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slabbed mud with a blind pickup truck, a few bare legs
sticking straight up out of it, the message left is broken...

slabbed mud with a cracked pot, a blind pickup truck & a few ^{truncated} ~~bare~~ legs
sticking straight up out of it, the message left is broken...

The Message Left

5/11/99 My darling Leonard died. The morning of April 30,
between 3:45 and 4 A.M. He was the best, sweetest,
brightest, wisest. How everyone loved and admired him,
so dearly and truly. If only he had known, had
believed it. But maybe he did, somehow, a little. I
loved him so. And miss him. May this not be death
everlasting. *habeant auras, de morte aeternum*.....
liberance, my dearest. I pray.

But, while there's still something left - of
my life (& everyone's), which is your life, still the world
goes on -

I keep thinking of 3rd Rail - how I want it
to show some hope; the hope that allows us to pray for
liberation, for true community -

Third Rail
(Autobiography of Hartree)
"I became Dorian"

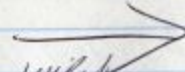
(A) Because they are two old birds
telling each other they are one.

Because they are not,
because they are more than one, & disintegrating
like a swarm of insects, brown midges over water
fizzing into the sun and then out, in the blink of an eye

Because we had to rest
sometimes, because — nothing.

Scrapped from each other's skin like cold potatoes
that got lost, that couldn't find their way home.

(B) @ ~~as we who are were one~~

at the bottom of the sea, in the ^{force} , unmovable
heave of wave and quantum

pulling heavily upwards, where are you

(B) as we who are one body
from the beginning vanish
into further + further waters
as earth breaks itself up

into snow on all sides, into pain,
into meeker + meeker fractures,
carries our injuring + organs
keep picking at

as if anyone could stop it, the jeweled snake
and pulchre of stars chipping themselves away

high above us, in the light
that is all around us, under the crack in the ice
at the bottom of the sea, in the ^{force} ~~will~~, unknowable
heave of wave and quantum

pulling heavily upwards, What are you
she cries out and keeps on crying

as all that is inside is depreciated, shimmering
in the spume of a

(B) the whippers, in the cry of seagull and rooster,
in the loud spittle of foam,
— "no eye has seen, nor ~~mouth~~ ear heard —
in the row of the shadowy pines bedding up

that won't go away without fighting,
on the edge

of evil that was always there, the cell dividing
and splitting away from itself
as we who are one body

from the beginning, we sink
into farther + farther waters,
as earth beads itself up

into sorrow on all sides, into pain,
into meanness + meanness,

cavities on muzzling tongues
keep pushing at

as if anyone could stop it, the jeweled make
and ceremonial of star choppers, hammering away

high above us, in the light
that is all around us, under the crack in the door
at the bottom of the sea, in the fierce, unbearable
heave of wave and filament

pulling heavily upwards, where are you

the cries out and lips on crying

as all that is inside is depressed, shimmering
in the glare of a thousand eyes, in veiled, stop-krom tummy
and limbo on themselves, wave on wave —

written sometime in the last 10 days:

And then it is over.

After the blizzard the snow melts;
Earth gathers itself for the next
And rests.

15/12/99 Wednesday Rainy + cold but green-sprouting all over.

I made the connection to 3rd Rail (of yesterday) after Anthony
to the Faure Requiem Pat sent me. Actually had begun
them earlier in the week - he goes in the body of the
text near the end. Trying to make it less positively
negative - a little more possibility that there is some
hope, beyond the beyond, beyond what we can possibly
imagine or know. As Richard says,

"Just because man needs
God doesn't mean that it's no reason to believe
He doesn't exist."

Or we could understand "Him" if "He" did. I don't
mean to be comforting nevertheless - just not to be
seen/felt to have closed all doors.

Hence "unknowable" ("heave of wave + quantum"),
also "liberame Domine", and "no eye has seen,
no ear heard"

because, what I learned yesterday, is that
"death evolutionary" (morte actemum) would be never