to serenade a girl down the street

Your breathing The pain in my head

In the morning your cock is hard
It bursts in me
Beautiful
Marked on the map
the place
Again
In the morning we come
Into each other releasing each other
beginning

10.8.68

THE PREPARATION

i.

Now.
When it isn't light.
It isn't heavy either, presupposing
that light was weight not brilliance, the heat
that opens eyes
there
In that space without definition
the thing begins to happen

I begin to know that you know me
I have allowed it, to be known
by someone
Not someone By you
who have also permitted
Put in place, said

the parts of me
the vulnerable parts, as you have, as

cannot be fought against, cannot be obscured.

ii.

The times before us
which will be hard times, difficult,
words not measuring up
:famine war destruction what will we call it
Those times will be good for us, will bring us even further into each other. At What Expense.

iii.

To begin to count. To begin to count them. To count them from the beginning to where the beginning ends.

That is the extent of it, up to now it begins to be something else.

10.11.68

-- Margaret Randall

Mexico 13, D.F.

Kafaric Koan

Into out of the landscape — The rolling rolling hills of Penn's Sylvania

-- Tiki Heil

Trenton, New Jersey

MONTAGE

1)

The falling away of childhood, like dustmotes falling to the floor The sound it makes in passing, Sunbeams tumbling with a roar