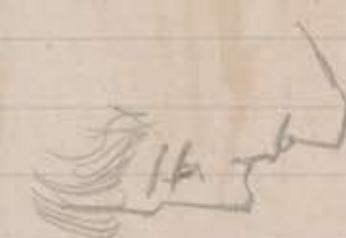
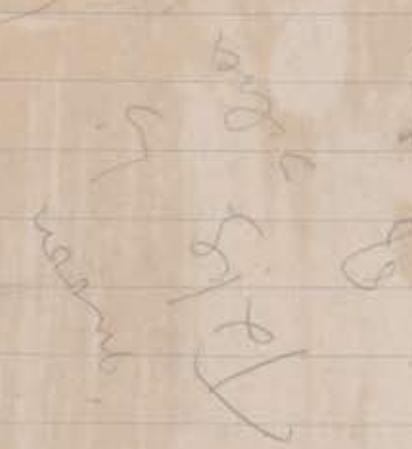
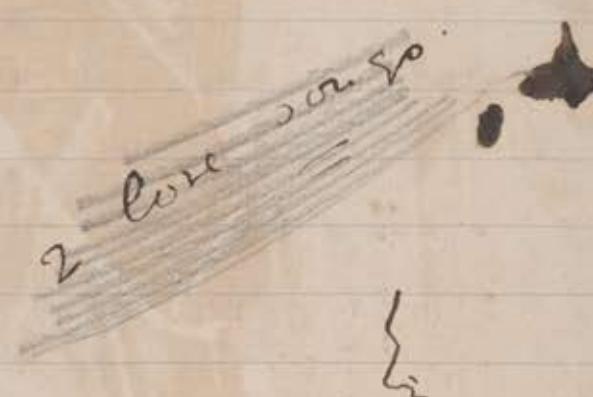
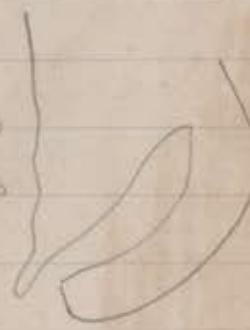




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05

The New Helen.

100

Krato gave

With Cam Granda at Verona.

Marydalen Weeks.

30

Sonnet to Sarah Bernhardt.

Impression de voyage.

Santa Ducca.

Conqueror of Time.

60.

~~10 Sonnets written at the Lyceum Theatre~~

1. Portia

2. Henrietta Maria.

~~10 Sonnets written at the Lyceum Theatre~~

It's for nothing.

180.

Sonnet on the Christian messengers.

Bulgaria.

Theatre in Argos.

40.

~~1 love songs~~

Sonnets on my friend.

510.

110.

The new

~~24
16
32
44~~

120

~~30
14
24~~

~~76
16
54
318~~

~~316
210
526
626
18
806
816~~

Thornhill Helen.

Phoebe.

- Kest's grave

Lily - forever.

Chase.

itis for nothing that the world is grey
with cancer history & its married years,
when thou upon His Jane ^{her} half day
ocket to sex y heart with quill pens,
askij three ^{idle} questions whil I old
man askes of End, as no reply us to.

white blip, where up the pole bees dream,
The summer-suns of petals see the bees
Scatters the almon-blows, or the cleam
of boarish limb i water, are not there
Enough for thee, sat thou desire one,
ah fool the End shall fire sought the for
their stoned stone

In our old End have ^{rid} away
of all our sins, our vain adoration,
In wasted life to make a store
^{your} paun on quiet, or never
Hearken to me to call good a ill -
But saw their rain for the just &
the unjust st will

Whit stabs each pleasure to the heart
and care,

as far beneath the brage floor to see
like swans fly the words of little men
the tail of little ^{the} elanor of well lies, ^{the} wearing
~~the base~~ back to their mate hands
elatos ~~fusca~~ to tan span
and mix more deep that
kings each other sorts, as mix
one deep

stems

n at & sold the gaffies draught
wh. brings sweet purple. bodes
soft, sleep

They sit at ease over gods, ^{they} sit at ease
Hanging ~~white~~^{white} leaves of rose ~~like~~^{crimson} vine,
They sleep, they sleep, beneath the rocky trees
Where asphodel ^{and} lotus lie. True
Morning the slow ~~old~~^{old} days before the tree
Yet evil deeds the heat of man cool
^{soon} dream'd
Or has cool'd do

We too are wearied of this sense & quiet
Which ~~knows~~^{cares} our boyhood's joy with sorrows.
Wearies of ~~all~~^{ever} the gentle we have quiet
Wearies of ~~all~~^{ever} story measured grace
In man grows up; the gods ~~now~~^{now} sleep well!

As here is life,
One being comes more fit of ~~show~~^{the} one is
Here we are great here;
As lo we die -

I have never seen the dream world and
Rich being our English friends gone,
~~Never~~ the flesh
Nor ever felt the soft white
The red twitly feather
Nor hail or sun light we own
Dare
To wake men in the ^{one sweet sad}
When we lie this. Of ~~further~~ oh,
One wasted lives days
Done one barren died
in bed of ^{one self} delight

the^o
to the 
where needs the note, now

In i the slow wind

some stars

a thought - the day seen
of silver-white narrow chee i play

what's if 'care' is not

boulted Banjade

His hair all ruffe Then he took
him laughing from mort Idz,
yellow

the day scatd

This is white narcissus,
or /

Set

His cub all toad is ole the roke
Hi early for mort Idz thought
up The anowes dir-

at morij though the day scatd mad

of late narcissus
silverbeeks

nor care to whae the

wash

chase i play

through

has

its

whae

bears with the vme les

~~see~~

On a draft of the Perian wall,
where

-a spell

is laid on the -

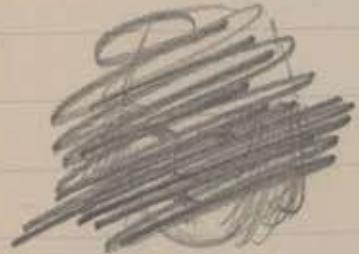
no

few

J.



Batus



Jane

slept

and

her daughter left her like the briar
whilst she slept horribly ^{more} at
its pride -
and Solnaig

Jane

or,

his
mother and her ^{both}
brother

I sick

ought to sleep, neighboring
watches her beauty made over
fluey blin

2h



Venus nancys feet
where walks through some
his soft burs feel all
from up stone flies, lungs language
where walks Queen Venus through the
her white soft ^{soft} ^{devy mead}
van body feels its
best ^{a gree}
Run up side, or row Carduus
leaves in the ^{gamber-fair}
mind

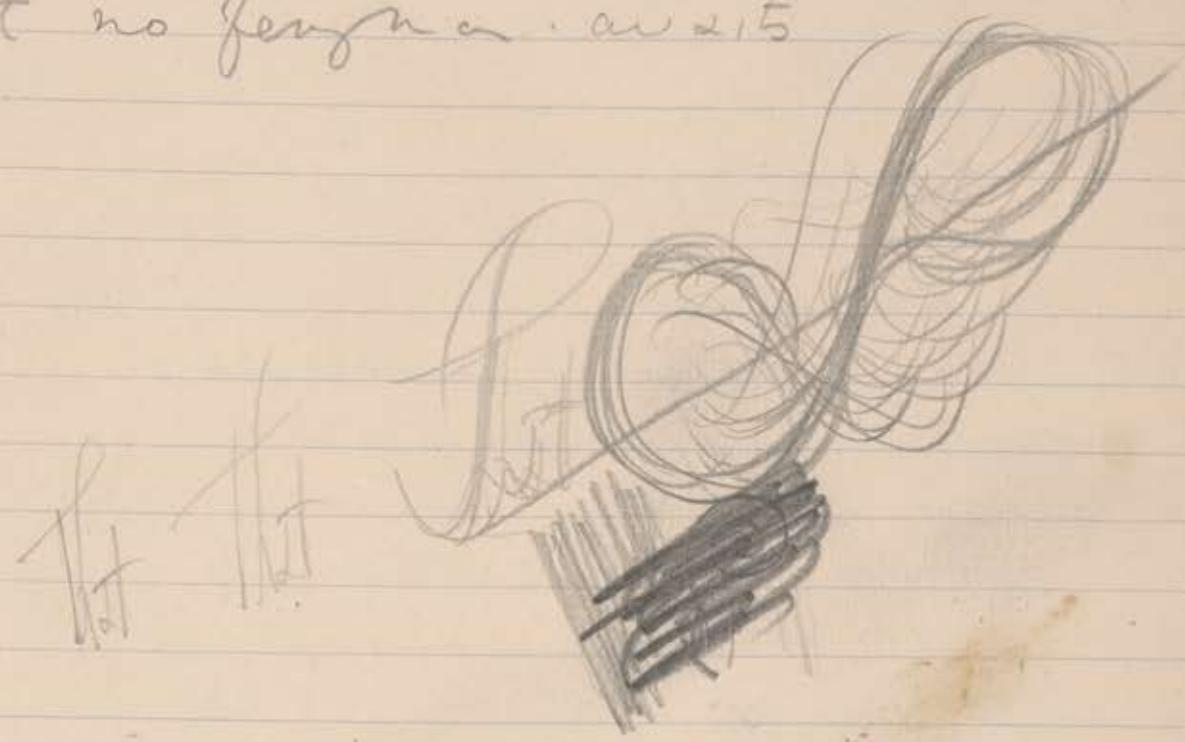
Juno mead
where walks Queen Venus through some day
her ~~bottom~~ white feet flicker all the
in all swede dust
of mudstone flies, or young language
leaves in the hot air amber Joaquin met
his curb all toward as she the people by
him calling from the Tyrian shepherd ladies
up through the air.

she all day long the gold rest her sun


the ^{offron-}
burs that touch is
well with a touch
dries his
Their tooth-bearers stand all the



ah at no fengna . au zit
in



Ihet

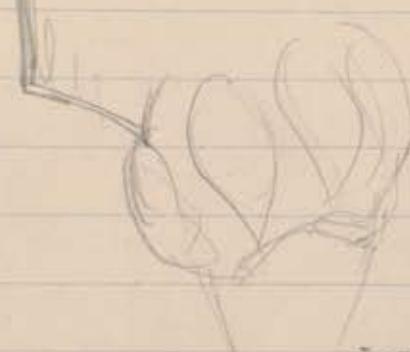
he

wedle sun?

with the light vanish from the
or is the daedel earth confin
ah sweet. ice one

with any piece of

because we are natures
maple leafs



purple for me

giving the

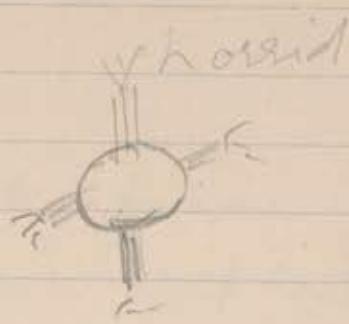
Torus
we

W.





We are resolved to the ^{free} ^{air}
we are made we all ^{see} ^{feel}
we are made we all ^{feel} ^{is}
with our ^{best} ^{the} ^{crusade} ^{fair}
our will ^{very}



ah but no fengshui with laboring pole
and in big block ship both stand
no little coin of bronze can buy the soul

BAMBOO

over the river to the oysters for
poison above

and are all i gain
the tomb is sealed ~~over~~ ^{overhead} ~~over~~ ^{over} death
dead rice not again

victim as rice as you

just in time & the skulls

~~rip~~ ^{rip} blood ~~read~~ to the
~~means~~ ^{means} ~~overly~~ ^{overly} star;

the dead rice not : the pearl of

{ may not in flower. of that

rip

the dried as dead-



and the mortal ends in this
mortal passion
swoon.

where in the green heart from garden
Queen Venus with her shepherd ^{close} at her
Her sweet soft bairn like the briar rose side,
Whet like white but blushing stars pale,
~~smiles in her sleep.~~
Slaps ~~laughing like~~ like
Picks through the mouth being made rich
^{as ever}
for long living

There all day lay the wolves ~~restless~~ sun
Their torch-bear stand ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ torch
and when the ^{garden} ~~pasture~~ ^{a-blaze} ~~of~~ ~~is open~~,
S its blue maidens, then through the ^{rises}
comes forth the white-linted golden cells
golden dust haze
the moon,
silver

Save for the yellow mouth there Helas
lies his brown curly

we are resolved unto the supreme air,
we are now one with what we touch
with our hearts blow ~~the~~^{each} cursor saw to fair,
with our eyes ~~but~~^{each} sprang up toward the
Hag its green: the reddest leaf that rare
are our brothers: all ^{is} one in life:

all life is one: —

all life is chance

The ~~first~~
clue

now our kinmen are: all

honest at well,
the bows fit low - The scarlet bloom
the mew set penia, in ^{the} ~~old~~
set from the lily leafs; the last ~~old~~^{open}
thunder red autumn roses
of winter thaws - ~~now~~

all in the
dark

He espouse
let us not let his blossoms
be seen
of too much heat - ~~loss~~
~~lose~~
on the quiet
shore
of heavy pride at
before her ~~consideration~~
but we
yes - we all the
see

with our young lives The
push forth = we feed
into ever man like a death
not pass -

waking
from lower cells of life we pass
~~To fell pasture~~
but care. once

to fill jackets: this the val's pass
us the dread seed of . . .
Humanity

Do we not love our
man
we who are good like our we are &
of giving pure blots { for
twice: the Ionian Turk & ^{old} _{new}
Tatars → varie and dumb - O b
self Human

خ

خ

س

ك

creations

in mrs. kee's role and in dr. Tol
in some recurrence

→ fat

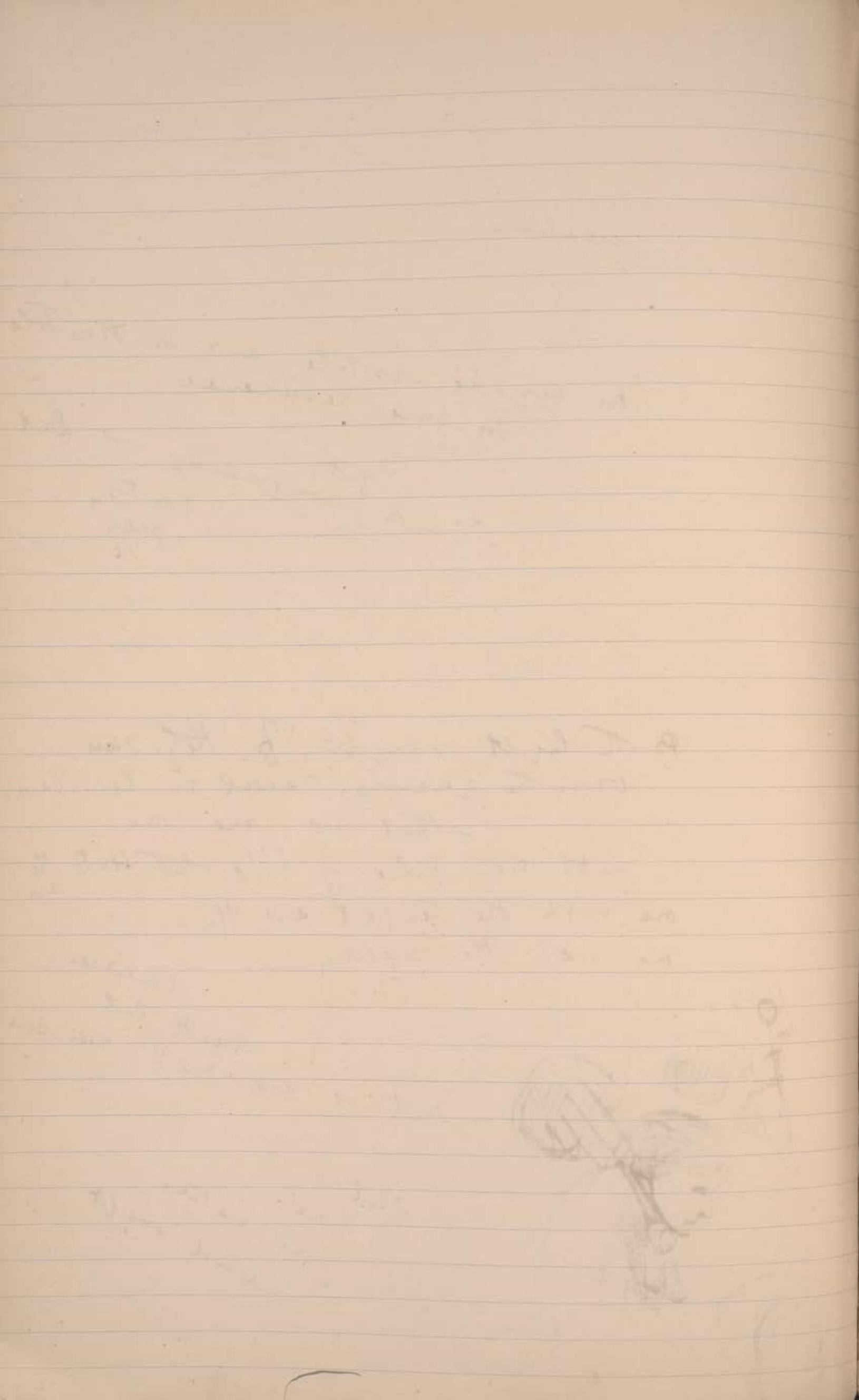
earth fit coverous earths,
earth prey

By the light ranks S. H. Jan,
or is the sunless seed in her fair,
that we are one
and my place of life that best to
one with the trumpet on the
one with the voices



cheaper,
earth let
nd / over one
let we are

let are voices
at wind, well



They sit at ease our gods & sit at ease
Sleeping with leaves of rose their scented vine
They sleep, & sleep, beneath the rocking trees
where asphodel and lotos - of time
mourns the old glad days before the knees
vlet fall & the heat of man could bear
man's heart cores do

and far beneath the brage floor & see
like swarming flies the crowd of little men
the bustle of small lives then veiling
Back to their lotus haunts & turning
Kissing each others mouths a mix more deep
~~in~~ peevilled at the draught whil his
soft purple hidden sleep

The pretty lads sing which birds

There never does the day nothing then
whilst less our English faces bleak & tear
no sun falls the soft white feathers on
no rain or red-toothed lightning ever dae
~~soothe~~
To man the peace of navel-gutter night -
while we lie ~~here~~ ^{Leaving} of one ^{dear} ~~old~~ next in
one dead debilit -

There all day lay the golden-restless sun
Their torches were sted^d all his heat
as she the gaudy orb of Day is open
By its' twelve months, though the crimson ^{base}
This is the silver chariot of the moon
as the immortal gods in flame of mortal
passion own -

There is the green heart of one gentle ^{clue}
Qae runs with her shepherd at her side,
Her ~~warm~~ soft body like the briar rose
when w^t le white in blazys at ~~it~~ pick
Cants in her dream while jocals ^{Salmons} ~~veets~~
Pars thought the mirth-less, and ~~left~~ his
gate in long viss.

There walks Qae Jan thought one day ^{meas}
Her pranwolfe feet trod all the seppa
of undewell while way ^{dur} Saigree
Leaps in the hot air under foaming must
His ears all torned as she the eagle bare
Him crying from the gries sh. to the left
He ~~batt~~ by from side through the blue
fighted and snoros sit

O solder days when

15

the 8 brum' post now,
But sh no street

mix no curios balm of

But we offens our mations, do's ⁱⁿ
we vex ^{the} we vex on ~~the~~
in rain come we rot, when
in idle

ah let ^{relax}
we give → calm - ~~but~~ ^{but} new

the

dark
abas ~~if~~ know the ~~that~~ Lethaea ^{spring,}
The violet hidde waters will ~~if~~ know
where one white feet with ~~the~~ ^{no tree hit}
are bruised and broken, may so
and ~~is~~ ^{anodree}
in the snow ^{crystalline}
Fair bals ⁱⁿ peace, [→] sleep [→]
and ~~is~~ ^{anodree}

also

violet masrel the.

But we

~~us~~ now - to we finite pale & Tie
infinite love as infinite
to joy & infinite love, the all ^{gain} ~~seen~~
of infinite nine -

But we opens our natures: End a fate
is our ~~say~~ - we stand as bees
on rain aefane - O we see on two
violet bals go as in ^{late} ~~path~~ raw?

with best of spirit of ^{the}
One now set up ~~best~~ ^{more} cats
this giant heart.
One might have
Death will it have part
of every rock a tree a fall
as myself very being ^{upward} roll
no loveliest seen to man - of we
neverless are just

one sweet flower we shall ^{but}
in the ^{tathy} ^{the sun}
banana

~ thus at that pain

as the ^{h.} lime if hurt will sing you

in the ^{as tho} more;

one the more is Tom - a lie - the
wee feed.





beginning
was not
one point
one maid
had
had



the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the
the
the
the



of a nice car to play -
or neck our big

we wax we were a by conn day
we who are nuts fast courses we
earls last, drudgery,
pig.

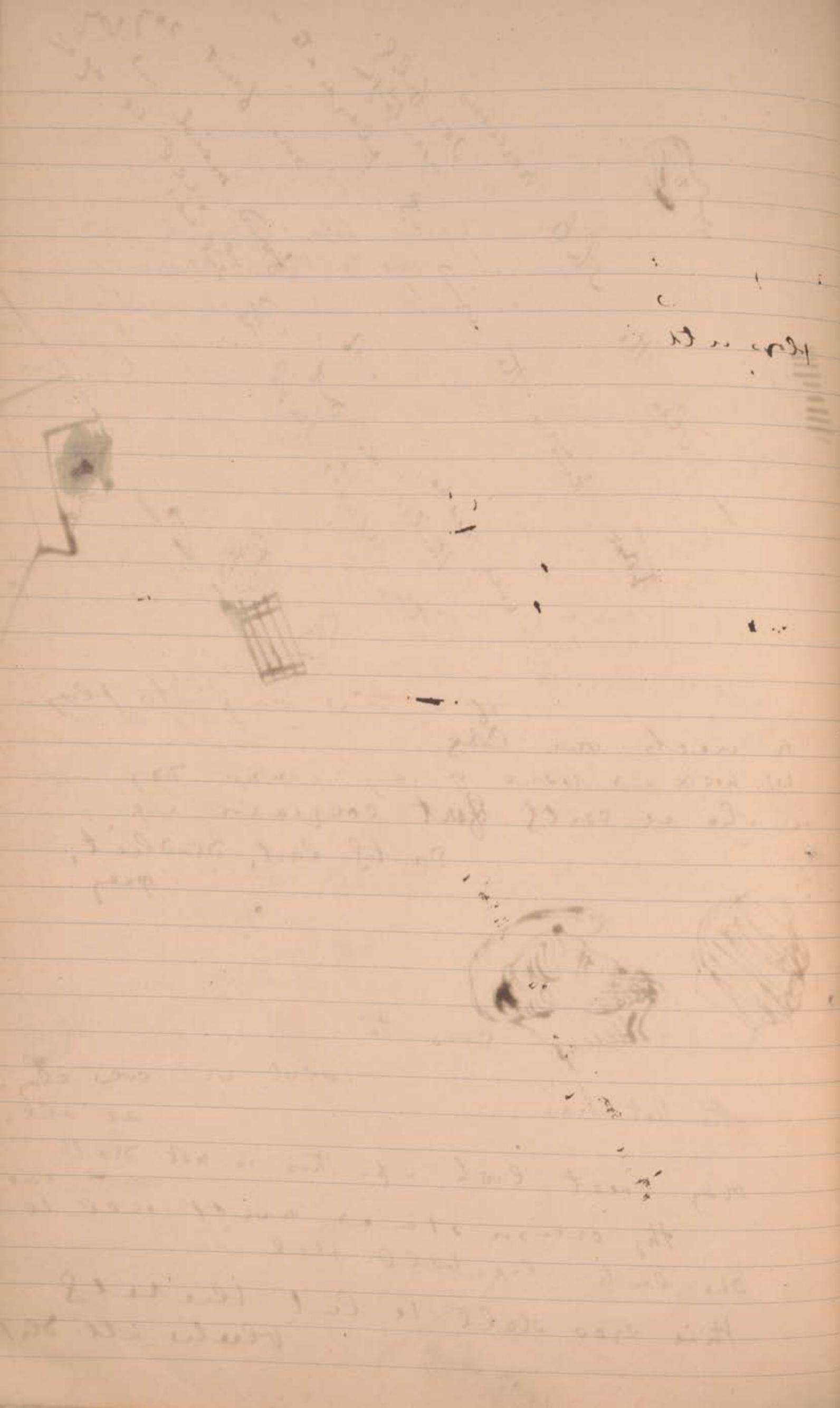


eyes to

the hot han

cold wet are clay -
at all.

my sweet look up - This is not droth
thy cross stairs mouth well be
the earth blue bell well
this eyes well be but the next
blue at dev.



sweeter we lie beneath the cool dark sea.

By canyon stains mouth a rose shell to
an off white blue bell fleck it down
as we the white narcissus variety
present the wind if playmate - the faint song
kings
shell thrill our ^{hearts} beat we will be up in
good mind aw boy.

as this about ~~is~~ ^{the} ev'ning pain
in some sweet place we will see the sun:
from the living throat shell of rain,
or like two ~~not~~ ^{as} ~~several~~
whole smooth days will
run
over our tops we in the dark we
while
clue } → pan

Xo

lin

Y

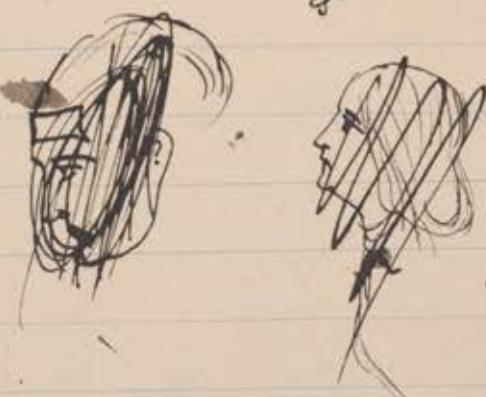
bar
alas they know the ~~dark~~ Lethaean Spring,
the violet hidden waters well if known,
where one shore feet with tired wandering
are bruised as broken - as mice are - ~~much~~
and in those dark depths cool & crystalline -
may sink & dream a soft sleep.
as vale & mordy

drinking my & in their cankered song
this vale,

that another
drunk as the balm, a place
in common work,
for another -

Butre opens our natus - End a fate
is our every: we stane a few
a vain refection - O! we see far too late
that vale of us is bruised both seen

the
is
el
and
no tree
ever or
twin
, well
by
the
reindeer
santa
the
eyes
goat
toaster
one
Homes



wanted of our paravur ^{des pair}

But we suppress our natures: End in Fate
to our enemy: we starve and feed
on vain aspiration: O! we are born too late.
Let balm go us in bruised poppy seed:
~~Wh~~ crowd to one finite pulse of Time.
The joy of infinite love, the dull dead pain,
Infinite crime.

B.

O we are weary of this scene & quiet ^{care},
which turns our love to baneful - and to ~~pain~~!
Weary of every temple we have built,
wearied of every stony unanswered prayer,
No man is weak: End sleep: we leave & die
One grey column monest - no great love -
and so we die.

But oh! no fawn at the labouring pole
near his black shallot to the floriferous,
no little coin of bronze can buy the soul's star,
Over the river to Death's sunless land -
Victim as we are you are all in vain:
The lamb is sealed: the soldier, watch the dread
rise not again -

We are resolved unto the supreme air;
we are made as unto what we touch see:
With our hearts' blood each crimson sun is fair:
With our young love each spry expansion the
Flares unto green: the reddest heart that chance
The moon over his head are - all live & are -
and all is change -

a dilly girl - not made for this World's pain
With soft brown clove braided by her ears,
~~dark~~
Deep-ginger eyes half veiled { slumberous tear^{**}
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain -
Pale cheek, wherein no love had left its stain
Red underlip drawn in for fear of love
and white throat whiter than a silver dove,
Through whose ^{fair} wan mantle crept one purple him,
Let though my life shall graine her without cease
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold
Bring o'er her over { the wings of awe.
like Dante when he stood with Beatrice
Beneath the flaming lions breast and saw
The smooth chrysolite, and the stain of gold

With best of appetite an' of desire,

As the green sweet life thus through earth's start
The swift waves of silent Being roll heat:
From reveries far to man: "In we are part
Of every tree & stone & bird and hill:
One with the things that prey on us or one
With virtue kill."

From lower cells of waking life we pass

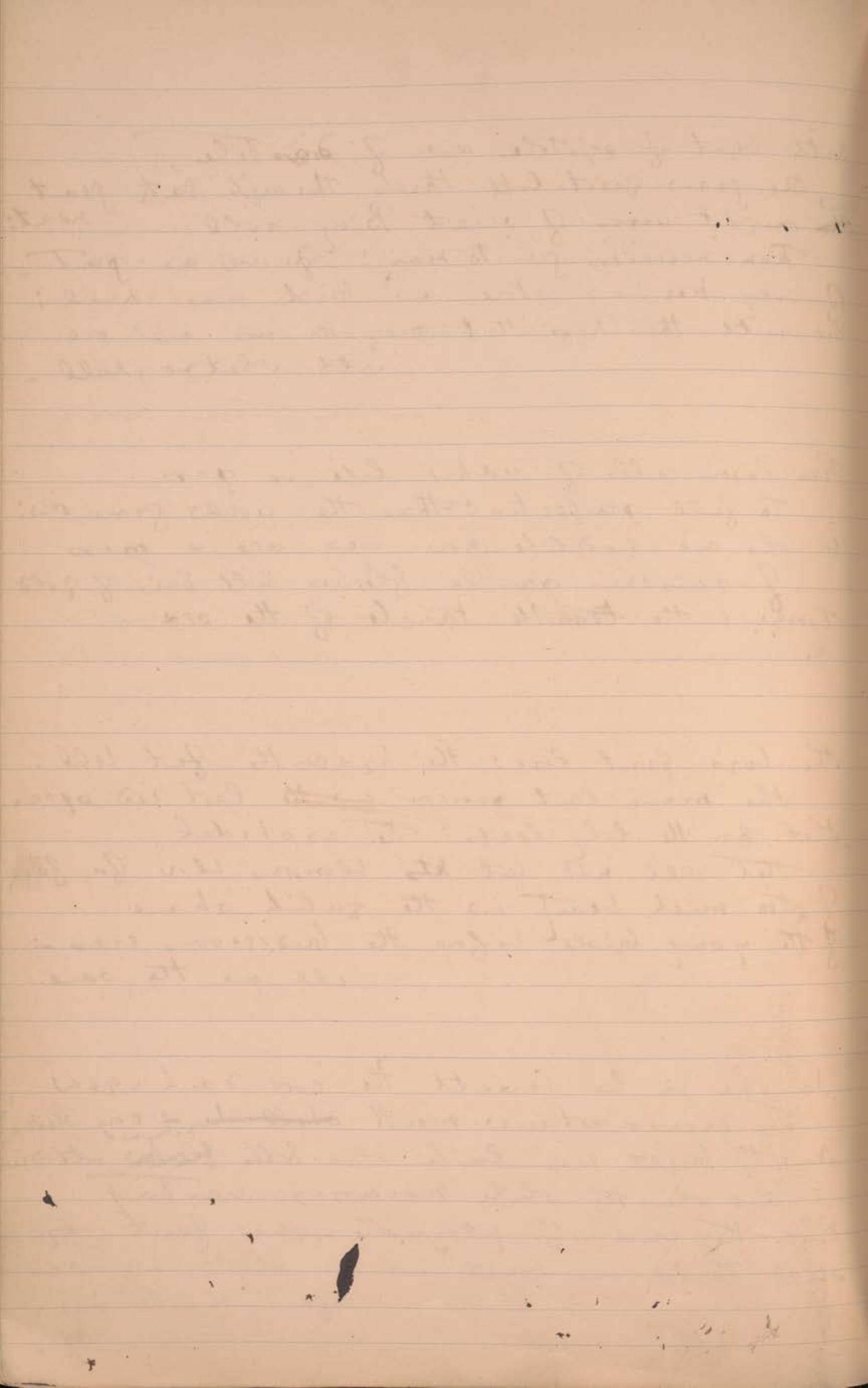
To full perfection: thus the world grows old:
We who are good like in we are one
I saw rising purple flakes all bars & rods
Toss'd in the tempest tangles of the sea -
In fearless

The boy's first love: the braunches' first fell:

The maid last pension as the last red rose
Held for the lily leafs: the asphodel
Still will not let his blossoms fall for fear
Of too much heat as the quibit share
Of the young bride before the bidden roses -
All are the sea.

So she we lie beneath the cool dark green

The cresson-stems smooth ~~still~~ ^{dimmed} are still,
And the bright eyes look blue-bells ~~fall~~ ^{fall} with dew
As we the white marans waiting
Kiss the end of its playmate - one faint joy
Still thrill our dust as we shall be spici
Food made on
by



and this what life's conscious to tiny pain,
In some sweet flower we shall feel the sun:
And in the bron thrushly throat shall sing again:
Or as two gorgous - mailed snakes will run
over our tools, as they i, the wet grass:
while conno gold with comb metels his
close toes pass -
~~or as they sleep~~
with

ay we are natures children -

Earths earliest conscious - eats let
buy

work the hot jungle here

~~The sun~~
swift as bron lines
nests sleep -

where the rollers are here
lions sleep -

and battle with them

see the battle: O y heat beats up
To think of the sun by after dark
is beast as big as ever - who lets up
big roller too full of spirit traits to break
are on the still eve of sweet rain
The cool earth salet conscious because
salt daddles my



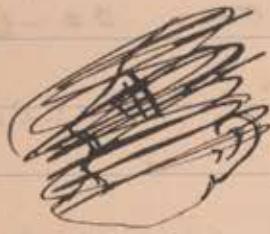
O think of it! we still sit at the
critics of nature but we are with it
transform our souls
ourselves

in to the

"The anchor the bough
echoes of
the woods

~~The last wind~~
~~now~~
~~the waves~~
~~as ~ sea~~
~~are Spring~~
wandering longed
abodes of its home
one pale fit one his in
the pale morning fits
on sight

ah they have gone - as been
and this is rotte
abandoned of its rotte
one "
so hidden like a ghost
not so red of its rotte
the boy



its full summer m. - the heat of June,
not yet the sunburnt weather we astir
in. The but soon

feel in turn t., he sees as usual,
all over his hoarded gold to all the has
as see bds he is very scattered { the wild
as open the vt breeze

win.

Over our heads the purple clary ^{scorpioides}
Falls like the royal carpet of a king,
While ~~meadow~~ sweet as star-like sachais
To weave ^{o'er} their bed-rooms by,
Not if one not dull phaleroft:
How we ~~want~~ to lay ~~out~~, back to back, -
 in tree.

The hot hand ~~flare~~ ^{fire} with wh. our bodies burn
Well rule one meadow blye with softwing
as the blue veins silver broof well tan'
 to stability - the brown fields in Toledo
shall be more joyful for our love tomorrow.
nothing is but in nature: every thing is
 all things live
 in death despite.



{ as I can see the daisies at y. feet.
The sun is one. lets arise -
so very kind & sweet

down let us go ^{against} ~~across~~ the galled shield
of the sick moon the cool white blossoms then
in this waste morning

man in ~~many~~ ^{one} ~~the~~ ~~the~~
and the drowsy kins : ~~Harvest~~

Cow bell



Come let us go: across the pallid shield
of this sick moon the cool white
vlasses shone

The deer of morning

mornin' dews, as in the marshy fields
The sprinkled court in water he awakes
with low deep harsh notes, and



so soon i utter penin', till the soul
is a strunged late or wh. all vuds
can play -

well

Steam

To burn

waste

In the grey dawn: ~~the thorn~~

the

the concrete i the field

" answers his mate
" sounds his harsh note: as by the
mist-cut ai

The long mooken pentes, and the

days

in his oddy nest

are

purple pavili.
orange

as shals the pearele dew graffit
To temles say to sweete Lord the
who soon & gilded hanres all pen
In th
~~the~~ lane that naue certane
penlin

Hung i the bryg East - O jalous sun
to come in gilder hanres
al ~~to~~ ~~the~~
o bryg again
common

The
n.

ah at the lark is heigh - The
I ca see the daisis at 4 feet -
the
if the white
and if morts auna bluer let us to
say hym a sweet

Love lets go against the pallid shield
of the sick moon the cool white blossoms gleam
with the drowsy kisses concussions & the field
answers their mates; ~~across~~ the mist stream
Flutter, the long moorhen (and the sun
will & a moment ~~break~~ leave that orange
contained pavilion)
from its
in its bed

The exultant earth is tremulous as loves
it The green rushes : the hour of -
m. for ~~sing~~ is night
in circling rings the long
moorhen fly.



and in

in

the mist stream
he circles runs the long moorles of
as it's edge next the tremulous earth
waits is all
days that day is night-

has half

sun

who soon will

as leave that orange-contained pavilion.

~~There is a voice - we know well
when once~~

Tired to the bone with fit of heat

O think fit - we shall inform ourselves
into all occasions life : the cost lost Farm,
Swift certain, of the many bright new day
Let leave their dancing up to spite the dam
Upon the meadows shall not be more near
To night my musing : than now - I who
Bring here,

can

in the cool grass mix is clear
for the

And so without life's consciousness, to lined, pain,
In sore sweet flower we shall see the sun,
In the from ~~thunder~~ throat shall sing again, ^{limed}
And as the givers-mailed snakes shall run
Over our tombs, and as the tigers creep
Through the hot jungle where the
yellow red hue lions sleep.

And give them battle: O my heart leap up
To this of that man lying after death
A heart as hid aflower - when this cup
Being filled too full of spirit faints of breath
As on the still eve of some good sweet day,
The soul earth earliest concern became
Faints last year prey



O think of it! we shall at stars spot
Critic of nature, but inform ourselves
Into all sensuous life -

The goat fawn, the many built away
that dance at moonlight - shall we never
see

money

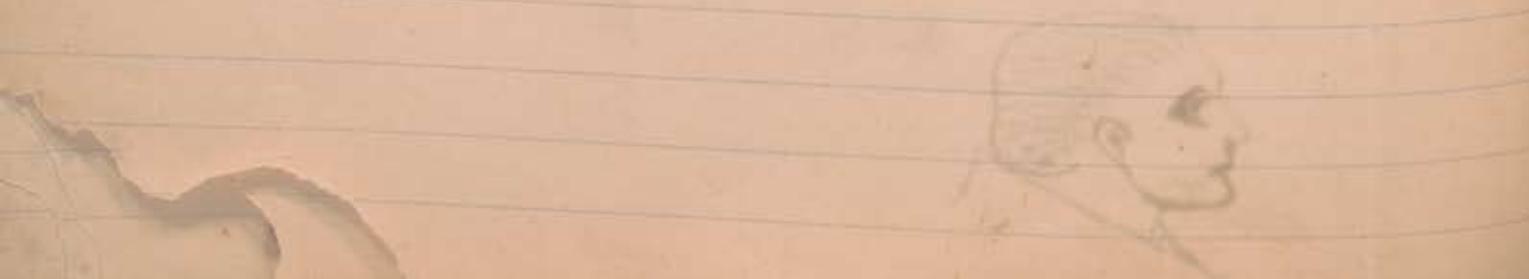


The

was a, I think, somewhat bad decision at the
start of his. Since so many others are al-
ready using our South Beach, should we not do
our best to keep those remaining in our
area as long as possible? I am not
sure. I would say, that the Dunes
should stick with their basic policies.

Our task is to listen and try to
understand what has hap-
pened with the - mostly voluntary
and legal - since I had no opportunity
to interview him since he has been. It is
possible, however, to draw some conclusions
from what he has said.

My first thought was that the
problem originated either from
the lack of understanding of the
problem or from the lack of
understanding of the problem.



15.

199

in the cool grass beneath this soft pine nest

forget the

for ecstasy

of strange

what need I have of other vice to drink?
the sun of life is after all to feel, and not to
think:

wanting

we are to cure the Tangled

Threads of

web

fiercely ~~wants~~ of

pain

The

leaves areine and go -
tremble

in which where



immortal natures

where bright let their ^{one}
each ⁺ vast ^{day,}
mingle [→] mist

shell on the mine near
the nature secrets - O

were an universe He flies out of pain
with the
forever

bird an unbind the sweet a little chain
I let knits and
an shore . is more

bright than this
old colour is a
where each bright wasted day,

summer
the bluebells , like a sudden sea
breaks on the woodland ,
caught in the

will not look the root on - the
haihelly
the bluebells , like a sudden black face
broke ^{out} in the woodland , with the fog
of waving meadows at .
the annone

~~He~~ ^{He} keeping its
~~it~~ where it's
breaking the blue -

milky pine
turkey moth & red convolvulus
creamy meadow sweet
whorls of woodbine -
red pine needle step hedges
over the glens

These harebells like a soda blast goes
dashing across the world all the foam
white anemone

Hecky hi vee - how sweeter far than
to block the None

when

the
ah well God is likely
real here -

30
~~scribble~~

down at the base altar where
the priest knelt in &

ah God ~~she~~
is there still

so near for us to turn

ah we are God - God is we

there's needles,

The beanfields are ~~far~~ ^{more} sweet
Than any

misted red
Bishop of partibus - look at his

There ready butterfly That lie asleep
There on one lily there
are gentle monsignores -

At many lily there thin pavilion
are monsignores; the

Here common scarlet poppies - The oats
are twice as fine -

The English Thares is holier far than None :
There harebellies like a sudden flash of red
Dash'd across the woodland, 'till the foam
of meadowweet and white anemone
To peep their blue ! well God is blither there
Than hulde i' tel crystal heiter star
The pale puerf bear -

The wind het's unprise me, the trees
are well for Palæstina : we w. day
One night onester hads were on the keys
of the Maria organ - ~~ay this day~~
while they play
when on the Easter-morn
in a high letter w. → blood o. sun, the
Pope is borne,

~~at~~ From his dark house out to the Balcony
above the goutains where
the very fountain seen for restay
To shoot their silver lances i' the air,
and stretching at his
sophie - glanij { s. m.

The clamours in a crowded
square above the
above the broun gods

The rose
adorn

The violet

He will not look to the face
For fear of too much loving -

He dabbled ^{yellow} till pale from
mirth

when the march was over harsher: the

The gaudy parrot with his feet
Held creamy high On their shoulders
Are margins - as where the rushes shade
A long pile lies basking in the sun
~~with~~
his eyes half shut, he is one mottled
Bishop & party - look at those
Sand scales all
green and red -

The silver censer with its blinding heat
of incense

Dipped
~~some~~ Cardinal upon the Esplanade
walks with

once before

the one wh. we I had

where the
once on the white \rightarrow crescent
~~reach~~ of Marathonian sea -
the Island in $\frac{?}{?}$ $\frac{x}{x}$

The rose
adorn

The violet

He will not look to the face
For fear of too much loving -

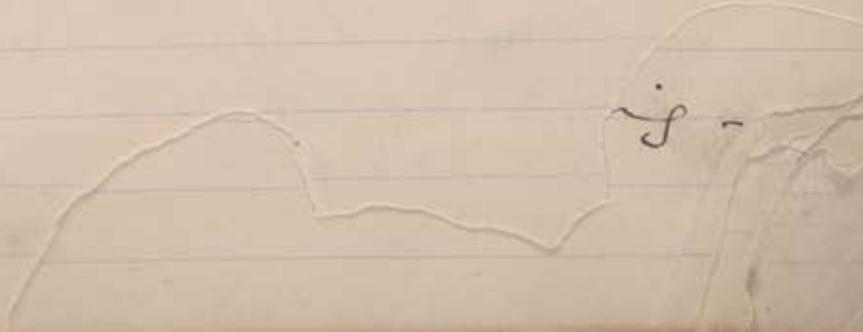
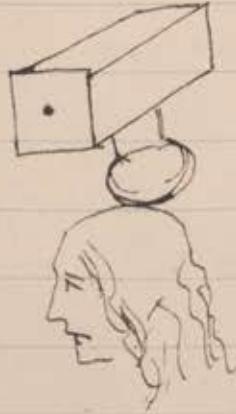
the ^{yellow} daffodil tet smile for
when the march vis vev harsher: the

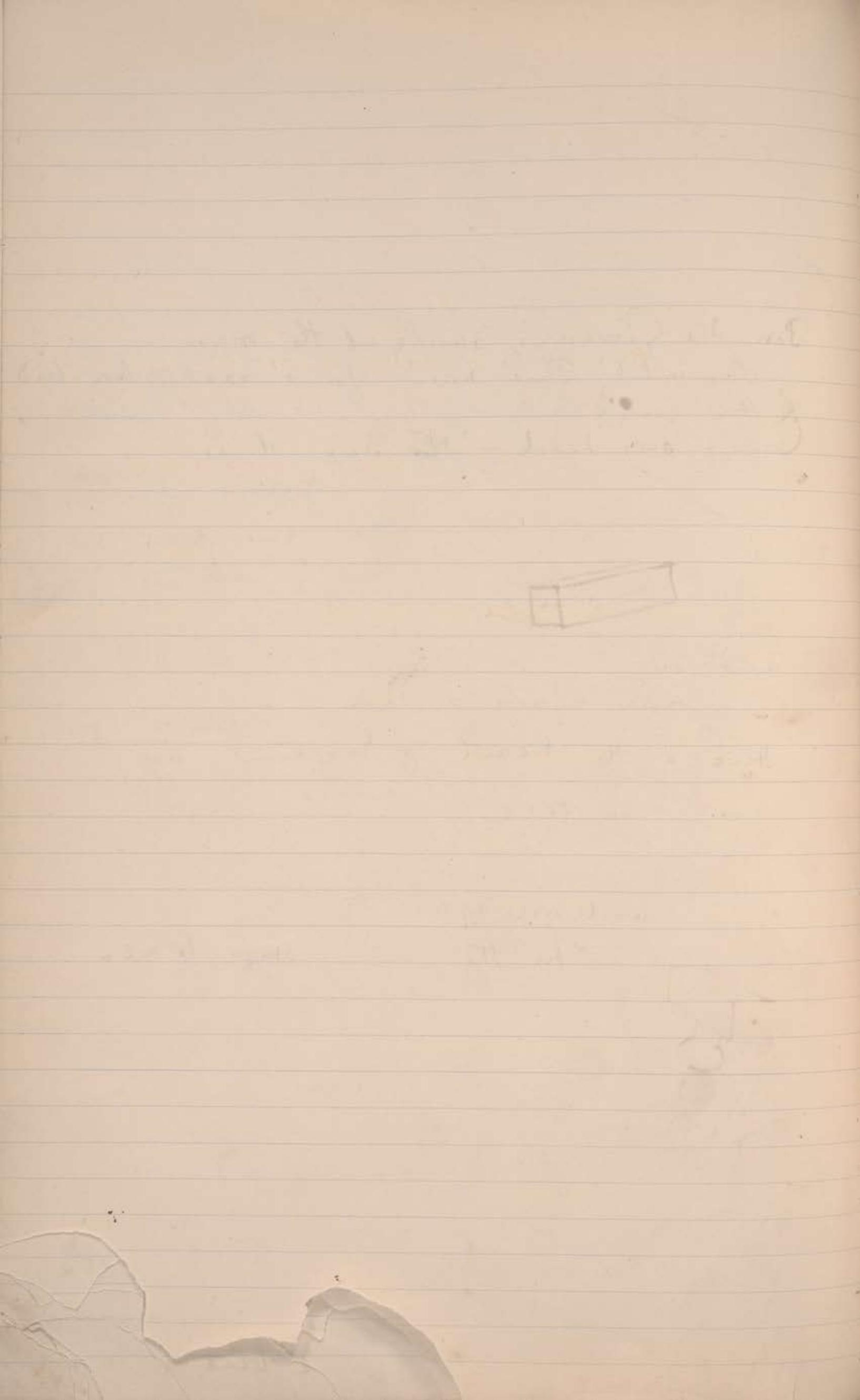
8
Pan Ha Giovanni looking at the man
She out of Time now - In a small box bird
& How such
Sings over head - the one old age.



and sing
now again is This
Here is the heart of her - we
you tell

and now again in
in the sings tone -





than you and I to nothing mysterious,
as we shall hear,

The Thrushes heart beat, and the flowers
and the white snowdrop ^{cry} ~~sigh~~ for tears
on sunless days i write: we shall know
where ^{violets}
when the blue Roseane is
~~open~~

~~yellow~~ ^{yellow} ~~pink~~ ^{red banners} ~~pink~~
heavy ~~pink~~ ^{pink} back at its green lea~~ves~~
leaves ^{drag on by}

{ yellow no
yellow silver nets
red

seen in the

across the fields in early morn,

a ^{why:}
sick daisies ^{i'}
have open their eyes -

on the hollow ^{on}
from the beech with answer note the
the wood dove flings -

melt

rests in the white-stane
Pruning of
the
vines vining at the
which soon ice back to
promote red in the
process of drying & light
kissing the light

O happy place ! If love is it how

the thrushes heart beat on the violet glow,
as the pale snowdrop crys to the sun
on sunless days in winter; we shall know
By when the silver gorseane is open,
in early morn in daisies ope their eyes,
as to violet next on

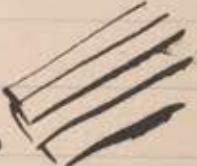
the bleak

cools

pairs the asperges fulfilling

the

the still the still the good
sleeps across
like a blue vein upon /
sleeps on the lily: ~~the~~ ~~sits~~ white veint
still

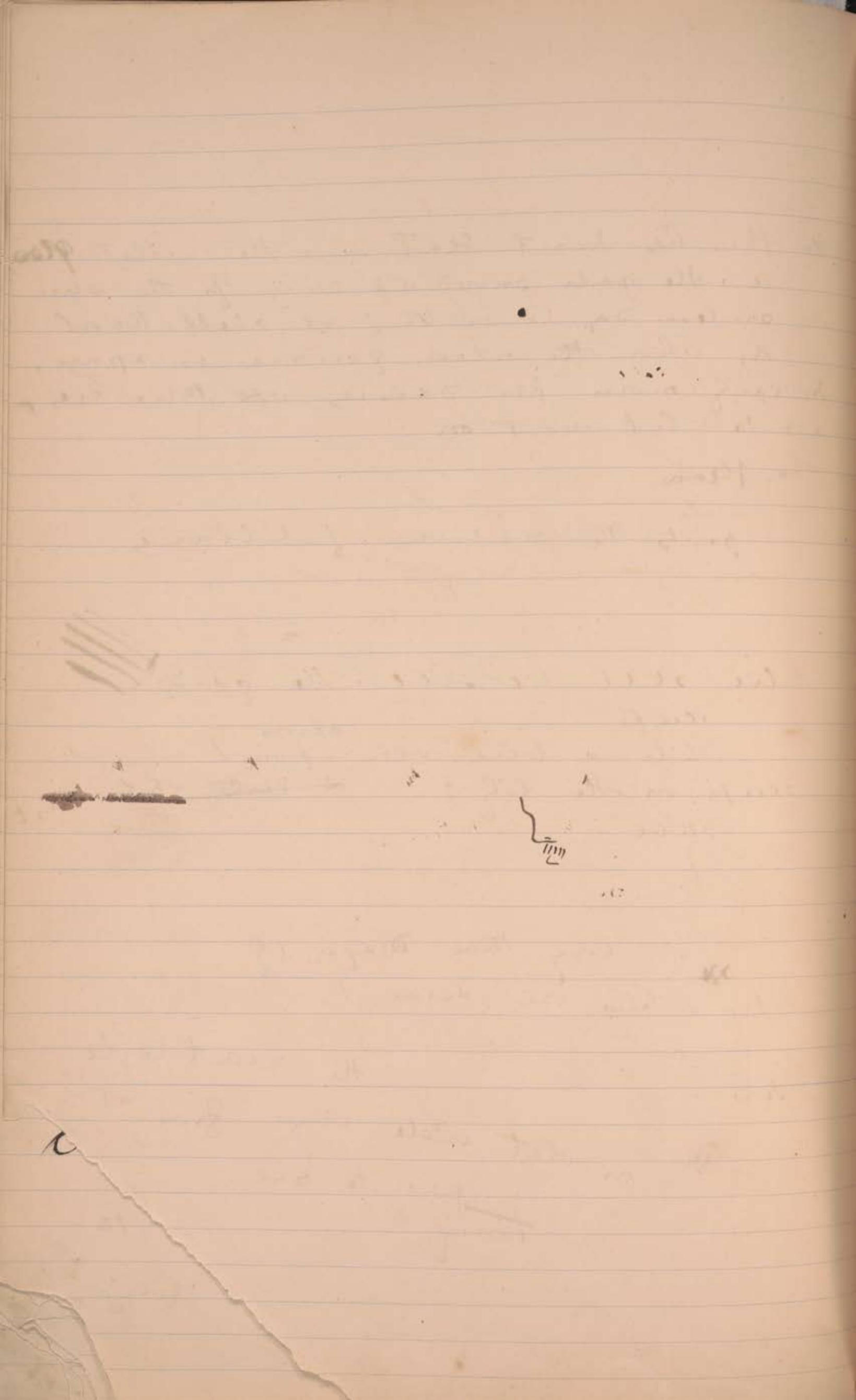


~~long thin dragon of~~
like a blue vein across /

the

the great eagle
flew

on let wide wings from
~~joining~~ pine to pine



the thumping heart beat as the violets grow,
and the pale snowdrop cry for the sun
in sunless days of winter. we shall know
By when the silver gorsebush is open,
No part the draped distilling
on let ^{wide} us for to sing pie to pie the
edge glass

and see the live violets thinking like seed like
~~heart of our hearts~~ we
our

Ours the shrive violets thinking like seed like,
Ours the the
we shall be violets - tet. orthog
which swell



From

She is a bit as she did not
The song sounds like poetry
It's a relief. when I hear the call
will make - that's my strength,
to see the Darling Guests

She is soon with pen in view, the
through the cool hole in the wall
in in

~~had~~ a fast short
cog from a boat I fly back
over & over the fields stay out
the Kalle farm
the white moon ^{up} said before the
like a pole was on blow & blow the

mountain
shelebs his carless life

oung as am I the ~~big~~ boy see we
part with his purple blow the
stain
waxen bell

I let overweigh the jacinth; as to me
the needles sprig her woe shall tell
I shall be hoed

acts for our English Shanes a
jointed reed



P
O sweet to think that silver foot
shores are o'er
the Nuneham fields at evening: but the
meadows, & course
shorts

My son says on I will be born unto the
Dwell unto but stay we of persons
to kill you at the waste ^{route},
of the tree roads
the ^{sheath} Enza - cres of Truth

on 15th : on the
cry at strand for

15 in his sleep &

I will greet the weary wasted wife,
the Uterine rail, the En. sh. of Tita
the proleter ^{view} as the cry for peace
the banner gifts, the Utter hands, the still
as one day & n.

sing on! sing on! they are not dead at all
Shore glad every bird of species goes;
They are asleep, and when thy hear thee call
Will wake and think it is very thensely,
This Shore, the Daurian ~~was~~, Dunahan Cade
The purple-misted mead where Philomel
With ~~is~~ ^{waking} its place -

Sing on! an soon all passion-wanes face
Through the cool leaves Apollo's bed will
the Trojan prince his basted boar shell ^{case} chas,
Adorn there chestnut blosy all-a-bloom,
An ivy-lined, vine-cre, all lew of pride
After sun-meeting velvet roated fresh
Shell Dian ride -

Sing on! an I ^{dry} The Trojan boy shall see
Stain with his purple blow the waxen bell
Not overweigh the scirth; as to re
The wretched Crimie he was still tell,

—
cry out a its ! memory
is a dull truth

that Christ
whose

comes, > its worst the time)



hell!

O memory cat don't meatho
Lie still, lie
O vertical wife

80

Jo

must

she comes she comes

7. aristides Dinotrichides
7. alter Terrace.
7. alter Road
Brooke Clarkson.

Tuesday || ~~Wednesday~~
Thursday ~~Friday~~
Friday
Saturday.

cry out aloud a Itys! men as
that Foster brother of remorse ~~splain~~
drop poison in mine ear: O to ~~set~~ free!
~~From~~ one ^{steer}
to ban ones gellers, to launch again
to the white-plein ~~galle~~ & the ^{and} ~~galle~~
~~galle~~ ^{and} and cause
old Neptune crown's all crimson blous
not the from
coral-blous eare -
& fruit ^{red} ~~not~~ ~~Proteus~~
Neptune
O to

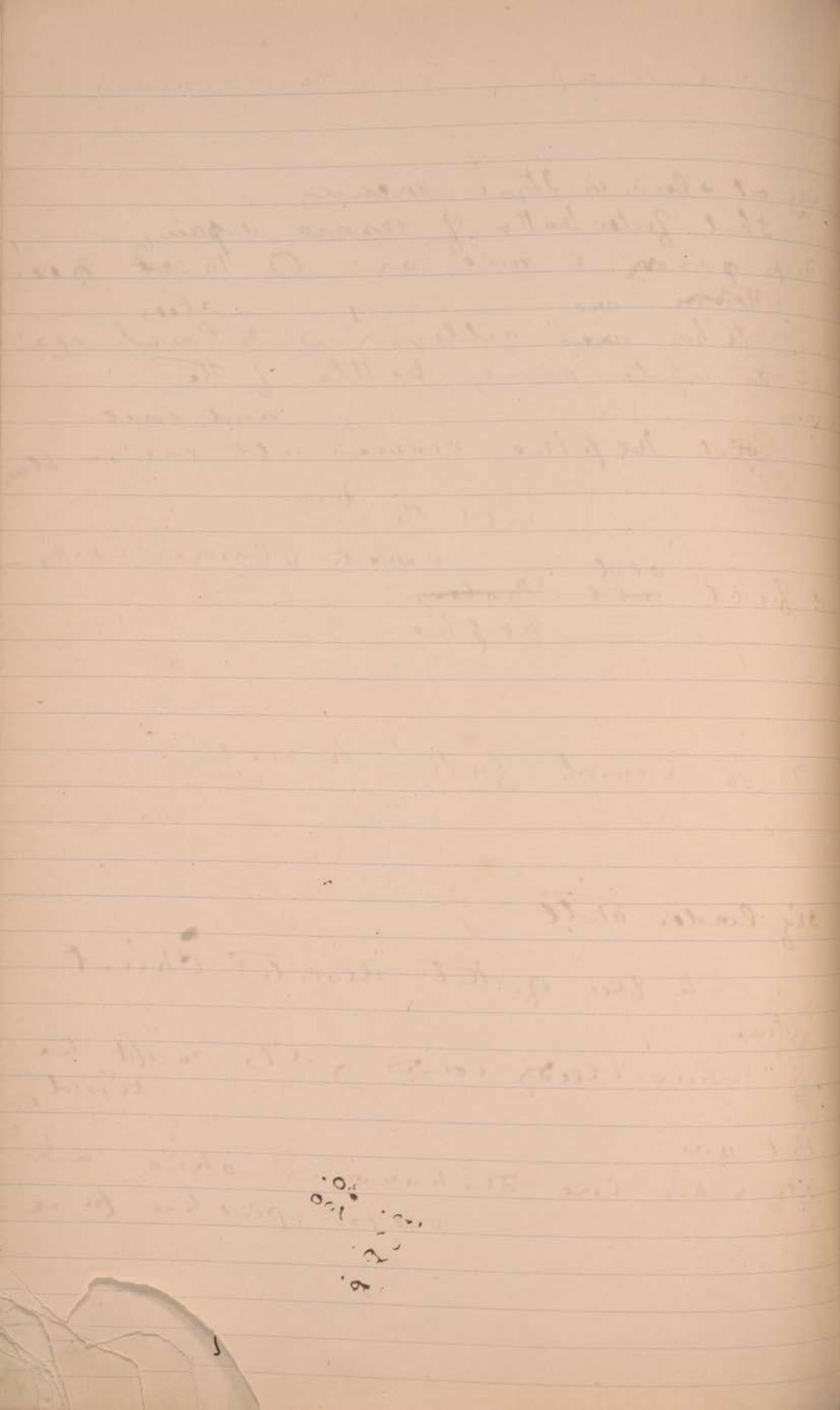
O to launch 8ⁿth! to set

big border still

white face of the desolate Christ
shame

white bleeding wounds, it's so not be
kind,

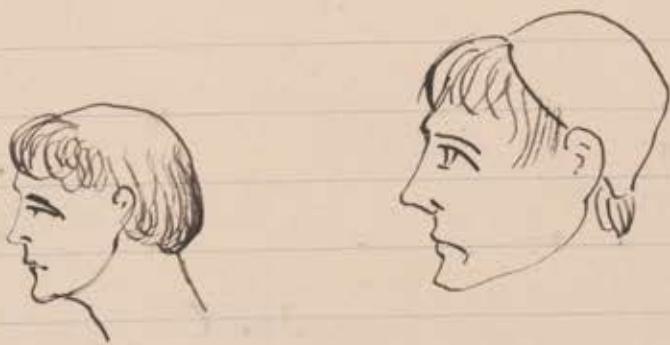
But now
it's a his face dishonored shie &
veets packe to a



all went of the colouring moon
all



The car



30°
100°
60°
180°
100°

west

Death

gives

wishes to give grace to pacifiers land
in vain ~~the~~ ^{and} troubled nations rest -
^{and} ~~the~~ ^{and} rest -

a better prediction comes to me
From the
she-wolf
steals away

To

is

met

the scythe will
it cannot have the rose,
its vermillion lips red with
fear as it kiss
and later the cow chose
moon

the & strew under the morn's
stars
abandons his brother, his alone

waits for the sun:

afternoon
from cover violet hies
let stars to vex the moon who
yearns
soil & vine -

dearer word of comfort
voice steals
a better benediction calls to me
from

invades the sun

and then the plant begins; one bin out!
The story keeps on, it's about feels;
the water he speaks has such a
she been must wait for someone to see,
Hug you & now it's next step.
as suddenly the child went &
bliss see myself backs out, and remains
all & others will. He managing
abandon of 15' lastly -

bring a cry out with yellow refrigerators
first at the iron -
a some
shower. The walls out, —
the water had

O now we're having the discussions here
about the idea of going to some of the pain,
but we've used our hands for the dead
and we've just seen the plan.

Now I need you to imagine
that it's like, like this, this is one
of the first things that we will see when
we come out of the boat and
it's a bit like this. O another one
of the things that we will see when
we come out of this boat.



ah what is left for me to do
whose lips too tired are to sing,
Between the winter and the spring,
Between the old love and the new.



The sky is panther-spotted and the moon
sleeps like a leopard 's the wind up stream

like Dante when he stood with Beatrice
Beside the flaming living Breast and saw
the seven circles, and the stair of gold.



This English Shores is holier far than those
Those harebells, like a sudden flush of
Breaking across the woodlands!, with the foam
Of meadow-sweet as white anemone
To bleach thru' blue waves! - God is like thee
Than hudder & the crystal hearted star
The pale ghost bear.

^{violet-gleaming}
Those purple-stained butterflies tell To Le
Tell creamy by for their pavilion
Are mossy ones - as where the rushes shake
A easy pile big basking & the sun
His crev'cey shut - he is one mither old
Bishop i partibus - look at those gaudy seals
All green and gold

The wind that is imprisoned & the trees
Sing well for Palestine - as in
The might master hands were on the keys
Of the marie organ which they play
When on some soft white bloming Easter morn
L & high little red & blow or in the
Rose is born

From his dark home out to the balcony
above the bronze gates, & the crowded square,
Whose very fountain over for vestry
To toss their silver lances in the air,
And stretching out weak hand to Part & Let
In rain and peace to peacelass lands, to
restless nations rest

or and

Is not our ~~night~~ evening after gloom
set always to vex the moon, more fair the old
long' low light ~~greatest~~? strange; & a month ago

I knelt before one ~~cressa~~ Carduelis
who bore the hot suns the ~~sun~~ ~~sun~~
and now - those worn popping - The
oats open twice as fine

The blue green beaufield reader, Then comes
with the last shower, sweet perfume brings
Through this cool evening, than that odorous
~~hearted~~ ^{red-} hearted comes the rose down wings
when the grey priest unlocks the ~~Eve~~ shrine,
and those makes ^{Gods body} the human ^{common}
meantime End for ~~without~~
first of corn and vine

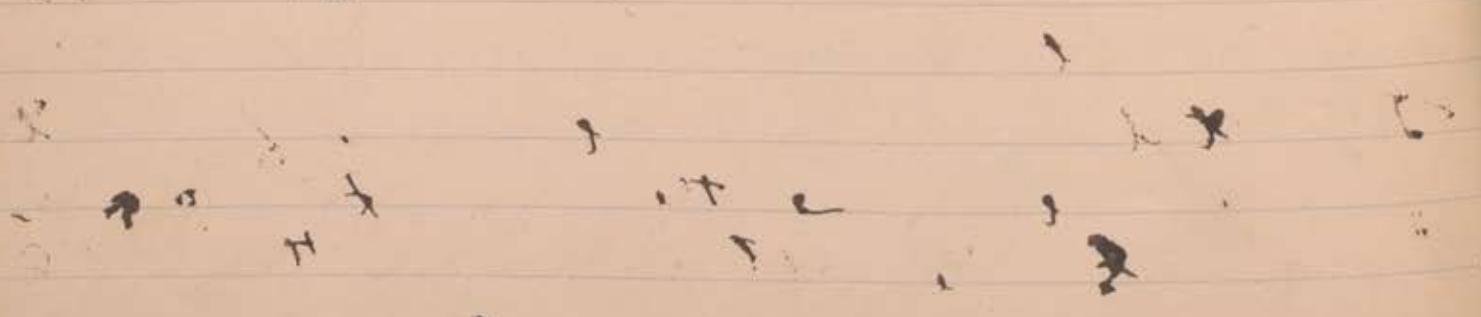
To Fr. Giovanni Bawly at the mass.
The art of love now; In a small brown bird
Flies over head as through the long deep grass
I see the thorny throst which are I hear
On starlit dell of Cleveland Asko -
Be vee the slide is great said 8.
Selang says ~~not~~.

How sweet it is for Thomas M
To sit outside the Hours of Quiet, nor hear
the

thought through the fruitful
meadows of his mind
had ploughed its deepest furrow.

When thy tormentors ab we call
the earth
hell founders, and make
another ab
for worse torment.

ver



Sing on! sing on! they are not dead at all

I have a sweet God of Ercian poesy,

We are asleep, and when they hear thee call
Will wake as think'tis by themselves,
This I say the Dardan waters, none can ~~slove~~
He purple-mus mead where Thiloselle ~~and~~
 These places

Sing on! as soon as passion weaves her face

Through the cool bays Apollo's bow all care;
The Tyrian pine his bristled bow shall chase
Through the deep chestnut copse all a-blaze,
And now leaped, grey eyes, all hot & wide
After her velvet roared for the virgin maid
 Shall ride

Sing on! and the dry bay shell see

 stain with his purple blood the vox bell
Met overvix the youth, and to see
 the wretched Cyprian her rosy shell tell,
and I shall kiss her mouth as steaming
 eyes,

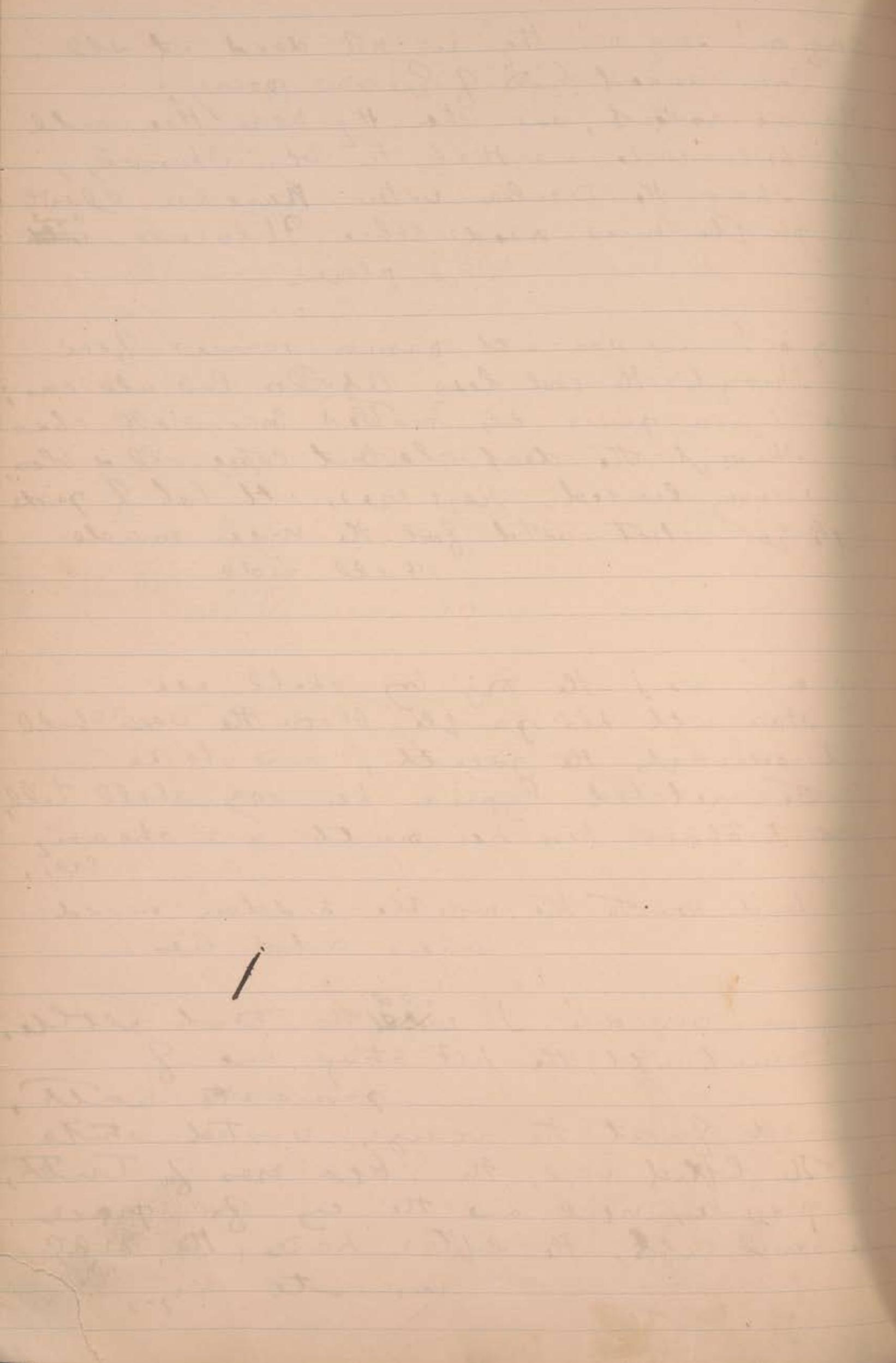
and lead her to the marble-hidden mead
where Adon lies.

Sing on! sing on! I ^{will} be drunk yet still,

Drunk until the hot song me I
 pancato earth,

I wined first the weary wasted strife

The lifted rail, the Ebene-ers of Truth,
the proudest nail on the cross of grace
The banner ruff, the lifted hand, the drill
 inscute sig,



ing out abroad on Itys' menay
Tel forte brother I remore de pain,
Meatys poysa i mine eas - O to be free!
To burn ones old ships! as to burn up
to the white planes battle of the way
as fight old Protes for dis spoil of !
cold gloveres eas!

one lader set! I want still behove
the pale white face of tel desate Christ
whose wonder hands my hands did once seve,
ohne bleedig his , his so oft hae know,
But now i mite an marble misery
setti his face as horocue Houn a wey
prechace for re-

O menoy cat down tis nexto shell,
Brush off hoare hte O say Melponie,
Our sonn keeps
~~Apollo~~ O sonn Tany
Queen Ves dog wth the cloistered cell,
an vex utt tis tis Castag,
no more no ^{one} ~~one~~ to complain
Cease cae O teacher of this ~~the~~
Apollo looth wt to hea such houlds
note of pain

Love like a hawk
hung out his claws & Banjo & H'Cheep
to have a wing -

O her pale since with her popped spell

O for a draught & let between well
which got to Taste is to be

his will, his will O passionate heart
O melancholy for thy raven still,
O echo! echo! from thy hollow hill
Come not with such dolorous
answering -
cease! cease!



vlet us have i This ^{even} ~~over~~
of the dead sun ~~not~~ gave the
days gather dead air -
it gives the up &
~~to vain remorse~~
to bitter tears. O sir the
when

one moment more ^{the cove leas his stones}
and in our English Shanes had sung her
Pan plash a paddle.

One moment more. He started long his stone
End him well his penance down the snow
moons thick with loss and the ^{old} ~~lost~~ Shanes
Pan plash and paddle going for some ^{his} see
Shane amorous note. ^{the} news maid-
tells you her we care ^{the} news maid-
Bathos - the

one moment more - He has his slopes they

This face

that shows

the one whose music is not willing.

This hand that peddles all the
murdering knife -

This is not I -

pieces of the arm of the man
that we bleed to death

$$\begin{array}{r} 24 \\ 6 \cancel{4} \\ \hline 144 \end{array}$$

"

Bands coverings of Selma is
as all the

lets go here -

of this
met after the crimson snow gear,
The

Friendly brief in all the muted joy
of rock

we lost their song O) an odd little

sweet marjoram -

boys love sweet -

white claudine -

$\frac{14}{84}$
 $\frac{6}{84}$



4

$\frac{26}{16} \frac{6}{8}$

a moment more the trees had shapes to him
the paths
long hills fit a scheme for the sun
and fields : long Selway
q ~~wishes~~ poppies : ~~long~~ Selway

Hot sun is bone bright to the noon,

and

The heavy yellow iris weaves
Leaves back. Its throat is thought to be tied
By its' of the chamber the dragon of
Who, like a blue vine or a sun of the world,
Sleeps on the snowy prairie of the melt
When soon will flush to penetrate red on die
Kings the light.

Over our heads the gentle clouds
Fell like the royal raiment of a King,
While reverberate as star-like cushioning
To dogs & hurt their little odors big:
We sit the soul with small phials of -
Hee we sat us to keep with: taught to lose:
And ares to see.

Dont thou not hear the murmurings night by night
like water babbles from a silver jar,
So sweet its the "sunby" moon is pale
Hath her i lesser she is long so far
He cannot hear the love-inexpressives true
Thou heart it: as the eyes beheld
The silver-shielded moon.

O be content to use the web of pain
Whose bright thread is real &
To bid a love so sweet a little chain

Let us go hence the song air is chill
As the crests of shaggy trees to the
The weeping Stephen leaves the hill

aphelion
Endymion /
vermillion
Herkles
Santleydes
Portia seas //

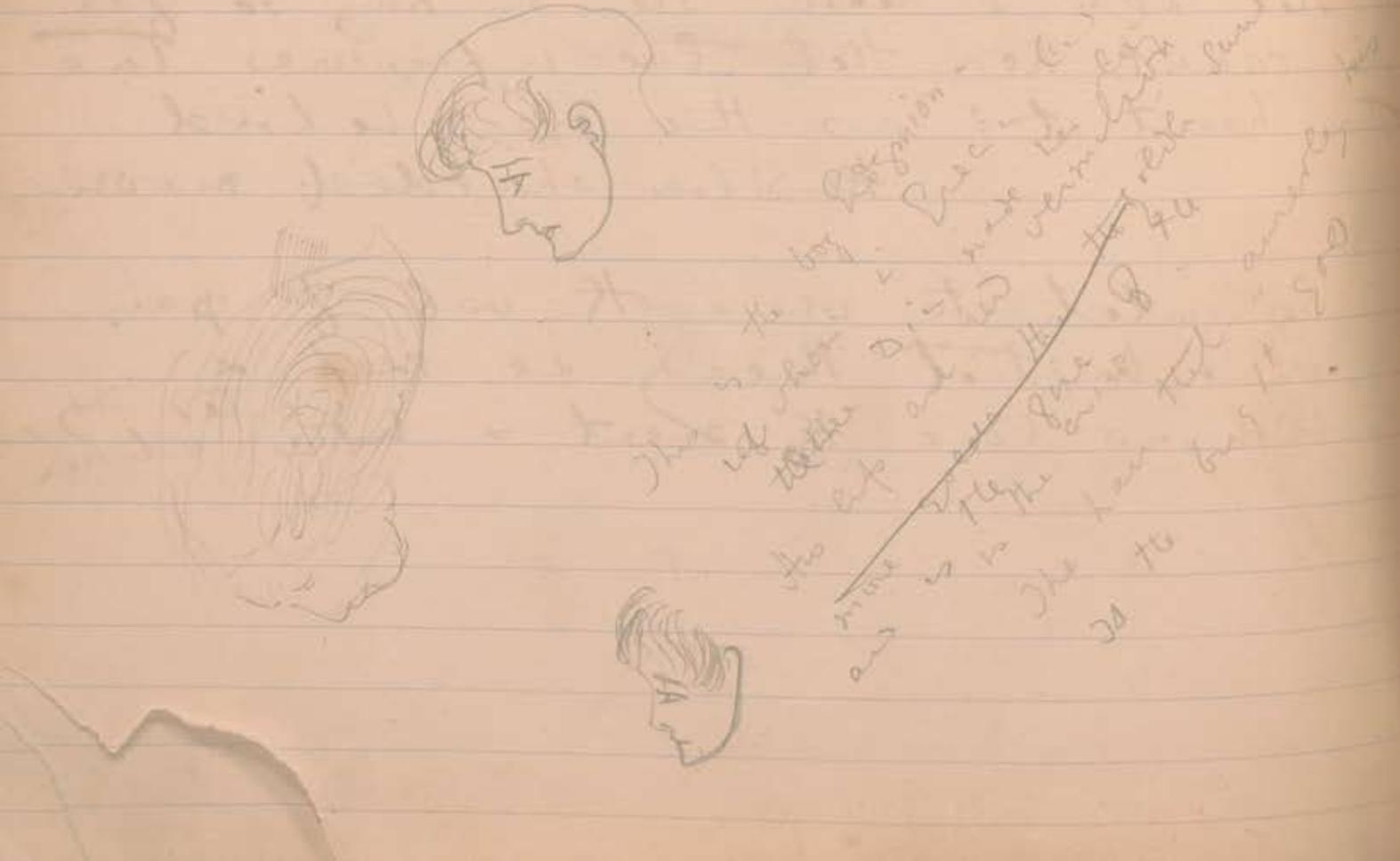
antinous /
slunkious /
—
raunnde //

Rabiel
Michael
adonis. Agred
Sol'nis

block

cock

For let us go; the holy night is near;
A pale mist creeps among the old trees
And garden walls, where the stars, reflected
As like a bloom lie upon them.
He whiles now drifts across the spinyish



half hidden like
the movie of the
old days with the shell -

In the red farm a flicker left long out
the way shepherds drives his
sheep bell carves his
to who make him his
an old pipe & tele
over pipes & sets
over the flat floor
He goes and

In the red farm a flicker left long out
the way shepherds drives his
sheep bell carves his
back to the wattle sides a fountain
sh.
comes from a boat too late atiffy look
and down

as rides the mother like the air
man. an ~~knows~~ ^{knows} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is}
~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is}
the go ride his boat to
his boat to
his boat to
flop on the ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~on~~ ^{on}
up a hill + up
is north

is the best ranch for the people on
or is the daresl fashions Earth less fair,
where he eats on herds as we
with my place & like the best the air
ah

new splendor comes to the flower
we stay to the stage
in sun
pass

rather we say across the sky
the splendor come to meadow
flower,

One cold I ran the river ~~without~~
To ~~the~~

O ride at part thrice except at the death
horses bolyon of his sleep

Hyacinth

King Apollo plays at base
- the

This is the boy Antinous;

His feet are on the lotos set.

His mouth is a ripe pomegranate.

Beneath pale crevices territories

His white toes and shoulders

Dream of his strange
lotos - comes like

like muted honey,

This is the angel Gabriel -

heabi

I when the Hg. scripture with See is the hig
And sent him to Hyacinth; Scripture said
God loved

His voice is like a silver bell -
and though he was

Procastina.

This is the boy Procastina.

King now set him to kill

~~and made~~ naked Procastina to kill

in naked Procastina to kill

they set him to kill

the blood to wash

till the blood to wash

now he is

a silver & silver bell

and

He bears for us who God has sent

tell me of knight

his eyes are purple like the night
His weathered face is wan and white

set in this stormy northern land
'mid frowning fields of charreden tide
England set shell men ^{out} of the
Before whose feet the world divide?

The earth & battle glories of glass
does in the hollow of the hand,
as though its heat of crystal pens,
like shadows through a twilight land,

The spray of crimson-sainted war
the long white crested wave of flight,
and all the deadly firs which are
the torches to the lords of melt.

The grey-throated claim blows
in rank tufts of reeds &
on the high steeps of Indian shores
Ihele to the pile of ashes man-

The green leopards strained & lean
while the red Russian boy so well,
With gaping beetles jaws are open
deep through the storm of smoky shell.
an last the south Solnaej
small joy hath any girl who
such bone chips as to her
set with too much delight

the wild reckless wind
caught { the lured fair to hang

Salmakis

Andromion //
venation //

Antinous

Hercules }
Symplygades }
Tortic Kas.



piece piece / an ^{et} ret: his bitter
To live without ^{et} ret: his bitter
To have without ^{et} ret: his bitter So.
Want the wine desire, fear, " pain.
The sun & gloomy land long we
To



The story and lion of Englands was
Has left its sapphire core of gold,
To battle with the star which may
The star of English chivalry -

In winter wood as wet as steel
Where sat a crooner & round & fine,
Englands with base unshodden feet
Climbs the steep road of pride & pie -

Let boots it though tet or the bairn
The white roses were not yet gold,
If in our osnet heat is found
The pain which giveth never end -
The spined holliehock red-crocketed

Between either the woods are trautters -
There is no sound of music in the air.
He thing creeps a - slight weanings
Through wet fields left stvelts & bee -

Sing the
She joy the deer horizon ill we blow -
By the tall ~~blest~~ ^{blest} bairn ^{tree}
~~and~~ sick of some remous & the thorn
I will alone -

It was a dream : these wood are
no soft Ionia daughter half

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Stared in a fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
Rustle their pale leaves wearily,
Or as the van white foam of the white gled see
When the young ones their teeth to the flying breeze

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnish'd disk of the marigold,
Or the sunflower turning to meet the sun
When

Her red lips burned on those lips of mine,
Like the tongue of the ruby fire set
In the ruby lamp of the flame let shine
Or the bleeding heart of the pomegranate
Or the crimson rose with the bright dew wet,
Or a red rose now in rose red wine





and all her body was mine to kiss,
and all her secret was mine to know,

and the sun shone golden brown
as the boy as the girl were as Salmagundi.

But gold and red were as grey
^{to this,}
And I saw how ~~the~~ ^{the} boy
was red gold.

Grey watch of the starkless sea
The wander of the moonless night,
How goes the grey world with thee
In red will you bathe ^{the} ~~the~~ drift

Lore coed / charm the silver-breasted moon
To lie with me upon the Latmian Hill,
Through the hot houy of the purple noon
Till of strange joy 3 its head drak
Hear fill

Lore coed / change wan water & to me,
To make more glad one heavy bidden,
Whose soul is sick with pensia to a time
The ~~sister~~ cursor - cestane lover at her side.

Lore could



Lore co



as when he did
he began to do.

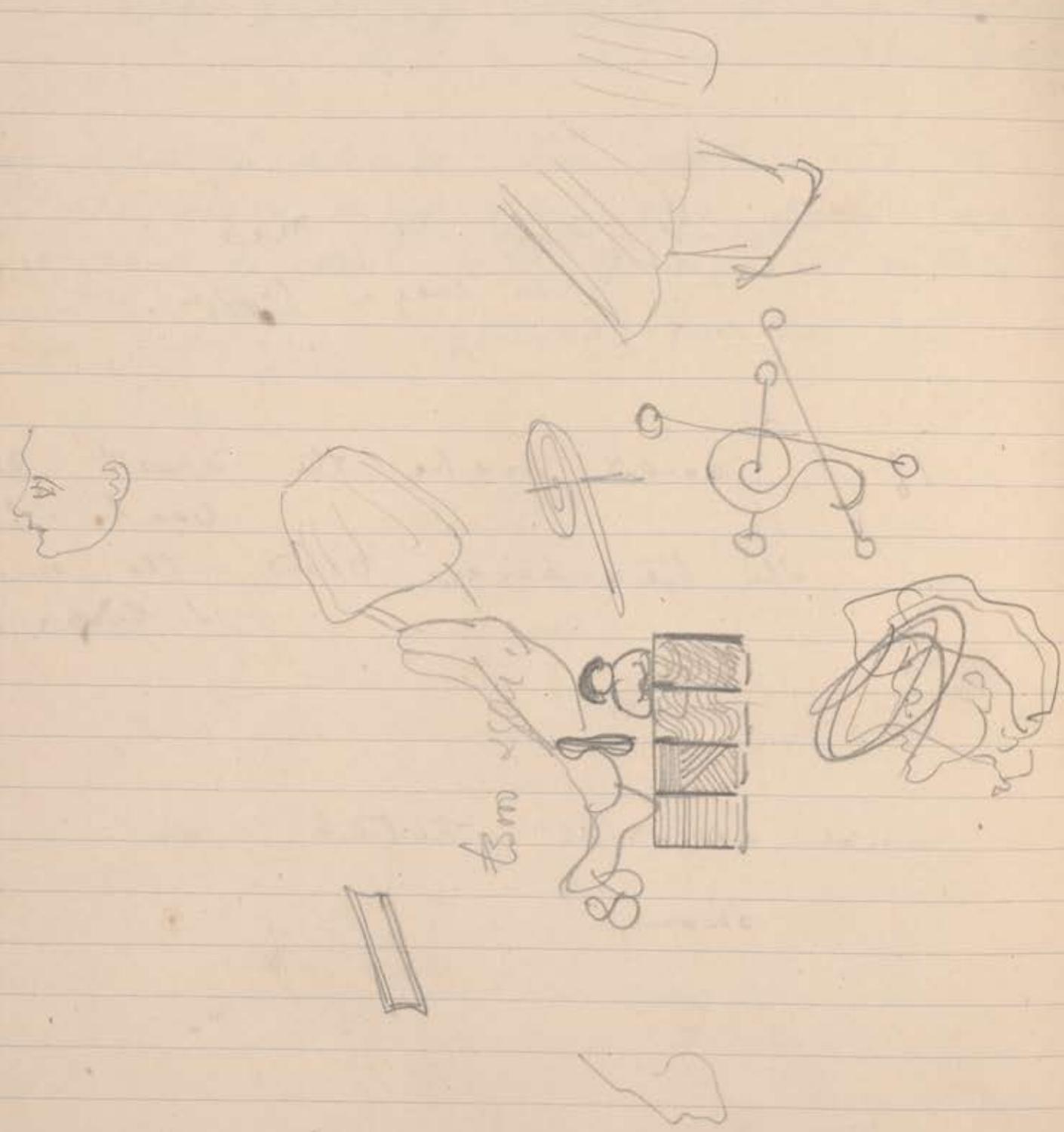
If I could make the dust give
back if'd do,
the teachers did - the man
I love, " well,

if
me

and he did stretch
show

a see long day to narrow

the Salendie
had gone his home went to the moon



are set
In thy red mouth the crimson stars ~~the red~~
thy breasts are swells with the desire of
and in the webs as the red rays rest
as the red's secret lies within the soul

make save his petals part
Love could I lie with the like heat
as sminch my body till the were seen,
~~a mite~~

and

or soon i persona i the rose heat
till he was long with rapture love did
vessel -
I long sweet desire

love

on

kiss

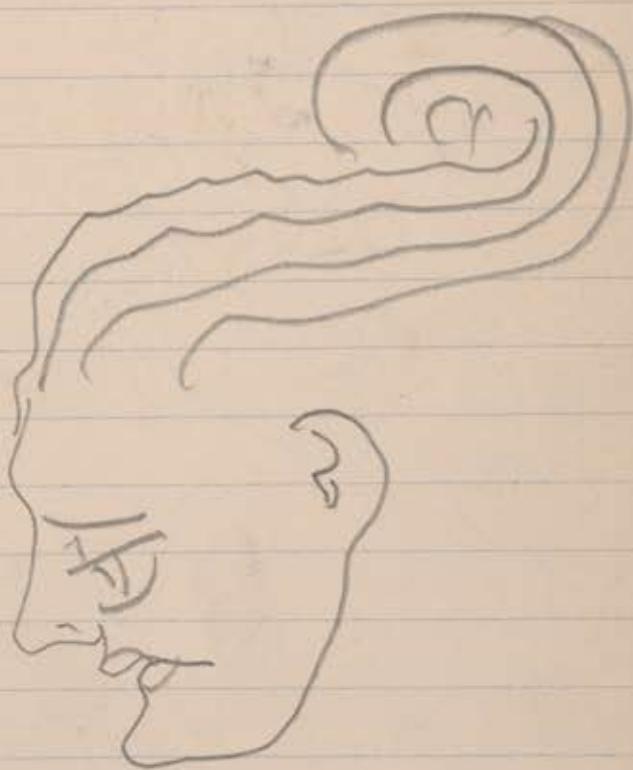
The

and lean across the stea with Saphire
until my body os is ore with his

his ameal



The rain is falling down
The birds are flying
The leaves are falling down



and many star to sing
through resonant spheres



ve

the
good

are
awful

the
time

time

time

time

or the
heat

can





in what time the 3. moon

passes

grass-gated Spring dance through
the land

at the very

X X or ↗
g g ↗
v ↗

w w



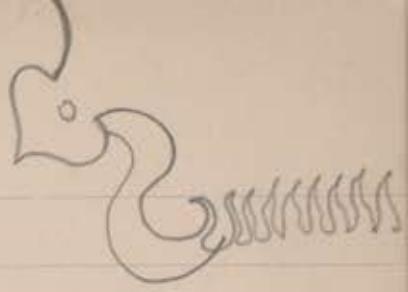
bunred
Her wello hair, or the will growed

like a sunflower turnig to meet the sun
on the
and heev
anreoled



Ate the delicate rosaneer Tarts open
From spric to spric of the many red
when





o vlet to be were 2.6 mm
or are the Saccs 20 up
Narcissus coerulea

o has more chlorophyll
in its seeds are the
lily gila

Her gold hair burns on the will flood
~~like a sunflower trying to meet the sun~~
~~on~~

Like the delicate scars are Tangles spun
From sprout to sprout of the manureed,
Or the sunflowers try to meet them
when



when I was

and stand for a sweat in a vetch
stop in a night time -



lily like white as snow
she hardly knew
she was a woman so
sweetly she sung

had we not loved so well
not loved at all
none woes here tolls the bell
none bone the psell

she has been



coffee brand heavy store;
lie on her breast;
I was so heat alone
she is at rest.

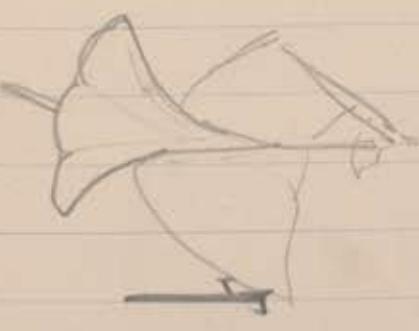
dear deare she cannot hear
here a sonnet
all of eyes burn here
Help earth upon it

her she
who let a thousand firs a Teredo
~~made Greece children a~~

even she
who let a thousand firs a Teredo.
widowed green isle of its crown of pines
made Greece children, and the Algean isle
a blossom with red corpes - Helen herself

Wedge wavy belt
Gle & sunflower twigs to his ketos,
Wedge wavy on beans to
Her wedge hair on & horse of
on - Ha





comes

out of the egg-and-they split
as



wings



quiet
out of the egg-and-they split
as

be

on the she the tree
as the sun never sets
to his house

quiet

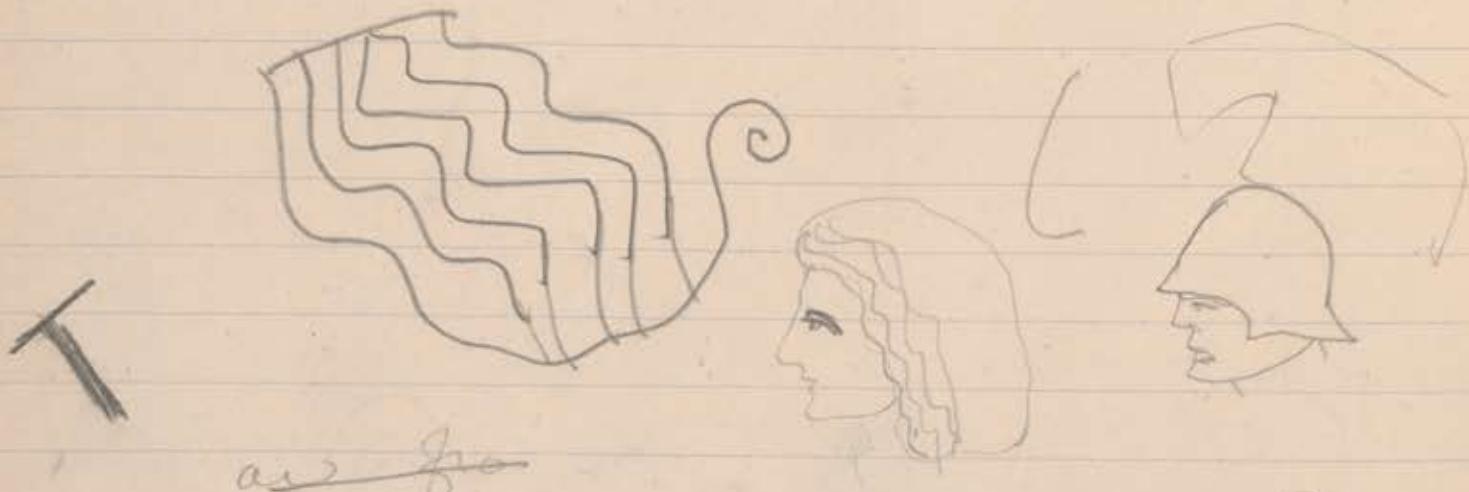
split

tree
tree

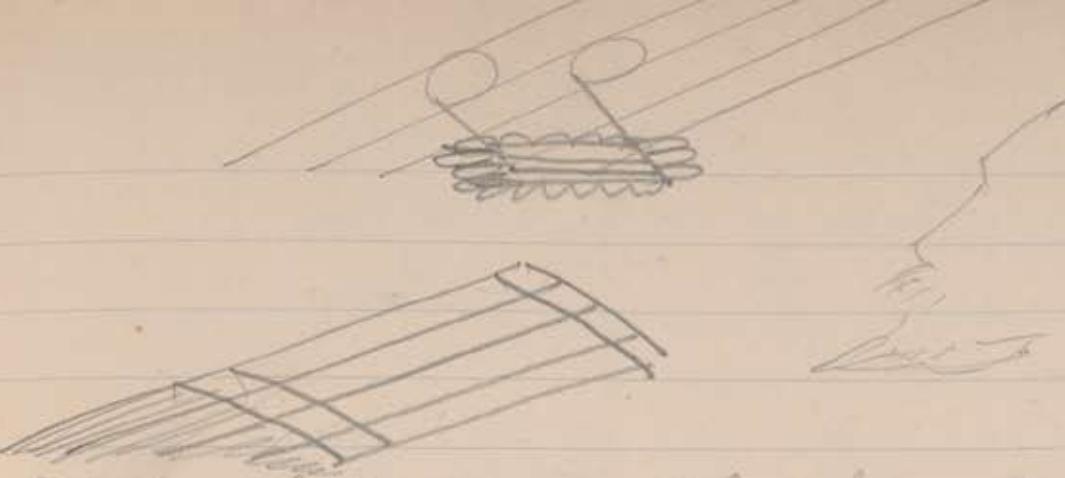
house

she ah! vlet a silver symphony -
Her wavy hands on the wavy keys
~~waved~~ in a ^{idle} ~~color~~ fantase,
Shows like a silver symphony -
Like the gleam where the wind knew nothing
rustle their grey leaves carelessly
or the silver glow of the white glas now
when the wings show their teeth in the
bright breeze -

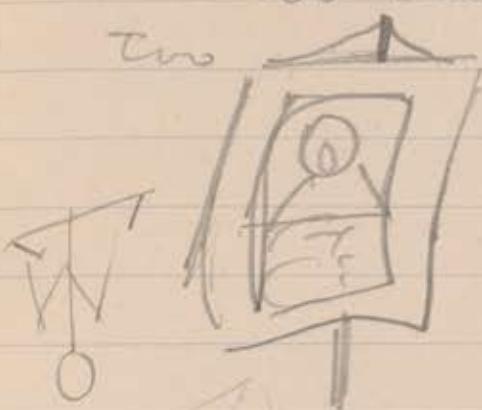
ah what a golden harmony -
where her yellow hair on the yellow well
Shows
Two crimson wavy roses of plane



Leaving the dusty road of common sense
In the green fields romantic, as the
apple flower tries to kiss the sun



ah' slet a purple broid - me
Shee her sweet red mouth on th mortg
Two cross a day ires of flame



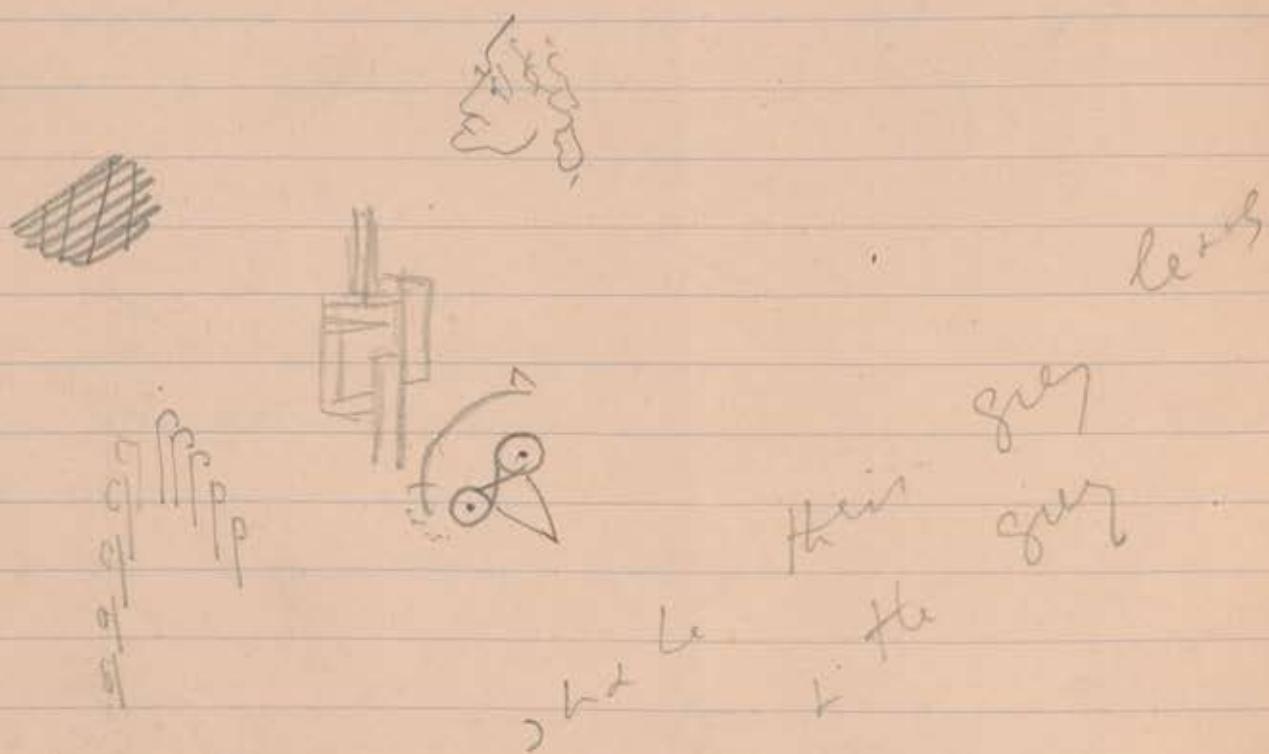
ah' slet a blue swifly
ch' slet a rede hawny
ch' slet a bloudred trewid - vine
ale & red - we drowny i rose red



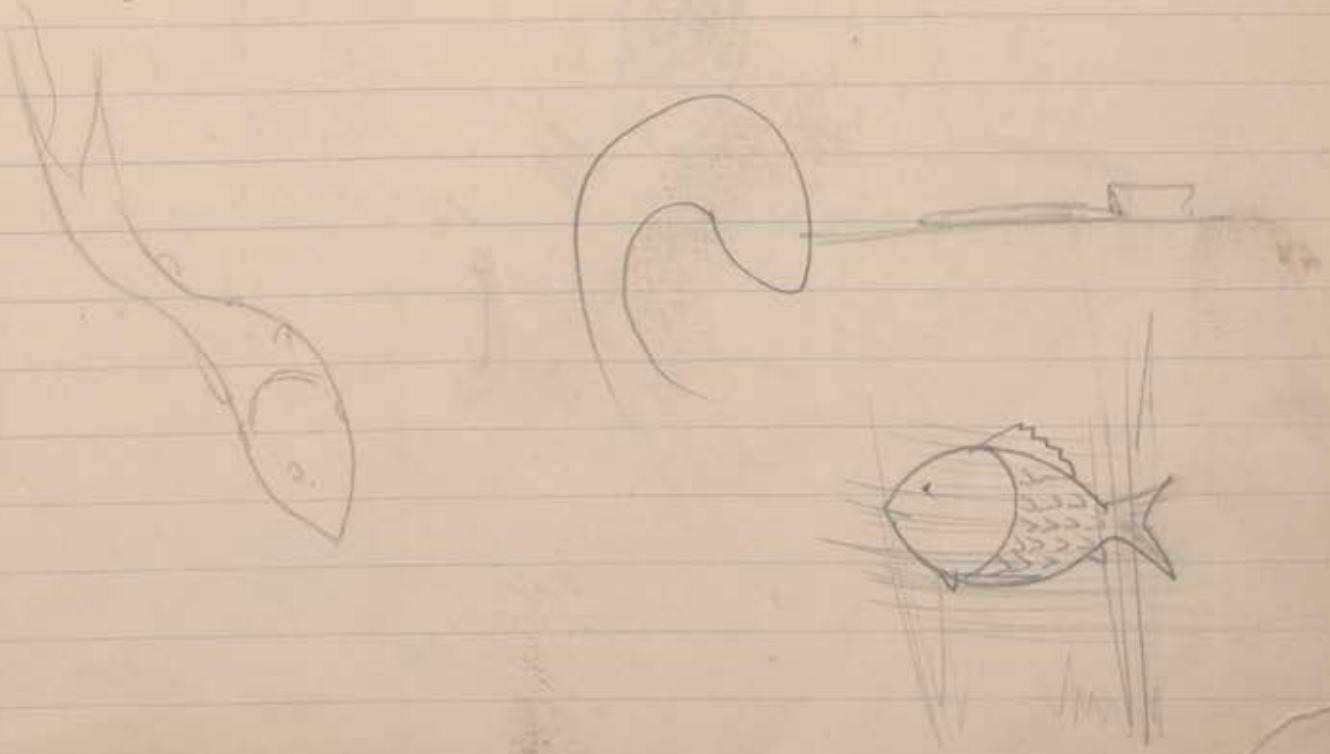
O perch with river sound
but have I not forgotten
Seven long days for you in despair -

O banner breasted, O breast that will
not fail

Her sweden hair on the swolden will



Her ivory hands on the long ^{key} ~~hands~~
carries ~~the~~ ^{like} ^{the} ^{silver} ^{leaves} ^{of} ^{the} ^{silver}
mored ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{clear} ^{silver} ^{poplar} ^{trees}
~~like~~ ^{the} ^{silver} ^{leaves} ^{of} ^{the} ^{silver}
run ^{on} ^{the} ^{silver} ^{floor} ^{or}
shakes ^{their} ^{grey} ^{leaves} ^{on} ^{the} ^{silver} ^{breeze-}
she
flurst
as out of her grass white pillars,
floats



0

as friends we have loved each other

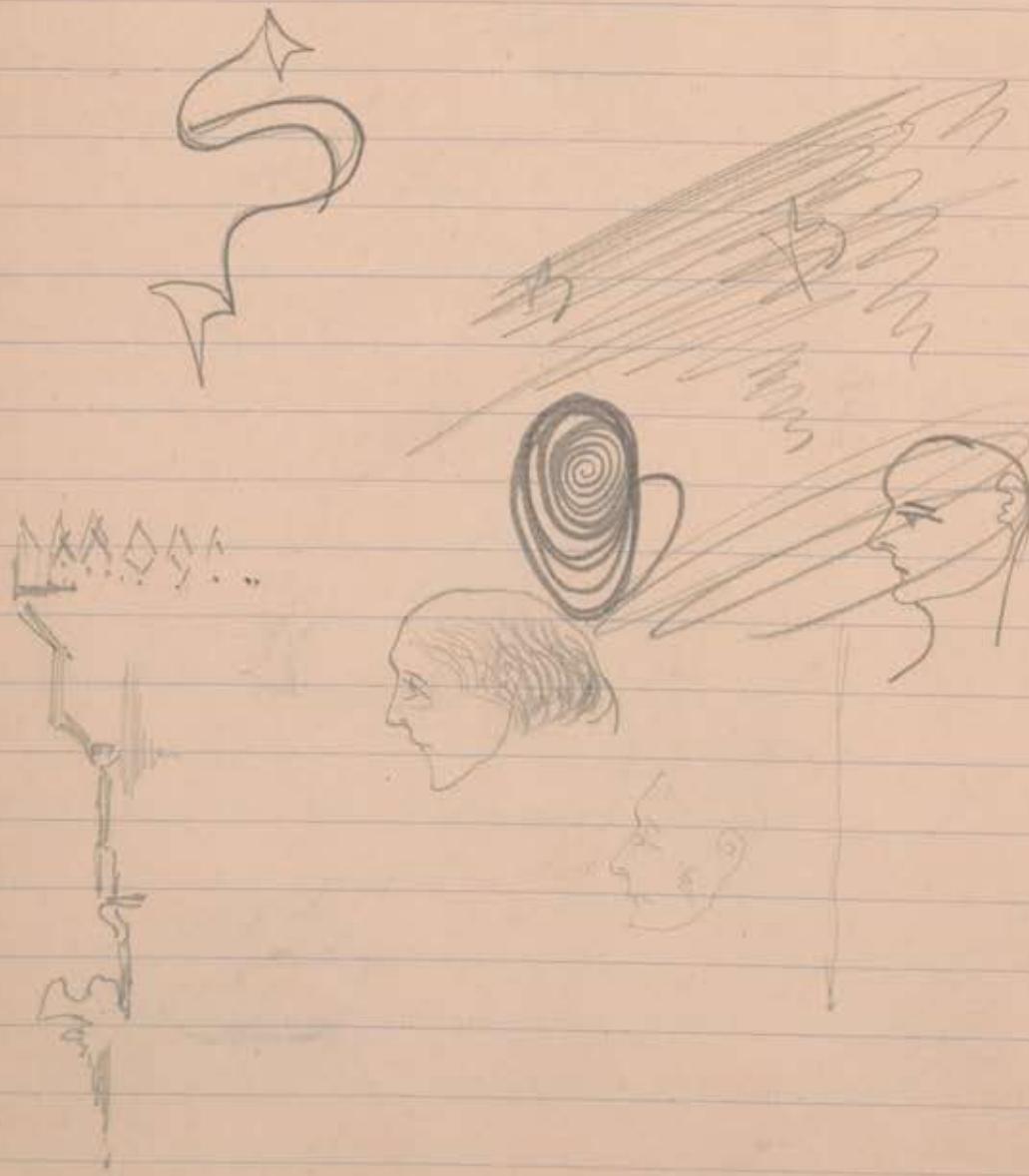
broken bread

at the same table memory

which to forget or never

→ punch

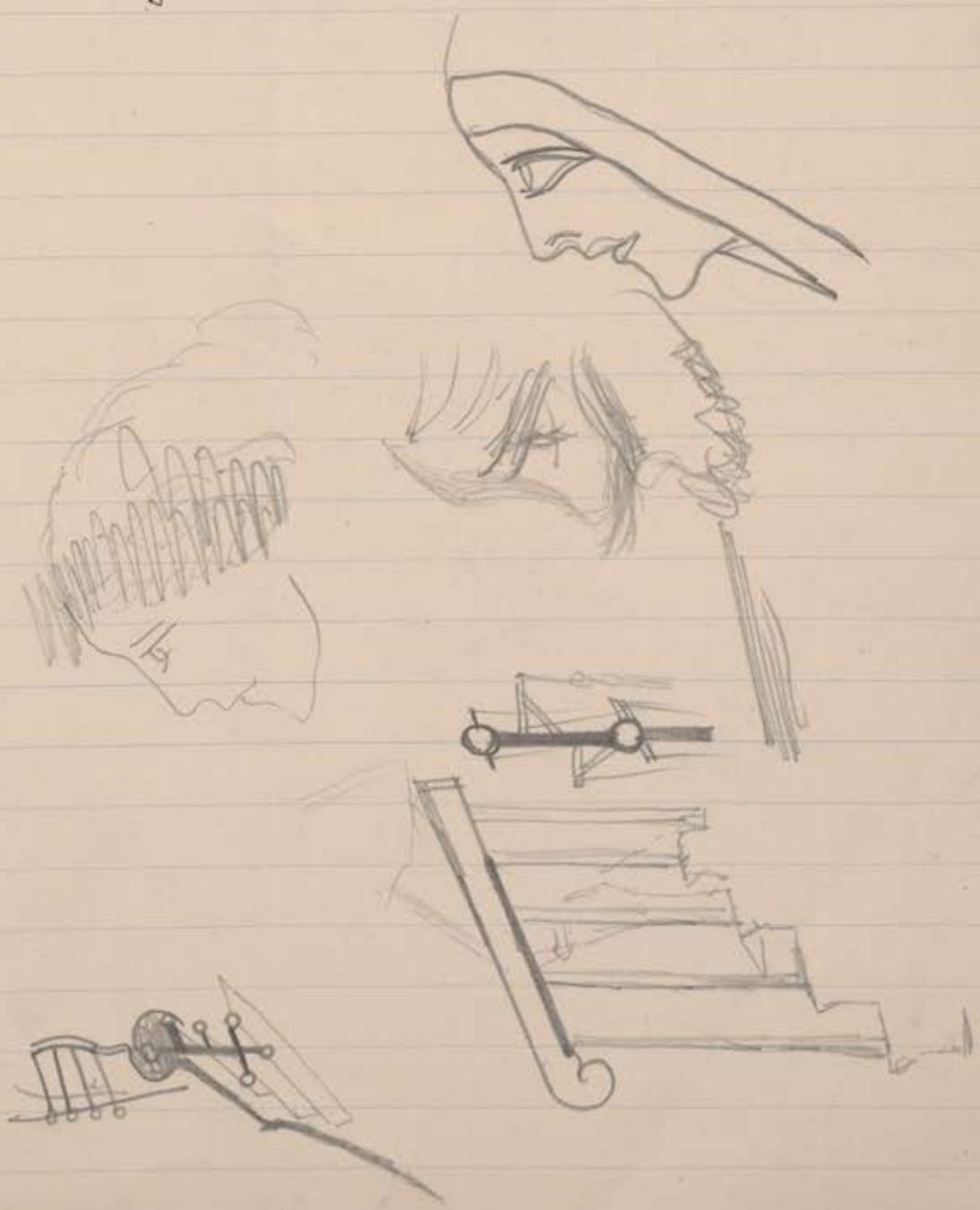
the



she ties up for this is a neck tie
Loves eat meat.

the to the ears

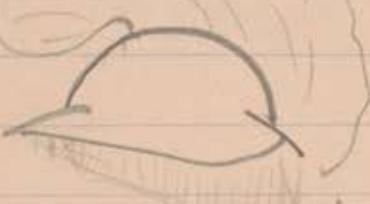
tee;
eeii//



grows ivy
out of the grass like - yellow Throst
~~like the tiny rock~~ ^{tawny} hole but deep.

The

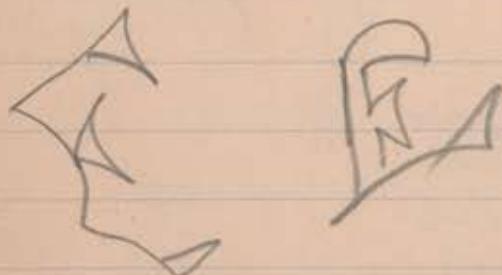
rows let the gilder ^{tawny} repeat nests,
Breaks away like the new waste
as if the gilder makes but deep
or some long starved memory of



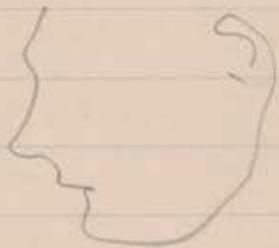
poisoned knives
sheathes wooden daggers in her

of passion started

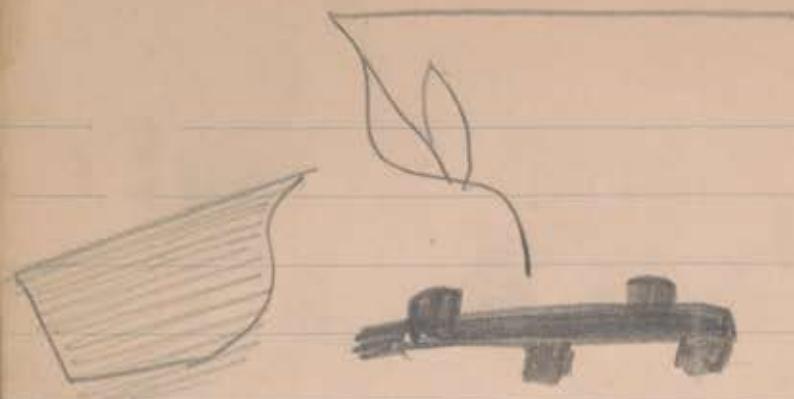
as though her feet were
caught



O bitter fate
when our long strange menu Bim
striking with 15 passed to be still a host
what she has slept at peace-



the brother's
the
strawberry



Tread light: she is here,
Underneath the snow.

Breath soft: she can hear
The snowdrops grow.

We sat us well afair
Till to dust:

Fred north to wolden hair:-
Can god be just.



Bread



Bread
Thy need: she can
no bate a sonnet

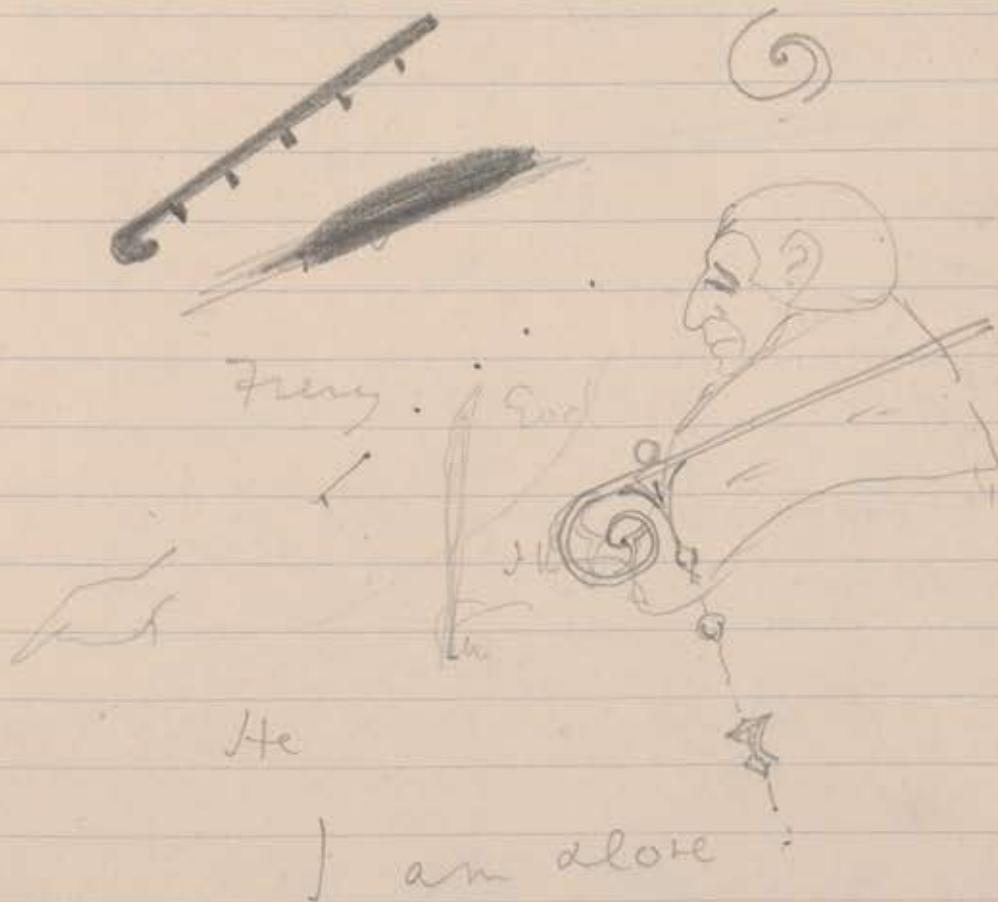
sonnet

All y young she is here:
Heap earth upon it.

live on sonnet

she hand of her
ste very & come .
Sweet of the girl

The





With me the day is still as grey,
The sad smile and is out of tune,
as like a scattered leaf the room
is slow during the stormy day.

Ah

The band that

aw behold

The old now big - the new now heart
a bushy circle rimmed with hairs of
swell



the columbie

its white dog all-off the whee
the on

play the harsh lover -

comes like too harsh & lover : violet
tet will not

جیسا

۱۳

Shrub sw

✓
✓✓✓

14

Long & sub. Groundsel

Third Chapter

See *mitochondria*. *microtubules*.

1921
1922
1923
1924

A hand-drawn graph on lined paper. The vertical axis has two tick marks labeled '1' and '2'. The horizontal axis has two tick marks labeled '1' and '2'. A wavy line starts at the bottom left, goes up to the first tick mark, then down to the second tick mark, then up again. It has several peaks and troughs. There are various annotations: '1000' at the top left, '10000' at the top right, '100000' at the middle right, '1000000' at the bottom right, '10000000' at the bottom center, '100000000' at the bottom left, and '1000000000' at the very bottom left. There are also several 'X' marks along the line and some other scribbles.

καστίν αὐτάρεων

γα γε γι γο γου

Κύαρος

Χαλκάς

Τευρόπιος

ει οι ι ρη γι υι

ἄχυρον Ιρύνα

ἀγαστή τοι πέντε Ταζέρι

αρίσκετος εις ομαί δίνεις Ταζέρι

εριν

ειφαρίνος

Χείρον Χείρολος

, "

x

ει

Χειρόθερος

αν $\frac{ο\bar{η}}{ο\bar{η}}$

τοις

οι

ένως τεοῦ περιγραφή

τοι

τοι

οι

οι

τις τις τις τις

τοι

τοι

τοι

τοι

θραξίν της θραπιώτας

τοις

θρακί

την

το γάτος

θητόπος

οπίνη

το γάτο

θητός την την την

θολωχός σια λού

θητός αι βαραι σι

εινας γνινας

της έδω

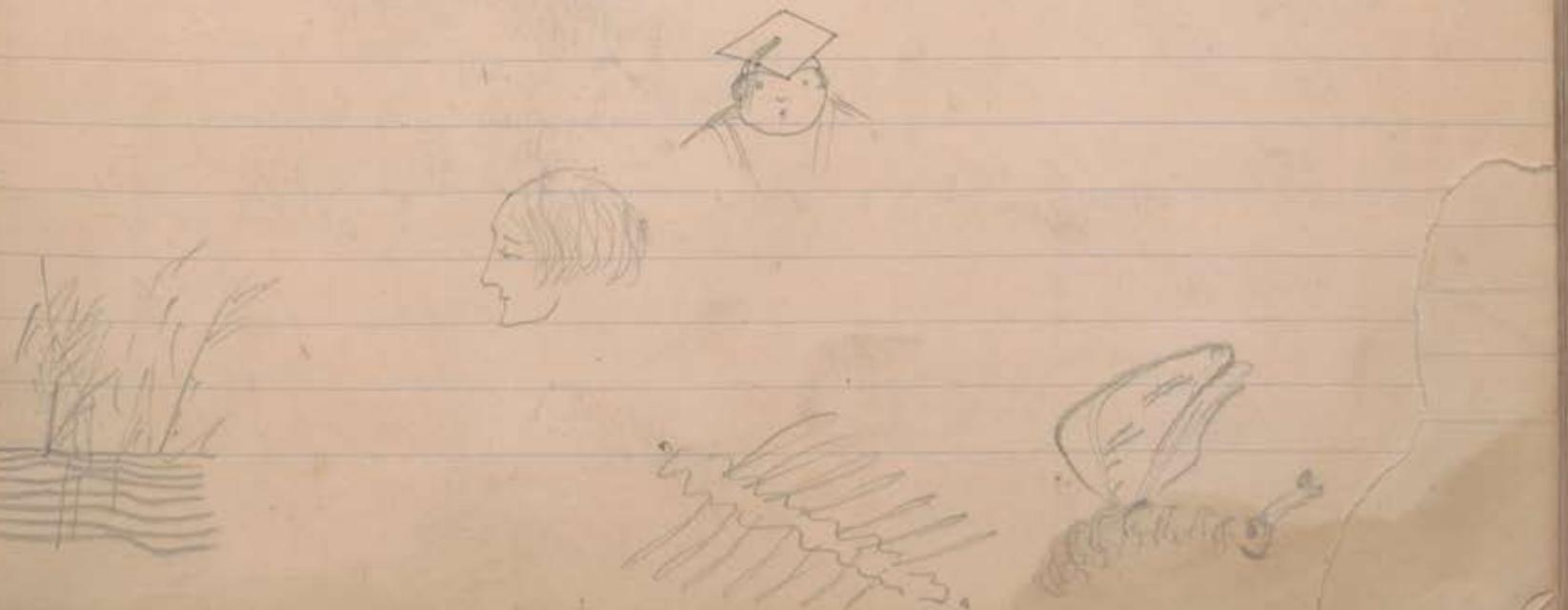
ειδενδροκλιτας

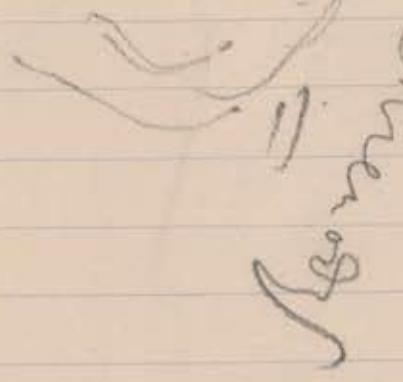
θητός την την την

θητός την την την

It was like the faint of the afternoon
of the dull dead air at the beach sky
as the wind that sang like a undertone -
The red waste wind & the shivering less
Half & manna & half & sigh -
was it the wind that lay out of Time
or the rain that dripped from the blackened sky
or the van west white with the early
moon -

Now - took the faint of the sick sea or
I let loose the & man in a quiet dream
at the foam of 15 pistons gassing steam
in a careless drapes fantasy
on the oily soupy touch of the deep -
was it the ~~sweat~~ ^{sea} that us out of Time?
or the ~~sharp salt~~ ^{salty} - as the little sea
the the fell like a sudden draft of snow
fell like the chortle chilly steep
into the horrid beach below -





Young
Chicks

Under
water

X P G

the wren
oh. to live in
wishes to start its
to last you.

poems to be finished!

mornin' after to S.S. is collig. 1.

we were done / a swede stain

to feel as it to do.

To him
other
other
watch horned
he is a true canary.



Bro. electric
wellie
wellie

it was all the fault of the afternoon
of the dull dead air, as the leaden sky
and the wind that say it an adventure —
The wild waste wind & the shivering lines
Half a morning or half a night —
~~over~~^{over} the ~~wind~~ ^{water} ~~over~~ over
the rain that dashes for the blackened cars
as the van west whistles with a weary east
noon —

they see the fault of the rock and sea
that tossed us & me in a gulf dean,
until the foam of its profits goring stream
in a careless disposed quantity
on the soft touch of the deep
souls.

while the chill moans in ~~the~~ ^{an} waters
of the sharp cold spray
soft ~~screams~~ scream
when the gull like a madman drifts
hell from the hostile chalky strip
into the ~~honey~~ ^{black} ~~tooth~~ below —

and the sandy loosesthe when he
just touches the edge ~~soot~~
How I hated it — so ~~hot~~ ^{and} grim —
a sickly red on a yellow
pink on a yellow ochre
background freckle coke
with its red fly-blis - ill at
the
yellow
on

٥٨٦

as the ~~land~~ ^{boat} yacht - the ~~island~~ ^{boat} there
with 15 new flags off, all set & the
will the sail over ^{off} to the ~~land~~ ^{boat} in -
How I wish that he was ^{the} prime minister by
Her as ~~her~~ ^{her} one-rich millionaire -
I ~~do~~ ^{do} laugh I think her I see its in