

8-31-80

Existence in flower

Little bits of insight at this point

Of graspable time pointed out

As if we couldn't notice it ourselves

Existence in landscapes

The mind fixating on the scene

Emotions junxtapoised in vortices of

Irony passing itself as the pinnacle of art.

Flip to a page in this anthology

And seize the whole truth of any

Line of a mind fully knowing it has

Scribed it out there for you to indulge in

The partaking of the fool

There are no heros sung

Simple tones of bells rung

In still air of morning hills

Fixing you simply in your ills

On top we know art is the tool

To keep the people a stately fool

Coronated in veils of small understanding

Lost to a dying realm of small blessings

Thunderings of reality beyond this

One step beyond the poet's kiss