

Too Much a Picnic for Serious Profit

Mark Francis Johnson

*an honor to be asked
if I wish I'd been paid*

Oren Mabb

My Life Among You

1

As thick white shield and zigzag ribbon
I identified. When I had rent on
a glass of moderate power
frequently I saw a minute globe
upon honeysuckle vines which didn't care
if an hour or a day left
all the points of roughening -flowers- where
they were there.

2

Of course the vines knew memory
would bin every flower, and a blur win
the fair
repair
in such cases is difficult
no access to the under parts
liability of entanglement
marring and breakage
a frustrate feeding upon
one's anchorage. And so it was "by hand"
as though by an engineering instinct
an ordinary pocket lens my tool to fear
my ribbon reaching upward & downward

a leafy or silken castle outside the limits my goal
an "outside" my myth

I made my life among you,
its lossy texture showing in pretty contrast
to serpentine folds, bulb shaped tufts, tapering points
the accidental determination of the frame
arranged it with.

3

Why I surrendered to marines
globes of pollen as my likeness
I counted as many as twenty
the action is fairly typical me
two-thirds of it has been torn away
naturally it jerks at sense
trying to stand mutilated in my life
and so

it seems not much order in this act,
the minute used for locomotion alone?
Yes, I was going somewhere
that point where the new string will cross
crawling around the sides of all the sections
having hurt.

I'd read *Concerning a Free Zone*,
yes

4

A tale I told myself and long ago

myself exploded
fair places designated corner loops

my animals
“so swayed by habit, as places they persist
are animals in fact”
in fact is true. When

out there on the spiral I heard it again
told as wonderful not the ordinary rule
I suddenly felt my whole body relax.
It was after a quite noticeable pause
another day

among you.

5

One morning in September
imagining manse premises
ampelopsis vines
air briskly agitated

after gentle manipulation with a camel hair brush
I felt a sweet surprise
I had as on a tender evening in July
my birth-month if the docs don't lie
imagined instead a warm well-haunted room
the size of the world
neat foodstuffs bursting a seaman's chest
the baby moon in size not shape.
You all were there. I was

creaming still, that yellow afternoon

when
my pants dropped leaving an inadhesive line

exciting innumerable motes of dust.
My earlier belt was very great.
My earlier belt was a vine

6

Often I would lie awake filthy, shy, wondering
what is

a detail?

One day
pushing my marrow ahead of me as goods
it by snare was taken. Why?

7

Each "*interesting*
o interesting and curious"

renewal of the Hoop cost
me my dear bearings. Once

prospecting among the morning glory leaves,
lost, I cried, I did,

interesting tears, curious
the thickness of issue -

familiars of our autumn fields will know -
my face was like a low

and wet location where life thrives,
some crawling thing's loved home.

The labyrinth must have value as
money does not.

8

The mouth of a tiny baylet
agitation at every psychic point
hairs domiciled in legions on my head
any of you go looking for this

any of you go looking for this
the one year where I could get warm

did any of you
on your approach, from a distance, my shield
a minute white dot

the one year where I could get warm
a chicken hugs as doom a stone wall ordering the sea
angry my poor syllable is its thought
mind hot
the sky

“armed with a pair of formidable claws”
the wind and the rain.

Chicken, named for a famous rock
on another world !

9

For you, I wanted abandoned foundations to
equal

greatness, the humblest creatures of the fields to glow,
for you a special engineering skill or, no,
an engineering school where you could show
the uplifting of a pebble is never mere accident, tho

principles of action have

nary a role, do not exist, for you

I wanted the effects of wind without the moan
yea, as promised those who left lo
centuries ago

for here
and this, for you the premises, for you a potted ivy plant
as counterpoise

and sundry other objects too as

needed, two more shoes, a swinging pedestal
drawn here natural size, for you
an ordinary pencil with which to do
extraordinary things
pay rent, the swaying of the trees,
the rare beautiful knees,
a position upon the garden path
far from the unexploded mine, far, or far
enough.

For you, I wanted a nimble wit
or the skill to assemble one from a kit
or a really nimble-witted beast who'd share, for you
the tubular den or home you've seen, in dreams
in fog, in a certain sample eye, for you very beautiful
proofs of
x for
you, y, for you a visit from a brother,
for you a thicker, the
thickest white shield, the ribbon

the ribbon won, *all* the dove, for you the same.

For you, I wanted the same, for you
two pebbles and a straw, a dump
of chippings, two pebbles and a straw, for you
another case of adaptation to
everything that made you you, for you the same,
for you, I wanted a second line to a tuft of grass
a third line dropping from point D,

for all of you
what was won by me.

A Model of What

1

Already nine years
may he continue
a lad of many parts
a model of what

rather than
policeman
gamekeeper, wise director of finances or
plain busybody “who
doesn’t bother me

personally”
I’m a weary traveler always

on alert
now emotional,
won’t come planetside again
the local beauty spot having been
robbed

mud, pools of it
disused gravel pit
whose peaceful rout under my resentful gaze
I dreamt

Following winter, stole poultry
nine months

of rapt, voluntary labor in close contact vs.
official apathy (*shortsightedness*)
exercising its fateful spell over more than half,
the rest, per tinker, in effect parasites

a harsh untruth with which I agreed.
For my part I have not yet spoken
of those wrong birds,
wasting their heads on an ablutions block, hard standings,
use of a derelict

rancher as a model of what

is “worth” laughing at

3

Down and close to being

downer
at yet another stopping-place
rent so very often paid

yes,
years ago --
he had a point but fuck him.

Took only
my pillow, the
guts,

and I can make the shape
a model of whatever
wherever when I stop.

After an enormous fuss by people
before they became absolutely extinct
one terrible picking season
a gap likely to be left unfilled
nevertheless temporary and limited in scope
a small brass kettle sang

how, to be carried on a human back
by means of shoulder or other straps

was *it*, a model of what heaven modeled
a wet stone with water always dripping on
detail Ten permanently occupied
wind over the heath told
“you may now be gold”

That machine is – it is a liar

look at all the pretty wooden stools it
heaped on our tomb in memory of shit
anything to discount the fuss
we made about us

5

Like putty, matter for congratulation
and an amusing result -

now that the
movable dwellings on the common
are here in the form of barrows,

old grinding barrows, a model of what we can ask,
the aim should be to have
use of the land but no limbs.

What isn't, was never, missing -
the eventual answer will be houses !

Bread, fish, pork and butter, wool
all spies in the pay of nature
ability of seeing without being seen
warfare dependent on secret paths
no rattling iron rings !
“where is the bread, the fish, where
the pork and butter and wool”

Who here is known by his white beaver top hat
nobody nobody

ah, this world
this world, a model of what
a flower, which is the cheese of the sun
illuminates from a distant year
as when in a house
it is only modern times

Two friends part
quitting the capital for fear of bombs

you a model

of what your friend is fleeing
and, later, a long lifetime later
away on a fatter world
a low, melodious voice at your elbow
half credulous, half doubting it

is a real vibration
turns out to be your own
thou art said to have eaten horse flesh

and you
hear how you sound when you laugh

Performance as Drunk Observer

1

Today you wear a white jacket
alarm at the sweet light mowing
in your peasant biographer, newly more landless
the glare of thirteen wax tapers
he has eaten in sorrow, wondering
not what moves mercy
question he fears might nuzzle you
taking a special bath as yes
an associate of the gods, the bubbles
impotent sarcasms of those who
haven't a space in the wall, next the toaster
just

 a *shed*, a plastic spot
twenty seconds of shed maybe total
not unhappy to be embarrassed together, a ghost the glue
of twenty seconds of plastic shed --
NO, he's wondering instead
how spit fire yet feel as full

as tinsel does with fire. Winter and summer, by five o'clock
ready to be attacked

by snakes,
I watch from this one direction.
Today you wore a white jacket.

2

Three heads upon one neck all cry
taking my leave of a shepherd's senses
I am sorry
a simple story

has been my whole property "different" times

and a Christmas Carol sung
dimly still in the building I've left
I have just left the building - mistake

3

Rambling up and down

the country

after the sinking of my food

ship

flowers

a representation of the

special favor. A demon flying in the air blows

a horn to announce

“a haunting account

of social conditions” :

all is blank save

a goldfish

in a crystal bowl remembers

cold meat and pickles

eaten to the smell of clothes.

Gloss on what is, I saw brothers
each commanded to bear a wand
“always be snatching
a green hazel bough.”
I saw them in a story, Three
balls of equal figure, color, and size,
of equal weight, one weighing
the weight of two and also of three, yet
all three weighing no more than one.
Out of my high small windows I saw
a decanter of water and a tiny, shiny bell
get onto a neighboring field. I see
I was killed there, machinery, 3003
and was hungry again by playtime.
He ain't heavy, my observer.

Saving for Old Age

1

On intake wall orange picker age 120
yet living is unknown here
yet every tree that is pleasant
is up at dawn, saving for old age.
The deer and crows always too neat

do not know they are old ?
nest in many clippings yellow with age.
The deer and crows a life so long.
I, this very man, want long life O

printing mistakes in the Anatomy used.
Yea, every tree that is pleasant
is a sick, nervous, irritable
life-long student of longevity. Why
I "have" a vast internal shell but

where is my snail? If I got here
saw orange picker's image and,
learning dinner came served in shits,
grew a new set of teeth down there, would
that satisfy you I

will never fucking be old again.

Fruit and milk
it is a fortunate day
I am sad to be feeble
black hair gray

Why am I alive, to continue
just as radio and television do
on for the pet

Outside air and sunshine
work in the fields with younger men
land never trodden by
my vapor

And so this is
“that which environs”
a damp field, balmy with doctors
thousands just reaching their prime
powdered fake hunting dogs
crying the thrill of health
“most popular of all

the states!”
It wasn’t a dream, elasticity
unofficial minimum readings
invigorating breezes of the poorest air
continuous out-of-door dying day and night,

the Mold strove to keep cold with log and furnace fines
any way but the natural way !

Pray for the vigor of this once-dancing mote
or, that it not know a thing

Look, a boy attending school 75 years ago
no wear and tear

yet nor
derangement of the body due to cold,
how deceptive were the books !
Then came house maladies,
the sickness of my house
the common one how find it
a door, floor, window roof and beams,
that wobbly droplet at your nose
the gem-like world repeated seems
indelicate forcing us to sell our lives. Times
I have been swimming, sailing
where I dug potatoes every day
kept pounding away, for I was shooting straight
in plain language I saw no alternative
all grown.

The repair of wounds is over
and was inconsequent as fun
each cell has done its jerk
should I exhaust my friends

or, the entire system of medical art?
What I've saved is bowels
kidneys, lung and skin, atoms, molecules
and, like some sly scientist, the invisible nutriment
just a drop
without which - plus long ages of practice -
a depression should surround all trees,

right heap of material to make a man a joke.
No more breathing the odor of boiling pots
insignificant loss in a tropical jail of eternal spring.

The record of history proves it
my ashes will not be mine.

The Winter at the Heart of Storage

1

I was only a sucker
house got burned up
just a hole of
a house I have
If you would send
clothes you dont use
my winter coat has
several thin places
I am asking a favor for
the first time in my life
half of everything

is in the rain
close by

Can you fix for me
some way so
my family will not perish

prize manager?

2

The barley find
no one to bring

it in to safe shelter
black clouds and flashes
anxious eyes, this food isn't
yet

Quickly
please, no edifying conversation

I am
so civil

3

At larder
take the

naught out and put

anything

in as a prize
imagine

us that morning
the lot looking at me like
I got a

job as leaf
in the desert

Have price, am nervous
you will misunderstand
we had *pneumonia* on us
June motionless
well, I wrote relief
applications, every kind
Help us toughen-up
“frogs confident of evening”
or be or be *like* the unit
“alone in foreign city with stapler”

I had two brothers
one is gone
nobody where ?
to bring him “up”
Help us be life-like
especially him.

Have not a sooth in my head
can't see to get my lesions
Make fun, when a man is dwarfed by his idea

is best. Sitting on perplexities
I can't keep cool enough the wood of one idea

*Not made
by nor
for
it -*

I want shade
speaking plainly
instead of under clothes

I got so far behind
I just can't catch up
would be finer in a frozen state
or as a blob no

back. When a bill is born
you do so hate to "give it up"
a kid is different, yes?
Maybe I could catch up

out in the wet hunting even a raisin
You would be arrested if you treated

the wind this way
probably not. Somewhere you would

What is a shape distended by trouble but litter

I like to hear my joke
I would do anything for shoes
even wear one

7

A cinder of a shape
how feed myself out of hat
more meat on a

I am not ranting
I am as good as you
go my security

moon
I am truly worried
you dirty trick of a moon

We in our younger days tried
allow us the small pension
a great calamity
is in us

what are we to do
cry what we spent
some evening soon
allow us the small pension

cream gravy jam
pudding ragoo
flummery -
spoon

He called it his
yoke of oxen
it really was

an ox and a cow
trained to work
together
come

August
it wasn't

his nor the
littlest house
around that
way

Did he write prolifically
to different papers?
You bet
he didnt

Maybe care
overshot its mark
and somewhere
another Clark
is counting

Maybe his luck
in such poor
light as that world offers
took a steamer for

this man

It was too much
a picnic
too much
a picnic for

serious profit

I don't know

have not got
a corner to practice
in, practice not
not making my way
Wrong prattle

is more picnic?
Picnic extension?
Why I am always gone when
home, that's a question
O non-nutritive sweet waste

The disappointment of a meagre crop,
whom does it not blind for a season

11

the sands of a brief existence have nearly run
and I would work regardless of my spells !

joke

In debt again,
not quite right,
was never out,
having won a new creditor
to chamber withdraw

to make *Refusing Food*,

new
show. I must not forget
how great I've seen. Send
a description I gave but

in palmy state? The last stunk

of the winter at the heart of storage

Mine are the real thanks

Make Way for Deer

1

Green soft soap,
tunnelling's available
again as work tho
it is winter. Idle soap ! go
beg use

of persons of middle age

tunnelers filthy like turnips
*they beg /// We was green soft soap
eleven but we died down to six
the winter tunnelling was work*

Oblong tin box strapped on my back
made much of
cosseted, suited

and a diminutive found
X one suit in particular
it was of corded velvet, gold in color
it was a shocking day
money spent upon a stone thrown into air
somewhere and somewhere
drinking, swearing & quarrelling, X!
Half-timer at box-works?? not

but I was, I am, and the corn I carry
to bury
still has x miles to walk through the dark

3

And then
right when I'd begun to spy warm clothes
a boy of paste left his mother to paste
the hardening world alone

she, a flower before it decomposed,
he, a dew

on beans. How both wished they were
happier

pre-paste chickens !
She wished it for him
and he for her.

Up early after a bad night's rest
middle of a well-stocked deer park
the surroundings were a picture,

in it, a beast identifiable as broke.
Purseless, I wept on incurious deer,
causing them all to fly wet-footed.
Untaught save by experience, likely a deer, yet

... what? I forget. Anyway
a park's no place for sleep unless it's play.
That new machine for scraping roads
is here --

5

O that THING its hobbies
Hearing trumpet to belly

in whose "*floral darkness*" we jam
ho!
in whose we

lose.

Always was winter in
our THING -- and we deer
keeping warm as best we

could

its

poos

...

All winter mem-frags
exploit the lube I cry
ceiling spots of mold, why...
dew-damp cash
atop hill dream

me as
a boy, my wary pugilistic stance
a justified but - I know now, hooray -
misdirected fear of what lay
ahead

FARM PHOTO
grainy

deer
deer

deer
deer
deer

On Errand Glide

1

Two names have I. One crept
the land it might have swept;
the other, also known to me, fits here
in my wagon
my *bag in* this low-ceilinged “room”
to which no deed exists (a public gloom,
then, privately endured. But I sing.)
Whenever my eyes need rest, I fear
name three is coalescing

as if out of unsunshine --
age giving me a gift already mine.
My senses are all the same sense.
And yet, nightly in my dreams I smell
the feet of eager volunteers, to Hell
intently bound.
There shingles

ochre-red protect nobody! **Red-hot**,
I think - and poof! make a happier thought.
Is this what they call the Crespi effect??
The Beaufort Wind Scale starts with force 0

the Beaufort Wind Scale starts with calm.
I am a harmless phantom; it is me

in seed-time as in harvest. The

2

must gleam again!
pits reek of LIMESTONE *for men!*
Or not. Is this a *new* credulity?
Or is it that now, as once I feared

or is it that, now as once I feared
might happen “after”, I

ache for my principle of wearing a beard?
-- yes, am being *punished* ; but also

miss caring | wet | pulsating with ideals
airy but so fulfilling I missed meals
(tho never my nightly syllabub, no).
Days in close touch with my ember. O

eating response, mouth's gone, and face,
a pretty lack of forethought in their place.

Of my early instruction and training - of
The Early Instruction & Training of Phantoms -
 remember flesh, bread

fresh bread, bread laughter, love,
 so so much love, eleven thrills... I keed.
 Hiss of my atmosphere, outgassing need -
 confusing a coarse wire pig for a wad
pad for a wig -
 & birds, or wind... some hairless god
 naming me *unnatural*.
 No money to spare to put into a farm?
That is unnatural. Here's how to walk further

faster
 down Unnatural Ave: adopt you a shade.
 I am, dear friend, very truly yours, not big,
 and -attest again- can do no harm.
 Around and before, behind and in us,
 above us blank "prairies" lie, free of debt

and we
 are not going to open
 a hospital
 "here"

not gonna
 open a

clinic for sod &
 gone grasses, all
 the dew-damp money
 annoy. *This* time

hum, and camp, let family skits buffer
 and when they unspool, together suffer.
 Adopt you a shade, adopt you a shade.
 Think, you could say, "*He's old, yet a boy,*
came independently of foreign aid

out of some far country, there unmade,
and brought no trunk, nor even any limbs."
 And O, how you could interrogate me!
 Is a lizard alive? Yes. A nail? No.
 A flower? No. Is the sun alive? Yes.
 Why? It moves. Are clouds alive? Yes,
 they move and they hit. They hit? They make
 the thunder when it rains. And the lake?
 Not always, no... Adopt me. *Please.*
 Please please please. Please, diner. Sir,
 if life proved less about dues than fees

I owe *another* debt to certain traces
 -- that "office as a wood-lot" dream,
 hot sausage at check-cashing places.
 Is *this* what they call the Crespi effect?

5

Up

a fine fucking chimney I could fart,
on errand glide, on errand glide
“setting sail” “home” - a gain on “home”
so slight that down then I could sigh,
get closer still, go up, go down, a gain
a gain, again
again, shit

night soil cycle my forever roam,
chimney-bound, never
to greet on high coil
of LIMESTONE *for men*. Picture

a better phantom dignifying
bodily labor by flitting a wood;
imagine one bee in tall clover. Good.
I

6

forget. Where I was going with this.

Longest liberty, what shall I do?
Amend, in retrospect, the things I miss
until they are perfected, so I lose
-because I loathe them now- their loss?
Wait. Where is my brother, who went before?
Why wasn't his formless form -his essence-
the "guy" I sought first here? Senescence
dogging me in post-ex, perhaps. Or
I just miss my beard more.

Watch me now on my errand glide.

Aeons Of Infirm Will

1

Why so trivial a thing
the losing of a fine receipt
odd reason for failure
draws off the filth
fate predisposed my eyes to see

as tears, I don't know.
It must be the failure ! When

heartless frauds describe a spirit as a friend, I cry
then too. I would exchange a series of sealed letters
I think arguing the universe fireproof
for *very* dry eyes, that kind of growth, if

I knew it
would be
like me

or invigorating. Sitting is dangerous
and sitting for fun is dangerous *to fun*
a coincidence in this case unthinkable.

Tho the ocean intervenes

an age of blunders.

With accidents as cover

I exaggerate unpardonably

relief of the poor by spirits,

my finding of a watch.

Full of devils as the air with bees

I say, of a prayer - who is its author?

He was only a cook.

The Effect of Ghosts on Animals

is his book.

I devour the Mint's report; I sigh.
Bright new money heard a drowning boy's cry
a world away
gratis, postpaid: some two score
helps. Foolish me, I

as a return on birth settled for
knots gratis, postpaid, two score
"to tangle the feet of giants". More,
a *guffaw* to greet the experience when
I babbled it -- why?

Anyway,
they stand untoppled in tall silence
at the Mint. O, to have borne a noise
equalling that of horses,
goodbye.

Midway through aeons

of infirm will
and not yet discarnate
I am sold a red ivory ball
as a garnet.

Already - several facts
the thumping of a tune
and *that* sound, distinctly a ship's bell.

I do not think
a dozen people
know I had
a brother once
this ball
might have delighted

an orange, a crimson apple
an electroplated egg cup
diamond of blue silk distinctly etc.
might have delighted

a red ivory ball, an orange.

Watched over by one
who has been so scared,
one can't suppose a thing about them
without fear.

5

Trial as toy dog extended
I see a "ball" come through the door
and, convinced there is no fraud
it is round

try to identify myself, or
consider will attempt
eat up the trial ? Ball is round.
Then lose time

picturing it alone in
an un
opened Box
"the favorite ball of degenerates"

and
am a
man
again.

6

In an adjoining gloom
people *seemed* able to act
things mine really depended on
the lone surface suspicious
a table "with"

paper objects looked at by agents.
"Let it be understood"
-that never works!-

once upon a time
a person in a blown study
me, usually and ordinarily without any
other space imitated fairly well
thoughts wandering the neighborhood - they visited

and sat near the percipient, me.
It was merely done tho I did it

swathed in a stolen black silk college-gown
better than a worse prize, my

matter (body) genuine and artless
as if unbandaged by my own eyes
having drawn a perfect rhombus

will collapsing, loving myself, me.

The Spoon of Damocles

1

Story of the Peels

All rise at or before daybreak
terrific scene, the exhaustion
attains a rank development
such intensity of mood ! how,
a spiritless and dejected air is
made freely available
kind persons appointed officiate fights
over it

I got my air
now peels, a Peel !

this imperfect meal the
mind gathers neither stores nor strength
look, I think that's me, dot seeks
the proper quantity of adipose substance
cushion out my several cheeks
most sadly cheated of my fair proportions
five feet six inches a lie

The
room is merely and barely
like one's grosser parts
ill ventilated, often damp

and in a corner, put it there !
sulks a meal, the coarsest
prepared with heedless haste
of atmosphere boiled

Creep, shivering, to bed
energies wasted
to say nothing of holidays
one *also* eaten alone

3

After captivity and pollution
long lightless labor, pay
are they tall
as formerly on the banks of streams
or do they droop, unthicken
contemplate without dismay
-too tired, no rest has been *taken*-
a vast deterioration in personal form
like my poor funnel, once my iron cistern
years now being fifty, inclusive of meals
kept standing its whole life
finally to eat a slight expectionation

4

What

if I have a meal
that scavenges? I do, &

think nothing much wrong with it
too

busy for crime. We work lest we
ourselves be
eaten, of course.
It finds me

radishes

5

Tried at the circuit
fined, then et
a fly crosses the bar -
another's dinner yet

now everywhere it's dessert ?

gather some flower
out from under bees
alternately
ounces cheese

Boats I Deserve

1

A Single Unworked Log

Is the boat I deserve
a single unworked log
fortuitous (or not)
gift of a proud river

I would stand astride it
show animals
my *very self*
abuse their joy

Of course I know fire
the physical kind
I have no time to hollow logs
my job is beer

Or I could sit
& propel myself by
over-arm paddling action
good for my heart

Lie down on a log??
To join two
the dream
I know a creeper

A Reed-Boat

It's a bundle
 HOW
 Where do reeds meet
 "Try volunteering"
 All that papyrus

less this
 Why won't a local factor intervene
 bitumen I mean
 reed absorbs water
 It's my birthday, bitumen

a surface smooth
 hard &
 waterproof, please
 do that also to my hair
 But I need somewhere to live

tear boat apart, dry reeds
 build house, make mess
 of loan
 disassemble house bundle
 boat disassemble

boat dry reeds build house
 it has a rhythm
 Reeds
 without a proper framework
 I'm a mere lake-side armful, too

3

A Bark-Boat

The more obvious
the material the more
likely I

deserve it. Bark
Or

do I deserve a bark-boat
owing to the industry

with which I strip the tree
Once I too was light

& carried
overland

some distance

4

Not a Coracle

“Where any other boat would cross

this flow obliquely, thwacking dirt
a long way downstream from blastoff,

in skilled or lucky
or luckily skilled paws the coracle

zips across! no sweat
on the parts of the ferryman.”

What can this more loudly not not say
except, having failed to worm easily

artificial-prince-like from A
not incontinent to some squalid Z

I do *not* deserve a coracle.

Gesturing As If Conjuring

1

One announcer, me this May
feet entombed in white slippers
a row of lights, that's rent !
worth it
a profile view is had of my finger

the great quantity of light
"some," amplified by gold paper
cloth, painted to represent water
willow, with a few leaves
not more than yesterday ha

I say things grave & comic
gesturing as if conjuring
as exercise with strips of wood
waves come up three inches
wet slippers !

those
particles of isinglass give a fine shade
a proof of ultimate hostile designs ?
The remainder of the company I imagine
wearing a smelly crown so

At a quantity of whitish-blue fire
on a log, I have been waving

forever. Go. A mist moistens
the chamber and

grows danger; I know
soon washers will

be needed for m
y bottom.

A few fir trees answer...
music soft and secular - by

such machinery
is loss made to pass.

Loss is made to pass,
and we to spend our days

at a table having fun,
cutting out rays

of gas, the sun.

3

O suit of old straw almost yellow,
hose

put me
as you taught it would

out
here, on
a little lawn
at night, no
star for miles

another blown study
of a horn

of plenty.

God bless you
I will always remember
yet you have forgotten me, my
you had so many students !

On the Hoop

Potatoes large and long, ancient the patch !
a man can carry four on his arms
a credulous fondness lights their following
gross as that is, it forces people to sell their lives
on the Hoop

“Somehow”
I have not put down
one-tenth I had room for
of potatoes; I am sorry

now to go. Make the drop-curtain cambric
stout blue
the car is easily torn of wood
a partly-burned candle insert in it, plea
assist it over the tree
is my fallen brother, who is dead
as for that

three stuffed birds could be on fire
my shield *the wig most worn* on my head
the eyes are to be buff but how
can be another thing I never knew.