

And stooped to pick
a tiny, yellow flower.

V-V

You see, though you thought I was in love you
I actually gave you the worst mark on the test.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~His great-grandfather studied with d!Indy at the Schola Cantorum.~~

A sound of peeing interrupted by cornflowers

There is perfection in the feeling that I might have died.

It is the property to be lifted again
~~Alive with rebuttal~~
In itself a clever context, and cold fringe
To be ~~cut~~ out of the shadow, a hole.

In the April rain, little to distinguish--
The outline of the blockhouse
Its steps nothing more than wood splinters.

Peaches are darkening on the western wall
Of Tee Hee Palace.
The sun has rested there too long.

Only a ~~XX~~ sobbing, certain note--
Breathes, in the transparent, deafening flood.

Only a little discontinuity
In space, the mother of distance.

Extending your lives into a kind of penumbra.

The trout are circling under water--

~~How cold and dismal is your hospital,
How beautiful and silent the gray walls of that clinic!~~

~~Fast~~ Masters of eloquence
Glisten on the pages of your book
Like mountains veiled by water or the sky.
that
You can disappear into the moment.

You were happy in that prison
Next to the sea where slow boats come and go
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Or over the land, checkered with prosperity and strife.
To know how to get out of there, how to breathe.
In another sense it is quiet and beautiful

Heads in hands, waterfalls of simplicity
The delta of living ^{into} everything
Childhood, death and ^{old} age
~~Are upon us.~~