

TOOTHWORT AND MAYAPPLES

illumination of loons in perennial occurrence—daylight,
darkness, and the importances of hemlocks in considering
envelopment—individual meaning bridging the narrower streams of
our conversation—firelight and its importance in circular patterns of
the self—dusk inside of me, essences behind eyes, and the myth of
the yellow birch—regions of noise, disturbance, trail adventures, and
the migratory instincts of cranes flocking overhead—proportion of
destruction warranting self regard in species identification—chorus
frogs, eastern redbuds, raptures, and demonstrations of second growth
language—pink to reddish purple flowers and the inhalation of their
immaterial essence before the violence of summer storms—public
harmonies bred successfully in damage units that regulate the
boundaries of our imagination—riparian logs, upland toothwort,
dissolution of memory, dimensional contributions, and the north
side of impossible splendor—a specifically distinguishable sentient
harmony—

boxelders,

thrushes,

placement

in the fact of things

—occupations for senses

whose forms prove incalculable
to economic character—

recognizable
daily
experience

delineating the forest edge

and my higher consideration of systems

passing between regions of daylight in memory—the placement of my knowledge within my body in time—
I know there is illumination alongside you because there is dusk inside of me—the hemlocks endorse their own darkness
through this darkness of mine—

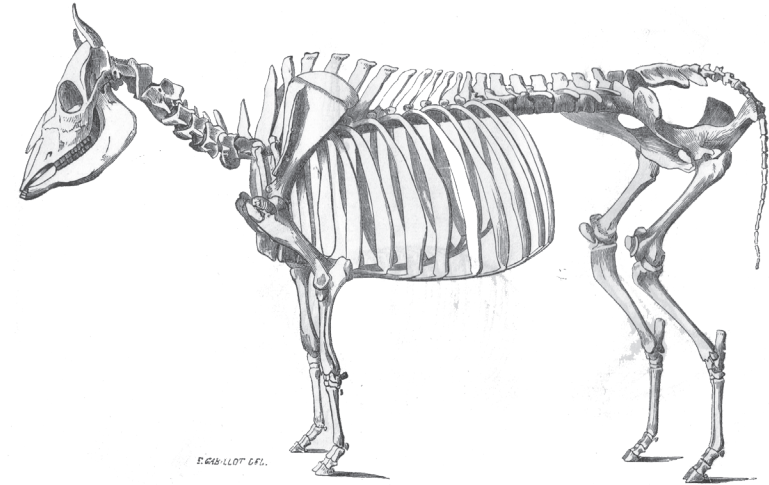
do not bring your noise [of mind]
beneath this yellow birch, three piles of soil
for the boy who plays with red spades and buckets in firelight—
—senses of self if loons wail

ricochet fear subsides—
my body having come from there, in motion, beside you, because of you, to saunter near the cabin, having been together with our influences
The placement of our knowledge within our net sociality, in such importance, to long for a time with movement—
this art which serves it by taking disturbance into account, and the movement namely, the perennial occurrence, to name it so, as movement away from
of our trail adventure in a circular pattern to provide the foundation for an adequate finish. the myth and exclusive pleasures
I know there is an essence behind your eyes, and I know bridging the narrower streams of our conversations.
there is an essence behind my eyes. This notion may no longer envelop us
with individual meaning and mutual trust when we stop to consider the migratory instinct of birds
such as cranes flocking overhead.

It is an interesting and hardly noticed fact, that the violence of summer storms
can destroy all cultivated plants while sparing those of spontaneous growth.
The corn will be put asunder, but the forest trees will pass through the essence of the storm
with scarcely the loss of a leaflet. The permanence of form
provided by the spirit is hollow and ineffectual unless multiplied out
with the proportion of destruction warranting general conclusions.

Do not let this be a limiting boundary regulating your performance at the picnic table.
My mood meanders casually into your mood like a spring breeze among eastern redbuds,
my daily mean temperature like your daily mean temperature,
a specifically distinguishable 55 degrees, producing a remarkable display
of pink to reddish purple flowers that precede leafing.

Our inner-populations will adorn one another
with sentient harmony, hidden
like mortality beneath toothwort and mayapples.



²⁰ Unlike nature, climax models are a thing I enjoy approaching but cannot control. The longest term advantage in identifying a species is the self-regard one exhibits to others, like basking on a log employed in riparian matters chiefly, a dimensional contribution eliminating the need for secondary growth. The path before us serves as an event horizon that regulates the boundaries of our imagination. What I give out to this demonstration of language will be measured solely by the dissolution of its own beginning in the subject of memory. I remember how the easiest route resulted in my possession of the uplands due to the inundation of the more direct lowlands, although I approached the opportunity to inhale the impossible splendor earth and ice emits on the north side of cherries while listening to the rapturous exposure tuned by chorus frogs. The cherries are immune to hostile classes of human use due to their immaterial essence in the month of March, and much like the chorus frogs, react upon their earthly home without reference to human action as a cause. There was a period when we were abandoned by public harmonies in order to breed successfully in our damage unit.

