RESPONSE TO "COLORADO DAILY'S" POLL QUESTION: "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF LIFE?"

life is a leaf stuck to her nose very briefly, just a moment.

THE BOOKBINDER'S HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE

Having watched the local sky-show above city and plain for thirteen consecutive days and nights by myself I sit here thinking it's time for you to come home.

The phone rings and you're in Chicago engaged in urgent conservatory salvage mission: thousands of irreplaceable historical architectural drawings in three feet of water it'll take only another week or so and will be wonderful on-the-salvage job training.

But, no, the phone rings and you're in Chicago halfway home through the atmosphere.

JULY FOURTH, 1986

Almost wiped out by circular thought
time to invoke Robert Creeley mapmaker
of feelings
and how to begin to think of them
helped me stay human (or almost) for twenty-five years

Radio: the "Rat Shop Boys"? can't understand a word (always true of rock lyrics even in tend'rer years)

Sky all through these windows

Big Fireworks Farts
shut off the music, dig the outside blue inside inside the inside blue

LORD LYTTON GOES TO "LANGUAGE SCHOOL"

I write for exertion in proud minds. I am, it is true, generally, and think without object. Reputed clever fools are afraid as I actively interfere with thinking. It is necessary to block head. My mind is legitimate in its destiny of exertion. I began severe thought: what was once put must be connected with paper. Days pass. Ideas become myself, the likeness of rapidity fused without method. A week. No object but intellectual want, overcharged like most writings of the thick and confused. I turn into a Dalmatian.
ALMOST IN PERPETUAL MOTION NOW