

W I N T E R B O U R N E

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Time is winter, hushing with the asides of pause. I
remember the cause of nature, its rest and its change.
In one day I will be looking out again, at a covered

lake melting into springtime. In one day I will be patient
again, knowing that all things are recycled. All things.
And the frost upon the solid earth, the crystal breaths,
the urgency of errands, it arrives again as the last. I
am prepared for time. And onset, with a brushing

pause, darkness is announced, and cold tucked in wool,
pine crackling, and the thoughts, a purge. Release, to
the creations of security. The season has its artifacts
and language, the season has its courage, and after

the first it will have its outlook, when these anchors
allow the first hint of futures. It will arrive again, a

confidence will arrive after this settlement. Spring
is next, history has told me this, with its wind and
rain, with a colorful face and with an imagination. But
I can only see through one moment now, sometimes

wishing for an end to the still day buried in wool, and
sometimes forgetting to wish. In one day I will be patient
again at the reluctance of change. Time is winter. And
the asides, that all things are recycled, it is enough to
begin the questions once again. After a pause. After

a pause. For there must be something among this wind,
there must be a lesson in this dormancy, or either this

year will be the last, no longer a host to springtime,
and no longer the quarter of the clock which passes,
only passes, without memory, as a stage, nothing else.
Tomorrow I will begin remembering the nature of this.

It is not a problem, the winter in coat and scarf. The distance atween home and this away. I am prepared for the biting steel, the frozen earth, and the visions, how they turn in to a thought. As if an isolation, any isolation be the match of dreams and liberties, indulgence.

Oh, to carry oneself, the steeps, the legs will burn in any season, to amber. I am warm remembering the coffees of morning, the cinnamon french toast, the daily

news. And the weather, no matter really, for after the fifteenth it is the same, requiring the same. And the forest, how it watches back, how it waits. The wooded lane inviting. Not today, I am directed today, with purpose and mittens, with cheeks holding back grin. I will pass. And a civilization, steaming among a horizon, smoking as if it were producing something.

People come together for several reasons: for love, for money, for a specialized lifestyle, for fear of isolation.

I cannot know the purpose of every, speculation it is. Though after a mile I can say that I wish to test an idea if nothing more, among the elders still young enough

to realize social purpose, and to realize any good aging requires some mention of weather and chill. And that is reason enough, if only a thought, that a representative struggle will qualify me for some higher debate. Winter mile, the thought is not enough, for the imagination is a product of this. The bitter air. The paces. The sound

of wind against a coat pulled around the neck. How it absorbs me. How it qualifies me. And the sun, at an offset noon, as high as the season allows, like my shoulders, drawn, and protecting a warmth. Protecting.

The time is enough to retire by. So many revolutions,
so many cycles, and I am the only uncertain part of

this establishment. I have grown old seeing the returns
of seasons and years, the golden leaves of autumn
falling to a rest. A part of me falls. And it returns as
the days grow once again. Cycles return. But this attitude,

and this soul, that it will develop, that it will continue
upon a death? Speculation. I have my confidence,
indeed, for all the matters do return. That I be a segment
falling among some greater organism in some greater
season. But certainty in this, it is a faith. Certainty

in the matters of eternity, and certainty in the character
of eternity, it is a religion. Profound, and enough to
forget the limits of this body, if only an instant. The

circles beneath me, the source of it all, for I have witnessed
a many changes falling back upon themselves, I have grown
in the confidence of expectations. And the matters of
the mind, they too swirl in circles, touching upon each

of the processes of knowledge. And rolling in a day
of returns, this is the confidence of belief, that my singularly
focused life, at an end it will have expected that it,
too, will be a matter of reproduction. As a first leaf
in a springtime, how it assumes a responsibility. And

I will assume another responsibility, as a charge to one
cycle greater, the service of living in respect to a weather,

a current, the service of living as an answer to a cycle.
And in the briefs of living, I will have been confident,
in the truths of daybreak followed by another, and in
the truths of regeneration, seeming death, and regeneration.

And to the humors of nightism, I see you stone, colored
in dreams, trespassing dreams. I am reluctant, as a

word of praise, as a word letting go, I am reluctant in
sleep. And in the twilight, I am reluctant. That a carriage

of thoughts be too casual for friendship and discern,
for forgetting. I cannot forget the haunts of the imagination,

and I cannot forgive the associations, this which will
not part with a nature which provides a house and food

and comfort. I cannot forgive the impracticalisms of
emergence myths and the strains of dictates which force

a cooperation. I cannot forgive a force. Nightism, it
is something other than memory, how it continues and

how it reinforces, or either how it draws from this soul
at its empty times, how it challenges as a question.

Allow this peace, or either tell me of sounds I have
not heard, in increments, always in increments as you

do. I will graduate to not caring in a day. I will graduate
to the community of individualism and self service in

a year, in a decade, a lifetime. And if you startle this
spirit, supposing it will not forget, and if you become

the faith of quality, and if you become the arrangement
of principle, 'why' I will ask. I am reluctant, as a conservator,

a wind. As a force I am reluctant to match the calls of
this which once assumed an inspiration I can only speak.

The light traveling, the short breaths. The cause of snow, of clouds, of passing fronts. The colors, the starts, of early setting suns. The rise of darkness, westward,

across winter parks turning to ink. The patience and the alternative embrace of night. The contradiction. The contradiction. The spell of quiet, the poems racing and turning, the poems bundling experience. The poems considering the next. And a walk to the fountain, a

pass, this time covered in steel. The life shut down in winter street light silence, and a wind shifting the

virtues to wool. The certainties. The bells, the train, how it stops. I wait. The winter midnight passing, how a watch knows so little. How a good turn will be enough to last the elements. The warmth of good

turns. And the restless, the restless age, the restless thoughts, all to one. The hearty attitude, to grow strong

in knowing the cause of December, the bite of weather, that there is no matter which will be greater than the sting of good fortune. The bread, the coffee, there will

be another. The light traveling now, coloring a city. The Dusted city. The dusted church. The colors, the daybreak, the rolling wheels of the fortunate. I am fortunate. The rolling wheels. The dampened lives

acrossing the street, huddling, the talking, the passing by. The intentions, the hard asphalt, I wish you not a thing but well, I wish you nothing. The cold, how it returns, the swells of cold and city winds. The sounds of living in some manner. Living in some manner. The night, how it passed into this, I remember this as well.

Religion and science, them both, the poetry, the numbers.
The knowledge of passages, of human development,

the spirit of letting go, the want. Desire, the good, this
innate and this profound. The letters. Professions

and confessions, digressions. The profane and dignity
and time. A friend, with little more than want, direction,

and cause. I will allow social cause. I will allow the
afternoon of carpet naps and banter. The sunbeam,

and physics, testimony, metaphysics. Art, sleepless
art, restless art, thoughtful art. The colors, the evidence

of experience. The technology, that a fire exist in this
home, in this life. That a sound qualify an ideal, that

a wind. And gravity, oh, this song, the trees, the images,
the water. And institutions, how they roll by a social

intellect, how they qualify a pressure, how they maintain
an order. There is no force to this which I believe, not

a mile nor word, there is not a presence to this knowledge
that occurs, there is a thing which just is. A birth, the

home, the city night from hilltop, the courage of living
with a faith or either antifaith with its own order. The

incomparable universe, its thought, a paradigm, and
a luck. The strings of attachment, we are of the same,

the strings, the mechanics of knowledge. And a time
to consume it outright or either sip at the silence of it.

Listless wit, how it arrives, with the unusual and with the profane. The ugly, how it arrives in time for age. The start of change, I am prepared, but I will not pass upon my youth, it will be cement. The foundations of

courage. I know desire, for the last of it continued through a silence and tender wind, an imagination. Streaming, as a thought, the waste of remembering, the want of

remembering. And pass it by, there are no longer the mercies of being among likeness, and there are no longer the mercies of routines. What responsibility? The day is a charge. I remember the day begun in favorite shirt and I remember its fascination. The relief. The relief.

Some wits will never change, lest I become a something other, lest I step beyond maturity. I step beyond. With

the developments of history, I know reason. I have a reason for listlessness and recognizing the character of events. How age arrives, how reason arrives. Humor me maturity. And I am to understand as a word, this put to a language. The meaning of rhythm. The pass

of silence, its importance. And the books, the time, the moments, how a certainty is but a word. How a certainty arrives with an index to youth and adolescence and the experience of death. How a cause is the source

of questions, and how it all somehow will reflect a one greater enchantment. A one greater. And to let it pass, like a spell and like a good poem, for it will return. And

then gone like a summer color. But I have no disappointment and I was only reserved as an intermediate to knowing that one turn deserves another and I will watch if nothing more.

As if every day were recorded in some electronic university.
As if the sounds, the breaths, that it all were a matter
of categories. And love, its access were a faith given

a ticket. And joy, and appreciation, aesthetics, that
it were all a matter of faith. It will be the same by the

orders of the night, swaddled in quilt and remembrance.
And if the cast of characters, mine own, that they were
a cloud, and that they were tempered by the toils of
their becoming, and then passed on to an electronic
university, that it were all an electronic university, all

of the birdchants and actions, the species, them all a
matter of some greater public. The celebrated snow
waist deep, and charted, white and by my reference,
yes, a waist deep powder. And the sky, charted, there

is a governor who knows this. The electronics of living
and the language of records. And free will among the

nature, that I be composing rather than performing, that
I program virtue and pleasure, and the holes within,
that there be a place for spontaneity, this allowance.

As if every were a matter of electronic revelation and
electronic substance. Numbers and code and categories
of thought. I will know the gifts of yesterday by their
mark upon the stars, insight, a galaxy, free will, a cosm,

and a trail of electronic yesterdays streaming liberty
and association and human development, for I am not

done developing. And in a word, love will be charted
in lights, to be sustained by this which it was revealed,
experience. And in a word, love, I will compose the next.

A place for history, sheltered among the winter willows
and among the meadow tines, brown and frosted.

Among natural age, how it crosses the day, history,
how it crosses. And the land, it testifies, and there

would be no remembrance were it not for change, the
type spanning the seasons, and the development of
social worlds. The language, how a word is now a something

other than its introduction, the indications of life, a
building, a market, of local lumber, I remember when
there was nothing but a sunflower field in its place. Nothing
but. And now, a middle age has happened, the rapid
approach of cause, the cycles, them predictable, them

passing and succeeding the next. And this which once
learned will now teach and learn once again the value
of history and origin. And I will know the color of faith
and determination, I will recall the time when I was

spotlessly told everything I needed to know, and in a
perspective this was truth, not truth entire, but it was

an engagement of a type of thought, a beginning. And
if there were an explanation to this settlement of history,
I will have known its roots were with those people
dear to me, them poets pointing at the evidence with
no less the passion than certainty. And if I could have

known. And if I could have known. No longer this.
A place for history, shelved and sheltered, for it is worth
protecting, the nature of thought. By the word of the

breaking clouds, and by a life, a life, a life. How it passes
through these thoughts. And how it always gives itself
something to compare to, like an animal, an animal wind.

I shall not worship the moon. I shall not worship the clouds, the midday heat, the forms of water. I shall not make law by personal ambition, I shall not make

law. I shall not believe in a nature without its evidence. I shall not worship the sun, nor the consistencies, the rhythms of time. But I can only acknowledge that I am

of a form myself, and I can only acknowledge the needs of this body. I can only acknowledge that the thoughts, as they return, and go, and return, that they are of some

relationship to this. A thought. But I shall not worship a thought, a starry sky, a winter forest. I shall not worship a pattern nor mathematics. I shall not worship harvest

nor dance, nor religion, nor social entrapments. And if I become aware, if I am to see, to imagine the collections of history, the way a stone is cut by water and the way

the dunes travel left to right, the way a morning is as gradual as a glacier, I shall not worship. And the social, if it creates, and if it reinforces a manner of living, if there

is a call to progress or happiness, or either a call to be a member, or either a call to remain free and liberated, I will be the opposite, or either I will close my eyes in

wish. But I will not wish. I shall not learn too much. I shall not worship knowledge, or a knowledge, nor method nor principalship. I shall not compare the

facets of nature to the facets of experience. I shall not call myself nature. And if a word I resemble, I will change like change itself, becoming a something vast and different.

Alight! A throw to the northern morning! Advance, a wind, a bitter sense brushing clouds aside. White and feathering. And the earth, frosted kein snow. What chill becomes the day of obligation, and then nothing more. Biting chill and iced windows and reluctance. Oh, the reluctance! This which sets me as a something other. Of a late autumn mind ever, of trees and thoughts turning to brown, to ash, and then this which is closed. But I am not closed, only hardened in spirit and hustling to service, to service, I. The day, measured in breaths and seeds I will in a season pass to this earth. When change will be the bear of forgiving. When change will inherit the northern chills and the needs, when change will be the grace of living. And I, to manufacture change amid the monochromes and the birdless days, it is all a seed and in a season... in a season... When the metaphors will pass into green. Then. But alight! The morning passing, it is a call for dress and preparation. For watch and witness and for habits. The din of winter. I am aware. Of the quiet earth responding to rest. And by a hobbled noon I will have borrowed a patience from the season, settling in, to a wait. Myself settling into a passing moment knowing a wind and knowing a direction of change. For from this becomes. With a reservation.

Beyond the standards, the greetings: the metainterpersonalisms.
Contact as a higher substance, this cognitive connection
framed in interest. We are separates, indeed, though

togethered we be, partnered in interest. And surrounding
cause, making a poetry of problem and deception and
life whorls. And power and action and comparing time,
its travels. How I come to know an afternoon, and what
I make of peace and urgency and responsibility. Indeed,
we must be chosen for this union. And I bring to this

an open life, these struggles, a cosmology, a diet, the
interests of the heart, they are a matter of this. And
we, forward once again, unioned by this which stabilizes
our relationship, our corporation, our establishment.

Beyond the tethered bounds of acquaintanceship, reason.
Honesty, of pilgrims and their progress, their histories,

reason enough for an anthropological mind, or either of
a mind of mere acceptance and leadership. That from
this event forward, we will lead our own in mutual respect,

sustaining lines and maturations, and dispelling the
nonpleasures and the barbarisms that are quick to be
recognized by some other source. And if the span of
our force among our own should end, may we rest in a
cafe somewhere upon this earth or elsewhere in easy

debate over the title of this emerging tome. For all the
riddles will be solved upon our retirement wearing plaid

and sipping americanos and italianos and jupitanos
and the rest. But in the first, this, to live with questions,
with questions and interest. To live aside the defiances
of protohistories, for we are much older than this, metafriend.

Just a rain, and then freezing upon surfaces. Upon the walk, the grass, the skeleton trees, crystal, all a change to this ennobled sense moving in slow walks and watch. How the nature of the day will arrange these actions,

this thought. For in the first I had no inclination to the winter day, I was resolved to a normal start, and in the turn, I am to measure differently. Among this I am affect, now flexed to a frozen rain and clouds low to

the bare earth remaindered with the last of a snow collapsing by the undersides and the uncommitted cool. And occasional drops of ice upon earth, by the eaves, the branches, mailboxes warming a degree. Quiet in muted

sounds and echoes, just a rain. Stop. And frozen upon a contact. How I enjoy a departure from the typical, in truth, in truth, that if I raise my arms to those first responsibilities, only if, or either spend a day aware

of nothing greater than the automations of collective worth. I am simple, or either simpler than a collection, I must be. Simple enough to stop in any case when nature stops. And simple enough to let, the forest

respond to change in the midst of a changing season. And simple enough to let, the earth return to ice. Today is not for me. Just a rain, and then freezing upon surfaces. And sunless for the clouds. And cold enough, just cold

enough. How a front will change this day, its position among the social. How a cause will find its way into the imagination and back again. With a let, to it all, this before me in the least. Coming down in echoes.

Stop.

And if this social reflects a technology, a technique, advancing in time, may the metaphors travel with the thoughts. This social will evolve, outwardly indeed,

there is evidence, but inwardly, the psychology of a want, a cause, it will be the mass of history and reason. Psychology, this consistent with the teams of civilization and progress, the substance of common law and attitude, the stabilizing feature of social intercourse. And to

think not too deeply, the bounds of affirmations and the returns of belief, there is a substance to the confines

of this shaped by a physical earth, an environment. And time, this collaboration of experience and cosmology, a union of the two undeniable aspects of living, this internal, and this external. This open winter meadow

upon a sundown, changing to monochrome and to black and to moonlit. And this memory, this belief, the collections of this life, assorted and changing to monochrome and

to black, and again uplifted by the atom of believing in a continuum. The conjunction of the affords of a social living, the inventions, the prescriptions, it is all a matter of entertaining the symbols, and it is all a matter of reproduction. Put to language. I will think in the

dialect of forms, this transferred from a physical world to the personalisms of belief. And outward again, in a story of existence and a measure of worth. And if a

language partners a balance between information and a cause, it will have served a purpose to be called psychology and the health of existing. And I will speak for my own of the troubles and the fascinations. I can only speak for this.

Institutions put to language. The marks of experience, cause recorded in metaphors and nature and time. Emotions, how they travel in longhand belief. Cursive syllables, a manuscript reflecting all that has passed, all that I know, the sounds, the sense, and this of the mind, the noetics of life. And if there be an air to significance, I will know it by its readiness for the page, a symbol, a mark, I know it as something and spend a paragraph representing. And I will be my very own audience, upon an end, I will be the last. For this is my domain, with illustration, occasional, if this be my favor, or either the

barren chords of plaid poetry, if this be my favor. Institutions, them all, remembered as I wish, for time is censored or either true, and I will know. A place for blasphemy and urgency and calls to action and enlightenment, and a place for the radiance of thought, the streams of intelligence, and the marksmanship of problem solving in penmanship. The pen! It is as mighty as want. Black upon light and meaning drawn. Tomorrow this page may not be long enough for exact reference, but tomorrow is another date marked beneath another title. This idea, that it continues as theme, an institution of form. I will show that I am

educated. I will prove to no contrary being that a word will be the match of this love and this leaf, or either the match of inspiration or boredom. I will prove truth is beneficent for one hundred years beyond its word, or either I will ennoble lies without consequence. I fear no consequence by these graphs and calligraphs, lest disinterest follow, but even if the social, this mind will not be settled by the nonimmediacies of ramblings and incontinence. For I know that a greater message be sent by the productions of a whole body, that an institution is the matter of change revealing itself in the next, next.

In the beginning the stars had no strings, and the moon, it was a fantasy. The constellations, they were mine, they were the associations of childhood. And no further was the contest, there was not a beginning in the beginning, and if there was a lust, it was a soliloquy or either a

distraction. For this which bears my quarters, it was not round nor famous, and its character was a matter

of joy. And in the next the atmosphere was revealed, that this place had made an offer, this place had been completed. And if I return, to the ideas that existed before the day of my birth, those manifest destinies and

expansionisms, the calls to space. Allness. What maturity will allow a containment and what privilege is it that rests in the mid of life. In the next, a universe will be

the mind, that there is no proof of a universe away, not actually, just a faith. Or either there is no proof of myself, not actually, just a faith. Just a faith, the matter I be. That a two be the verses to account for the dimensions, one of faith and its associated principles, and one of measure, of physics, of science. That the grounds of

living be their intersection. Emerges practicalism, instrumentalism, emerges thought married to physical constructs and constructs separated from this origin. And I grow weary near an end. That before the onset of those adultisms,

there was a mind of rawer beauty which elected no bounds. It was only in the miseducations of general living that an uninhibited and unconditional appreciation of this away was pushed aside. Oh, reflections! How they draw one from the present. How I am told. How I am sequestered by the last. But I return. I travel a life for this.

The winter night monochromes, the sounds, of corn snow touching down in white noise. The shaded trees accepting the season, how it covers. And silence, that even the nature has its rest. How a moonlight will find its way through

nature at an end. I understand the specks of winter, how they allow the consistencies of everyseason, and

trust, in those things spanning and connecting. I understand the light, how it overcomes, how it connects. And travel not too far, in the belief that I will one day shine upon the worldly phantoms, the seasons, the clouds, them

passing. They impose as they will, but I, I will settle a science in poetry, and I will settle a place into order.

The cold, how it becomes these fingers. It was all of a cold at first. And the chill, how it abbreviates a thought. Severing thought, the wind, blowing specks of winter and blowing light. I am settled by light, I. For I remember

its alternature, its character, its reliability. And if a profession is called to illumination, it is mine, in winter

wool and daydreams, in ego, for I can, I shall. And if a cause be reluctant or either assertive, I can, I shall be the doctor of its course. And passing, eastward as it does, swirling snowdunes in a wake. And rest. The light

reveals this, white upon sleeve upon wool. And the sounds, of whistles across stark trunks and forests and

the open. The open anything. I know this from experience, and I understand, that a word will be the mark of light, a star through night cloudholes. And cold like remembrance or either cold like the earth without me. At a rest.

Give one. Take one. Take two. Offer two. Midnight, a single passing, a year, another. And return, to a simple kind, enough to make another. And the season, one, in set aside instances, collections, a several will be the match of accounting reason. In a color, heavy with the

purity of cold, bending branches and bones. Pop, a single in the night. Another. And it will arrive like the

earth will take back. Give one. And take. Balance, by the night and by the year, a cause will sustain itself in numbers. Representing, an order, for nothing becomes

from nothing, and the several is first several. And if creation will borrow from the negative, then I, in the last will return to zero. Nothing, like the wind and like the snow touching down by one moment equal to the next, one starless night of underlit clouds, one to gray, a one put to remembrance for tomorrow will be the opposite.

Nothing and balance. And two, the number of passes, away and back, twice as slow as one. Pop, a single winter reason, I give like a flower to this only. One, like the melt which shall arrive returning this to zero and to

history that never was. For it was borrowed, once. And in the second it was balanced. Take two. For from this winter, numbers come. The footsteps, in twos. The breaths, one in, one out. And the offering, that a life,

it shall return from zero or either be on its way, accounting for the only low sun failing. And one chill to this earth. And one chill back again. Ready as zero, for a rest, or either zero, for borrowing one idea. That I will return, a one remarking negatives until the last of this will sound to silence. Zero, as one frost and then gone away with.

Begin again, a slate, with nothing at large. There is not a responsibility carried, not an expectation. Just forward, and never a settlement. Oh, the discerns, there is not a memory which has captured this arrangement. The lake ice, wet on the surface, new. The shoreline, marked

in retreating snow, new. The icemen, them in shanties and coveralls, in tents, drilling, new. The air, still and then abrupt, and still again, new. And how I govern choice in the midst of letting go. I acknowledge a yesterday, I can only, though today, begin from absence, without

the gloss of indecision, the questions of adequacy, them, today is heartfelt and inspired, it is quality. And if a number comes, it will be first an object or either an idea, a poem. One cloud, eastward. A brief melt and the trees let go in intervals of collected snow. One and two,

and autumn branches swapped back to the earth, how they pop underfoot. It is new, the day from zero. Without a kind, a category, an expectation. And without the emergencies of reference, the callbacks, the lists, the order. I know no order. I know no generation of frames

passing by in sunrise and sunset, again. Only the coffee, new. Only the scarf, now loose, new. And to the south, a finish around the lake, and satisfaction in the primacy of responding from zero. And what experience, how it shall be accounted? Never a thought. Not a thought

to yesterday's cause, and not a thought to the substance of today, its roots. And not a thought to the next. I will not be the temper of tomorrow without having known its arbor, its life. And not a thought to the generation of memory, for zero holds nothing but a sense for this.

Do not step away from social paths, youth. Do not wander too far intellectually. For the mass of society begins in concert, and the rest, the outcast, the forgotten, the others, to stand singly is not to stand. Selection will be by the social, natural advancement will be the act of establishing a kind and a type, in a contrast, a progressive establishment hiding ideas, for it is exclusive, this. And religion? Arbitrary. And knowledge of the forms? Arbitrary. Just the ability to learn, from young, from old, and the putting away of discerns, for there is no prescribed order, just a tendency to be among the middle of the threshold. Security. And reproduce. Make many of one's type. And reproduce one's tendencies to compelling truth. For in the common is a virtue that the others will be forgotten, traveling elsewhere with none the knowledge of collective certification, and none the knowledge of working among the internals of social medicine and social intercourse. Do not wander. Do not appreciate the absurd. Do not kindle an imagination. Do not advance theory. Do not mark the cognition and do not become a stone in the path of history. Do. And carry the burden of mediocrity, this establishment of the secure middledom, the abbreviation of truth, its center, for by this habitat the greatest center will advance.

Existing in contradiction to paid establishments, or either without a regard. The sun also rises, I carry no dispute. But it will carry no law in this threshold. Where the composite of arts and language are the maturity of social stratification. I know so little in a reference to the disciplines, so little in reference. But there is another measure, whereby the ends of living are put to a joy, and the confounds, their capitulation is the standard of emergence. I know emergence. And I need not a word to contain this sense and I need not an aggravation to draw me forward. There is not an authority which shall I brave and there is not a need for meddling in social containments. Life is too large and I am too settled by letting go. Allowance. To the science of humanisms, let them be or either stand as an opposite to those sweeps which limit the imagination. And if my existence as a contradiction is served by the truths of the original, I

will not raise an eye, for this I would have discovered in the necessities of living. And fundamentals, if they be, they are my own. And origins, I will not contest a nature, but I will decline any certainty which carries with it a book of rules. I must. To live liberally, as an age and as a wisdom put to time. For reason is not a stretch to one connected to the dailies and the kinds, the approaches, the habitation and the consternation of assisting across the seasons. Reason is not far from a one attuned to the systems of their living. And by the tests of this personally acquired intellect, I will know a truth greater than the shared wealth of congress and union. For this place is not a matter of any governed feature, lest a lifetime of its consequence be a guide, a language. And I shall profess in opposites, that by a sheltered exposure, this tranquil mind will be saved from the manyreason or either it will remain content.

A word crosses. By its application I grow to understand the force of language. First in the receptions of poetics, the light of listening, and a turn, to use. For and against, the balance of meaning, repeating like the season. And the social constructs itself. The idea before its place

among words was a picture, a netherbalance without contest and without critical discern. But I have made a case in symbols for the corner of this meaning, and symbols, their structured completion is enough for a future among this hermitage. I need not travel knowing

the fixtures of meaning, if I am content in any case. But language travels, and a day of history will not be the same in a year. And a discourse becomes a foundation for planning. And an experience put to words, how never it shall substitute for actual life, but I cannot be

everywhere, thus text and tantrum, tease, they become the original as a matter of fact. One turns to another and expression. And by an original expression the next will know likely reaction. And those at the center of lingual authority, them documenting amongst themselves,

and on occasion reaching out to a public in research and oversight, ah! What power is a knowledge of context and application? Command, the assumption of otherwords and othersounds. With open mind and never to stifle and never to unnecessarily compound. For things are

simple to most, and a varnished truth be not truth at all, and a fascination of leading lies is nothing greater than an assortment of expression. By which I learn, indeed, that a meaning need not sound, though, language be one evolved from this since everytime began an hour ago.

Too many challenges. Too much information. Too grand a thought. I will carry an idea in this saddlebag, to

unwrap when the moon is full and the earth is warm. For this moment is for collecting, and for pretending an insight, this moment. Too whole, a theory, that its

adoption will stifle the rest and I rely upon so many. I quit declaring my simplicity in my thirtieth year, and perhaps at forty I will be simple again. Perhaps. But I have grown to match the words of becoming, them banners and seymours, with the events of the day, for

this is how I match a truth. Alphabetical or either by colored tabs, I will address a force in a welcome context,

when no light favors no object, and time, that its limits are the advent of antilimits. Knowledge, how I once assumed that none was the greater, how I once assumed. But I am old enough to hold an idea until it kindles an

imagination. Too many compromises are necessary. Too many guards I must allow. And too potent, the notion of letting a cosmology override this policy which

has shaped this joy. I am cautious indeed, and the heart of remembrance, it is too strong to favor a science without questions. But my attention, what symbol is its capture, and what expectation. Too fast and too

direct. Too compelling. And if my nature is to be absorbed, or either if my nature is to pass upon the idols of time, the center of this still punctuates a social. Upon the starlit carpet of awareness, knowing that a really good idea has been the course of this want for a great time. And I am cautious, indeed, for the last is a great standard.

The templates of learning span the dimensions. To the east, age, and to the west, modernity struggling in new symbols and language. I carry a basket for ideas.

Them to be socially consumed, them for electing beauty, and them for turning the process of life. And in a relented

time, when the tugs have passed, and when the covers open themselves to the quiet night, engage each. To pick a memory as a standard by which a challenge must manage a new reason or either become an absorbed

particle. A grin. The last of which was a freedom to rest, overcome by the obstinance of responsibility. But

there is a time, reconciliation, that a troubled grain pass as truth in some context. Just some context. For not all is cosmology, supposing the reasonable separation of orders in any case. And a day, a sense, it is a frame

of frames, of templates, and I am aware. To the sky, youth, and to the fundamentals, the origins, a society trying and trying. And hold, a position amid the orbs,

the jingling notions and the antinotions, for from this space I advance, concentrated and potent, holding the charms remaindered. And in a day, love or either liberty,

peace, the atoms will be what I allow. This theory, of authentic needs and authentic anything, just enough

arranged to allow a question. From the great book of questions, the great book of inference and plausibility or either possibility. Or either like a migrant, collecting, collecting, without ends and without conscience.

Judgment. Courage. The winter rain collapsing snows.
The memories, of welcome winds, the winds. And the
summaries. I will be sound. Truth tempered like experience
and made to explain. Friendship. Altruism. And down,

how the clouds pass, how they shift in anyseason remembering
cause. The wind. How a sound forces a cloud. I will
be no longer reluctant. Aware. Mature. And eagling

above a winter forest, calling out names of observations
and strategies for living. Kindness. And the frozen

way, the way which absorbs, only for a time snapping
at the cloudbreaks and snapping at the thought of moving
away from freedom. Freedom. How it sounds, reluctant

because only some things are free. Only some. And the
symbols, I will elect those which remain across a history.

Age. Knowledge. And the word. Melting a soul as I
will melt, collapsing back to earth and seaward carrying
earth and life. Life. How it sounds, without my favor
alone but nevertheless friendly and endless. As a winter

night after all of the things have passed, how it sounds,
endless. Grace. Beauty. And virtue, that a remaindered
course reflect its intent sometimes naked and sometimes

startled. Now at ease and implying and pointing, directing.
The lessons. Observe this. And joy, how it sounds,
how it reflects character and attitude in an accord with
some thing. And to pass, from winter night into some

thing other, clear and endless and melting like material,
gone lest a memory be material. Simple. Patient.

Watching shadows, not realizing they are metaphors.
I have not the experience to realize a greater threshold,
a greater explanation. For the limits of certainty are

framed in exposure, and among this contentedness, how
a thing passes and its metalife, I know only one extension.
I know little things, the color of government, how it applauds
conformity, the sound of nature, how it returns an effort
in continuance. I know rain, and its affect, the smell
of clarity. And if this small spectre of life be a fashion

of sense, what reason would not be a fashion of sense?
Call this out. For a time is the reconciliation of this
within and this without. In a time, perhaps. And a
grace to authority, this which moves pictures upon a

wall, for I would have no other witness to a world and
to a stage. And if I know that there can be no exact

reproduction for the things that really matter, the likes
of night atmospheres and love, the likes of social process,
I can, in the least, step with one open hand in the direction
of shadows on the wall. A story will explain. And
a word is all that is necessary for a step toward a source.

Toward truth, in the least a truth at once greater than
the limits of this environment. Or either pass upon
a knowledge, in the satisfaction of contemporary order.

That tomorrow, as it comes, it will be little as today
in speculation and primitivisms. But today was good,
and the rest? There will be a satisfaction in knowing
that I will be the agent of difference. And how I react,
how I come to know and realize that a limit entertained
and a structure introduced, that if it be by one higher
authority, that if it be a shadow, enough. It will be.

A sense will be the process of estimates, of measure.
A sense will be the doctrine of attitude, of an external
relation. Pragmatism brings me a faith, that I allow this
game, its authenticity. Of spring greens and summer
rains, of autumn monochromes, of temperateness, of
winter, how it passes with a memory, only a memory.
A sense, an evidence, that I am a form among many
which last. And to follow, reason, of a frosted earth,
how it affects this greater struggle for a knowledge which
has no frames. A sense, I am confident by, that an
otherness will address my position. And if an other,
then then, lest it all be the consideration of this
mind. Perhaps, and if so, why is there no receipt of
this imagination and this force, and why, if I be a cause,
are the limits of this body so small? And I age. Evidence.
And I consume. Evidence. A sense will be the awareness
of features the likes of time and energy. And if I return
once wiser, I will be the greater pragmatist, the greater
faith, absorbing properties and beauties, for this can
be my only response to a skepticism, lest I fade among
matter. Lest I too am absorbed into the concentrations
of seasons and stars, of the worldisms which will have
defeated me. Poetry, an other I will become in the end,
forgotten like the sound of morning which I once believed.

It is slow, becoming once again the matter of health. As I was, returning to a segment of living in which there was an obvious truth. And to this body, this engine

sustaining access, it will be corrected, for there is a determination in looking upon the value of history. And if a mind, and if a body, this forward will be the vigor of the imagination whistling stones and carrying the froth of entertaining oceans upon blown earths. I was

a child, and I dismissed the toils of aging into the next, for this was the spirit of existing without bounds and

without struggle. And if a health thereafter, it was only a matter of its contradiction to antihealth. I had not a care where such a meaning was lost among the enchants of living. I had no vocabulary for the frame of living

as a healthful person when all I had experienced was a matter of health. I had not a need. And if the time

for rehabilitation represents itself I will have known a place among the seclusions of early development, for there is a shelter and there is a sentinel for the mind

of that when. It is slow, becoming. And returning to oneself in spite of the merciless, the governing pain, the riddles of this body. And drawn, in final sounds, to the vocabulary of change, for I must address a time upon me, that a word, healing, it will mean a something

greater than the reestablishment of body or either mind. That the rhythms of carelessness return. A return, to a stage which accompanied no mention of the physics of living, nor the accomplishments which were a matter of general participation. To age by such an ignorance.

Expression. I can know another. I can be an other.
To bring a thought to symbols. To contain an idea. To
step outside. How I age, reflections. Of the last whitened
eve, snow acrossing lamp posts in validation. I will
wonder at cause, at metaphor of metaphor. Of the

complex brought to belief, a raging nature, so alone in
a spite of social continuance. And the language, it becomes
a tapestry, a page, a loom, isolating and giving as if a
cause. Expression. That a truth is marked by these
hands, tempered by these imaginations, of faraway

nights, how they twinkle all the same, how a star I am
to become, spotting a restlessness and a determination.
And if a record will turn to science, that a poetic truth
or either justice be so irrefutable that an order becomes
of it. What knowledge I declare. The emotions of living

beyond standards and care, I am more than an emotion.
The whiles of living a substance, by the hours of collection
and remembrance. This is substance. How the people,
they want for something one stage further, or either
how the people, they carry the stone of similarism. There

is a difference in how. I can know the social, another.
And the words striking down law. And the change, it
will be matched in thought. For in this, knowledge, that
its recourse be the mark of the next. Continuance, and
its structure, drifting from experience to experience.

Ken. A body. And if its standard satisfies a cosmology
it will have reason. As a flame. Reason as fire and
interrogation of truth spreading and assimilating and
calling itself good. Representing good or either philosophy,
object. Or either expression. Just this, reflecting experience.

Mountain and ocean. Straight. The clouds, their shadows.
I love a rain, upon a grass, turning to green the paths
of clouds. And the winter, a feature of this earth, now

away, I appreciate a winter. A forest, of sticks and
stone, of burly knots and mossy earth. It will be a pleasure

in the next quarter. And close to home, the creek, frozen
like time with life underneath, green and bubbling to
the southern lakes. The river, to the southern gulf. And
the west, turning with the earth, a winter flower, how

I come to know a winter. Desert winter. Mountain winter.
And the spring, how a meadow will change, to color,
to green, to morning mushroom, damp and cool. And
the wind, northern wind reminding. Ocean and space.
Starry night, unfolding at sunset, to red, to purple, to

streaked clouds. And galaxies and galaxies. The features
of silence. With a rest, and a closer nature aggravating

the imagination, turning thought to stone and certainty.
And salt, how a feature of emergence I cannot turn from
in a fourth sitting. How an earth returns in a season.

The last season of giving. How a river deposits rich
soil and life. Wonder. And the provisions of the tropics,
the broad leaves, the succulents. And the eastern waters,
how they recall. To watch. To receive. The features,

the fires, the molten stones thrown and smoking to
bubbled and pocked hilltops. The water, how it rises

and how it finds a living. I am secure in a knowledge
of planning, of history. And I can appreciate the grace
of force whittling a plan. A mountain. Island. Winter.

thinking as

January

Of the mind, its tendencies, a matter of recall. Of the day its spirit, its whitened glaze, its aftersmell, musk and parfum. Of the mind, the conceit. How I have known a faith married to reason, the reliabilities of a social intercourse, an earth of smoke and fog, clearing to peace. I am not afraid of the big words, for I think upon them all, and the pictures, the insight, how an imagination. And the microns of experience, how they grow into reason and text. How a thought becomes. This day, hand in hand and head turned in papal quiet, at rest. There is no force in words, there is not a mantra, an order, there is not a list for reflecting. As they be, the commotives, the disturbances, them solutions and the aesthetics. The clouds, how I respond to a weather. And a turn, at making weather, for this mind has no bounds, at returning peace or either inspiration, for this mind is. And all, that a corner of morality be the course of thought, the course of diction. And rested, soul upon hands upon poetry upon place. Hilltop, strangled in cold and weathered, this season turning watching lakes into spring. And all, of this mind, settling a tendency. I am comforted in a moment. And at an end, I have known it when it arrived, a grace to a host of thought, no longer urgent. But warm and tender sleep.

Thanking you, for the provisions of experience. Mastery is not always evident without the master, and time, it is a fluctuation between history, its applaude, and presence, its marks. And I, morally contained, am the

provision of membership, of giving, of listening, of passing the baton. For a knowledge is the matter of behaviorism, preference, of suspending belief in spite of consequence

for a flashing instance. Reward and punish, and make light of goodness I shall, upon your education of will

and character, with best intentions, indeed. And if a word, a charge, if it be to the enlightenment of creation, that a cause be in your reach, what can I do? Or either

defer responsibility, because, truly, what place have I for drawing out this social? Moral obligation? If I

shall know warrant, a substance, its particles, and if one highlight will gather its continuance, do nothing? or either stretch a potential. Charter a potential, by the

cause of language and consequence. In a day, this while shall become made. Thanking your best and sustaining the lines of growth. Compounding growth. And form, it will be a memory in not a time, by this education, of

symbols beading upon glassy minds, of watchwords and wise keys, and acres of whispered thought. And

pure and uncontaminated as teacher's spring, undergrowth of the mind, and elective wizardry. And I shall, continue a listen, a triumphant 'yes' and either an embrace. This, until the last of this heart bleeds into the social. Cause.

The implausible, the words without expectation, the littled lives responding responding. To observe, from the heaps of liberty, the times of therapy, the helping cause. And just what is? Possible. Never a reason and never a day shall pass in knowing its exact nature, lest a sage I shall be, sitting and sitting. But there is so much in becoming, among the restless stages, there is a degree of predictability, just one degree. And the rest, in a day, in a day. I believe in several things, the turn of nature, the epochs of knowing, the reliability of necessities, and to hold them all in sheltered certainty,

it is reassurance. But another, it is a proof, and another, it succeeds this knowledge. And to the open, wounded and listening, aware, for a change is upon me. Suspending the last of outward push until a poetry can make a science of this, or either until it reliably passes showing its omniscience. Stand aside and let. All of the truths, them to the earth, and replanted, for they only have a value in a future, kindled amid something new. And let, a strange force come at once, singly knocking and entertaining, the new, sweeping. I am as prepared as possible, as plausible, and if these be enough, a warrant,

or either of a mind for learning, for there is little else an antiknowledge can be prepared for. And in a time, it shall come, the variable, the cause, of event, of ceremony. And to follow, the next, advent, of seeded knowledge and awareness, of collections and darkness. I am to be suspended, as the last. That a knowledge return, with a patience, after an insight, an experience, and upon a thought. It all shall return, with a colored front the likes of knowledge. All stained in modern beauty, this, until the next. And wait. For the last maturation is the marker of the next, and the next. And time, it will.

Dry silence. And reflection among. There were such times in the last, now overcast with cold and settled and aimed at history. It will be another month before

grieving will arrive at a future, when the air will turn to a melted breeze and the face of forests will return as evidence. But there is not a contrast in this living, this allowance to death and terminalism. All. It is a favor to the spirit of the last. Oh, how grand it was! The colored cars, the sounds, the sounds, driving across grass to waterfront. Now a frosted wasteland, desert

blowing a chill into this heart. But a hope, it rests in the allowance of cycles. It shall return, the social calamity, the seeking, and then an idea. And another. A hope, in this service of hibernation and restoration. This is for returning to myself, recapturing a history. It was

valuable, and I appreciate. Dry silence. And patience. I should speak, of the riddles and the nature I had opposed. I was reluctant, but a force I accepted and grew to favor the days passing lightly upon this soul. And it was over, with the solar retreat and the weather.

Forced into inward automation and coffee. Forced. And I accepted for there was only. And funeral, blowing time away like drifts, and blowing a history into this softened age. Softening with emotion and wonder, at the curse of age. Only age. To hold the last tightly, to cover the worth in intentions. And to want the very last repeated for real. Or either. Or either nothing. Making cause in patience, and watch, the depressions

of time, the depressions as what would otherwise be long noon shadows were it not for the sweeping grays, the grays as earth I will dress for out of a respect.

I thought I had captured the greatest, the songs of a maturity, the open mind transcending struggle and passing over a liberty. How I knew a stage as the borne epoch, the reliability of knowledge, the spirit of giving when

I had little. How I had assumed the moon was an advance just far enough to be considered a heartened social compromise. How I wondered at the mass of information

I was only beginning to know. Infinite within, and large enough for a lifetime of cause. How the bird sounds had turned to an electronic melody, and the wind, the sights, how they had turned electronic. And too far, at the notion of a world of numbers, a world of programs, or rather not far enough. That a union in traveling through

electronic testimony is a return to an analog world.

The pleasures, at once larger than size and spectacle, and greater than knowledge. Of a mind at once advanced beyond science, how I return to poetry in the end. In this end. Casual and subtle. How it takes the certainties and makes of them an art not too far. For what greatness

is there in a world without subtlety and romance, in a world without compassion but ever containing the

complex forms, the equations, the marks of building?

It was profound for a moment. It was a start to one thing beyond, if the physics of temptation were a measure

in any degree. But how an age proves something greater. And if a preparation allows a something other than the starry network above, if a night allows a contemplation, then a riddle. And a colony, of fast moving love atoms, it will be a start of immaterialism and self discern. Aware.

Automatic, the intentions of being. I need not struggle with the considerations of deliberation, the trials of attitude. I claim a something which transcends rightness and entitlement, license. I claim the nature of being, the liberties of fascination. And authority, the questions

are mine, directed at my own. Self amid the interpeoples, them constructing beauty because they are able, them making making. And aesthetics, they are begun before their mark, and their expression, there is not a need for security. How an anthropology can recognize the

grace of a community, how a language requires exact words because of the activities of its members. Quite a shame the word freedom need exist, or either the word liberty, the word peace. But what reluctance, a world without discern, a world without bad, that an enviable

state under any other condition would have no need for union. And the atoms are stretched, to begin by electing one from another. And I challenge at the notion of a better environment by limiting the range of debate. Bad begins far away, as does good, and if their observation

as a greatest divergence is the range and the threshold that I act upon, I wish it large. And a language, I wish it large. That a reflection be the closet of tomorrow's action, balanced and believable, and at an end, marked for its return or either avoidance. And the force of intent,

the imagination, automatic by the last, and being becoming one greater without the stops of social law and equivalence. For balance needs many things which go without saying. The autoliberties, the swings of knowledge, they have never stood still, and I will remainder my thought upon them.

A medicine made of emotion. The limits of material. What responsibility is there in banding the range of thoughts reflecting an expanding social universe? Contain the subtleties of the imagination, contain the nature of want, desire and introspection. Of sense, that it train itself to let go. A medicine, made for the change

of season. And what assistance was necessary by the winters of youth. Learning and adaptation, if there were a name. If a word were enough, as mantra, religion, for establishing a health. But a word, it is no more the panacea than halritaldolof, lest it suppose a future.

For the medicine of science, science of words or either science of physiology, it is based upon an existing condition and not an unknown future. There must be unknowns, and the acceptance of unknowns, and the adaptations

to unknowns, it is the sequence of maturing. And what mindly health, transcending ritual and culture, this aimed at satisfaction and pleasure, is not a reflection of mental exercise, independent learning, this by the natural recognition of problem and solution, and its associated pride. And assistance, I am not too proud, indeed, rather a defense I have in mind, that the lessons

be acquired in their order. And the acceleration of learning, the objects of accelerating a condition, there are finer subtleties than speeding through the day as a generalist, an occupationalist, as a one completed by the diagnoses of another. And if there must be a

medicine, if there must be a deferral of health to science, that a slated kindness have some authority upon this emotion, this creativity, call it something. And I will circle once beyond, giving you this body for another.

Welcome, to the troubles of this earth. Anticipation
I have for your emerging record. To the acts of God,

how will you know? To the social confines of oppression,
how will you know? And to the minds of scientists,
poets, how will you culture an imagination, a one looking
beyond the trials of being, of living among plurals and

earthquakes and conceptions of divinity. Welcome,
to the fascinations of becoming, of nurture and nature,
the netherbalance, of moralism. Moralism, that in the

end, this, because your leadership is a mark of how
you carry your questions. And if there was a division,
if, may you extend a union to the hands away from
the circle. With a reason. Because I may be simple,

but I am not blind and I am not helpless, and a philosophy
is the greater bond to a democracy than the separations
and the divisions of divine interpretation, dogma. To

the pleasures, the forums, the expression and maintenance
of authority, welcome. And to the homeland diversity,

the difference of social development of those near oceans,
near forests, of those developing in tandem with a land
or either those responding to the economics of urban

living. All. To you. My impressions and my warmth,
My solutions. For an advance is not a riddle to the

collaborations of expression, and if a coldness, if a
literal block, consider the times we had, looking at the
office as an instrument of social change, because that
will be its service to those of a mind. And welcome.

Neodivinity. Transcending the old. All, a matter now to the table. How the stories, them by each of the camps, how they now turn to function. Perhaps the last had outgrown its social origins, or either the last had been

shelved in the interest of an open mind. But I am still tethered, to a goodness which had proven useful, and if a replacement, I offer my will to the efforts. For I recognize a modernity, a stage of elopement, and as the science turns to this, the moral fabric will inevitably

adapt. It can only. Postreligionism. And the arts will follow, reciting expression after expression, the course of knowledge will follow an idea, implanting itself

into the streams of language, corporate language, adolescent language, recreational language, medical language. All a reflection of an idea, all an expression. And if the last can be swallowed as a whole, why must I elect one agent of cosmology over another? Much has happened in one hundred years. And if another hundred will

be the establishment of secular divinity allowing pockets of classical thought within schools and government and general practice as individual liberties shall summon,

I shall not fear an advent. For a history provides a reason and an enchantment, a foundation for traveling into a refreshing thought without a connection to scandal nor cries of infidelity. Allow this, divinity, and I will return to the last and fly back again. And filling the

times between with models and saints, heroes and thinkers and defenders, because the last was not a stop, rather a journal, a rest. Like an epoch of living, complete but a remembrance all the same that I return to in spirit.

From the arts, from first expression, poetry and the likes of language. As a name, an aesthetic linked to an experience, and its consideration, it evolves into a body of thought. In the eventual with borders and bounds, frames, and directed and attending to an isolated problem. New, the perspective of address, that the mental notes, the orders and their representations kindle an imagination once advanced from classical interpretations. Neosolutions, from foundations and enlightened by their concerted association with a traveling history. For time requires a look upon external positions and an alignment of divisions and areas which have been troubled by their own incestuous evolution. In the first, art, that an attention redraws the potential of problem solving and integration. Reconstructing, the social knowledge of associations and principles and foundations. And ends. For the functions of an

inheritance will be made by imaginations and utility, including pleasure and including efficiency, including the representations of oneself. For science is expression, as any idea is expression, and an idea, the representation of character, it will become a something reflecting its original position. From the start, new, and a language attached developing by every stage and every epoch of an object, this. From the arts, and from a reason, establishing reason by the chords of potential. How a science makes a certainty of this art. Repeating art. How a science advances, in trial and discern, with the associates of value. Placed value, in insulated tandem with a culture. And in a day, it shall be again by the last, and reconstructed by the orders of history. First in expression, in language. And if a satisfaction, and if a completion, then a rest, for every science can only guarantee itself upon an exhaustion of thought.

The force of coming together. What science becomes of idealism and modernity, technology? The expressions learning to allow one another, and the expressions learning to acknowledge one another. And the force,

founded and recreated by the sequestered intentions of brave new souls. A light, an advance upon futures, with history and science, art alongside. For what is

a purpose? And for what is a nature? Heartening, the cause of cooperation or either the expansion of

understanding in any of its forms, experience, poetics, aesthetics, the socialisms of the day. In a time, civil defense will be the cause of a common threshold, if

this be desired, or either in a time the self containments of oneself and one's culture will be the return of this

earth to zero. Divisions, how they allow a paramount outlook, that every every act in some relativity to another, that every every exist as some subset, that there be an original name for all of the subsets. For there is always a whole,

an entirety, whether this conscience allows its reproduction and its expression or not. Humanity, by social regards, or either nature, in a physical sense. All. And what

social compounds will be the mark of intelligence? And what experience will be the matter of everyone, that a common strain of knowledge exist? Or either what method will be the manners of difference? That which

a force allows, the union of governing principles, or either their dissolution, unsettling to a rested peace.

Life rains astounding. The canyons, carved, the wind, personality, how it carves a character. The whispers of an exact intellect, the models, the metaphors. And

life, how it passes across a tempered sky. The sky, I am a color, to gold, to auburn, raining into night with sounds of water patter eroding. How it comes together

in the forgottences of history and time. The music, of whistled lands, of dashing seas crashing life and frozen like memory. How I deserve this. How I deserve this.

The libertine open, with pocks of red from the earth. With yellow, the golden sunstorms and sweeping greens. The earth passing in formation. How long have I known

this cause? Eternity like yesterday. Life rains astounding. The heated stones of adversity, a mortal cinder, thrown. The subjects, how they become by the shapes. Theory,

how it becomes overhead sweeping eastward in whitened thoughts pouring down as if it were. New. To an earth and back again many miles high. The circles, the turns

and the returns. How I come to know. The dunes of winter over dormant land, winded memories eastward. The dunes, character, how they are addressed and how

they become still. And then gone like every other ken and every other imagination, terminal. And life, what greater metaphor is there? Beneath it all and underscored

in words or either time. Like a setting cause, winter. Like a setting cause, death. Turning to some other purpose to still. Collapsing like a vernal snow. Life rains astounding.

The din of summer approaching, when the earth to green to light, and life responds. The calls, far away cries of nighttime being. To the air. To the air! The passing air of thought of something away. How it sounds in meters, in record, of bending boughs chattering

and leaves chattering. So far away. And how a wintered earth reminds, how a settled forest reminds, in snaps and spells, in sounds, poetry, the raven dark and searching, The skyline, approaching silence. There is a sound to this dormance. The iced lake popping. Pop and bubbling

aurora chorus. The winter night, how the stars will sing, how a melt will wonder in underside drips. How a stream is fed, frozen atop and snowed, and moving on an underside. The sound of icy water. The winter night, how a galaxy, how a galaxy, how a snow will

squeak under curious boot. The daybreak rustling a wind, starting a wind, a cloud. The far away thoughts, teaming in green to amber, a cloud will be then the same, but representing a temperature. As if now had a summons. To the colors, of rocky slopes, of evergreens,

this which remains the same, the ocean, moderate and a trust, the high stakes of a winter mountain, how it will never let a season pass. This which remains the same, the sky, the midnight sky charming electronic melodies. And the thoughts which follow, response,

as if I was qualified to respond to this which does not change. The air, the earth, the absence, how it sounds its humors bang loud and with a thought, gentle as a leaf touching down upon gravity. And how I return a thought in a word I have learned by my own participation.

The riddled night, of winter stars, of simple cause, black like pitch and spectacled. The whorling dust, of atoms bounding, and light. The convalescence of night falling into wrought iron chairs staring away at the season.

Cold and memorized, calculating, the peace of certainty and the peace of knowledge. In its primacy it began relentless and sovereign, and wishing like a better rain

upon this body. To purple, to black. Sense once had a bearing upon this nature, its time, trapped in cycles overgrown like science. Sense once was a capture of this imagination. But I know, that a strategy becomes this turn, that the place I once traveled is now a lectern,

a table, and I, a question. Whisper or either bang loud defiance, at an object. And how I forget objects, how there is not a place for objects in the reality of night dreams and cognitive galaxies far away from this, this

beauty. Enchantment, it is greater than eating among spaces and endless carousels and moonlit prairies. In the first, perhaps, in the first. But what can be made

of shapes and energies, of traveling ions and radiating forms? If nothing the sides, an imagination, constructed in the earliest and retained as novelty. But time is a temple and rust becomes of iron and memory becomes of iron, or either a chair for fascinating the compounds

of elsewheres. Just a chair. At any advanced stage of capitulation, I have served a material, and now, at an advanced stage, the whispers of this potency will be a lesson to silence and introspection and social inversion,

or either a stare at a darkened mass with some meaning.

Deafening cry, of bangs and whorls constructing the
objects of time. Of reason, listless as uncertainty and
becoming as a rain, becoming. And nature began aloud,

in the reproductions of matter and otherness, of whispered
light and radiation, of celestial telephones calling upon

faith and answers. Oh, generous sound, by the forest
atmospheres and the desert mountains, ringing in life
and strategy, in electronic pulse and click and all of the
ends of experience. Of washing waves and seasons,

from the life of birds, the automatic lives of insects and
germs, from the lives of those celebrating January days

of snowflake tenders upon wool, of August heat absorbing,
of August heat and splashing monsoon upon season.
And listless, for it shall not end in this light, this sound

and this carousel, this ring begins. Deafening cry, I remember
a beginning among mercies and expectations, of bonds
I will choose to step away by, in a time, when death
shall bear a maturity transcending reluctance and place,

when sound will quiet an imagination in perfect scores
and answers. Began aloud, as music to responsibility

to knowledge. The stars, singing automatic and then
gone like history. The chants of motherdom, expecting
in applauds and language, in reassurance, and then
gone like history. Of massive force outweighing creation

in bang and cosmology, letting go of the last. I return
to nothing, at a nature beginning and absorbing. At an
end. And the last shall begin again, refrain to a nothing.

Let every become the last wordly struggle, the last knowledge and the last rhythm. To paper, the last, for I will become the most exact reflection, and death upon me, I will have cursed at the dungeons and the lightened heartscapes and the questions, the questions. And if it is all among the social thread, this becoming in words and order and color, the last will be a page of a quiet book at rest, not the best but good nevertheless. In eager age and

having had the fortune of life, it was all a matter of a thought, whistling in prepared redundance like the calls of anyseason repeating like a day, a word. And between us. Yes, between us. The moral being of any nature, an index of growth and charge, to the lambs, those never having a need for composition, and to them, the writers never having a need for life. No matter, for the urgency of age is an inspiration as any, and the letters,

these are not for sale and these are not for an intellectual community, an artificial community incestuously protected in darkened algorithms and programs, and darkened age like this which can be known as an idol. There is a will in poetry, in value, and a cause. There is a place, of words and fascination, of little specialisms and of supernatures. I have watched after the accolades of cap and gown, when a thing returned to what it really

was, and I have thought, of the returns of middle wisdom and liberty, of the superficial, how it sets one to automation and how it took so long to step once away. Let every become the last wordly struggle, the one by which there never was a string nor social intent nor elaboration of establishment. Just a letter, of the sort which traveled a spirited life, a one which was a passage of test, truth as a knowledge which could not change because. Because.

The store of ideas, the lessons, the establishment of a belief, a desire. By the boroughs of social containment,

once advanced, this community, once advanced by the allowance of horizons. And the music, the sounds, how compelling need they be for an attention to expand its course? How compelling a truth? Or either one beauty which has not met a mark, the purple sky, beaches of

pearl of shell underfoot sinking in tides. I have an announcement, a calling, and none the social, for some education is made for itself. The roads, how I see a society, the aggregate of institutions among clouds, the balance of

geographies and constitutions. Just an education. And to this I believe, a thought, a gilded preference, of atmosphere,

of environment, a one which will participate in the construction of this electronic testimony, this character littered with personal history and personal applause.

For one lesson was that which was the border of all other social lessons, the nature of perspective. And I will let, a governance and I will let, a justice, a cause, for it is in a spite of wishes directed at receiving. What cause? No matter lest it collapse an experience, and lest it frame a frame. I can only let go. I can only, for

the subtleties of service learning and the subtleties of

traveling ethnographies, and the subtleties of collecting images, they require a participation without the confines

of predestination and determinism. And let, a language from this come, personal if none the else, that a garden or either a bramble match an intellect. Just an education.

Affirmative occlusion. A response, to the throes of natural selection, all will be a matter of this knowledge. The mighty, the force of water, the force of beauty, of desire, and the atomic, the specks, each governing a word and a thought. Affirmative, that each will contain the

particles of being, and none aside. The simple, houseplant, and insect, the grain of cedar, the smell, how it heartens the chores. The simple, the taste of envelope, the sidelong banter of grocery counter, the sense of early morning. And nothing to the side, for what would I be to forget

a thing, anything? And what would I be to pass along the engineering of modern people and the engineering of honeybees and the engineering of social constructivists? A sheltered path, this, of allowance and the continued declaration of good and evil, of use and misuse, a path

of judgment and mistrust rather than a path of unconditioned inclusion. And if there be a museum or either a warehouse for all of the remaindered items, no matter, for in a day curiosity will be the mark of knowing once again and consuming a life which had little time before. Before.

Affirmative, by the littles, the midwinter melts and indian autumns, the way an animal will behave, the science of perception, of seeing, how it comes to an envelope in the necessary compound of thought. And there is not a truth which will extract itself from being a matter

of something greater. All is a dust, an earth, a particle, and all is a thought, a knowledge, membering and dismembering a nature. All, it is a match for intelligence, that there be no limit to affirmation, or either there be no limit to natural election, a one conditioning unconditionalism.

I.

How a memory returns, the behaviors of adolescence, the childhood play. How an environment. The last

was a construction I had not realized. Upon the moss of yesterday, the reasons of intelligence, the way of a

thought, the concerns and the securities. How a native attitude is guarded and romanced. How a turn is riddled

with a history. And if a personality, of friendsmanship and of alternating love, if I be the subject of observation

of man's inheritance, if... How a color I wear, and how I demonstrate a mastery. How I am socially consumed

within the acts of ministry. How a question, how I know the right question, and how I know the satisfaction of.

II.

How I look to a history, in colored robe and muteness. Silence. How I plan the likes of a society in the interest of a legacy. How I have but one legacy for each of these lives. And the compartments, how they resist walls in middle age. How a sense for childhood freedom is

the call of panreason and pansolution and panacea, and how I know an environment is the demonstration of intent. These grounds, by these hands or either their allowance. How a place becomes rested. And upon the moss of yesterday, the inhibitions or either their

discard, for a peoples' knowledge and identity and a character. How a character, the way it begins a shape, the way an exposure to goodness and beauty, the way of constructing character. How I look to a history, how I can only, or either forget that this day will be tomorrow's.

The lines of symmetry, the reason of good art, the substance of questions. He forgets. The first watch, the first of

nature, the colors of a twisted shoreline upon a sundown.

The birds, them still upon an air, waiting. He forgets.

The night, at rest and twisted upon cigarette and down, waiting. The casual shirt. The casual pants. The casual

chair aimed at an example of good art until it bleeds like good reason bleeds. He forgets. The lines, the patterns, of human development, as if there were a

map to social vocabularies and poetry, as if it were the same. And if it returns, the sky of rumors and of obligation, or either just plain sky, and if it returns, yes. How it returns, it did mean a something by some

glassy eye recognizing everything as wonderful. How he forgets wonder. Upon a thought, the wisdoms, of convention, of invention, the reason for mortality and

the disgust at anything other. Anything other. The time, why a watch, and the cold wind blowing upon the sand which is not at rest, and a snow falling upon ocean spells. Just one snow. He forgets. The time of

day and if retirement is near. Am I able to rest yet? Who must I convince? He says upon descending voice

and descending breath. The ground, how it trembles with reason, the lines, all of them, making a symmetry and making a visual rhythm into dark languages and

chants and breath. The mark of emotion. He forgets. The time crossing an afternoon. Crossing and descending.

How old the ways become in middle time. How one settled language appropriates routine and membership, and how a single thought carries its sameness across a living. Cause, it be, the dates never to have met a modernity, the manner, successful drone it be, it has

outlived and outcast itself. And the land, this word marks the same in any language. Change is more profound than an intentional devotion to something overseen or either something with currency and privileged reason attached. An attitude, of reconstructing authority,

an attitude, of electing difference, or either recalling the ends of living largely in one day and living as a reflection in another. It is a matter of pluralism, a matter of response. Or the course of initiating ideals beneath a banner, branding ideals. For I live as a difference

to history and a difference to error, and I begin as a curious atom, a test, or either behave as if a social envelope compelled compelled, on this day. And steady, that a seed will bear a something like intuition and the next intuition. How old, the ways in middle time, and how

an imagination becomes to black and white, and the wishes, how they turn to a standing fixture of generalized escapism. There is reason attached to the similarities and the confines of appropriate living and appropriate dying and appropriate remembrance. Reason, the rests

of automated being, for the recoil of standards and the recoil of learning. To pass upon the usual or either make an amplified embrace, and to begin as if there were reason like a word for forgetting, cause, like an age upon the dereliction of standards. Reserving not the open.

How a sound, a patterned soil, how a nature compels.
A symmetry, how it paints a metaphor, how a threshold
holds one to kindness. How an act is a dance and a
favor is a dance. How I keep a something in this mind
or either how it stays without an effort. A butterfly,
how it advances upon a thought, upon a twine. And
how a cane supports a wisdom. So much time upon
a cane and so much judgment. How a day will contain
a judgment until its end. How a thought will turn to
colors, red and amber, green like an every spring, with
clovers and tree buds. How a smell, of late winter

freeze, how it is a member of beauty and how it will
ease into an afternoon. The symmetry of afternoons,
how they happen upon the continuities of change, marking
and remarking change, how a beauty arrests all of that
which is important, and never a care for the rest. How
a symmetry is more than a shape, how the matter of
equality is greater than mathematics and greater than
logic. How a care will attend to a social reconstruction
or either allowance. How a care will first be something
other than beauty and how a time will groom each of
its generations. And a word, how it can carry so much,

a language, how a thought is poetry in kind reserving
itself for consideration. Of language, how its substance
is the matter of nature, how a symmetry exists between
a nature and a social fabric, and how it becomes more
exact with time. How a beauty becomes more exact.
How the whole of an imagination is something lesser
than nature, and how it corresponds in kind, and how
a knowledge corresponds to truth. And beauty, this
introduction, how it maps an interest in all relations
to experience, and how a sight and how a moment will
declare itself beauty without classification. And how I.

An envelope for protection, and rest easy, that that
which happens away will be a matter for the intellect,
something away. And mind the ulcers of one's own,
and mind the wicked, and mind the comedy, for in a

stage a light will have brought this cage and these limits
of participation to an eroded being. A dash of lines

and walls, a cloud whereby an exterior might be extracted
or either left, and whereby the entries of alien listfulness
might be engaged and defended as an individual and
without the tines of civil postures. But a purpose for
shelters, indeed, a sequestered box for original thought,

in the first it is an establishment of likening oneself and
bringing one to a stage whereby the controls of stepping
beyond are within one's own intent. Or either the allowance

of a foreign, its admission is a matter of questions. I
know a wall, of mossy stone, which keeps a darkness
away, but a light, my own, is also kept at bay. And
I watch, for the conditions, for I am not committed to

solitary time. In fact, I am not committed to any time
nor energy nor substance away. Nor am I cautioned
by the limits of being. For I know a science will one day
sustain a courage and tame a trembling xenophobia,
and if a box I graduate, the next is prepared for an

alternating wonder and disgust. An envelope for protection,
or either an envelope, an epidermis, for protecting this

which lies within. And if I grow, another bounded shell
I will inhabit, with extrareason assumed and extrasense
assumed, and extramemory for remembering these early
fascinations, and the alien beyond. In the next. Next.

Oh, science! This pallet is poetry. Of consciousness and littled events. And borrow, if you will, the cause

of rainbows, the shapes of motherhood, the notions of an eternity, for they are not your own. The advance of thought, the assembly of the starry night, the cause of social courtesy, the way a winter rain will thaw a

meadow, they are not your own. Oh, science! This time is not kept. Not the days, how they turn to winter and how they turn to experience and middle age and

then old age and then young as the first. How they return, that is all I know, in iron chairs and imagination, in original thought, how the first was always the greatest.

That is all I know. And not the days, not a time, lest the memories be kept. Yes. Oh, science! This manner is not yours. Of grace and charm, of humbled thought and reason. And the best, a quality, a value, and ethic,

what is this nature of questions? Happening upon, a skill? Perhaps, or either the favor of knowledge, of a

poetry, that which is not yours but that which deserves an attention. And borrow, if you will, the patterns of great art and the directness of simple art, the subject

of nature, its principals, the colors of daybreak and the sense of it all. How something new will own its

own struggle, how a springtime starts, how an emotion. Oh, science! Begin! How you begin, as an unfigured mention, as a cloud left to right as certain as poetry in colors and rain. As something other than experience.

The still morning, how it becomes a readiness. With a rise from a quilted slumber, an advance to the sense of breakfast cinnamon and coffee. The morning news,

how everything is so distant, the netherworlds of fighting and infatuation, the humorisms of celebrity tantrums,

a science emerging in spite of art. How long will my intentions be spent upon this global theater and this universal community? With a rise of spirit, enough, this day will be my own. In winter clad, in a time for

marking a morning path upon remaindered forest snow, in a time, to the west where I will settle in the surrounds

of wind and chill and occupied thoughts where all shall return to nature. Conscience chilled. And a thought as born as spring, lightening all that I carry and enough

to reason a homeward march. Across a traffic, I am no longer alone. And engage, a public. Them. And to the store for fresh fruit, among a public. How a freshness in the midst of winter. How life is so easy when the

seasons are only reflected in wardrobe. No longer the conservator nor naturalist, not when the passions are

at any access. And return, to the art of living. A fire, indeed, in a spite of anyseason. And a nap tendering the imagination. How a thought. How a thought. Of blended strawberry something in the next and into evening.

And images coursing the nonevent of this dinner, an arbitrary spaghetti, a likening to the history of desire. And the next, a word capturing that which I had forgotten.

Winter crests and thoughts, how they turn forward,
unto a new design. No longer preparing for the symbols

of quiet and darkness, early dusk and physical retreat.
To the next, when the white will give way to spring

greens and buds. It all starts, like a change and like
an adaptation, and like a courage returning from that

given November when all was at a stop. I can figure
the first, a logic from this freedom brings, a color, a

commitment where I need not the protections from a
wind nor whorling atmospheres. Escape, a throw to

emergence, to the return of colors and to the advent
of a more experiential art. Winter crests, this, and a

social isolation melts, a change to giving and a change
from personal circles. And the lake, how it becomes

wet upon an icy surface, a thaw, as the mind begins
too. And the lasts, this sweater one more time, and

a book, one last of a winter mind turning away the
night. And new growth, it will begin after the next fog,

I know this. And new growth, how it will sustain a
nature returning. Winter crests, and thoughts, how they

make for a new order. Of little things, how they will
become colorful and defensive. How a season turns

one to defend that which is important. For a clarity
returns, and that which is little, a starting metaphor.

It was easy to be a scholar in the first century, when a discipline was a matter of identifying the limits of limits. And now, in this age of bounded natures, any given discipline is conditioned to remain inside of its own social establishment. There is no longer the wit of true philosophy, for philosophy, itself, has been given a corner. Perhaps because the antihumanist majority prefers a common knowledge to the vigor of something modern. Or either the modern will be the representation of a social protectorate. And there is no longer the poetry of living nor the poetry of dying, it all has been given a corner. A book, give a thought a book, and its substance can be socially processed in a time. It was easy to be a scholar when a first reaction was a confession and a first reaction needed no social reinforcement. How far we have come, science, how it has won. As an arbitrary process is made of handling thoughts and handling a future, the individual suffers, for no longer does reaction matter, unless it is filtered and governed to a sensible criticism. How I miss the pleasures of nonsense. It was easy to be a scholar before e-mail, when there was not a need for guilt of not responding and not having to explain a nonresponse. Everything an idea, and there is an intimidation to not believing and not purchasing. A discipline, it will come, advanced and meta and the else, a manner for living among so many books and ideas. A separation of discourse, for only some things are genius. Only some attend to this.

What wind I give, what storm. What pressure nuzzling
a mountain ridge into white. It will stay, the sky of
time and abandon, a grasp beyond. And if a word
it utters, peace or either isolation, I will know a language.
Of colored forms, of tempers and contrast, of bended

limbs above swollen creeks waddling away a winter.
What storm, delight. I give the world a manifest, of
canyon walls and desert winter, a thousand forests, a
thousand lakes silent for now. Silent. And cries, of river
eagles swirling in testimony, of man, tomming a tomorrow

without a fight for it all arrives, even the clowns of
formalism and decree. And a sight, for what returns,
the weather, the storm, what wind I give, of breaking
land and chaos making making. And a chill, breaking
into a season I will let. And if a thousand stars will

be enough, or either a thousand stares at glassy nights,
and if a thousand more, consume them each, to you
or either blind them with clouds and intentions, with
traveling words held closely. Of Lenten moons and of
snowshoe rabbit, great wolf, of costumes, how I make

the season a costume. In amber lights upon stone and
shadows casting an imagination, in whistling words
and dampness. How in the next I will grow mushroom
beneath aspen. In the next. And circle into spiral
and dream into day into season. The storm, into a

wet fold of growth. A thousand seasons, and this I
give, a presence of patience and law, order, of glacial
promise, slow and deliberate. And a wind, remarking
nature in first green and birth. And a wind, elemental
as a seed to the earth. How a storm relies upon this.

How a people once branched away, and how a people
once come together. With ideas and lore, manner and
fashion. How a food. Restless and uncomfortable

in leaving, restless and uncomfortable arriving, with
hope. And the first, how they plant themselves as

ideas, tall and slender and listening to an earth. And
how I forget, in a season, the restlessness. And olden
moon, how it reminds me of a choice, how it was there
upon a history in quiet pity, and how I shall expect

it in the next. How a people look to a future, in golden
leaves and white shells, in whitened silk and moccasin.
How a people look to a future, with instruments of

change, how I can become more efficient, how I shall
in the next. And what sacrifice, what addled speech,
what shall pass upon this try? Fever, for the light of
growth, of reproduction. Social development in one's

image as every great religion reprimands. And how
all of this I left in the first, except that which follows,

an olden moon, a traveled chest of Norwegian wood,
a text of life's rumors and religious poetry, how a
sentiment is a hope, that if I be of a powered lineage
then I will be the progenitor of a powered lineage. And

if a reason returns for foreign beds, away, as a future
lies, away. Upon an olden moon which captured me

in my youth. It is the same. It is the same. How a people,
how a fascination with beginning small, like a place
becomes, just a place, small until I must leave again.

What knowledge permits a greater sound, a more passionate experience? What technology is in the interest of a greater independence? Cane or either crutch, attitude or either

wheeled chair. The mind is transported and circulated among the joys of nature, the home rooms of professors, of thinkers. An other. And a technique, a learned force,

it is the allowance of language, of command, of defense. And how a material can be shaped to substitute for arm, for bodily motion. In an age I will appreciate an

electrical comfort of scooter with electrical notepad and digital camera, for the memory which will escape me. In an age I will appreciate the transcended features

of power oven, that which once was fire, the transcended features of pillow top mattress, that which once was straw. In an age. What knowledge permits a greater

sight, these spectacles, this knowledge of reeducating the eyes, thank you Aldous Huxley, and the knowledge of reinforcement, how I am to train the other. And telephone,

musical instrument, who would decline the potency of communication? And how I am helped, the aid of a beautiful idol, the artifacts of efficiency, traffic signals

and street lamps, that which once was driven by oil. Inventions all. And I appreciate the wit of living among strong bodies, and never knowing incapability, and never

minding the recycled ingenuities establishing a normalcy. And if this body becomes a vader, I will have the knowledge of retreat, of stepping back to a home, this always been.

How two faculties of the same religion can exist simultaneously,
one defending a continued liberty and one defending

an emerging liberty. How a one embraces a science as
the other embraces a creative living, a living of ingenuity
and foraging, a fear of authority. How a religion teaches
an authority within or either how it implodes a thinking
to a scavenging existence. Liberation, how it implies

a something personal or either how it implies a sociological
advancement. I can only live with a respect to this which
I know, the pleasures of weekend retreat, the pleasures

of fine food and company, or either the simpler navigations
of personal security. This thought is compatible with

living morally, it must be, or either I pass to the grains
of phantoms, of mice and ants, reproducing, reproducing.
To live is to carry, and a liberal education is that which
suggests a progress, an advancement, an efficiency of

carrying out the doldrums and duties of a tiresome learning
age. To simplicity, that each of the committed words
will unite and there will be but one to carry in the end.

Just one which I cling to as obligation fades among complexity.
Liberation theology, a separated peoples define oppression.
Liberation theology, a knowledge and force of character
will be the marriage of minor succession and major allowance,
change. Ever change. And what idea of force is not
completed by its relation to God, to an affiliated wisdom,
and what house will not be the mark of such language,

that beauty, and the access of beauty, that civil participation
and its access, all will be considered as a social interest.
I am a fragment of, I can only be, and free or on a way.

What Eden? When calls and questions undermine an independence, when a geography is not great enough for every. And synthesis, in the eventual, or either a march of conflict. This social will be the both of us, of contemplative otherhood, and I have not the patience for collaborations nor predestinations, just the limits of bounds. This relationship is reliable, okay, for a bounded infinity is ever enough, though its encroachment is a trade. A release of value, I am not prepared, and what to make of something foreign? An object of efficiency, an art, a knowledge, I am not prepared. This age was a comfort before our commingling, and you ask just enough to make a matter of loss. But I am gracious, I must be, and be well. Return a favor to another sociology and another division, elect a trail of giving, and not a word of the pains of loss, for there is a sense to an honest judgment and there is a sense to learning the

representations, the equality of artifacts. And there is a sense to a conscience. Okay. And return among an absence, for an inventory is near. This remains, and this remains, I still have a faith. And declare an arbitrary value to that which is given, or either mark it as one invested future. And if a reluctance, and if a concern that this gift will be the allowance of the next, and the next, I am prepared for heartfelt giving. Now. I be. And in the after, a lighter load, a lighter handle, and the ease of a simpler being, and with a knowledge of the difficulties of letting go. What great lesson. And what Eden? Yesterday was mine, and this? We are the same, of halves and broken bread, of gifting and mimicry, of a common language. And I can suppose an independence can be made of this, too. Or either breathe in the passings of value and maturity, of an age in which I expect no return. I have arrived at this.

What demands, what conscience will stop a poetry?
The thoughts, that a moral center is turned, that a
harm will come by these words. For every poet is a
trust, and a turned morality is enough to put an end
to oneself. Or either, that nothing greater can be produced
than that which has come before. And the process is
no longer creative and no longer patient. How a word
turns to obligation, how a session becomes the same
as the last. It cannot be, not among a changing world,
and not among a shifting social. It cannot be, that an
inspiration must return to the broken trees and the

broken winter, the discolored art. And no joy, to the
agnostic thoughts of nature, safe and secure, there must
be something more than sound and sense, of bang loudness
and visual temptations. What conscience will stop a
poetry? A comparison, to the words of others, that
that which once was lesser is now greater. What ego?
That this representation and its torn struggle is the
default of humanity, nothing great and nothing of harm,
just nothing, an effort. And if a poet is greater than
any poem, and if a great poem, what time is there
in redirecting one's personal image? And if the weight

is too great, or either one has forgotten that a poetry
is not a matter of the social intellect, that a tablet at
a bay window or either upon a beach, or either no tablet
at all, that I can remember that a poem is an experience
and a night, a memory, that a poem is my own, a stop
to the redirections of order and meter and verse and
a start to living in the first naked and truly doing no
harm. And if the question comes, that a thought would
be the guarantor of social wisdom, let it return, or either
remember a reluctance, of sucking words and commercialism,
of a whorism, enough to bind one's thoughts to process.

An eye unto the universe. A phrase becomes me, and then silent in admiration, in sequestered thought. And the company, of history and fantasy, of twinkling time. How I became a universe. In all good reason, I am only

becoming, and the rest, a remaindered other, to watch is to grow. To experience the construction of culture

and the retention of nature, this which was before an awakening. A mind becomes me, of command and allowance, of observation, that a wind will manage

a return to this body, a quiet rain from eaves passing a sleep, a hushed cloud passing. And an eye, that

which has seen war and plague, a development of an ethic several times again, that which has seen man as animal and man as kindness, man as developing and

postmodern man settled in libraries and diet. And how it is a speck, how it is an atom, for in a sleep or either in a breath it all is the same. And unto the universe, the switch of focus, how I have never worshiped one

speck, nor infinite tinydom, how I have never settled a relationship with the gifts of terminalism. There is a satisfaction in believing that an outward range will

reflect an inward turn, and how a destiny will manifest itself upon the epochs of yesterday and the constructions

and the destructions of intent. And an appreciation, of cause, from which I became, and the stars, how grown I become in fascinating liberties and judgment, or either how small I become, for either is no matter in retrospect.

The cultural race is, indeed, a race. A one of accelerated opinions and acts, and a one of declination. A race

of naming and being the first to mark a mountain. For every crest is an icon to its governance, and every elaborate rest is a testament to its force of order. And retreat.

This culture will slow in the interest of slowing others,

and it will halt at a recognition of its lesser ordinance.

And if a break in dominance, zoom to fill a hole with itself, accelerating. Life moves, inevitably, though the

cultures, they are of a social clock, a one recognizing that promptness is a weakness on this day, that I shall wait in a fashion, or either I will recognize the formalities of this establishment and pay an ordered respect. The

cultural race, and to what ends? That all of the cultures will, in the last, arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, a

one declaring that this society will be the respiratory system of the human race, and this society, it will be the nervous system of the human race. A settlement,

and a recognition of the inherent values of the participants of life. And walk this day, to a congress that begins

an hour ago, for without my embellished presence, there will be no congress. Or either I am tethered to obedience and time by the forces of second tier educationalism and second tier developmentalism. For my culture has

not honored the world with invention nor beauty nor independent thought, and I have not the nature to cancel on principal, lest our clock pass upon respect as time.

The day is an arc. Of middle time, of aged reason.
And to the sky, these thoughts, of running with the
wind, the clouds and airborne seeds, the societies of

sweeping prudence, of liberalism. Upon a centered
stone, upon a wicker, oh, what freedom rains flowers

and monarchs, luna moths, and falcon. I can see the
air, blue and suspended, ocean above and sustaining.
And how it turns with a cloud, a grain, to conversation
and sound. Let this be a cry. The wind. Let this be

simple, the color, how it will dampen overnight and
never forgetting. How the day will release the stars

after a fullness. I know this by the last, by tempered
memory and by the sciences of existing. The poetries,
them. That a cloud I be, passing through the nights and

measures eastward upon a string. Consuming a sky
like reason consumes a sky. And bury me there, in
the east where all of the clouds are collected, the place
where numbers fall to the earth. And I will grow at

the endless rain, endless cause of justice, how it approaches
like a conscience overhead. Arc, the day. And again
ending as it began, upon a wind, condor at sundown

burying a peace like I have done overhead, cycling and
repeating and full of sense at the clouds, them into a
nighttime of speculation and constellation and dreams
and spans of living. And every passing day, how it is

a cluster of shape sustaining, how it is a cloud as every
other. For they are all the same if given against this.

Away. Where the lights begin, and poetry, it is still
a speculation. Where clouds cluster from the west and
rain, how it releases numbers. And the stars between,

how they release numbers. Twinkling ideas and memories,
and then covered. At rest. Beauty and substance, how
it repeats, and reason, how it was first from a place

such as this. Of pinnacles and time, of traveling water,
of red dawns and clarity. I know how a thought will
begin in the first outward, as cause and inquiry, as a

shape expelling inverted principle and disgust, and
how an efficiency remains, a one of imagination and
knowledge. It can be no simpler, indeed, the quiet of

certainty, the way a chair will forgive disease and want,
and how I close my eyes or either open them not knowing
the difference. For numbers, how there is no defense.

How I am a subject. One subject. Or either I am wonder
at the pause of limits, or either I am wonder at the
applause of limits. And where this night began, away.

And with a word, genius, for not traveling too far, or
either for the bridled patience of tomorrow. I have
neither seen the ends of Godly acts nor have I imagined

such an absence. And how this shall double itself in
the sense of rest, of how the clouds will exact themselves
not too far, and how an earth will allow a return. And

the numbers, how they carry a color to the earth, and
how a sound they mark. And how a number is as exact
as I wish. And collect a one or either turn against it.

Begin the sorting. Into day and night, solid and gas, thought and afterthought. And material. And antimaterial. For in discern is the allowance of the next, the next knowledge, the next antiknowledge. And darkness or either profound light. And physical travel, to the desert, with disbelief and death or either belief and death, and movement. I have no limit, lest a body be a limit. Or either I have no intention, lest the mind be the mark of intention. Begin the sorting, the questions, and how they follow in manifold. Or either stop as still, for what question need there be among absence and what science is there when the grand matters have all become one. It is as I wish, cognitive and symbolic, metaphorical, a nod to the forms, this noetic living, or dashing as a winter sunrise at first as pale as milk into subtle orange. And the trees, how they were absent at last count, how I have no memory, I was elsewhere as I wish. And knowing the value of two, how the security of another belonging is an alternative to the perfections of this. And simple. How simple a retreat to familiarity, to the marks of inward living, there is a place. But the complex, how it is a cure for boredom and the advent of efficiency. Like engines, how they brought a collage of modernity, and like the wind, how it returns. Like the stars. I am fascinated or either I have not a knowledge, for sequestered I be and, plainly, I cannot understand or either I have no wish. And the stars, gone in this mind, and replaced by paralysis and experience and then love and butterfly, migrating monarch and hibernating bee. And the stars, gone in this mind, shelved as yesterday's mind. And what hereafter cannot forgive the universe? Just a thought. A mental note. Begin the sorting, or either end. Begin a history, or either begin. And allow this wish a fertile intellect, for one of two will be. Or either absence at nothing until I return like the night, slow and deliberate.

When the dialectics of people are reflected in language,
and when a contradiction is generated on general principle.

It is old or either young. It is heartening or either disheartening.
It is callous or either sensitive. The words, how they
represent an expansion of humanity, that the grandest
range of thought be the entrails of our shared experience.

Lead me from this cave in opposites, in pulling at the
strings of aggravation. For the greatest likelihood of
our succession will be as an establishment of philosophy

and an establishment of logic. I will have one, and you
will be the arbitrary other, of vast difference. Or either
I will be the exterior to your speck, as a favor of contradiction
and devil debate. The dialectics, they are a path to

a common threshold, entering from spirited ends and
difference. And the social, how it transcends what it
once was, a component of nature. No longer the element

responding to acts of God and acts of might, rather
a reflection responding to a social position, an arbitrary

other. I am different, indeed. I must be. For a city
living has tempered me to this or either a development
among many has brought me to this. Until I have a

position of my own I can be no reinforcement. Until
the first securities are established I cannot. And even
then, this ground of difference I can only defend. As
a language can only exist between our dialectics, and

this is where we shall meet, within a social establishment
and within a congress, where our contradiction rests.

The completion of oneself. This knowledge is within,
all that I contain, all of potency. Against a material
other and against this which has brought me to a presence.
And I push against words, push against life, in the
interest of growth or either defense. And to challenge
the model of containing oneself, that I can pull an other
and the rest retreat. I can elect a preference among a
stable being, and be not at odds and have no governing
need for returning to an interior. And from the universe,
this, the turnaround of absorbing material with a consent.
Feminine, that an approach to learning and an approach
to redefining a threshold of being be an elective process,
or either intuitive. That I no longer shall govern the
concepts, the precepts, that there be a reason attached
to each, and a judgment will allow their inclusion. And
I, at an end, can reflect upon a history of performing
as a separation to the models and the entropy, and
reflect upon an affect. That I be, concerned and evolving
upon artifacts, and created. But I am no nature, I am
no time, no place, for the corners of reliability are my
own. And a knowledge, it will participate, it can only,
but a batch of sense, at day's end will be mine, disturbing
the center or either contributing. And a membrane, of
this which cannot change, will be an address. Soul.

The models, the design, of membership. To a beach of black sand, a place of water coming and retreating as sound. Of winter night and crystal breath, how it carries a thought. Of approaching spring, how a nature returns, in melt and fantasy and birth. An infant, as a beginning, time and courage, how a philosophy is not a word, not yet. To a cavern, of melting stone and isolation, of darkened sound and constance. Riddle

this change, this range, to melted meadow of folded grass, of open air of heartfelt light. Night will approach with glossy moon and dream of teeming creatures in hooved rhythm. The difference, among members, of knowing patterns. How a mushroom knows a darkness. How a whale can know direction. To a desert, this time moderate, of wintered wind and pushed up stone. To islands among sand. How this place is a sound,

a breath. How a bird will nest and how a bird will fly lifting up its wings not pushing down upon them. And how I match a thought to nature, how I take a reason from nature. To the pulse of seasons, turning. How they color a tree, this time bare. How a romance is a wind. How a statement is a wind. And how a concept will suspend. To the glacial hills of northern America. And lakes covered in ice and word. How

a species can sustain itself beneath an icy wall, how a word can come of rest. And night, it will be the same, overseeing thought and storm. Lightning beneath and weather, how it captures an imagination. And membership, that an observation or either sense, it will be the model. To ocean collecting snow and bashing old stone. To a web of life tangling geographies. And how it covers a winter range, dormant and becoming as word. Design.

And an entry, into an associate of reason. These are people, indeed, these customs. Of village clothes, of velvet and leather, of local technology and a reliance upon an olden manner. How an education, I must start from a tempered beginning, by the establishment of social concern, this concentrated in what I know. Certainty. That an instrumental knowledge be first grounded in communication, in respect. And that an instrumental knowledge adopt a regional form of defense for its exercise. And give and take, more give than take. For a people are rightly concerned with their own, and I, I am learning to assume this right. For a home away is a novelty even among a genuine other. And a home away, while I consider its familiarity of youth and practice and manner, it is removed from this. And if I find this social center, and if I adopt the surrogacies of this outward living, at what price. And what history will I succeed. But begin again. Start. The fascinations of freshness, of geographic tenderness, of public discourse. The fascinations of language and how I learn that a parcel of my own is appreciated. These are people, indeed, these customs. And dwell not too closely to one's own, for generosity will be recognized. I am an ambassador. I am an anthropologist. I represent as a people also. And when I am known, when this cover is passe, outward I shall be, reflecting this home and this modernity. And welcoming the next as they arrive.

And when a group establishes itself, and when a group determines a principles. And when a group makes a circle, and when a group begins its own language, its own preference. And when there becomes an understanding of how late meetings will begin. And when there is a concensus of external relations, and when there is a common art. And when a hazing becomes ordinary, and when there is a schedule to aspects of business. And when all of a people spend resources internally. And when a far away land is known particularly, and when dreams are used by several, and when a poetry

is a dialect, when a poetry is specific, when a poetry forgoes universals and metaphor. And when there is a common ancestry. And when the activities of an existence invade an inclusive ideal, and when an inclusive ideal undermines appreciation. And when a school cannot accept a question, and when a university, it exists for professional excellence. And when a freedom is conjoined with definition, and when a liberty is an expression for civil courtedom. And when a music is a reference, and when a pleasure becomes mimicry. And when a love becomes ideal, and when a person

loves in the interest of social contract. And when a profession idols its policy, and when a word becomes more important than this which it represents, and when an athletics are no longer fun, and when a determination to know for no apparent reason becomes a question unto itself. And when the stars are married to a philosophy, and when I sleep in basements. And when I read a something academic by someone I know, and when I answer a question. And when an order is confronted, and when a people speak fondly of beauty, and when time becomes a subject. And when I am known a way.

This word, it is not knowledge. Its civil structure, it is not memory, it is not certain. Like clouds, the afternoon, how it remembers, this is not. A shadow, image, of

structure, perhaps, or either a measure, nominalism. An object, its torn nature, away from experience, it is a second to the wind, a second to taste. An object,

without pain and without value, lest it destroy a member of this intellect. This faculty, it is not knowledge, but a symbol of it. Living to the frozen earth and to the

great divisions by which this smart comes. A faculty for numbers, and one of taste, a one for establishing priority. A faculty, disgust, it is not knowledge, not

among oneself. A likeness, a compression of order, a separation of the actual, once removed from time and substance, from act. Like winter cross, how it is

a reflection, how it sounds, cold and disengaging, how it is as variable as the most recent coming. This faculty, it is a micron of representation among many. These

changing means, these sweeping advents, how I thought. How I thought. This universe, it is not knowledge, it is not settled. Like compounds compounding and like

a potential, what can be. A space and its compounds, the greatest or otherwise, it is not knowledge. Like a returning spring, unspoken. And like anyseason, how

it returns, I believe, and this, the grounds, deception. Open to, as a universe changing, this is not knowledge, lest a greatest chaos be, or either an imagination. Stone.

How he was brought about, in corduroy principle,
among rewards. The behaviorist, and he who has learned
a coupling of mind and place. This moment, it carries
a value, a step in symbolism, it is a reflection of character.
And routine, and diet, and the semesters, how there
is an hour for busterling the knew, Wednesdays three
to four. And the other, plaid and apparently displaced,
but a home to this wandering intellect. Gray and devoted

to declaring certainties, life's rich rhythms, the histories,
how a model is a purpose, like resident Jesus at lectern
and wandering oaken halls doing the pig shuffle with
students who grew up on farms and had never known
so much could be demonstrated by the pig shuffle. I
wonder. How he knows a thing, when all of a representation
is in a step, an image, of wide ties and browns, and of
collected stories. Experience like moral fiber and a

soul which descends and ascends in parades and an
achievement of some nature arbitrary. And moral
fiber to a lot, not his own, or either he has saved some
abbreviated version of himself that I shall do the same
because this is what diligent people should do, and
diligence is good. And he who has defined and defined
the nature of goodness as I have. We shall meet upon
some snowy coffee day we shall, or either, or either.

Continue. Watching each other and guessing at what
will be the break in our intellectual cloud. This is what
you do and it is good advice, really. Without a word,
thank you. And return, to where all good ones go, to
a study or either a poem, a metaphor. And wait until
the sun starts again. And it is time. And how he hates
loving it as much as he does but at least he knows a
love in one regard. At least he knows a love. And this.

Silk, and creamy. Velvet and subtle. Percolating at stove and bubbling. How a sediment will not distract at an end. Ground to fluff, beans. concentrating a water into darkened froth, tasteful as experience and tasteful as company. Upon a cream, and thoughts stirred in the tapered cup this time. And if there be a medicine for interest, or either a prescription for an appreciation, darkened it is and finer than espresso and more imaginative than language. I have not a word at the moment. Images only, of modern Rome, of olden structures of stone made of art. Of how a cigarette is a golden fit. Of patience. Or either rush to motivation, a one which can stand and stare, to absorb the elements. And immersion, how a news travels, upon the web of social concern, and how there is just enough change in this world to retain an interest. And how I never mind the last cold swallows, the sound of cup upon saucer. And how I cannot mind a reorganization of the day when things are into a perspective, a touch nervous but upright and pointed at the next. And begin, in idled thoughts, and begin, as a steady force reflecting a coffee. How a concentration will engage me for a couple hours. And how a taste will linger, how a texture will linger like good jazz or good cheesecake I wonder.

Turn. For there is nothing more I can offer. And let a memory inspire, of golden talks and histories, of a nature, how it has brought about a character. And turn, to a new model of crystal and afterthought, how you

will never be the same. Nor I. And how there is a place we share of love so grand it has its very own

soul. Of thought and introspection, of common fascination and respect. As if there were a something which was not a part of us. Supernatural and extraordinary and

anything else. As if there were a word. But a separation is not a sorrow, lest I forget the subtle wind and the

subtle cloud, the subtle grass. And the night sky, how it followed as a season. And the first light, a waking breakfast to open windows, how I will remember that. Look away, once advanced and better for having known

the potency of idealism, its satisfaction or either each of its problems. How a something need only be so perfect. How a language need only be so exact. For

a measure is not a command, and an observation, it rains, it is humid, it is cold like steel, it changes like

metaphor and like free association, and change, its course, it is not a command. Turn. For there is not an other, not another sentiment, and I will pass as a word

passes, as poetry really has nothing to do with language at all, and as a moment, it will grow old beginning now. And if I forget an age, how it collects in front of me, I will know the remainders of our being are only beginning.

It is only temporary, philosophy. It is only light. And darkness, how it crosses as a cloud. How it travels

a continent. A moment belittled by the cosmos. Every accuracy, how it becomes more exact and more predictable. Science cries to aesthetics, to a body moving into a day. Pure as appreciation, celestial alignment, how it

was ordered long ago, before a system, or either how a chaos brings a nature to a front. And temporary as philosophy but marked nevertheless in myth and

legend, in poetry first and then reason. And how a reason made the rest go away and how a reason became as plural as art and science, their ends. And if I can

be them each, then still within and wondering if this event was meant. Wondering. And light, it is only, kept away and demonstrating a rare attitude, that I rely upon a something other. Standing upright and

listening to a wind, for nothing else, until a moon passes as it does quickly as if it were. And two, there is a

patience, a light opening upon an edge. Star ajar and returning upon a moment. And how the wind continues.

How a philosophy is given an advance. How I explain things. Things. And tempered burst of lightening, moon traveling with the wind across across. And philosophy traveling. It is only light, in the end it is only. And if

I come to believe it as something greater like a cause of peace or either a call to universalism, and if I come to believe, a cause will have become until the next.

I.

How things seem. And if a body. And if an intellect.
To the winds of other cause. How a demonstration
of personality, for I once was you know, for I once was
young and full of care. And idea, this institution is
arbitrary, it cannot contain bewilderment and awe,
and fear, it cannot contain. Apparently I have grown
old and I have grown little, and a control, just of far
things like language and weather, like temperament

I cannot stand or either tolerate as someone other.

II.

You are old and your body has been arranged for. It
has settled. And your mind, it is reflected in your words.
Your mind is reflected. And how you react, to a nature,
and how you react to ideas and divinity and all of the
other sources of your experience. How you have led
a rich life indeed, but your thoughts race or either they
fly away. Because there is a need for custom and because
there is an urgency to living. Things are not the same

and the rules, how they are not as you expected.

III.

A place, for them. Human and filled with respect. A
flower upon every morning and a greeting. A room
for memories and food, a room for healing away fear
and resentment and all of life's errors. Gone like the
enemy, time, how it intersected all of those left behind
wishes. A place, a sentiment, that even among golden
days there happens an experience and a care. Like
yesterday, its fragments, how they collect as a friend.

And how a time is patient like good art is patient.

Breaking. From a crest. The weight of itself carrying
the accumulation of the season down in rumbling down.
And a rolling force, pushing down chutes and breaking
misplaced ponderosa. How a weight can demonstrate
change, like a nature, its land, its material shifting in

thought. And what social paradigm rests atop a crest?
Unstable and waiting at its heavy center, for a first
melt, for an introduction, that a wall of history becomes
willing to let go of its foundation. And sweep down,
collecting its own, advancing its own in some righteous

demonstration. The old, and heavy, clinging to a stable
ground. And a knife, decision, how it separates the
sound from the unsound. And carrying a mortal word
to its quieting runout. It will respond to a season. And
a nature will return to listen to a modern reason, a one

which advances upon solid foundation, a one which
constructs and reconstructs for the next. And a reason,
that which reflects change as a force unto itself. Like
a snow cascading, like a truth cascading. There is not
a separation to that which is cause and that which

responds, for it all is among the course of ends. That
a uniform rest will happen after. After a force and
after spectacle, after truth, a solemn quiet will return
as a snow finished lying down. And a social, it will
balance itself and start again, collecting the fragments

and ideals, collecting a science and a poem like time.
And if a history demonstrates, and if a nature reflects
cause and if it is an extension of cause, a word will
be enough to separate a heavy and misplaced knowledge
from a crest. That a time begin to reflect another cause.

How a purpose is expelled. How a social displaces effort. And how a word travels to one's heart as an arrow defending dogma. And when did you become

so old? And when did your force become the force of others. Rather I sit staring at walls in the meantimes

than declare interest, or rather our company be separated by short sight and a will not your own. How a will evolves, stubborn and personal, indeed. And if a lesson, upon the equality of greater and lesser equals, and upon

the nature of advancement, I cannot agree with the sport of exclusion, how it was not a member of this dialect

at our earliest. Or either I have a question as to how a social does become disconnected, how a love is torn and how a development is, indeed, liberal. For these,

words. But I know others. I know determination. I know the spirit of giving and reconciliation, I know the course of stepping out. There is a time for each. And perhaps this be the purpose of your direction, that

this will be an independent measure, that its faculties were intended as a contradiction to angel's advocacy and substantiated discern, or either the demonstration

of a social power that I am to overcome with the reward of knowing obstacles. A thought, in any event. But I prefer otherwise, that an understanding be had, and that a concern, a regard be between us at a difference

upon the goals and achievements that lie before I. And if, allowance, mutualism, courage parted from discourage.

Imprint a language. Clarify the bounds of language.
And separate a knowledge. Instrumental. That a
composite of parts reflect a unified theory, an advent.

That an experience is directed, a change is directed.
Or either a reinforcement is directed. And commissioned
or otherwise inspired and free. Liberal and expansive

or otherwise focused. Because the nature of a concept
is its relationship between meaning and language, an
association of metaphor as language and metaphor

as remembrance. How an image turns. How a reflection
becomes cause. And a social given to a unified understanding,
it becomes knowledge, of common foundation, of

explicit certainties. By which a collection will advance.
And experience, a matter of this. That a moment be
had, of justifying history, of reinforcing learning, of

sense, how this I have always presumed is marked
and modeled. And what joy or either what this contains,
it draws me forth. For answers it contains, of exacting

the rightness of color and abstraction. And not too
much. Honest for what it declares. And if I walk
away, pass upon the rest and complete myself, I will

have arrived at an understanding which will surface
for the rest of my days. To be applied. Instrumental.
And to be considered as to its intent. For some art

is greater than its creator and I need no introduction,
for this is a corner of the imagination. And if it inspires
or either it blends or unifies, I have crossed its continuity.

And above, below. A distance coupled in time. How a float, tamping treetops and up, to the clouds. I will remain until all of matter is reconciled, like earth and color, like altitude, how there are no bounds. Blue and subtle, crisp like information upon skin. And wings, without resistance, and soaring by the human jets, the metal assistants, there is not a need. And carried, if I let the wind, if I let a thought, there and back again somersaulting freedom and energy, beauty like civilization below in lines and civil nature above in spheres and light. Crossing imaginations and other guests. And clouds underfoot, to run upon clouds in bare footed joy, to reach into air, to swim or either relax like a concept known. And release, the cause of pressure, release a gravity, a knowledge, all to elsewhere. For I fly at will, never to touch the earth and back again, never a dream, never a need, and never a netherplace. And

inside, breath, how it completes this body. Into this body, air like life, sustaining. Look to its needs, of what course will complete this travel, I use it all, for this body requires. I am a system, an atmosphere, sustaining growth and heaven, fertile land beneath colors and stars, lamplight and candlelight, good and bad. I am cloud, within, without, soaring and swimming, moving for a current, and delivering the needs. How it is an ease, a play, to swoop, never to touch the earth above nor the sky below. The stars below, the clouds below. And above, below. Without urgency and without a rhythm, lest breath be rhythm. It is. Lest the cycles of thought be rhythm. They are. To a day, this remark, this windward stare. And this sail, this body is a sail, this time, carrying a thought like a leaf, a fluffseed, a butterfly. An air carrying a season into the next sweeping thought. An instant sweeping underfoot like a time.

A past, like images, frames upon canvas, spots and sounds, dashing. They are a time separated, of longing

and reason, belief. And to make a something complete, here upon, a theme of the last racing stripes, intuition like notice. How a fragment will surprise, I am the last suspension, the last heartened landscape, the last of

music and action. And from a mounted presence, I have an effort in mind, to carry the whole of this day into a future totaled here upon. The lessons, how a

total recall becomes partial. I can only struggle with an integration. I can only struggle by the limits of this perspective. An authority, by the principles of this

nature rounded by my own. And fragments, how they arrive. And fragments, how a history. Middling a

presence. The sight of objects, the dashing concepts, the roads, where they have led, the language, how it becomes something other than its introduction. Past, as numbered as time, as written. And how the nature

of being will demand and assert that the models of yesterkind be recalled in an alignment. For ends of

diffusion or either ends of reinforcement, the fragments of running, how a body, of gratitude, who shall receive, of directed learning, by where these principles tend. A past, how I be, collected and assorted, determining

a piece of adolescence, history, a watch, where a focus, an attention. For how they change, the lasts of time, how they flash or either return as variables. Frames.

Age dampens a body. A time, to brittle bones and a smallening. Disease, how an environment collects an instrument of learning, of engagement, withering to muted sounds and wish. How it was only a memory, of passing youth, of racing and charging at life, and how it has grown so small. An appreciation, how it turns to the littles, of rest and dependence. A body needs. An age, it has become distilled and careful, protected like an art, for it carries what was once sound and encouraged, now lasting into sleep, early sleep and open mouth dreams with lips turning to thread and sunspots, agespots upon skin and the cancer, how it melts away a thought. For futures, they turn to remedy, of keeping pace with ailment, of assorting histories, of pace and time. Reluctant time, scattered in bed and dreaming. Reluctant diet, how a food becomes material, just material. And drifting, near to window at an early spring. I wish for nothing.

I wish for wishes of nothing. In remembered wool and chair, becoming small to passing sounds which meant something. How something great becomes small. How the means of living. And how the promise of medicine, all an intention. And sense, the shine of eyes, an attention, glossy at the world and expecting, the ears, the sounds, how they expect, how they startle. And arthritis, to move, and body contracting, joints. And how a word is love. The last will be love, unconditioned and released.

Genius, how it passes along a social thread. The next will advance like language. Like poetry becoming a

chapter, a completion. And science, in the end a philosophy will be made of thought, it will be made into a frame as an other, something aged and outside. For the next

will be as political as the first, wanting its standards, wanting its life, its corner of history becoming. Genius, it will be something other, curious and distracted, it will have offered its apparent novelty, its first schism

and its first obvious page. But a whole will be made greater in a generation, a tenure, the next. And definition, of liberty, of sound conformity of the elastic bounds of social test and extremism. And what paradigm, as an order, moral authority, or either what construct

will be the division of happiness, of success, of love and determination, there will be clouds again, as the

last waddles away into confusion and nonessentialism. Smart will be shelved as an object of history, of that which once cried anger and truth, of that which once

caused marvels and inspiration, until modernity bled by the confounds of aged questions and mortal lines. And this smart, it shall turn as the last. This genius, how it evolves, reluctant or either manic, and wherefrom

its cause, its strain will be a member of a family. For history, how its study will be separated from the pragmatics of truth, how a shelf will be no longer modern. That a wind, a nature, material, it shall discern like a teacher discerns, refracting history and now gone for the next.

swimming

March

Numbers acrossing a room, and words, pulled from
the night. The poetry of rest, beyond text and test,
and after the lasts of learning. To lie upon age and

all that happens, open eyes and pointed at nothing,
dashing spots and whorling rooms. And swim, to the
next, holding an idea like a breath, of colors and the

coming season, refuting refuting. And imagination, how
it is a part of this sea, foaming life and liberty, and
obstacles like time. Stopped, time. For a day, passing

like weather, like hewn knowledge escaping in smells
of rain, battering rain and gentle rain, mist like becoming.
And to the next, stroking shelves and thoughts, the

padded shelter of home, where colors stay as memory,
of raining rhythms, of interest cascading down down
refuting nothing but time. How an environment, it is

poetry, swimming, it is as poetry, it is like poetry. Or
either numbers not married to things. Poetry not married
to days, how they pass in shuffling light and sound,

there is not a memory, a chord. And how. And how.
Like release, the automatons, the mindless obstacles,
like release, to the currents cleansing, the bathing meanders,

the watercress and bubbling sediment, the room, how
it escapes. Into spells of darkness and return. Into
spells. How a word will turn to image and another.

And floating, content as they stream an intellect and
flash like tides succeeding one another. Swelling like
emotion or either allowing its passage. Allowing its.

Man of medicine, a one of fitting the dislocations of the body, of splinting the cracks, of tethering the bones fractured and broken. Healer, of slow and deliberate processes, of the frames which support more organic tissue, organs. A body, its composition is held upon

solid material defying gravity. And how it ages, bone, to a more brittle being, one of dissolved structure, of lesser calcium. And charge, to a one concerned in the hardest manners of internalism, bone doctor, the supplements sustaining, consume that which a bone consumes, and

bear weight, draw strength among early years for the golden days will rest upon the vigor of youth. Medicine man, setting and placing, and pinning the supports of experience. A body, its anatomy, it rests like the skeletons rest, endobeing, and swaddled in skin, in

blankets, barriers of living tissue, how it all combines to form a whole. But a concern, it is a structure, the hard fiber which runs the internal length of the body, how it carries. And pathology, a cancer comes sickening limbs and organs, and density, a withering decay of

mass. And break, force upon bone, snapping bone. Contorting fractures and displaced joints, by force or by apparent weakness and an environment pushing at. And bone setter, figuring a health, how a body and how a position, pushing back at displacement,

and mounting artificial supports, casts and iron, that a health. Healer, of patience and mind. Of rest and reintroduction. Slow and deliberate, for growth begins internally. And to set a frame, to mend bone, it is a match of stillness and determination. An allowance.

and when spring

March

The lasts, of melt, of winter tire. How a day grows longer into warm. And winter winds, into passing freshness, into sprite. And how a life returns, of waddling

creatures, of newborns, dependents. I remember in a flash, yesterday, how a chill can bite at determination, how a sky is clear and cold, reserved. But clearness now is met with color, with emerging greens, with cheer

and tulips, buds pushing. And how a growth spans a consciousness, a conscience reflecting new whorls

and life. And ideas, of replacement of modification, of change shifting to industry. Of inhabiting a new mind collecting experience like a beginning. And discarding.

And when spring, what remains, a sheltered self, a body of intentions. An attitude evolving like a brittle

wind into change. Of softening earth, of the last shaded remains of snow, brown and ugly, defeated. And how an unbundled walk begins an imagination, of hope and clarity, of industry. I shall turn forward, sighted

and aware, collecting starts. The social games, the modern games, of advancement, of restlessness, of

appreciation. And how a forest, new. And how a park fills with ideas, simple like balls and frisbees and the recapture of time. And consciousness, I am prepared for this. Noetry and poetry, of being among others.

And setting asides, the winter tire. And breath like accomplishment, into the spirits of air, the lasts of darkened being, them cast and now pointed forward.

For the institution of progress or either the institution of stillness. For enlisting dreams, for recording experience. And taking turns, one and then another, a poet follows a poet, beating out words and symbols, flashing the images of peace, of desire. Like love and truth, justice, caretaking and remembrance, of whim and vigor, of moonlit afternoons, of friendship or isolation, of cause and question. One and another, spreading doctrine and undermining doctrine, replacing metaphor, replacing language. For the old grows tired, like history, it becomes an other, the other. And in this place, reverence, for

the rules of carrying one's own to its fullness, reverence, for the mastery of experimentalism. How large, and how far a thought, this brought about by a beginning, a shared memory, that which brought about a character. And keeping pace with the abstracts of society, or either pacing a society. This place will be the soil, the foundation of spirit. This place, it is the heartened core of fulfillment, of wait and patience, the point of entry. Where objects, they are the words, and if they hurt or either if they inspire, if a word shall connect or either ferry the next, and if a silence will be the want

of rest, a pause, it will be as meaningful as sound, it will be a concept, pause. An introduction like rain or cloud, temperament, sense by the aspects of metalanguage, of voice and instrument. For trial and denial, the institution of proper forms, substance, to satisfy or either take from that which has taken, to give to that which has given. And taking turns and rounding ideas, for as many as are present, one for each coddled mind incubating at the mass of place and protection, the environment which will say neither good nor bad. Only I. And if a policy by association, then. And if a change, then.

Schism of truth, for the last was incomplete. It had not the fullness of late winter forest, of hardened snow

breaking underboot, nor the glories of sky, blue and threaded with clouds. And the remembrance of how a lake returns to water, wet and breaking from shores,

and popping. There is not a sound, truth, and a schism, for the last was incomplete. Like breaking toward a progress, village upon hill with community church, the steeple, how it sounds, a single bong for every, with

schoolhouse and industry, downtown, how it shelters from within. And a truth, how it rides upon a social

fabric, a one extended from history and inclined to carry the greatest forward. A monument, a mark, a grassland, that which returns me to design. And in

its absence, its discard, or either the adoption of an other inclined nature, there are several local purposes, to the people of the sea, them solid of highland deserts, the people bound by prairies, to a greater relevance.

Or either the inclusion of several principles as a one may be only as sufficient as geography. And if there

be something greater and more sound, as societies erode, as all has not arrived, schism of truth, or either the entertainment of something altogether new, for the

last was incomplete. I am advanced from institutions and their propellants, I have always been. And with a courage, wherefrom, an original revealed, like the self, a member yet advancing upon a determination.

The clever littles. The frames of experience. The time which became indelible, with moral contributions to character, with insight upon futures. And subtle or either outright declarations, passive images and remembrance. That old familiar rhythm, life's rich segment of history, fragment, and related testimony, how a story. And the fibers of being, how they are a composite of the rest. The pieces assembled, between dawns and full moons, between the automations soon forgotten. And the day, onset and introduction, theatre like rain beginning and theatre like spring beginning, how I observe the knowledges before me. How I recognize a knowledge. And independence, at the love of learning, of sense

and time. Moments like hours, of sandstone whistling to a dust, of oceans, turning, returning, and whirling worlds around around. One. Once. Of a pattern. Of a marked enchantment pointing at another, how a truth points at another. Moments like lives, how they capture, how they rationalize sections of belief. And reason, by the unquestionable images, first a picture, first a sound, that which represents, brought to a language and brought to a social construction. In the eventual or either remembered as art, good or either bad, accurate or either defeated. But limited, to a parcel of thought, a day, a wind, a morning, a given company. How they reflect. Lesson. And guided to the next, that after all, perhaps a speckled picture will be the advent of knowledge. Sum. Total, of instances, of frames and their origins. And how they repeat until the last of a thought is sequestered, tamed and isolated. And how they repeat until a memory, until a lesson. For it was

governed or either it was so bold a truth or so bold a nature. And that which is distilled, that which carries on upon these thoughts, a fragment like yesterday.

The differences in becoming. This mind, it was born of a path, preference and judgment, disposition, or either it established itself upon a will. And given an ideal, experience is charged with becoming that which resembles a thought. Experience is charged, induced

to those ends which reflect the nature of a concept, its meaning. How I discover. Upon the paradigms of history or open, upon cognitive reflex, or either upon behavioral contentments. And theory, speculation, as to how I am determined, discerned, as to what

portion of myself will be a product of an environment, and as to what portion of myself will become to a predetermination of thought. And neither will be the whole of becoming, for there are indisputable factors, that a school, its needs are social, developmental, and

that a slate each is, a given potential, marked in neurons and ability. From the beginning. And if a threshold, if a field of potence, that a standard will be recognized, thereupon a blank slate. A reasonable conclusion to a separated debate. That an ability, disability, that

a grounds for social construction and reconstruction, that a field be standardized, then an institution of a social might thereupon be standardized. Or either discerning the individual thresholds of each, thereupon instituting a personal education or either its allowance.

And thus debated, not the cornered aspects of existing and becoming, but rather their standardization and either their personalization. A democratic notion, that a blank slate exists, but its application, likened among many or personalized, a secondary question. Foundation.

The washed colors, the daylight trembles in sage green and dampened by clouds. The counts, like water and

melting words, melting like winter earth. Remissing like cancer, the retreat of freeze, the defeat of dormancy, of pastoral winds regenerating earth and kind. By a

want, forgetting history, its cold silence, that which once bound authority. And outward, among vines beginning again, among washed boulders, stones and warm like the daylight trembling, beginning. And a

courage, how it is encouraged, how an amble among tree figurines figuring leaves, poplar new growth, the starts of spring, germination, how it represents a new adolescence, life. And trailing sky, washed and blue, like I remember away, a word away and melting into

an imagination. Start. And fevered sun, how it begins a social rise, the daylight trembles, at first vacant and then pointed. At the noonish sounds, the scattering remnants of a decayed autumn, dead undergrowth, damping into dry and into dust in the eventual. The

dead eventual, and blown like the last, in whorling gigs, in whistling stops eastward. The noonish sounds, how they return, how they begin to. And the washed meadow, remaindered brown, washed in wind and

wait. Daylight trembles, among the change and among the pastoral winds. Eastward, a thought. Another. Coloring a place and washed by clouds, a winter melt

redundant. For pastoralism is this time again, emerging like daylight forward, and trembles. Wind representing.

And surfacing, how the corps of winter let themselves back again, from this becoming. And surfacing, the sense of melt, of energy separating, cold from change,

darkness from change, sleep from change. And into the fathoms of social asylums, how they start again, in smoke and grind, in effort, how it will be a standard

come the next. And surfacing, the water, how it bubbles upon earth, down upon earth, cascading into change from snowed tops and shaded histories. How water,

it is a form I appreciate. And how water, pushed from the earth, from risen levels and snow separating to change, how it filters itself through soil, and becomes

in every down. And time, to change, to branded light, to daybreaking in early instants every turn. The light, how it separates to change, direct and important, for

it represents. Like metaphor for metaphor, like light, it travels in wider arcs, belonging longer, staying like change. And surfacing, a green like change, as filters

light pushed through forests becoming. Green will be many, and separated into darkened leaves, broad and collecting, and delicate ferns, and each absorbing

change. How it comes, how it surfaces. Green like afternoon or either early in the morning, green like moss, like watercress, how it surfaces. The sense of cold,

gotten, understood and set to the last, for change is, and patience I have learned like yesterday and how it pauses into this surfacing like I am prepared for.

