

3/16/71

Three birds, one green as grass,
 one blue as water, one bright as
 the sun, flew against the sky's
 cloudy whiteness, which was
 above them, beyond them, behind
 them, below them, around them.

One by one, they circled a
 naked tree, ~~(devoid of leaves)~~ and
 came to rest on its starkly brown
 branches. The bareness of the tree
 and the emptiness of the sky made
 their plumage seem even more
 splendid.

They perched a moment, as if
 pausing for immortality, then fluttered
 away. As they rose higher and higher,
 they became insignificant specks, ^{insignificant}
 brown and bare like the tree, ~~at~~
 specks ^{with} ~~last~~ they disappeared into the
 sky's cloudy emptiness.

3116171

Above the discolored

Shump of mountain
the clouds hang
like an inverted world

It only by the moons

~~Full or brightness~~

through wheel



the light of the moon
slowly decays

Above the discolored

hump of mountain the clouds hang
like an inverted world

through which the light of the moon
slowly decays

He looked through the porthole w/ an odd mixture of preoccupation and boredom. The movement of the water fascinated and drowsed him, as it always did. Hordes of tiny ripples washed from the harbor towards the smooth expanse beyond the breakwater. They looked like migrating hummingbirds and the euryadsorbent of the children's E. made. He thought of pumps, ferry bodies ~~and~~ made suddenly sleek by the impact of water, moist ~~and~~ ~~be~~ eyes, puffed feet meeting no resistance as they flailed against the surface. Intermixed with these soft, drowned creatures were the tender bodies of lamontical children, their white skins streaked with blood, their ~~eyes~~ also moist. These images of gratuitous self-destruction repulsed him. His eyes focused again on the fluttering wavelets and he became perturbed, unaccountably guilty. As he stared into the water, a trompe-d'oeil fooled him to reinterpret its rise & fall. He lost the sense of suicidal rush. The sea appeared as a monotonous churning cauldron, whose movement had no relationship to and ongoing progression. However, when he compared this new content to his abstract visualization of a fiery cauldron, he was dissatisfied. His logical mind informed him that no witch's brew could ever accommodate such mindless placidity. Also, the dull bluntness of the liquid disturbed his sense of accuracy. But before he could probe his confusion further, his field of vision unconsciously expanded. He became aware that there was really not even the suggestion of a cauldron enclosing liquid turmoil; only the instant horizon and the jagged wave of the horizon provided any sort of boundary. Feeling suddenly nauseous, he drew the checkered shade across the porthole.