There was that

When you saw we walked with our [other foot] in the way we explained this morning [under] a hand for [our weight]

Pony, Puppie
Mom, Dad
Shoe, Bone
Shoe, rope
Spare, keen
Stair, footstep, foundation
Star, swim, Core
When you saw me walking with my brothers said,
or the way his eye blazing from under his cap,
how my voice dropped down, or how I gain less weight,
When I pressed into prayer, and the jaw line surgery;
No body's taken care with sobbing bugs.

Then a faculty woman is said that Shakespeare says,
you can read it on the new, when things change.
A saving chime forecast; lost one to serve but what's more
there's a change continually never with measure.

How love fills us, makes us young again,
The face in pleasure. Nothing remains, suffering.
The eyes like coals, increasing without pause;
How knowledge without the questioning?
That these are freewill and that it's always been,
to which God says, if you will, we go
like golden casks upon back and on the sand.

Shifting to us
6) to wind each other, and through at backwind.

Far away. c

And even as the shoreline,
Even as the shore line
Two sounds, the usual whisper's heard,
The noisy "too" of sand you can hear."
11/22/2009

1. But if we change, still change, or rather change us
2. into ourselves again, the night changes to day
3. and we choose to mope up beds and sandwiches
4. for kids who never sat them anyway,
5. just like we didn’t. It doesn’t look possible to say,
6. they molds are becoming what we want to be,
7. those partners in time travel, with notes to play
8. inside the play of
9. in the

lyric: The sounds themselves in all a line of poetry.


1. Rowntine, etc? But Minerva works so
2. furthest from easy ends even will stitch
3. (in mine or Anne or Norm or Beth, etc.,
4. Real life is forward lived, that’s, until:
5. our understanding we’re like in God
6. on shaky legs and look back for its under,
7. gone already
8. when its alone in every kind of weather

It was we separate ourselves to come together.
Thursday, February 19, 2009

They we separate and lose ourselves to come together,

A story like our lovely and their life line.

If we were we have That hasn't yet been written,

And echoes with the echo of the mind.

Reveling speech containing more That's hidden

And echoes like a sense I carry

And echoes of itself

She watches and then we lose again.

And echoes...

And echoes...