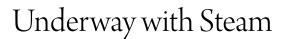
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Ί.

Though the tongue laughs machine in us won't never last. Blueprint and draft lost in ash lines cast off from land yet machine clicks rarely late, heart a function of blood flow mind a neural tangle: straighten it if you can or as my captain said, the lowest of goods in the lowest hold

straight is the angle of ships shaft, its music divested of emotive matter snow on steel yardarms, wherein true fancy lies

put these characters in shape the job of the captain scissors and glue, lots of glue machine the only game

and Bucky is convinced of survival because the universe is limited and man the shortest distance

II.

Covey of redwinged blackbirds 75 or hundred at evening machine in two over wheatfield broken by fossil-fueled explosive motion. The road breaks in two the wheatfield a line of direction controlled by forgotten expedients like the cathedrals of europe or the dance of seed-splitting blackbirds

## III.

The tongue waves goodby machine dependent on machine. A teaspoon of sand in the reduction gear a noise bigger than motion: and no roadsigns at sea