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### June 1968 notebook entry

Patricia Goedicke

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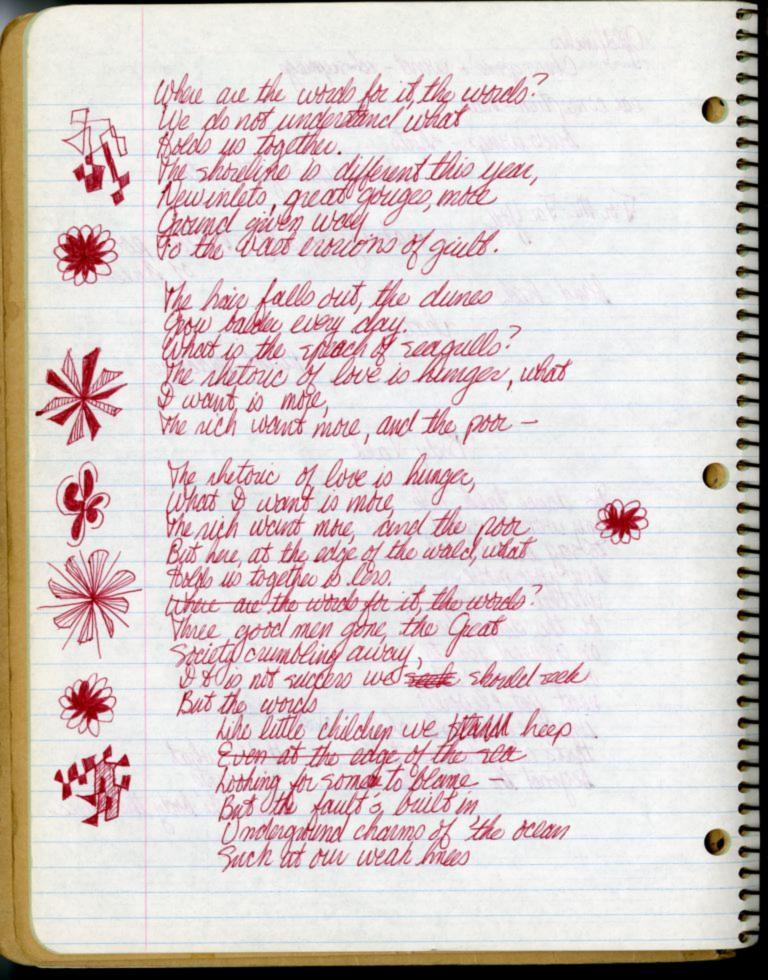
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ut of this through the Blue Mountains have borne by body down It the thin eagle of the sea. And morts in the shifting rand

Park Genows booming band but the shoreline is different this year, New inlets, great godges, more No the vait evorions of girlf. We do not under tour With three good men good, the Great Society crumbling account But the faults, built in, the unclerground charge of the ocean such at our week kneed, the how falls out, the dunas you boild arey claywhat is the speech of zeague the shetouc of live is hunger, The gich want more, and the pool what food us, together is less. We must build more on less.

On the Outer Banks Out of Ohio through the Blue Mountains

I have borne my brown clown

Is the thin ecipe of the rea.

It is a good please to be.

Unto these good men gone, the Great

recity crumbing account

The shoreline to different this year,

New inteto, now gonges, more

To the bast evoisons of gult-Where are the words for it, the words? hite little children we hap We must build more on less.

The Outer Banks Where are the words for it, the curds?

My serie busse, of a car pops

and morts in the shifting sanct.

Back of me this huge, ground

Jul Goming land—

We as not understand what The veem such set the dunes you balder everyclay Durant more, with the sich want more, and the poor -but here, at the orige of time, what We must buld more on less.