"......" TIMES

where everything will be put together
the noise of someone going through the
air I made as I stepped on it

Sheila called for lunch ah what
a day for looking at stones

when they had collected the corners
I was tired having slept and eating
lime it was sweet on the button

wrinkle so I will meet you
March 10th
HO: IT GOES

The door-knobs are burning their night...

I have placed you in a corner that you might be more comfortable... it is a hospital bed you have traded for an ashtray, avail yourself of it, this slippery steamroller comparable to anything. The plein-air hangars avail themselves of it and the penholders and the fruit bowl in which the concrete has finally come to rest—for everything is attached there came its picture-frame to the eleventh floor spanking scenery...

I'm through with seasons done also with sun and the huge uncertainties—bring me an oyster my watch and its flame to control the filing cabinet and drawer a cardboard buckle for the shopping bag wounded parading heels—I will let their troubles be mine like a watch-band. Messenger, we except ourselves slipping the key under the door Soldier, we admit to orangish moons and tremble at their shadings Brown book jacket! Orange car! riddle the ruses the soaking bartable bemuses the swim suit racket and we will never see summer again or the chair straws they have been rubbed at the edges and left divining the divine helicopters she shows off her hair as a factory object. Gun in his suitcase sprayed in my own cage of marble and stool bunches lets me rest as I transpire in the mauve of me as I exhale the flesh of it, perspire its lipstick-colored ripenings, and slope down upon it like an animal balloon which suggests "panter" it will surely be all right as will love if it is emphasized enough on the fingertips—for it needs its own attachment like cigarette paper on the destructable desk Fucking the ash of it for its sake becomes heroic and bitten by woes of blinding heights in which the ram sees clearly its precipice clusters its children about the glazierous beckoning
There you are rising again from your corner.
It is your glove of herons that hurts you, it is not
that other person hitting you. The melons invite you,
you flee again the angry tropics, porches shaping dwarves
then returning them to the snack counter-- knowing the
mud of it, you reminded me, it was a suite of titles
planned for a larger work with a nose and some overgrown
hair, empty as a coal bin-- who have succeeded
by scratching out their eyes, applying themselves to the floor,
love it as a birthday salute accurately it shaved evenings
for the rope around my neck, it is cloud seeping from
the rafters. Loaded zipper. Curb. All the neighing!
It was not a war, horse, it was a gift, confusion.
Champions willingly deny their bridges, have no need
to burn them. It is my luck to have you
as a stationmaster, you asked me and I refused
to tell you. I lacked no openness, it was the
sough drop of pain you gave me and I thanked you rightly
for its flavor. The elevator sat upright on the snow.
It is to you wagon train that I end this culling.
It is to you hatred that I eat this olive of care
which you have taken from me, lest the collars open
and the wind blows loose its ash. He has not spit
from the bridge? "I left the deaths which
preceded me, I went to Paris, to walk again..."

It was for... particularly screen fired through it
( hard that evening ) missed. They lead him at last
to his chair it belongs to him by the right of leaving
everything else took him at the quarter-mile
presents the caper as a kingdom, that is his way
They wouldn't say it... Hermaphrodite
all secrets, all victories pass their eyes
who are limping on the field For nobility only
expects itself, accepts no suggestions, and the lack of it
beaks its rising, like the cry on the lover's tongue, and
you expect always the happening of the cloud and spur.
The lotion spreads. Blood. "I sought to settle
a million things, am now grown younger and at last
a fool. But it is the one thing that I can relax,
my heart." Goat of it blinking out the sugary pile!
the legs of it Corinthian
unpardonable orchard-- the tieclip, socks, and belt
grown weary of their prohibitive gold (Novembrous
gulp) She wore it at the elbows. It won the race
It would it soon

tickle the old
vegetable can snaking in of his density the gloire
des tuyaux became pan and was always to be a brush
She walked out on pulse—the wiry vermilion and seeded lawn
olive drab of the mugs—convulsive like the hesitant barbell
wrang it out—wet for a few years of heretical fixtures
in her shorts a rather chartreuse ice cream flipped for it
and came out head over field of smoked glass it was
a new orange drink...which the...provided the revolution
and its subsequent nervousness over its own fertility
for as it had come from the very fruit would pass
as a vignette of synthetics like an old bat or eagle's web
someone mysterious behind the cello, wretchedly scherzo—
"You do not wish me to be someone else? the missing
handlebar on your newly discovered bike? or at least sit on it?
A revelation of the downhill in our thoughts"
I was right to disbelieve the cyclone's hint the disaster
was enough and it's lucky you left me in time April
like my nurse's doorbell (fang! fang!) (jet-capped) merds'
phone message to alleviate summit...the flag of athlete's
foot is on its shoulder it goes eastward no one knows how
it's like winning the day but losing your dinner, shoelaces
follow a roadmap of Scotland which drips and has
bronze forming about me like a salad
I forgot in the sea-enclosing bottle, fluorescent to the smell
12/12/50

HINTERLAND

Along the way a certain star is vaulting the bannister
pioneers have come to you seeking relaxation
if it is pain it will be a quiet draft slipping
by the window pane onto your chest, it will be
a morning to open a book and remove dry leaves

if you lop off a head or two charging through the muck
it'll be dangerous having you around
if, flicking your cigarette, you strike them a glance
they'll receive you as their own, eat sucker
it's spring in Antarctica, it's glue

on the lids as you slip and grunt, leaning on a snowbank
your weather builds with the panther's, the watertank
is your birthright, you float, bob, and burst
hugging the dust of an ordinary plateau

2/7/51
NEVER

Sucking pleasure from a yellow
there a bean stalking ground
cold, bands eschewed apron, my mauler
honey
and singing caps on hair
(in the breeze) (in her face)
off the bat, the balls, and the old fence
basket of groans delicate

it was a big gyp
movie hypnotic no
where the raincoat had settled
the horrible age I like
like answered things
shelled acorn rippings ah
declare unsafe for the message
scrofulous in-mates' message
so did ... whole wheat secret
offish did its titular run
around the block ain't
gingerbread for it
what tissue caper drew a rose's spouting

and then he had left her there
where the path to the old Miner's Shack started up and became uncontrollable.
Finally, they put her to bed. He called her, "Dead Weight". She leaned on his elbow and kissed over the falling Sequoia on the balcony. "What could I do? He never took my number."

Pie
hustling for training
in the deep tower where rasped we're off
to enjoyable Albuquerque
he blamed everyone
for Indian Summer

and now it was the door's turn
to beat him up

What surrounded brawl-out paint evergreens me that I weep?
shut-ins of the world
meatball
in-icebox whispers and outhouse my
maharajah grippes flew with it
you snow only
a leap Hoboken simians
a few years faster comfort
trash it stepped under
out of the box
into the hay
one shot of snooze

1/13/61
YOU AND ME

pasting over the rim of an inferior mountain

when they had put
for a walk about

lulling barks

pin on my foot

in his path

of night where everything seems

placing feathers

unending as if a noose

the fireplace

over there I said we can buy them over there in any

he took a long drink and looked into the muzzle

teasing life

I said there you were

beans And the new diesel

bow awful

ourselves became

when have I do about it

tired if you hit me again

an old banner

the aerial dupes

illustrating

after predicting a wet lovely weekend

for a galoshes

told you

a defeat on something cold

some more radiator

neck

sweater crawling along I was standing by the wax

taste of sand in his old

before

in your back, pal"

hair in

pop elevator try the nope look

on the stupid old relaxing tree

what is lunch

announced it ( meaning you ) was missing

pushed from Canada

in which I was caught

or burp

with paper hats on the 24-foot

never another type of horror those spots of grass on his pants blamed on

I was working my fingers on the sea which never was blue

gasping shells--

now the reason is "look it up on the knife

mix up thicker every

June on the docks

is what they sang while behind me I heard

when I named you we

a sleeve in the bushes

daily

2/28/61
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

What would the new fork bring me? and why
are porticos assuming sulfur? Leave its
cowbells charge is forces on the husks. It is
no special translucence we bring to you, Dick and
Scarab, my ring of electric, morning
interested in
like a respectable mechanic
and no other kind
"motion of the earth from the force acting between the"
action of the far-off sun
hat-buttons
cannot digest
whether sickness or a particular evasion (picture) (connect)
of variousness's tulip it is not true nothing?
and so will not be concerned with eating afternoon
divested of
the ambulance
it was no certainly not accident
he had died

a bowl of the most beautiful
cereal hand me a bed goodbye
forming a closed circuit
no material actors those berths
in his turn on a black
Settle for ginger ale in the
Big House
resumed the habit of smoking
feelings which I am always finding
under something which is a leather
walking piece
high on the knees of it, body
kicking them with the slip-knot of ice
Lafayette
praising "who... whatever was distinctively human"
lipstick
the wrapping which consoles me in the night
chocolate -- will fall by undirected love which seems to glow
like a baton on the wet track orchestra of rain, passes through
the sepulcher of diffuse kisses studded wire, filthy with silk
For each time is rubbing on its jars xx
its portable fears, laundry sirens and moon he crystallized it
and everything is preceded by it, blindfolded in its sanctity
to the nth gum -- (ground slipping unexpected when it) ( less
whistling and grey ) holder of rain, shingle erasure ( on his lips )

11/12/60
-- Bill Berkson
why ("adv."!) instrumental case of hwa, hwaet. See WH.

how (adv. /As. hu) nominative who

what

inst. case why

quantum neuter of quantus
(cf. accom. page 2)
The process is not continuous pattern
but takes place by steps,
each step being the emission
or absorption of an amt. of
energy called the quantum

Math. distinguished fr. a
magnitude

Phil. the char. of a thing
by virtue of which measure
or number is applicable to
it, or it can be determined
as more or less than some
other.

As lig = s. body
in "lich" Scot. & Dial Eng.
for corpse

LIKE! "adj"

As gelig, fr ge & lig,
& orig. meaning
having the same body or shape
& hence, like
a adj. or indefinite article /shortened fr AX, adj\)

\(\text{\(\alpha\)}\) one! (called adj! fr numeral!

another

other ("adj"! - one of two, either other actually is neuter of one, a pronoun!

/ as what, neuter of who! /

-2-

quantus pronoun-adj. (?) /Relat.. correl. with tantus,
of what size, how much

(magnitude?)

followed by a clause of comparison

of such size, of such a measure, so great, such

absence of any such a word in English, fr tantus? result, our confusion over quantity? Therefore not understanding quantus is the neuter case of a pronoun, not an adjective??

bulk in Greek

is pelikos

Cf. Engl (for weakened CI-, fr Grk II- (for KI3)

Lat quis? cf. Engl. he him it (for older hit)

POS (Pronoun) but quantus is posos

v. sub. pos

p of Ionian Grk so kti

is k = kati = s quantus; kas, ka = quis, quae

kva = qua

kutus = quo

kathai = qui quomodo

kada = quem

kataras = poteros, uter
II "Case": 7, in Indo-Eur.: Active &

MIDDLE VOICE
is old passive!
(non-copulative!)
means or
ablative of instrument
is middle voice

nominative
genitive
dative - to
accusative

Lat. with
by, at

TO CARRY A WAY ablative removal or direction away, in Eng by from
PLACE locative - where (place & in
PROCESS instrumental - agent or means substantive (material content)

or AGENCY

present, imperfect, future / aorist, perfect, pluperfect
(indicative middle) & future perfect indicative

In the MIDDLE voice the subject is represented as Middle
acting:

1. on himself: make oneself go, proceed
   persuade oneself, trust, obey
   \( \checkmark \) will! \( \checkmark \) belief!

2. for himself: buy for oneself
   send for a person to come to oneself, summon, send for
   \( \checkmark \) grace! - or command courtesy!
   to take to the field, march
   \( \checkmark \) obey!

3. on something belonging to oneself
   loose one's own, ransom
   bring one's own
   \( \checkmark \) each takes care of themselves!
The Indo-Europeans anyway

They appeared, for instance, sometime in the 2nd millennium B.C., in the areas of the Caspian and Aral Sea, and later spread to the Balkans and parts of the Indian subcontinent. The term "Indo-European" is derived from the Latin term "Indo-Europeans," which is used to describe a group of languages that share common linguistic traits.

Celtic, Germanic, Latin, Greek, Italic, Hittite, Armenian, Sanskrit, Tocharian (pr. "Tschachar") are some of the languages that are considered part of the Indo-European language family. Each of these languages has its own unique characteristics and contributes to the richness of the Indo-European language family.

The Indo-European languages are divided into several branches, including the Germanic, Romance, and Baltic branches, among others. Each branch has its own distinct features and characteristics.

The Indo-European language family is one of the largest and most diverse language families in the world, with over 1 billion speakers as a whole. It is estimated that there are over 4,000 different Indo-European languages spoken today, including English, Spanish, French, German, Russian, and many others.

In summary, the Indo-European language family is a significant linguistic group that has had a major impact on the development of language and culture throughout history. Its contributions to the world of language and communication are immeasurable.
V Concord, in Santu and Chinook:

an alternative to syntax / at least as we have understood it/
altogether:

Every noun is classified according to five categories —
masculine, feminine, neuter /universal/, dual, and plural. "woman"
is feminine, "sand" is neuter, "table" is masculine. If, therefore,
I wish to say "The woman put sand on the table", I must place in the
verb certain class or gender prefixes that accord with corresponding
noun prefixes. The sentence reads then, "The (fem.)-woman she (fem.)-it
(neut.)-it (masc.)-on put (neut.)-sand the (masc.)-table." If "sand" is
qualified as "much" and "table" as "large", these new ideas are
expressed as abstract nouns, each with its inherent class-prefix
("much" is neuter or feminine, "large" is masculine) and with a
possessive prefix referring to the qualified noun. Adjective thus
calls to noun, noun to verb. "The woman put much sand on the large
table," therefore, takes the form: "The (fem.)-woman she (fem.)-it
(neut.)-it (masc.)-on-put the (fem.)-thereof (neut.)-quantity the
(neut.)-sand the (masc.)-thereof (masc.)-large-ness the (masc.)-table."

— Sapir page 115

VI "Number" / the singular — ex. ter - (an end - not "ends")

"Nominative" / (nominative) (plurals distribute)

--Charles Olson

NOTICES

NEW MAGS: CRUCIBLE, the universities' review, 2A North East Circus Place,
Edinburgh 3, Scotland. Editors: D. M. Black, P. L. de F. A. Taylor
(Due in October '61)

Editor: Tom Raworth. (Due in May. Distributed in U.S. by Totem Press,
324 East 14 Street, New York City.)

* * *

"ach! Wo ist das Geld?"

—Thomas Mann