

Pinch ball

Some sounds, of course, it is almost impossible to reduce to writing, as, for example, the hollow "skaw" and murmur produced by a multitude of skaters, or the roar of an excited crowd, but in listening to these sounds, it is useful to remember that we may often obtain a key to one to work ~~xx~~ upon by closing the ears,--just as a painter can often find the prevailing tint of a confused mass of objects by partly closing the eyes."

A poem in five

The Skaters

part

Part ~~XXXXXX~~ 1

Three Hundred Things  
First digression:  
Description of the actual scene. Abe. His way with children. Portrait of a Spendthrift. His bad habits. Nobody to help him. "Only a mother could ever love a guy like that." Possibility of happiness in another world. Life after death--a possibility? A kind of musical night is invoked. The poet thinks of friends and other people he has known. Abe again. A child's devotion. Penmanship. The forest at dawn. At sunset. The natural habits of animals. Instinct in general. Can animals think? What makes the human brain tick? Second digression: Wind and its Effects. Parabolas. Return of a beloved likened to the lengthening season. Paris. The Skaters' Waltz. Her handout. "Weasel-face." Dandruff and what to do about it. Leaves of the Ginko tree. Photo. Phantom Poodles. "I have to watch Charlotte." Cremated Alive. Silkworms. The Points. The man in the hall. The Critique of Pure Resin. "Blue-bottles drive me crazy!" Good-bye. Bubble Balloons.

Three Hundred Things

Description of the actual scene.

Abe. His way with children.

First digression:

Portrait of a Spendthrift. His bad habits. Nobody to help him. "Only a mother could ever love a guy like that." Possibility of happiness in another world.

Life after death--a possibility? A kind of musical night is invoked. The poet

thinks of friends and other people he has known. Abe again. A child's devotion.

Penmanship. The forest at dawn. At sunset. The natural habits of animals. In-

stinct in general. Can animals think? What makes the human brain tick? Second

digression: Wind and its Effects. Parabolas. Return of a beloved likened to the

lengthening season. Paris. The Skaters' Waltz. Her handout. "Weasel-face."

Dandruff and what to do about it. Leaves of the Ginko tree. Photo. Phantom

Poodles. "I have to watch Charlotte." Cremated Alive. Silkworms. The Points.

The man in the hall. The Critique of Pure Resin. "Blue-bottles drive me crazy!"

Good-bye. Bubble Balloons.

and been  
put  
expat  
cl it

These ~~xxxxxxxx~~ decibels  
Are a kind of flagellation, an entity of sound  
Into which being enters, and is apart.  
Their colors on a warm February day  
Make for masses of inertia, and hips  
Prod out of the violet-seeming into a new kind  
Of demand that stumps the absolute because not new  
In the sense of the next one in an infinite series  
But, as it were, pre-existing or pre-seeming in  
Such a way as to contrast funnily with the unexpectedness  
And somehow push us all into perdition.

Here a scarf flies, there an excited call is heard.

The answer is that it is novelty  
That guides these wift blades oer the ice  
Projects into a finer expression (but at the expense  
Of energy) the profile I cannot remember.  
Colors slip away from and chide us. The human mind  
Cannot retain anything except perhaps the dismal two-note theme  
Of some sodden "dump" or lament. ~~(Leave in)~~.

The feet of the animals  
Scrape the ground.

There is meaning in the evident mastery  
Of someone who tries to show you the trick in such away as will be understandable to all