

Uh... stupid song... that weather-bonnet ~~presented~~
Is all gone now. But the apothecary biscuits dwindled.
Where a little spectral
Cliffs, teeming over into irony's
Gotten silently inflicted on the passerby ^{yes}
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 adhering to my original 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 most important activity. ~~Last night I dreamt of a wayside fen
Full of leaves, such as strawberry, ~~and many~~ goose-grass, buttercup, dandelion
and many wayside plants.~~

The most difficult of all is an arrangement of hawthorn leaves
But the sawing motion of desire, throwing you a moment to one side
And then the other, will, I think, 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:
Its expression of satisfied desire might be too much for some spectators. ^{Free but Alone} OK

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 meadow's parched and trampled grasses.
Actually 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 sig-
nificance,
Burning, sealing its way into my consciousness.
Smooth out the sad flowers, pick up where you left off
But leave me immersed in dreams of sexual imagery:
Now that the homecoming geese unfurl in waves on the west wind
And cock covers hen, the farmhouse dog slavers over his bitch, and horse and mare
go screwing through the meadow!
A pure scream of things arises from these various sights and smells
As steam from a wet shingle, and I am happy once again
Walking among these phenomena that seem familiar to me from my earliest childhood.