The return of the traveler to his room and wondering what in the world he could put all that he learned from the world in to keep it fresh

Robbie whatever had maps pasted all over the walls of his room and knew all their magic and blue lines walked across his room and told me everything about all them. saw him often walking to school and coughing into a handkerchief or on his way to the restroom.

Oh cum to mie carnival

Here we can skip stones across the water and pretend we are clowns who can laugh rivers (and here the young rivers cut through solid stone and lose themselves in ravines so deep your voice does not reach bottom) and the laughter rises up as surf on the North Coast rises and pushes its way between rocks making hollows and doors for clowns or sea gates which at low tide carry small troops of red crabs waving at the sea at the cotton candy foam at the laughing always the laughing.

I smile across the bay to you in your standing alone probably in the morning probably near this carnival probably in all the laughing probably standing in the young rivers probably cutting through cotton candy mountains of your own.

Catch my stones skipping across the water. catch my smiles and count the times they make the carnival swell into droplets before they sink the wobbly way down.