance of parties and minor interests, I am elevated by the notion of a competitive social, nor am I reduced by an independence. I am stretched by a reason, the provisions of certainty allow this. And the course of being suggests a reason be the cause of discern and the cause of preference. And compassion, reason be a cause for this ideal.

97.

June

What reason do these forms become? A channeled history and an association to this place. This reason is by the forms, them consuming in the most, them connected to taste and self preservation, a catalogue will be made of modernity, first in an exacted study and followed by a disinterest. And this social, the fall backwards upon disinterest, that all a sense could muster was made of this object, and now, a throw to the perils of socials and experts, for an alternative and an injection of a separated context. And if a return to the primary be a compromise to the social, that this was forgotten, and this was disregarded, prematurely, a separated disinterest is severed, that I will know an object, I will know the one, if its body intersect this life. And the subject? A profession be made of inquiry into a possession of this sort, a life be constructed around this form and its associated logic, its language, its social affect, that the like spell and dispel. And if the word be enough to carry a social interest or either directed disinterest, authority I become, amid the caverns of directed thought. This subject will carry an office. Upon a hill, or either within the walls of a city hall, or either its fascination will be retained in this interest which only the object can manage.

98.

June

And in a day a severance will be had. That the subjects,
them drifting as cognition, a collection of variables

and causes, the source of union and the else, that
they will retire. The forms will retire by this memory,

bound by the years. Utility, gone. To a greater disinterest
sheltering itself as unknown. I shall pass, as a season,

forgetting the last. I shall pass, as a word, into the
library walls. A greater form shall consume this body

by a severance. In the first, all, once again as infancy.
And this be all the speculation I have for an ultimate

severance, that a new beginning introduce another
other. Or either the forms will rest, indeed, in neither

light nor dark, in neither cold nor warm, in neither
bad nor good. And if this be the nature of ends, a

finality without struggle, a stone universe, I am cornered
to mention my existence will not be severed by a

popular notion. And if I am to become the other,
an administrator of introductions, I will in the least

know the mind of severance, that a past was had,
in some sense, and this which remains, a body unifying

the most recent beginning with the uncertainties of
a more modern speculation I will consider a truth I

am sure. And this, the first form, a truth marrying
a speculation to an existence. And then the last.

