

HOW TO READ VI

The new bodies want to be human beings, to tell you we want something left to you to keep you to a system of natural impulses, impulse semantics, to write there is the changing world quickly facing the facts.

Its life moves you to envy the classic and current dignity of the dangerous world. Who is always turning? Who can try to pile up vibrations in the young mind. Who structures the writer with organized thought and praise?

Suppose that there is fixed some things to floors, and past fears of the sea will be active in what you write and more, to write the over and over again ocean waves confronted by men, memories and chromosomes.

Thus France has an objective and arranges words to say it. Although the old territory is beginning to suffer, the names don't seem to mean something must have made them any idea in mid-stream. The question is hidden somewhere in the world gangs in charge of access. The Spirits of Strangers. Or The Ideas of Intention, my own ears and my heart, coming back under my own name.

I went to school there, or to spend it, and was thinking those heavenly things, on Earth you saw something with jerks and tugs. To know where to pop, or ought to, the palms through the stillness of hands, the faint cable feeling, the sound of a woman rocked by a woman with her hair up. A door opens and she's still there. It's time to stop glorifying the Red Army.

There is a will, and it's called the bone trace of a relief thing and I wanted to write all the orbits of the eye, the edges of the black orbit touching the polished spectator writing between the thumb and index finger and letting go at the precise problem indentation permitting the eye in the edges of an orbit like the neck of the rest to remain there. This is the first point to understand in the psychology of volition.

It's a world taking readers to the world famous heart interior where the revolution squeezes satisfaction until the revolution outgrows plot and delight dated by danger shuts out the rules of resistance in moments of plots like the one where the whole ten pound rock pushes up a lot of animals that talk.

In the jungle and in the ears in animals and the expression of sex instances of machine operations, that movement is a movement of each and all its parts.

So curved surfaces depend on strawberry seeds, a sea of physics

gives me a headache, and paper and culture make that word the legend of a father catching it.

And then they ask me why I write.

After all, you can write when you're a writer. You have the words and write words in a poem.

Here it was, 1776, and so hard to see. The golden sands of the Pacific and minute islands and it's easy to train your hand to write the word blue, blue means thousands of sensations, say it to convince a book we call blue of the blue as big as a prize of blue eyes or read these living labels: bare walls and schools with worn wooden steps and books without the bombshell and the Spanish Loyalist with her composition of echoes that continues to produce trouble. Like everyone, she plays ball with a man written by his students with news of the effort that requires. These terms grow into residents of moving parts in consequences of consciousness, one sort of state is muscle presumption, of a sudden touch or sound or the light of general kinesthesia I can't help suspecting connects the nerves of persons nobody denies to be there. The principle is, find that peripheral feeling. After that, some brush-off to leave the waste with the humanities and the luxuriant jaws of his class, sucking on a woman's neck, from publishing simple poems.

You have to be a reader to know about the army. You have to look me in the eyes in French and dress in one room introducing yourself with a smile and speaking of being determined to be suddenly understood. After whispering in another room write America to settle down and do some work. I said I ought to be arranging a meeting for me as a person seeking a solution to the problem of the butterfly and the bull, your subconscious, your idiom.

There's a second reason, and that's why a writer had written before. Surprise someone repeating the adult of great precision, the substitute for imitation differs from our lift and our set of the chest and teeth, the experimental impulse fix is observation, the eyes is single and the finger takes the double eye with the apparent translocation of a feeling in the other field of the eye by the exquisite optical eye as in the former eyes and eye of the line of sight to the eye in a word.

This is an image of advocates on their backs in a citadel. And this is an image of energy and ideas which form thoughts of movements quickly choosing movement of interest to us all. This is the principle of ample scope. Here it seems on the eye or ear, or sometimes on the skin or nose.

The mind does not need the idea of activity. The idea by which we discriminate between kinesthetic ideas is sometimes swamped in the vivid origin of remote existence. As he writes he has no anticipation, as a thing distinct from his sensation, of either the look or digital feel of the letters which flow from his pen. The words buzz in his mental ear, but not in his mental eye or hand. Some people, he writes, were writers too. I have been asked to write war for the *New Masses*. So I wrote a bow and arrow at the open door, a machine gun staring straight into the neat and clean room. Against the wall to my left, political affiliations about five feet by seven feet. For instance, the New York nude musician and its origins in revolutionary mythology. Yes, he writes, there is no abstract, but not in the others. You have to watch assorted human beings to see writers write astronomically, and more people includes a sun and moon father disproportionately conscious. It's not a map and there is no secret. It's the continuous field itself, and it's not schizophrenic either.

And besides, teaching the father we care about in peril. We're not sure how that father lives and breathes. So we watch and brood over the evidence that the son is also part of life. And we write the subject of poems in college, people find interest in our poetry. Here's where the dread of the irrevocable comes in. Or the reasonable type. Like Magellan waiting for the first European woman to take off her clothes, it's deliberation accustomed to imagination and the possible modes of conceiving in its own favor.