

Act Two
of
The Gertrude Spicer
Story

For and After Gertrude Stein & Jack Spicer

A Radio in a Door

Or

A Disguise, That is a Tough Poetry

Poet, what is poet, it is replaceable rid of a radio.

The change in that is that not replaceable weakens the radios. The change has come. There is no search. But there is that scar-tissue and that transistor and tubes, surely souls are punchdrunk, tubes there is a fighter and there will be a bar and sporting very sporting is that batter and battery. Certainly Poetry is heavy and invisible.

There is no diagram in message and in fight. There can be yellow in champion. That is no commission. That is no ear chosen. It was chosen poet, that showed yellow and perhaps darkness and light. It certainly showed no liar and perhaps if light is not darkness there is some use in shadows.

A Sounding Brass

Any change of skin particles to a buttercup, any change of this makes around it what is summer in death and certainly baseball in season. The use of touching is back. Supposing a certain flower selected is dying, suppose summer is even necessary, suppose no baseball season is finished, and no more bumble-bee is cruising, suppose the rest of the few poor flowers have cut with the touch and even it could be any ground under, supposing all hands altogether made a back and suppose it was the Giants, suppose the winning way to 93 games was occasional, if you suppose this in August and even more impossible, if you suppose spirit even in the buttercups dandelions there certainly being no middle in summer and winter, suppose spirit and grass and grass is more than of consequence, it is not final and we might walk on. Spirit which was so kindly a sign was death.

A Whole Universe

What is the new that makes myself, that makes it this, what is the new that presents a shit poetry and a shit image.

What is this new.

What is the shit, what is ghost.

Where is the feasted odyssey, Odysseus and a dry fly is not a dry fly, only food and you are new, only a universe and ghosts are important, a moment is back, a moment is starving death. A universe distinguishes ground. A universe just distinguishes ground.

The beauty spoon is the same in no body. The beauty spoon is the mouth in the remembering.

(Orpheus of a Forest)

A new woods of beasts innocents in there having been more of the same root than could have been trees when all innocuous were wander. This was the dark which made the stumbling and root have no love for any more death and this archipelago spread into seabirds. Spread into seabirds.

Whatever, use whatever use poet, poet stop touch, whatever poet, whatever stop the distancing, distancing distance.

A Wolf Ground

The change of ear is likely and a shore a very open shore is prepared. Night is not a door.

Open is whatever that inside leaves falling what will be green if there is a smoke shadow in their being present. Does this change. It shows that sky is batter when there is a dancer.

A dancer has that pennant. Supposing that you do not like to change, supposing it is very immortal that there is no change in fire, supposing that there are logs and a knot is that any the grace than timber and seas. Come to season that is there any mere use in a knot and smoke. Is there not much more joke in a fire and more fire and very likely fatal and a chimney to put them.

A fixed thought, a very dark god, a quite dark thought is monstrous ordinarily, it is so monstrous because there is no wolf in it. If wolf is in California it is not stars. Is that not a totem for any use of it and even so is there any animal that is better, is there any animal that has so much tired wisdom.

What was the mountain of a rock ocean to shit and not shit if there was to be the lives of Atlantis that made that mountain exist. A distance was fevered minds.

A Vorpel

A splendid sounding a really splendid sounding is not glass baking a flower freely, it is not glass by a reply or by clangs.

Cut cut in ceremony, cut in ceremony so personal. Cut stone then any tongue and glass it. Glass it in the omelette and in pie and in angels tonguing men.

A love is not the only movement of glass. The love and the earth are not the only movement of stone. The love and the earth and the wonder are not the only changes fears.

The end of this is us and morphemes to say the section, morphemes to say it morphemes to show sudden places, morphemes to make matter, morphemes to make the wave tall and nothing particle, anything between loveddeath.

Suppose ear rings, that is one way to pond, pond that. Oh gases to rise, oh noxious old summer. Next winter and nearest snow. Chest not dirty, be swimming.

Drinking up, drinking up, the dry with a sound tape of erased and figures rose, and surface, surface.

Please a pond, put water to the paper and move then move then, move then it is a memory that gives manymany lights erected. It is a grapheme and a bird and a bird and a structure and a colored sky a colored sky grey that syntactic that wind.

Intimate Water
Or
A Friend

A spring which is changes when a flower is used and taken is that a past sprang of the sprung there are teeth which have stranger summers. The one is on the curve. The two is on the curve. The three are on the curve. The one, one is the oceans wildflowers as is shown by the daffodil being death. The Thanatos is strangers there is more daffodil that shows it. The Thanatos is stranger and that makes the skull have the same shade the wings are in singular arrangement to make trap-door changes.

No cup is born in more poetry and dwelling, that is to say a heart is born and poet does do that it shows that culture is scarlet. It shows the town language of angels and gold. It does more to that syntax astronauts. It does, it does changes in more water.

Supposing a structure emerged is a thing supposing more of them are true, does that show a false, does that show that house, does that show that name language. Does it.

A Whole Universe

Finger was there, it was there. Finger was there. Stop it, stop it, it was a flicker, a minute flicker and it was not where it was minute, it was not will, it was directly placed writing, not writing again, writing it was will, it was flame, it put a shadow, a shadow when, a shadow care.

Suppose a Hiroshima a flame expression of cast shadows cast concrete itself shadows all shadows and no head does that flicker candle space. It does not point. It flickers fingers blisters concrete graphemes and sound concrete to shadow shadow rest. A concrete between.

A Distance

A message of ultimate corpse and a chance to see an image.

What is the use of an exact kind of corpse if there is no radio in not getting dead. The car does not come before there is radio. In any kind of case there is a message to using and it is a radio any radio in refusing to believe the tomb. It shows what use there is in a real pain if one uses it and it is real pain and very totally the not having could be poetry but in any tragedy there is a poetry and if there is the drifting rhododendrons take it away and wear it and then be sweating be sweating and lips locked on solace.

If the party is Einstein, if the gathering is beaches, if the stars of a tidal swell is not awkward, if the California holder is held by all the waving gathering and there is no gathering, not any waving. If there is no particle in a wave and there can be none—distance—if there is not then the wave is the sable as arrested ears.

This is no dark hearing and it even is not progress in any such a sentence that a sable is not arrested. That is arrested, fuses blew and lights out past danger not past danger the fog is in ears.

A memory of all the old men, a time not a time because there is no worry.

New universe and the same Eurydice with Orpheus makes a change. It shows that there is no death. Any life shows that and very likely it is life-in-death. Very likely there should not be an imagined imaginary Eros. Some hell means death-in-life and this is the moment for hands and more hands together. A walk is so earthly and in any ground there is imagination and some of that.

A movement and wonder and a fear and spheres and a movement.

A Flower

A past flower is time made of what is changes to replace any beauty. Suppose a car is changes, the going it is made the more miles there is for some outward border that there is an August.

A flower is made going and centuries to see to see to it going and to have the present stopped-up makes it change to use May.

Howl guesses, howl the sign that guesses that really guesses a necessary water, in showing that there is a heart.

Solace, what is a you, a you is the poetry between the drift of rhododendrons and real pain, real pain.

To choose it is minor, it is image and more than that it has it certainly has the tragedies, and a poetry all that is a bed-partner and more sweating much more sweating together.

A morning adrift ocean and a rock warm rock, a distance and a hot day, a water wake fog.

A blink coming is context and gardens.

Suppose it is within a cloud which is open it is open at the heart of Verlaine raining that is to say it is so.

All the sounds are needing raining. A treacherous grapheme is in sign. A wax a plastic wax has a red light of marked limits that is to say if he can traffic, if he can traffic he is a signal to show warning upends.

Go crossing go crossing, laugh treacherous.

Suppose a tying in freedom light, in freedom light get.

Sound graphemes snarls sound graphemes snarls sound sooner of disappear.

Sound graphemes of sun-dial and such shadow shadow, shadow shadow.

(Present) Transformation

If borders are border ceremonies if they exhaust daffodils and spring and even strangers, if they stranger a present that has no past sprang, if they do this and it is not death it is not death at all if they do this they need another August.

A nude in (plural), a swan is well placed in the taste of the swans.

In the water of a raining sky and nearly clouds there is a dreamed blue to say that wind is blowing. Wind is blowing.

A Flower

Out of change comes touch and out of skin comes merely buttercups, out of a sign comes death, out of death comes a longer summer. So then the season is that remembering a way of touching a back is buttercups suggesting a dandelion and it is waiting, it is not, it is so impossible to be winning and touch a poor summer strangely, it is so important to have a season not to touch but to touch again.

Pick a universe, a whole universe, and lip more slender accents than have ever been Eurydice, rent in the darkness Eurydice.

Hell not locked, hell not locked, an unsure Orpheus is so death-in-life and even more than that, it is you, it is a house, it is life-in-death and back.

If the chance to Eros arrows is Eurydice, if it is why is there no hand, why is there no rubbing, why is there no walk together.

Suppose a West

Or

A Sound Sounded

Sounded brains are archipelagos to show that sounds are worn by an electricity of blank spaces, this makes the difference fragments route lines and numbers dialed, the faint voice is lightning, the faint voice means a Eurydice and an Orpheus an Orpheus that makes more unstable than Eurydice really Eurydice. So phoneme is a bound that table all of it shows pearls and Eurydice. A telekinetic brain is syntactic and sitting and all distance whole.

A Spirit of Grass

More of might.

A walk in no new universe.

A whole poetry is not shit. Image is feasted on. A ghost of more is not starving. A spirit of grass is not a dry fly. The moment to feast is poetry and odyssey. The moment hope is buses and not Odysseus, never more Odysseus than ground.

The squirming of an adult world, the same squirming fixed, the squirming of a growling wolf, the same space between, the honey-cake to wishing, the same hell, the same death.

A single smoke to a signal, an earthquake exchange to a bang, snap crack and coast to a clock, all this which is a poem, which has forest, which has redwood and night, all makes an insane parking lot.

A hand which was left and not only history but turned away was not imaginary. The hand was shown to be movement like the walk together. A hand was not assured, not an imagination, a hand was left over. The ground was earthly.

Within, within the few and slender sheep alone, with sweet message and no more than tears, lover in the taste make lover dream ghosts.

If the fall is long and it is poetry so tongues the tears present is all transformation.

The plural of universe is made by squeezing.

A father is distance, it is distance by the friend and the lover and the lips, it is distance by long leaning and by all sounds of mothers kiss and electric system. It is amber shining.

A treacherous sun is nearly raining.

A Hero and no soup, a Hero and kitchen enough, a
Hero and no soup kitchen ground and no soup kitchen sky, no
soup of Heros, a soup a beautiful soup and an image odyssey
and eating, a false image and no Hero, this means a soup a
Hero soup an evening.

Rimbaud's cliff a progress flat future and fire, Rimbaud so is
the acid in the tongue.

Pattern beaten with vowels and sound pops and
sense all dead and reckless reckless constructs, imagination is
imagination.

An Intermission

Or

A Whole Universe

The image to show a death is when too late and later
there is no Eurydice in poetry.

A not torn tear Odysseus. If it is not poetry then a
quote and more than any other if it IS god IS not god. The
amusing suspension is that the stars there are no fewer the
more purposeful is the necessity wisdom. Supposing that the
game-animals contained tears and an odyssey. Supposing that
there was no adult world for an Alpha Centauri and more likely
for a Zeus, supposing that there was no shooting, it is not
necessary to worship shooting.

An intermission was not movement, it was not harms
fears, it was hardly earth and it had a wonder a long wonder
and the rhyme, the rhyme was never movement, it was not
celestial, it showed that it was spheres, that is all that it showed.

A sound called music shows lips.
Come and say what toughs all day. A whole few
nightengale. There is no Body.
No cut in image and sound waxen and choose burned
soles and sound spats really sound divided.
A sound linguistics makes graves. This is not
mythology.

The wisdom of the totems poetry is one way not to measure walk and walking. The one way to use stars is to use books and magic for poetry. The one way to see beaches is to have a distance around the circles and the circling. The tidal way is to accustom the swell to have a particle and the wave of a particle to be distance, distances in ears and to use heaviness in hearing. It is light enough in fuses. It has that wave action. Action may not be lightness. Very foggy may be dangerous howling. May be strangely arrested. May not be strange in howling. May not be strange to.

What was the use of not marginpoet there where poet would hang what was the use if there was no sheep A-keeping poet come there and show that poet was movement and spidery in the way poet showed poet. The gravity is to A-center that poet does show poet, that poet shows poet and that nothing, that there is nothing, that there is no more to do about poet and just so much more is there plenty of earthquakes for making a happiness.

Goddess of goddesses and a triple a morphology phonology syntax bow morphology phonology tough, tough on the lips.

If it is love then it is language and nearly misshapen in where there is a malicious afterthought.

An Oz to Charlie Parker, noon and moon and moon. A kingdom a cold bastard a brief a phoneme paired and nearly the never and language window.

A Signal of a Coast

Or

A Blackness Covers

A radio a single radio is connection. If Eurydice is danced and there is a sound surrounding it, if death is let in and there places life then certainly something is connection. It is prayer.

Enough gravity is plenty and more, more is almost boring for spheres and sleep if there is no more spreading is there procession of Wizards for Oz. Any moon shows the desert deadly.

Nearer in strict sea, nearer and farther, show separation has consonant in sight, show a vowel of children. Count, count more so that bookkeeper and bookkeeper is tough.

I hope schoolteacher has her cow. Consonants a floating, immediately received echoes, sound leading canyons echoes.

Cough out cough out in the heart and really father it is not for.

Ground-rules, ground-rules, double it not phoneme more sound in when.

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