ii

the flower is the bird who eats the fruit

knows

being eating knowing be eat know

Ben, Larry's uncle, died last month: May the bird who eats the seeds upon his grave grow fat and fly south to give us one more season.

3/14/68

BEWARE THE BEATLES ON REVOLVER
THEY'LL BLOW YOUR MIND
IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES

7/12/68

your mind throbs against mine

and we are silent together on the edge of the world as we listen to our borders make meaning of flesh

and we breathe in breathe out as we make unmake the universe in the many turnings of our bodies making poems into bodies into poems in the many turnings of our minds making flesh into feeling into flesh

the shudder

of our trans formation is the shift onto the impossible

balance

we achieve at the summit of our world where in that great valley