So a seed or syllable pitched into the well disturbs the cloud-form, tears
the image from the bone. And so our weathers ink themselves together,
dorsal crests and billows missewn for a cloak. And you say,
Gaze of a breeze, empty sleeve. You say, It has begun, has started
to begin, a little like mist. And Mr. Dust (Street of Bees) insists
that there were hours, apples and stones, terms of a circle marking what?
And coins grown dark, dogs and cats against the factory walls,
tiny islands of gelatin light, a dim go and all gone,
our thens to void the sunken head, hands and the voiceless rest,
equal plod equal ground, measured step by step.

Michael Palmer
June 19th. It's a small world...

Went to Suzhon in February for ten days. Off exploring alone I saw a tall debonair foreigner who looked very Oxbridge -- thought I'd ask him where S. University Campus was, as he looked like he'd know. The only westerner I'd seen down there; on a city road lined w/plane trees, old grannies pulling carts of beer bottles, live chickens, sick grandpas, there was this apparition in an elegant overcoat and trousers that fit. Closer, I thought to myself, gee wouldn't it be funny if he was Jeremy Prynne. He was. So we had lunch together the next day at our room in the Railway Teachers' College Guest House........

(Tandy Sturgeon, Hebei, China)