

nowhere,  
finishing off pages  
white spaces to the end,  
of infinital books I speak  
in lines rhyming,  
truth to lying scoundrels,  
I shall be released,  
soon enough  
the book speaks to  
you the reader.  
tenses jam my action  
as muses scribe the lines  
down to upward bound spirits,  
I'll speak my lost  
flight vision on old  
fire escapes, and  
bite as they will  
seraphims shroud  
the views,  
    motoring my  
    book  
Home to dying.

Feb 8 - This evening I anticipate going to the hop. 'Spose to be my band again, but somebody told me it's a polka band again, but all this including the actual dance is yet to be seen.

Got lot done today, like try to get a day's pass and release or ourpatient care. I will not get the results of my