

7711-11N P'71'3

- 1c Brooklyn in the afternoon, where Walt Whitman trod, [long dependent clauses when ...], then the good that is not transient comes to me + in the night tree (title), a song is heard
- 2 to a refuge: stream of dark memories flood the room - winter takes over - But you are Jewish + it is good if you can descend into the memories 70N77-71N7 - like ancient lights ... eternal blaze of stars on 20N78 New York in winter. Good to wait 717777 7777 7777 7777 And now to nurse the blooming of new intentions
- d Night: geometry of triangles, lights, description of the avenue - Cars like white lava streaming - projection of moving rectangles Yet inside, in my room, on the table, letters of an ancient Heb book sparkle ~~so~~ silently
- Points: From far back they were constructed bridges + depths of doubt have become 71N77 '77
- 2 GW Bridge: not just an acrobat, flexing its muscles; resembles a woman sparkling in her pearl necklace
- Tonight: veins are opened before the power of the returning summer - blue tranquillities reign
- Symmetrical stanzas: 7777 1177 7777: not just an impressive basium man But a tall person drunk on distances + wine
- Tonight: sheets are spread out + a hand from the moon writes on the storm of ^{causing} silence, carried aloft into sadness.
- 2 Carnegie Hall: music leads him into forests + stony stairs - Am I a child or already old? Age is erased, and the soul attends to all the songs that are beyond time - many of anxieties turn to 717777 7777 7777 7777 - The days crash upon like breakers on the rock of the 7777 7777

always
return back

1. Tree in Central Park

Burning leaves, birds decamping, a catalpa sparks from tall bldg

1ET A girl and him talks about P 11-11

not too much in the air

*.5 Automat

Open all night, mechanized, A/C: 11-11-11 128-29

people entering like immigrants from a night race

11-11-11 128-29

1.6 Hot morning: Abu Gabriel: 11-11-11 128-29

11-11-11 128-29

No! This is not in N. America - the city is like a hermetically sealed cage

Heart like bird strains to escape, memories of the touch of cool rivers. Even more dear the transport to a time [not place]

11-11-11 128-29

11:30 am, boredom, city like burning desert, T like captive animal - soon waiters will place cold cypriote before me + day's heat will expire

c

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח

י' פ' ג'?

ג' פ' = Cape?

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח / ~~וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח~~ / וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח

The way of summer - air, sky, 300 yrs. I strolling today still feel it - I see the streams & the gulls

I know direct myself to another ~~וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח~~ - the path that leads to the bay - once Godan lighthouse above all. They were descendants of Jonah who did not give in to the storm - saw him like a shepherd of the waves

But I today live in a diff. house from their open, revealed, sure craft of sea - only later did the night seek to inundate their clear understanding

Therefore I seek the path to night פ' ג' ד'

Put to rest under the tombstones: the old & young etc.

But they all remember their village with honey & sea & its good seasons like deer w/ antlers

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח how became one time, one sky color etc.

I come = crane = human bone & I begin = פ' ג' ד' - it's more painful - my hand recognized the bone & kissed it & delighted -

But as my wells began to flow, ~~and~~ I turned from the פ' ג' ד' to the פ' ג' ד' because in it all desires are absorbed

וְהָיָה כִּי יִשְׁכַּח פ' ג' ד' פ' ג' ד'

CAZON'IA 120

Shabbat in autumn, chilly crystalline, something springlike in a few
 glaziers - post haste, under outdoor dogs, tramped skies over the
 river - plane buzzes tranquilly

Perhaps this is not the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ riverly slot of my childhood, yet it
 soul hovers like a bird on my path - fallen fences, small windows,
 gold in the air.

* Jewish children play as if they had not been ~~fractured~~ ~~by~~
 handed over to oblivion - their past - present - sounds of '02] '02
 from the 0201 '02

* '0310: The evening

ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג'
ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג'

818N 83k kō - refrain/intro to each of 3 sections

1. In the midst of his walk in the city streets (wandering, daydreaming, blurring)
my heart singing above the ~~town~~ towers, I noticed that a ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג'
had found a rest for itself in the corner of my eye:

ג'ל'ג' of past springs + one no longer, what slips away in a dream,
the ^{apparently} transient that is fix forever.

Perhaps: my grandfather who knew the +trails of spring (programs?)
+ forgot them - and from tear of Abba, warning over his predestined
life...

2. 822N 821k kō: As I walk in streets drowned in sun + turned moon silver
[moon ~~in~~ ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג']

The towers lowered, windows closed, front imposed

The heart registers its impressions on each stone + is connected to
each roof, anxious

3. It's not in me that the sun snow is fleeing,

complicated! In me the winter have begun to be written

Therefore, I ~~quit~~ greet the tear: Find a place for yourself; come,
whisper: The future is only a band swallowed by the future

What kind of saturnal comfort?

ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג'

Spring, splurge of women's names + if the eye, caught by green here,
aspires to find some consolation in the transient, a heart will
cry somewhere, a nightingale enclosed by forest
Under grey skies + factory smoke, ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג' ג'ל'ג'