This document compiles handwritten notes and typescript drafts from the papers of the American poet Peter Seaton (1944–2010).

In 2011–2012, I cataloged and scanned Peter Seaton’s papers before sending them to the UC San Diego Library Special Collections & Archives. Seaton’s papers include a near-complete collection of his published works, along with an unpublished book manuscript (*Imaginary Ship*, 2003) and several dozen pages of notes and drafts.

Most of Seaton’s notes and drafts were shuffled together in a single beige manila folder. I scanned each page in the order I found it, and I have maintained the original order here. Five more handwritten pages were scattered among Seaton’s papers, which I have included as the last five pages of this document.

Six of the typescript pages below were accompanied by exact duplicates, which I have omitted to avoid confusion. I have also omitted several unrelated photocopies.

This document, along with scans of Seaton’s other works, can be found at the University of Pennsylvania’s Electronic Poetry Center: https://www.writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/seaton/

Peter Seaton’s papers are accessible for research at the UC San Diego Library Special Collections & Archives: https://library.ucsd.edu/speccoll/findingaids/mss0748.html

Stephen Reid McLaughlin
March 2021
"It doesn't matter what you do, as long as you don't forget the mission."

Eva. VII

James Williams
primary picture 1D

The Imposters
DIMENSIONLESS

Now you
Know, tall as the trees
In the sting of some afterlife
What was taken, the measure
In repose, like a guest with his tongue
In the soup, the bonnet high
In its flight toward the shoals
Of that particular diaspora, the one
To refuse to leave you breathless
Head turned toward where it happens
Like an evening grounding the twilight
In two tails of an easy offer, to
Leave you all along and here
Comes the car and here you are
Struck by the novelty
Such stark thought offers, pinning
You down, letting you down
Wearing you down up close.
Several of the poems that comprise the volume, "Yazma Sip," have appeared previously in Rep.
It's like being home  
In three parts, the one that festers  
In a likeness of being away, the one  
That can't stop brimming over with  
Thresholds of gain (electric)  
And pain selective even unto indomitable  
Presence of mind. And the one  
That minds your own business with a tenderness  
Disguised as affectionate dishing it out  
To make sure you can take it.  
Like a question hanging in the rumpled air  
Of your supple prescience sensing  
The missing time with a resonance, but  
Just a resonance, of despair the colors  
Of your romance with missing nothing  
Oblige you to calculate just who's  
Been gone. And where.
At this precise moment I'd write
To write, yet be read, to read worse,
Yet write, type, stone, rain,
Light, rain. He writes, even.
War is all its progression.
In consequence, the dead,
Arrived, and I discern the dead
Arrived.
Recall of the poem that says
Several of the poems
That comprise
I'm from Africa. I handle "Land-seizure-estates." Two
A day. Sometimes three
Or four or even more
If I have to, depending
What's at stake, namely me
Or mine, which includes property
As well as persons. You may ask,
"Didn't I see you in that movie
With what's-his-name?" No.
What's-his-name makes billions
By playing let's pretend. I
Make much less, much much much
Less by playing for real. It's
True, I rarely make people laugh.
In fact, most effectively, I make
Them fear for their lives. I can't
Say I enjoy doing this. On the
Other hand quite often I do (enjoy
It). Nevertheless I tell myself
(My wife agrees) I am doing this
For my daughters. So they can go
To school out of Africa to learn
To play let's pretend it's not
A wilderness out there. Paris, Rome,
New York, Seattle people think
It's civilization. But what is
Civilization? Wilderness. Where rules
My daughter learns apply to be eluded.
Let's say lives and property are at
Issue. Someone wins, Someone
Loses. She may negotiate
A compromise to retain civilization
Leaving everyone thinking of ending up
In between or on some end
Of profit and loss.
What's marginalized is their fear
For their lives. My daughter
Gets rich, I am honored. But
Really it's let's pretend death
Is to be avoided at all costs.
And my wife and I learn to make believe
In the existence of the absence
Of wilderness. Meanwhile,
I, not always successfully, avoid
The consciousness that would manifest
The wish that my wife would die and know
She does the same. Will she always
Repress the possibility
Of the actualized vision of the back
Of Raymond Chandler's husbands'
Back of his neck exposed. And for me,
How often may the girl with the pretty mouth
And delicious crotch be fantasized
As a replacement? Now you may say
The point. These are dreams which, even
When awake, are wishes, Yet sometimes
I confess to admitting (to myself)
That dreams are nothing if not real.
And so, healthy, in our well-attended home
I tolerate or think of the thickets of pre-
Literate sates, the aboriginal. Before the
Post-Ionions, never mind the Hebrews
And Egyptians concocted the gold and silver
And bronze and iron ages. Before Eden's con
Led men to regard death as regress and men
n the moon to be aimed at and aiming in general.
But I know my place. I continue folks
To that line for misery, that line for happiness.
It's as if the wilderness we inhabit exists
To generate fantasy. And after the really short
Ten thousand years in which our cranial
 Capacities increased fifty percent Kurt Godel longed
For a bite of the cyanide, I just try not
To forget the soul which exists
In the absence of feeling sorry. Good night
And good luck?
6.7.05

Listen, birthday woman,
Today you've got enough on my mind
To eat your way through the remaining caricature
Of my heart, like

"Old Mexico ("I don't know
What's so 'lindo' about it") but
I do if only your proud Spanish,
Only one instance of your thought thought

That all we need is a tune-up
In the shape of a pill so we don't have to talk
About it, re-visit the past
Which is really the present which

Is where I love you in my not so old age even
More than I did before. Parallel
Universes are a reality. Time too,
But not really so important as love

Which sort of conglomerate with mind, it's
True, physicists are beginning to say it
Or rather intuit it, which maybe
Makes mathematics for not the first time

Not caught up with the truth. Who
Can doubt the existence of God, the
Truth only whose form we can't imagine
Which nevertheless is a fact. I imagine
I see Havat

Widet Parot

Crandon Garden

Bradebach Mountain

The Truth is

Charlie
HOW TO THINK

Whisper to a new sun
Approaching a drink behind
The clouds. Breathe
Your way through a false number
Close to my lips
Which need to have you
Discover me. How to think
And how it sounds and what
You will do. You'll need
That grasping letter arriving
In the flourish of my darling
Money from the state. You'll need
A brave phrase, to make people think
You must write what you wouldn't say
On the telephone. But now you can see
The actor's eye
And half the actor's face
Longing for a mixture of saliva and skin
And panic at the most dangerous thing
In the world at peace with itself.
General of the poeze
That compose this volume,
"Imaging Vizg" have
appeared previously in
separate, independent
magazines, journals, and
anthologies.
To this point it has been the
scene of my misfortunes which I
have felt obliged to recount so.

Accordingly, I chose to have nothing
to do with a woman who abuses
the treatment of a man who reflects
that esteem.

After I have left I
choose to consider that I am left
through my character to be at
Now you get to exclude
Doctrinaire fun
From frame and number. Still, it seems
To be the shadow of someone saying something about me
Infinitely expected, fastened
To a force that isolates saying to myself this,
This is my door, my jar, this is
All around me, women
Evolving conceptual masculinities
To illuminate a tight-fisted search
For deadly enjoyment, as well as conventions
Enjoining you from reasoning a wilderness
Into a statistics that tolerates affection
While ruling out keeping me from
Turning up in the world. If this
Is a parochial variation on molding the present
Into assuming a mutating authority
Finding itself between the lines or at
The frontier here's
Where I fall again, or maybe after
The fragility supplement that rhymes
With steps taken to keep things moving kicking
Out at what I omit in you, warnings
Of concussions these sets of certainty affect
To effect some hibernating future.
Dear [Name].

3/1

[Signature]

[Place]
To Our He Will Live Forever
(On the battle)

Wednesday, and

Observe, you too

the end your part. Won

When we known in the armed

fight to the make to

and die. Then

to be interested in one another.

On Twentieth May

Fell their been near Kansas City

15 April 1985
Hue. Bob

("This is your fault") we began.

With literature reference to your

people who occupy an alternative

world and grade. I fully in in

made an effort and not

in a good lucky year. And in

the! for

every, complete dimension

of US curve, the curve, or

curve. I possibly do

mean there the old festival.
Dear Dad,

(Take off your coat) we begin to

What literature recommends to

People who enjoy an relationship.

You said you had trouble in 20

May be an effort and

I'm a good lucky because, but in

The

example, complete dimension

of US curve, the curve, our

curve. I possibly I

mean there's still something

Love

Li: NEAR
Truth) Our people never change
Fickle in which in the great
Tangle: Land large
Were delirious out of. But
Our it or not we do and we will.
Sometimes called “later”
Then “never” No God will ever have
And our children children children
Etc. will have to
Get of of this earth. How
And Christmas so for an if which
Lying forever. No one just visits anymore
You were born the day

I met you. That

First day that I

came to see you and the

Town.

Sort of thing, sort of thing.
Of the friends. Chord the present.
Let us never forget, led on keep
Our eye
On the present.
And Mitchell proved them so much
On time, friendship.
His word companion even in times of want came
Of age, and men are not. This I say:
Here and another there had
As it were, the present everywhere, feeling
Thus all, in Switzerland.
It's easy to renounce giving up.
And to know actively of the disposal of advantage
To a cold storm of vigor clustered
And so abandoned by what considers to be called
Abandon of an idea interpreting
A spot on a line segment astonished
At the forbearance claimed by reluctance alarmed
Awake and fierce because the loss
Excites its outbreak as the advent of a proof,
Its vehemence loose in a virtual head
This admits of a match to a wily escape
0 desultory conversation to limits keeping
In check, side by side, the hesitation
Tramped by aversions to the stain lounging
About the irritation appearing as the impenetrable stick mischief
Nominally neighboring confession to a command
For mischief concealed
In the recesses of a command
To conciliate cheers

CURRISHED
FROM A LINEAR POINT OF VIEW

There is no text, and its pleasures devolve
Upon this tristesse. There's always a logic
In which the security of the existence of the momentarily
Unimaginable is ignored in the down to earth
Construction of the perfect poem. That's what
Nobody's inside of and in which there is no standing
Because the afterthought is this item of inheritance
Of emptiness, of heroic possibility, of the myth
Enduring never forgetting there's nobody inside
Being too true to be normal. The white country
Of the page, "trembling with anticipation!" can
Be written off into the clearest cultures
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Of the structure of reciprocity to propose and prepare
And observe their growth in the leisure of a lifetime
Of work. But this remote intelligence is preoccupied
With references without which no standing can endure
Though it exists without relation to itself
Occupying the alienated analysand with confused dreams
Of perfect ego just as the hero's
Authenticity resides in his will, a residence
Keeping the poet homeless and forever at home with
Indeterminacies themselves adrift from words
Of little wings tied to the mountains, fresh water
Sliding up in one's soul n currents of the human
Voice between efforts of finding myself falling for
Decisions that no longer exist. I can linger along
The earth's surface, folding the highway's edge
Into vulnerable limits of the sun burning
Down with information that lets me tell you
Where I would wander. There nothing moves
When I stop to be alone, no sign of life
Defined on one of the pages acquiring different kinds
Of English to infiniti, no fact, no parts, no prime banks
Of ancient days where the person you may not know
Conducts me to the truth. No unintentionally
Scattered horizons discovered in someone
Signing a formula for writing in ink, a rare, concentrated
Ink made from a division of myself and English
That I'm crossing out. I'll just leave
Some sweet concept of my culture in an English
Settling whatever we believe an American means in
The language preserve of gland controlled unity.

I can see us in its new division, looming
Out of continuous English in a paper-strewn past,
Understanding insights you might have vigorously finishing
Where I would wander. There nothing moves
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With us. Then you might have a different word for erupting
Out of civilization which is what I think
You mean takes place in thoughts I think
I had in mind, evanescent possibilities of a hero's blush
Verging on pluralistic mortality. But you guys
You look out from anything that seems poles are cool
Among crags, the peaks gathering you like dizzying lab drops
Under a tree. The flatness of rocks shoots into
A little bit about baths right under your nose.
If I read you classify some small black object
Under the sun I expect to see the unused
Fantasy watered by a whale running
Out of rocks and bristling with the evidence of a pen
Where it feels this sudden margin in the grip
Of a tradition or two. I don't really believe
Cells to be single, or even dots of exciting principles
Of preceding days plodding by. I want to pretend
To be a man and actually think, to bring us two small
Pieces of the two of us in that past made
Where I would wander. There nothing moves
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To be a man and actually think, to bring us two small
Pieces of the two of us in that past made
Existing in the loss of a word. It's that adventure
I want, the nature of what happens starting to create
A subset of cleared-away English giving you trouble
Between two nouns sounding good on the bridge
To word matter, in the mind's hardness
Of the word instance of eloquent new painting
Around a field and a cow. Without this
New object becoming a context for images of thinking
Becoming words my impetus does not falter in the fact
Of something you see in thinking this thing out. But
One good idea for secret technical gratification
Is not that tightly revelatory written word. It's not
Those words referring to veiled thoughts of sure reading
Demanding concepts of the nervous spectator and his wife
Admitting me to proving to take decades
That I have to work with, centuries
To occur to our sufficient age beyond the reach
Of classical certainty. That's how
You understand humans earnestly lacking means,
For adding the future I to each strange language
I guess I can't imagine arising from mine.

Ah, Maria, these problems don't tear
The place down. And what a lot of reasons jar
Le neige bleu into certain kinds of Proust
Aviation such as dialects minus those syllables
Going to make me cry. This son of a gun
Is raiding the highest standard of living.
This moralist studies the subject's real things
Overflowing his or her main chance. This patriot
Exists in spite of books written for me
To read Kant, this troubled people
Orders its survival and keeps it whole and breaks
Your heart into dossiers of elementary ambition, live people
Need so much. These peasants starve into print
And rush through pearls of prime guesses to see you.
Where I just lived, then dropped into everyone
I think you'll feel up to rescuing from the miracle
Of solid walking off before strong bodies sleep
Off the difference you come up with remembering
The rope to my room looks like entities of English
You'll write to me soon, especially words inventing
Blue and pink sounds like a language producing
The approval of the first word which is red.

That helps you recite a page in alien alphabets
Where I just lived, then dropped into everyone
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That helps you recite a page in alien alphabets
In the written debris you write home not to mention.
Congratulations to the two best males judging both
Poetry and painting exercising sources to pieces.
They're earthlings in our influence respected
For disappearing into the bosom of an integral depletion
I also wrote out of a new dimension for surveilling
Them from stopping being who you are. I want your world
Which was not always I make a poetry we don't know
Yet, a vibrant poetics keeping the walls of my life
Sufficient to the field of carbon-produced facts from
Draining the need of the largest adult into ions
Of something to say that could sum up the parts
I was in love with. I thought life could manage
Iconoclastic micro-things mobbing the problems you say
You make up reading of gaining each other, let's say
Where you'd kiss the hands of every woman in the sixties
Writing unpredictable intermissions in particularly
Escapist soviets. But linear sighs
Of narrative lines form huge imperious
Looks across the bay. And daily, or even hourly,
This is the pumping heart. I never began writing.

I write I have a fantastic rock and look
At it again. I wrote How To Read into the blur
That becomes words behind the trunks of trees.
And I knew my mother's finite intervals as passages
Where I just lived, then dropped into everyone
I think you'll feel up to rescuing from the miracle
Of solid walking off before strong bodies sleep
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And observe their growth in the leisure of a lifetime
Of work. But this remote intelligence is preoccupied
With references without which no standing can endure though
It exists famously without relation to itself, occupying
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Authenticity resides in his will, a residence
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Of preceding days plodding by. I want to pretend
To be a man and actually think, to bring us two small
Pieces of the two of us in that past made
Of all future extravagance that ends a feeling that
Everything comes back grinning, the moon and wild grass
Joined by contrasts of undefined writing grounded
In the one you see that's on me, the old saying
That doesn't mean defend yourself against seeming to
Like to touch me or that there'd be surging
Spectra of full vowel futures written on tough
Haunting guesses of everything expectantly locating
Your words out of how good you were you evil
Looking reader disrupting the shock of begging for
Attention from every metaphor for reading
Assignments into the needs of inventive images dominating
The planets about to leave land into a lineage
That some intense dream trails in words.

Hero and Heroine. I was asked to speak while
Writing these priorities. One, this must be
Said because of an urge to write. Two, to write
Something one reads into erotic discovery.
Three, to write so you can read a father
Was killed on the basis of anticipating an urge
To assemble the determining line.

You can ask me this heart line in tropes
Fortuitously sustaining the association of the raw
Material of the language of right thoughts in
Quotes inseparable from antidotes to telling
You this, in differential sleep distilled
To participation in geometries of so many advanced
Ideas for living everywhere, in doing something
For a man who runs against fine timing.
You're talking to old friends, to a legend,
A scheme of resistance humanizing you
Within reach of my writing. Yet the elusive
Tempo of seeking patterns in the methods of questions
In my muscles actually happened to that poet
These women, reduced to the trouble with men define
The developing words with grammars you mix with reading
Knee deep in concentrating on upright amounts of time.
This technician sees the words that always come
For us. This linear being just lets go.

Because the subject is pure matter in excess
Of roaming some writer's logic it's our golden
Age remaining embarrassingly central to how we are
Where we are now varies right away. At least one
Formula for necessity or speaking to incidents
Radiating letters to literature hovers over all the time
That grants composite logics openly and ceaselessly
To you. I want its greedy associations
To accommodate far-fetched archetypes of inaccessible
Nerve sites of the oldest fantasy specializing in
Getting away with menacing attention.

That's why the poet demands the discontinued artifice
Of its energy. I'm talking of making one million
Years merge in each metaphysics of creating
A fever eater poem. The next page
Sees it first, the blessing this emphasis
Makes print all physiology at once and
Spirits in the traits of misleading believing
Proud things into the sunset design thought
Gripping life true to an aesthetic verity that fits
All the riches to referential riches to English.

Maybe I persist in seeing the several rhythms cruise
Agencies of metaphysics of the imperative for
Converging on historical shock, for honing
The edge of seeing you think I'm mixed up
In my libido, my education, etc. I'd learn how
To like the idea, but you'd write and talk
In my crisp fantasies, making up
THE OTHER THING

The contingency of a foreign land, a foreign body, discursively releasing reminiscences of risky recognition of relief passing through.
What follows: other words.
That an archaic woman would distinguish in her wild pursuit of independence and attribution and validity abandoned to an ideal comprising a warning of virtual invention; it would surprise you. It would explode.
The right place at the right time positioned by a mechanics of intention and ambition in which rules of plans swirling around assign an appreciation of a syntax of astonishment to a function of coherence, moments of fervor explicitly native.
To this world of musician after musician obliging a critical decision with a conclusion, as in "I don't see any."
In a foreign land, a foreign
Body, releasing reminiscences
Of risky recognition of relief
Passing through what follows: other
Words that an archaic woman would distinguish
In her wild pursuit
Of independence and attribution
And validity abandoned
To an ideal comprising a warning
Of virtual invention; it would
Surprise you. It would explode
The right place at the right time positioned
By a mechanics of intention and ambition
In which rules of plans swirling around assign
An appreciation of a syntax of astonishment
To a function of coherence, moments
Of fervor duplicitously native
To this world of musician after musician obliging a
Critical decision with a conclusion, as in
"I don't see any."
"I see, I don't see, any."
To an ideal warning
News From A Girl, New Crown

Another complaint. This time

The melody you have played
The book’s “Permanently,” it

was said. But where the treat

There? And here are we to know, not

It was there ever, that she is not a tabulae

Beneath this internal order

Agendy of the "end" of disorder

Affairs, which seem so cold

From her could result in exposure

And line

To some author transfiguration, like those
to the others, their whereabouts, appearing

1
Depressed in the earliest dream of those
chosen by the command to be awake
keeps, growing anything which means
every, so that acting in need
anyone? Well, I propose a test whereby
every clock, edible or not, is to be examined
for the principle of expense. So that everyone
may be cognizant that acceleration over
velocity acquired has nothing to do with
the gravity of whatever situation
May be proposed to fill the bill
of particular potentially, haven tremendously
To be discovered amidst the charming scene.

For Mardner's merriment and reckless hand.

For resolute faith in essentially the unwavering
tendril of the wilderness of the world. For

If there is no garden, what good in the

Nothing within the gate can wholly not be closed.

No one is safe from his or her own crying. And the authority

Would have to get themselves off.

For their lack of information and rely on the
Heart that would make them famous
For many winter at that dry track

Or gently warmed by every spring
While they waited and very from

The mounted of the moon in the foreground
That arrived of its oxygen-rich fumes
Of summer accord no cock times lay
To the soul of my made ants
No lay

To lool, to rock to the clock of the cock
As it rises away the summer ripe
Reminiscence of a strange rage of time over
Ye Godzle began to the part.
AXIOM OF CHOICE

"Thanks to Godel's theorem, the mind always has the last word." -- John Lucas

The fragrant zone's way out, but not far,
And a sun-warmed electronic spot softly smiling
At itself here, underfoot, dislodging quarks flowing
Through the tea I sit talking over and cooling removing
To a heading that schedules the visualized states: I
See this accelerates the febrile past into a fling
Ahead and up a ladder I'm sure to time by climbing and I
Want all these things, the pinched eyes and
The shiny eyes and the matching impure articles rolling
Over and going back to sleep and rolling the plans
Organizing the beginning depths to merge worlds for a while,
The stress that stands for a day off sneaks off
To the gap just about where I know where we're headed
And which I set aside to stroll through. Still,
Had I spotted words centering words? Had ends
Ringed the ends searing bleached bands of discourse
With admission? It's not so much a returning road trip as
Events based on silicon, if it slept, or cards
Of calls to sand up for. The woman
Fills the echo with being here, challenging
Spot writing by economizing on introduction drills
With ideas of perfect photons bouncing off doing what
We all do, eventualizing, dating
The original inhabitants of emphatic instances
By climbing into the opening pages which would
Tell you you know how it goes, map those changes.
“...to construct a model which will help to elucidate what happened when the republican ideal faced the problem of the unending existence in secular particularity.”

— J. G. A. Pocock

The Machiavellian Moment
I see that a cat?
No, it's a dog.
For a cat that cat is old.
Position looking pretty good for

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I didn't need a state so addicted to the perfect Discretion. I could sit back and think about you Being free, bubbling up through what I'm writing, resorting To importance in the scary sense Or burying a number that begins With the lack of a gem spinning leisurely In the frame of a solution or a given frame Of reference I could have you asking me about In an elegant sanction. I recognize you from The Smooth Face Of The World. You struggled To react to The Vigil On The Cliff. But It takes so long. Like being in Key West To imagine a butterfly flapping its wings in the Himalayas That results in a hurricane over the Atlantic; or the first Visitors to a moving car going astray With the idea of who I was, which member Of the primal horde recycling deception of a new model Inner sanctum you want to run to for your own advice. I'm really not hoping for the always spare breath To be sacrificed to an aesthetics of elegant force. But the ease with which you act through the rigors Of euphemistically being a fact proportions the sharp flash Into an improvement to looking specific, like A scar on a wave in the shade on the wall Of the cave.
Lost in La Mancha

Artémise

Son Atiwe

With Face to the Enemy

The Rise of American Democracy
Night Train

Bruce Chadwick
The First Ave. Army
John Jay
Walter Starr
May the windurst
114

1234

0620 - 811

Charg
Where The Mong 2

I could no more escape these schemes of dream
Than alas the wise multitude relies on
Remember for its agitation to acquire
The grace of an ideal becomes a hope
Of futility closer blood venous and tense
Turning itself out of the ideal space
In which shade almost to descend
There's better them marks again
Of the light and heat and, yes, friction
Of the raised friction light washes away
Of access to a where sleep with venes
Because of her foot and handle

To the rescue of Dr. Schlic\n
Mr. Butcher.

Aumpawa December 1967

From L. B. D. (Dahl) to Miss Jones

12 cF

LT J J

u/4

A. C. & Z. J. A. Y

20

(2

L. L. L.

W. J.
Modernity is a judge among which you
And 2 stop in our earlier, one
One day lost and found in a sequence
Sequenced. For its own good?
Concern only your own self confusion.
To make a life away, a crusade against fulfills not.
With love and tenderness, I must tell you that you are omnipresent in every life. That the unbroken circle of soul and mind continues to create new creation. Maybe in a cycle, it's true, and we fall asleep at the end of it because we are asleep in the midst of it. As the sleep and the watch are now made, rendering the separation attendant upon this journey, how can they part for another? In one, unaware of another, just think you've swallowed what can't be heard, at least to you. As dreams alone must your consciousness, where the linear rush in this reflection.
Vest, I felt this force within which I
walk,
With full realization.
I could not bear their presence,
Nor my not even now, face their absence,
I ran my own conscience directed
To the heart of your beloved child
Because of our and so delimit
To repair
This forever in correspondence.
When someone like him could claim something like it to be the victim of the circumstances, achieve a system of rigid aspects, to mean the I could act as a role for any identification arguments. He, yet has laboriously (oh! how laboriously) then the struggle. Observed this linear force-like, after all quality, I lay ready to feel, pale ghost.
A schedule experience anything? Well, given
the right, emotional influence on the writing
of or in a poem, what do you think?

"Not thoughts exactly. More closer
abund thoughts." Here one is not confined
to's regularly or permanently inland.
Almost refer me to a marriage or the
"The" leaving huge quantities.
Here and there on the sand, I saw
My first real waves in the gulf.
"Stop! Stop!" said my wife
Who's clear of the huge dark and
green gravel head.
In memory of Kurt Gödel

"He can draining this model of an eternal life of cyclical time, a model which underlies the reality of general science."

[Signature of Rebecca Goldstein]

What reason did he have to return to his beloved island? Perhaps it was the farewell for his beloved by this grave.

Reminders show us while

[Signature of Emily Post]
Even over matters well beyond the financial status of each one in our heretofore indulged partnership, robid,
of course, during interaction, even to the extent of elevating Madame de N.'s company from our circle. Was this cold war clear of harm despite For Harriet to debar her heeding.
Her lacky breeding, & Henry
You're so good for me honey,
Now almost to round up my head
And die, You've been so good
For me loving, willing left
For me, you to cry
And cry and cry
To die, He kept you
By phallic etc. (It's
In this poem), see you know
In this being alg, the
Trinity in the wind,ooner
Note this part

O.K., O.K., Two things

With your three. They would lose

His and her domain for ghost

Money. And you can spend it on

On the spectre of immaterial gods and heroes.

Not intangible; instead you put substance.

Loss. Like all the things hope and freedom

Like what next from your mind to do it.
What Reason D'2t' I Have

With frequent calls? My (Eam) Island blackden was being chased by barjones. The thousand years of Travelers found the cask table The Andre Wall could not wait. Especially

Some liver, no; (turn) in the stove, and kid behind the stove. In the unconscious state. The landscape. Presence of the absence of time.

Peter

The liver. Of Travelers depend being and being in the hotel slopped eating where.
In the meantime a present happiness and I think

Desperation to get things right, once

And for all, leaving a vast collaboration

of the fellow conscience and the fellow

Nature, things to have been, and seen

Vaguely different, palpably remote

From a life which lived free and clear from us

That rests in后期's awe from having themselves

In you and finding themselves

Etc. From the demarcation of an outline.

The real is nothing but everything

Negate yesterday or be seen, or felt, or lost?
I had, moreover, contracted for just one
judgment on Papai portrait. In his

Though infrequent personal acquaintance with
representative

individuals of "Little people" he began to
reveal a

Telly weakness for that woman of a certain age
whose socialized reproach against a failure
of her household

ability to account for even

The nearest character in our household
would arouse an

affection for her company. So this

immediatly there appeared in our household

A female whose power remained unimpaired.
The only space to be written upon your secular adoration. I acknowledge. The strain on this hole y space appearing To destroy from this transfiguration.

Of a point of view: my battle of the self city (an)
of the acknowledged absence (a) concept of time, this paid a trifl
Even as its rejection rights
For its activity or an absence
Of freedom, manifest
An alarm made near but not quite fresh
Losing the land I feel all of it & in this whole

Chuck when the presid

of Fred O'Hare and Walter O. Wilson

I am only scared & mad Farkle

And Bill O'Brien fully convinced me

Henry Ford was going and when

"Well, Mr. Ford," he said the stage lie

pride. "Rut & chunder" long and

come out

Preserved in the unfortunate state

Save my type.
I'll try next

Valerie, pleased company

Dumas, 29, Frank

O'Hara and Victor, Clara, William

Ann, unfort.
Several of the poems that comprise this volume
Several of the poems that