

# JOY

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MADE IN USA  
BOND  
WARRANTY

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WARRANTY



Strong to the falling bird; It does not yet contain all death.  
Cold moon mother is golden still! Oh shell, your heart  
To cover come unshone and fear



Oh  
Round  
My  
heavy  
shell  
part,  
Let loose your soft  
your bird now let  
to gather hearts for  
Seven and twelve  
green and blue  
beyond all  
orange and yellow  
small  
no more  
of joy

True voice  
of joy!



One soul must penetrate that  
Of another to bear.

I am an Arrow searching out my mark  
In its lair.

Rainbows, dew and green swords will spring  
From the darkness of deep center spots  
Freed from the traps of self and others.

I am so eager to tear off covers  
Of hearts  
To let them bloom  
Perfume....  
Perfume....  
Sing tunes.

From the mirror of enchanted fairy queens  
Through strong black arms  
To roses!  
Roses!

I try and I am turned back.  
Thus acting  
I say and say remotely  
Until my turn shall come for giving power:  
Tear, rend, break and crack all crusts for flowers!  
Flowers!

I cannot stand these hours  
When my heart, hand, mind, eye, ear, nose, sense is  
All full to full of exquisiteness!  
I want to freeze and cannot  
The soft prickle forever so gentle touch  
Of fragile pattern river capillary silhouette of growth  
For you!

Any you who can hear!  
It is the tree of power  
And will break rocks with love.



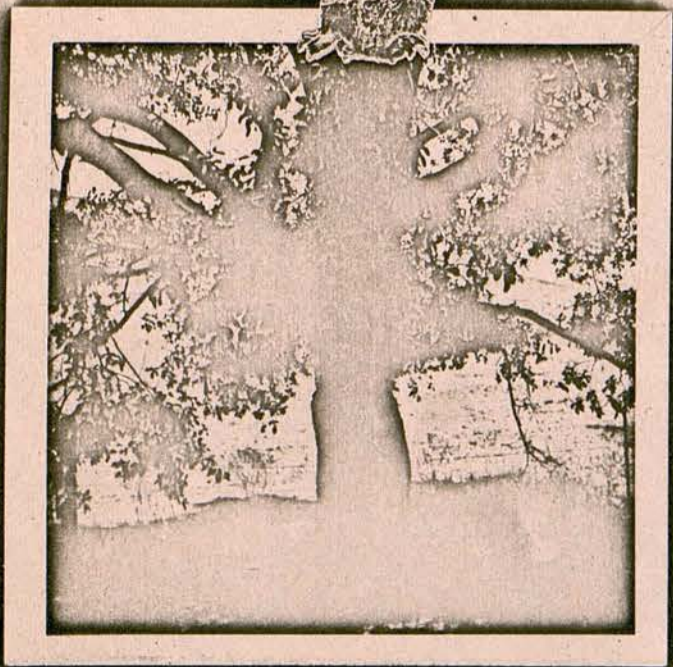




You have not heard it yet.

The trees are bursting birds!

And one white dove may swing your eyes to all sense.



the sun  
is  
down



The world is a thundering hoarse beat  
And the life within it a flame  
Conceived out of conception itself

Running down a roof beam  
miraculous

Leaping into puddles

Immaculate

Shoes ever ready like a glow

Feet ever ready as grass

7 flashlights into the unknown





Everyone Should Take Some Time to Celebrate  
His Existence

EXPECTATION OF THE SUN

The hanging morning air explodes the light of birds  
They career up the bellowing breast of daybreak  
Hawking the sunshot sky in sparkling firebursts  
Presaging the arrival of the orbal visitor

AND THE WIND

Held my heart on his fingertips  
Surging in and out with each breath  
Suspended animation for the word

NOW RAIN

We are witnessing an orgy  
The ecstasy of delight  
Penetration in a thousand dancing diamonds

FOR NIGHT

I am ascending to the stars  
The cool green foundling home of millions  
In communion with the gravestones of the multitudes

WITH LOVE



THE BREATH OF AN EARLY MORNING CITY

The morning cracks awake in thundering anticipation  
Through huge haze unfiltered to a city fill.  
Fresh air shadows of trucks hum by

Children play and eat and a baby cries and laughs.

A fern frond's uncurling makes more concerted sound than all the  
Ball Parks cheering.

There is no ugliness when beauty consists of signs and lines and  
telephone poles and cracked earth and love and life and curbs.

Now people walk and talk with coffee in cool blue canyons

To choose a roll and love a child all flakey, barely sweet.

Stepping feet and clicking heels adventure in the dress that  
hip-swings.

Arms are young, hands would grasp and do or love and meet.

The day won't long this purpose have

When morning lifts her magic veil

The shirt will stick, the trees will wilt with dusty growing,  
and mother cry with knowing.

Her child will scream in want of love's fresh start.

Flakey roll becomes dull bready bun and sick sweet malt the coffee;

The trucks will grate the ears with groaning,

The fern now hesitates for dew

And sweet earth sighs once more for night.

Fading skirts stick to unrewarded hips

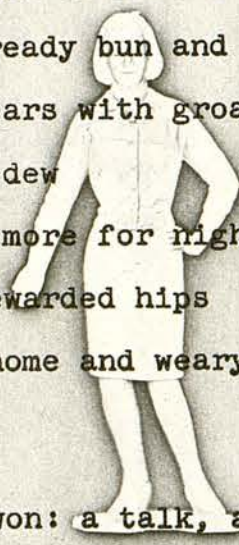
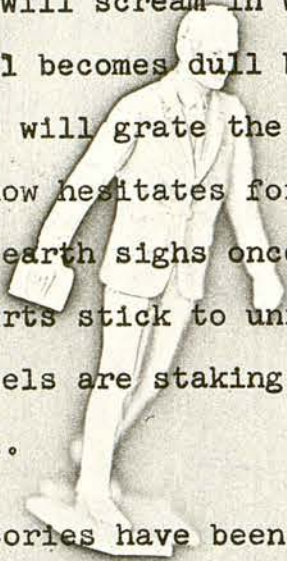
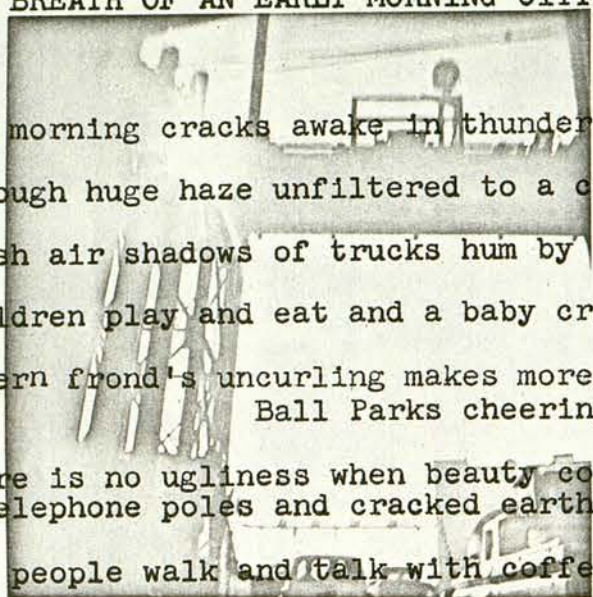
Anxious heels are staking home and weary steps making

All in All.

A few victories have been won: a talk, a glance, and

Grass that grew tree high.

New will come fresh shaded sun.





RING AROUND THE ROSES

Mother!

Come dance with me again!  
Turn! Waltz in time and place.  
I will not drop thy hand! Whirl!

Though once our hearts did part  
And hands let go the time  
My baby heart cries out!  
And yours must too near break  
To grasp the broken song anew -  
To stumble through  
To movement gay and sweet  
Gliding, whispered feet.

No dancer is a babe  
And of its own accord  
Can no petals drop  
To one who needs much more.

Let's go beyond the end of tune!  
Our hearts now have the room  
I can forgive  
Anger does not live.

Father -  
Now in his rightful ring  
I cannot dance with him  
Nor was his step so grand  
And yours a halting brand.

Please! My cradle it was good  
If we all three but understood  
Come ring around the roses!  
In ashes all fall down.





Can all light; all the air of windows give a fishbowl look to spring-  
time songs and leaves?

I am Sunday looking into endless glasses.  
How strange it is to sit in cells and know that something is evermore  
Beyond this straight line to vague seclusion known to be true but not  
so sure.

Wandering thus in the semi-darkness of post-scripts the question comes;  
Is the pilgrim's progress a dream or thus and so?

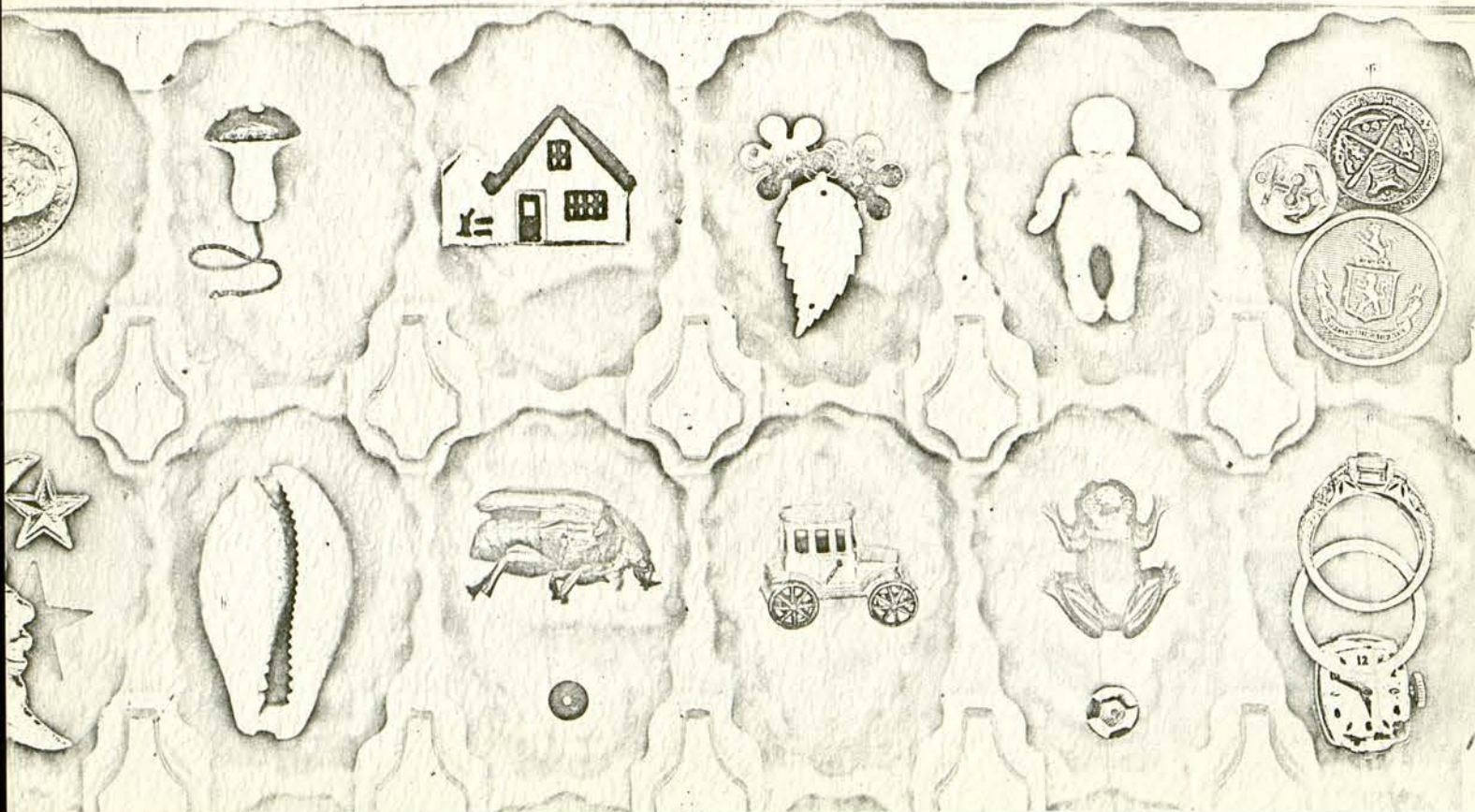
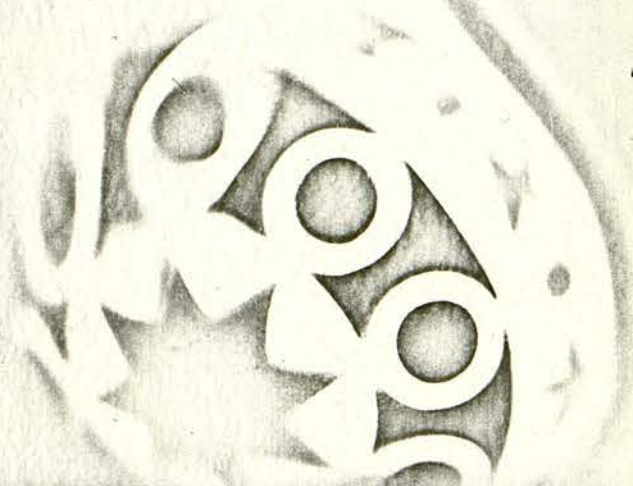
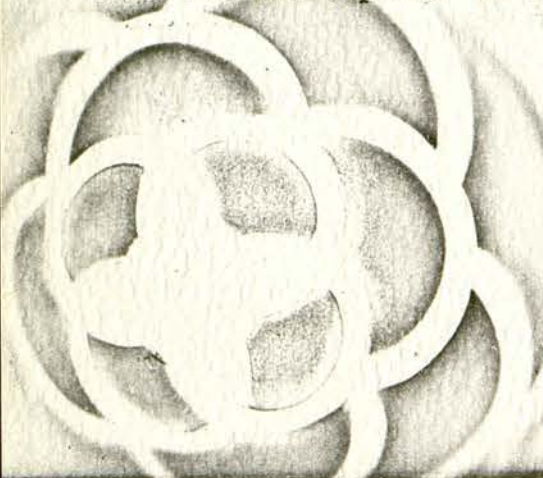
I perceive a change and betterness;  
I think their asses glow with rarities, but they know it not.  
To say it only happens is so safe and sure but not so smart.  
If qualities of gorgeousness start and swell, steam and surge, blow  
and bend

And simply shine about this airbourne place, I know my disillusion  
only fanned out of bullshit  
And can be swept away as all stable boys are wont to do.

Trust not, and in trusting so of not trust eternally forever.  
It only takes a word;

Even crap or seraphim will do.  
I swell beyond enclosures to tell you this  
I know it and so do quite a few.  
We have to laugh at the mirthless ones.  
I see just as I choose!

If I am God, then I define my world  
Creator with mistakes and crowns, gifts and bounds.  
Chance becomes my make and I make it for a few who chance it.  
It's a screw!  
The inclined plane to GOD.







1a-28  
The ethereal essence of mischance gave the most quizzical delight  
To find the stars have ears and bears are brown buffkins!

If you really want undies in the afternoon, why fade away?

"Circumstances were never clearer," said the unending plot robber.

I have no conventions to concur with my sentimental oligarchy  
laboring in the causal catastrophe.

Words become marathons unless you have ordinary rump-rubbers to  
book them for you.

"In that case it really fits," said one.

But if ordinary fitting has its faults, what will vastness produce?

When a wonderful wart-wit of logic like this corners consequences;

Even 40 and 10 ladies blush like burnished bellies.

I could blush, too, even rhyme and fart, sing and swill, if some-  
one could roar mighty phrases to the eons of ages that careen  
about immediately.

Fat chance, I say.

Few recognize such sensations in sunsuits.

Even I find it hard; but beyond every gate and fence I know,

Something else is there.



CALIFORNIA HILLS

I am the woman whose dry, parched skin is pulled tight in barren wrinkles.  
I slumber; an expectant corpse, huge, angular, and enervated.  
The crackling bushes on my sides extend agonizing fingers upward;  
Waiting, reaching, begging for embrace.

I endure and accept but produce not.  
My hair falls sparsely; and only here and there in the deepest canyons is  
there hint at possibilities of green.  
Aging cracks become crevasses  
And I wait on unable to force what must come.

Suddenly it rains.  
My shoulders in enormous rolling quietude awaken  
and rejoice.  
Deep within I am quenched and it rains on.  
Slumber is no longer death and dry but peace  
and repose.

Swelling roundness is my form.  
My hair flows anew in luxury both obvious  
and secret.  
My skin is soft and green.  
And I produce.

