

III-B

sharks

Only one thing exists: the fear of death. As widows are a prey to loan
And Cape Hatteras to hurricanes, so man to the fear of dying, to the
Certainty of falling. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ And just so it permits him to escape
from time to time

Amid fields of boarded-up posters: "Objects, as they recede, appear to
become smaller

And all horizontal receding lines have their vanishing point upon the line
of sight,"

Which is some comfort after all, for our volition to see must after all
condition these phenomena to a certain degree.

But it would be rash to derive too much confidence from a situation which,
in the last analysis, scarcely warrants it.

What I said first goes: sleep, death and hollyhocks

And a new twilight stained, perhaps, a slightly unearthlier periwinkle blue,
But no dramatic arguments for survival, and please no magic justification of
results.

Uh... stupid song... that weather bonnet protected

It is all gone now. But

The apothecary biscuits dwindled. All must pay.

~~In wedge-shaped zinc compartments, where a little spectral~~

Cliffs, teeming over into irony's

Gotten silently inflicted on the passes

Morning undermines, the daughter is.

Its oval armor

Protects it then, and the poisonous filaments hanging down

Are armor as well, or are they the creature itself, screaming

To protect itself? An aggressive weapon, as well as a plan of defense?

Nature is still liable to pull a few fast ones, which is why I can't

emphasize enough

The importance of adherence to my original ~~XXXX~~ program. Remember,

No hope is to be authorized, except in exceptional cases

To be decided on by me. In the meantime, back to dreaming

Your only important activity. Last night I dreamt of a wayside fen.

Full of ~~leaves, such as the~~ strawberry, potentilla, goose-grass,

buttercup, dandelion and many wayside plants.

~~When the stalk or principal vein is too succulent or thick, it would be well
to pare it down, to permit of easier rubbing.~~

S

"The not difficult of all is an arrangement of hawthorn leaves

~~In different tones of colour, and intended for a title-page or elaborate mount,"~~

But the sawing motion of desire, throwing you a minute to one side

And then the other, will, I think, ~~XXXX~~ permit you to forget your dreams for
a little while.

In reality you place far too much importance on them. "Free but Alone"

Ought to be your motto. If you dream at all, place a cloth over your face

: ~~XXX~~ Its expression of satisfied desire might be too much for some spectators.

The west wind grazes my cheek, the droplets come pattering down

What matter now, whether I wake or sleep?

The west wind grazes my cheek, the droplets come pattering down

A vast design shows in the meadows parched and trampled grasses

In reality a game of "fox and geese" has been played there, but the real
reality,

Beyond truer imaginings, is that it is a mystical design, full of a certain
significance,