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
I was alone in my childhood,
Laughing down the warm dirt trails.
Adolescence came
  a long-maned horse
  too eager for running
  to stand quietly
  while I learned to ride.

Images came like strands of hair
  so fine they knotted and snarled
Combing is a solitary thing

On a winter-quiet raining day
  watching blowing mist in the grey-pale air;
Simon and Garfunkel singing Scarborough Fair
  voices like the beads of rain
  liquid-wreathing along
  the skylight glass

I once played in the rain
  enjoyed it so
  so long ago
  things were different then.
Rain was cool and tasted good
mothers didn't mind your dripping clothes --
Now I run and hunch my back
  rain seems hard and much too cold
  you'll regret your ruined clothes --
Stop the rain
  I feel too wet and old.

The wonder! You, in my arms, breathing!

His laughter became the song of rivers
  and the worship of rain
  to the roots suspended like rainbows' flight
  beneath the fields we ran
Stars and dreams and silken things
embroidered birds with golden wings
  -- sometimes it frightened me
  there was so much in his eyes --
We set an evolution on falcons
  that will never reach an end

I love you, I said one night.
No, he said, not me. You love