

Shimmering, wind soaring, starflashing intuitive brightnes s:—  
 Dark dreams cannot conceive its certain lightnes s:  
 In the shadow in the back of your neck:  
 To the secret star in the black feather s  
 Rising up your spine's steering crescent  
 The warm gold leaf stem from genital core:  
 Ignoring to oblivious exile that other line:  
 Burning iron agony pipe dream in d:  
 Right into your noise crest ed head's  
 Clanking eyeless scream dream s  
 Clawing up your welded stiff neck's  
 Scratching cracks up your sizzle chest,  
 Ripping at your burning stomach,  
 Delusion's rust gnawed wire line  
 Your mind's dazed talons always grasps  
 Breathing the blind sensing of both lines,  
 Believable wind up your front pulls you down.  
 Acid wire feathers tearing up, rip at your heart's  
 Unbelievable wind up your back pulls you up:  
 The gold leaf light feathers rising up behind your spine's,  
 You don't always know, tongue tip forget, never knew, deny, refuse,  
 Like a wind dark rolling Eagle conceiving life a vicious storm:—

I am alive:— I wish to live:—  
 I had destroyed my Self-Hatred forever;  
 dive into very cold depths: I surfaced:  
 In the next year from a screaming  
 without feeling the stab of a thorn: But:  
 Yes: Hafiz: No one ever plucked a rose  
 duck suddenly dove to eagle.  
 and in between someway the wild  
 Seeking humanity inside, outside

Die: Inhale:— And Live again:— Life:—  
 Be your Self: Fly: Dive: Live: Love:  
 Find your Self: Follow your Self:  
 lies, depressions, terrors, strife:  
 Kill Self-hatred's cuts, panic s,

I found my Self. I was my Self.  
 to the sensation of my life.  
 was continuously present  
 ing. I had my attention. I  
 to breathe with my entire being  
 breathing out. I had learned  
 learned to breathe in without  
 before were impossible. I had  
 able to do things that a few days  
 blooming flower glory. I was  
 sing bright bright brilliant  
 leaps through ice spring to  
 my Self, as easy as a crocus  
 state that I wished to do inside  
 And I did any work or change of

piled of Self-Hatred. I held my breath  
 under granite ugly high Manhattan,  
 below mega Ibsen ice cold depths  
 a wild duck diving fearlessly down  
 crowds in Herald Square and like  
 Army's crashing band in the banging  
 that week, stood before the Salvation  
 I could stop. I went into New York

It did not stop. Nothing stopped.  
 like a quiet storm of loveliness.  
 light dazzle poured around me  
 Life in all its glorious dynamic

be that create a sweet substance.  
 they really are and I knew I was to be a  
 the suchness of things as  
 I was my Self and I saw  
 gold toil cocoon of my work to be  
 my conditioning and the smothering  
 the bitter sweet gold foil shit box of  
 It was all over. I came outside  
 It was Good-bye to all that  
 endless wretched misery failure.  
 diving into horrible, seemingly  
 inside and outside my Self,  
 hard ugly workings endlessly  
 After a few years of terrible

You inhale light.  
 From this moment on:  
 entered the breath garden.  
 The ground is air. You have  
 leaf wings. Your wings walk.  
 your arms beat trembling gold  
 the marrow of your life. Now  
 You smell taste. Then you taste  
 You hear color. You see sound.  
 is reason. The brain is blood pump.  
 Then the sun is midnight. The heart  
 Then the moon is broad daylight.  
 Then night is day and day is night.  
 then front to back then inside out.  
 your entire being turns upside down  
 then instant then when in that then  
 It is not what you think, then, that

else that was shit foiled on and into me."  
 to destroy my Self-hatred and everything  
 without misery," I said. "I'm going  
 "I'm going to find out how to do it  
 duck. Where are you diving to, David?"  
 You did it all your Self. You're a wild  
 Tempo Perdue smiled. "You are.  
 "I'm going to be like you," I cried.  
 "Where are you going?" he said.  
 "I don't know, I am," I said.

Where are you going, David?"  
 You owe nothing to no one.  
 free. You don't believe anything.  
 You did it all your Self. You are  
 out how to do everything  
 and not another? "You figured  
 For why should one learn  
 He said loud for all to hear  
 "You know every thing, David"  
 I saw a quick smile on his face.  
 I shivered a spring chill.  
 I was higher than the moon.  
 Self-carefully as I chopped wood.  
 Tempo Perdue was watching my

he said, "I did it all my Self."  
 the huge cold foiled leafy snows  
 and as the tree cracked, to fall  
 put one finger on the tree trunk  
 Tempo Perdue stepped up to the tree,  
 the tree down:— the tree cracked.  
 as the truck pulled the chain to pull  
 around the tree to a truck, and just  
 a huge tree trunk, then hook a chain  
 in order to two-man saw through  
 Early that day 20 of us worked hours  
 so I liked to work with Tempo Perdue.  
 I always liked to work for my Self

grass on a brass wind rolled mirror of the sea.  
 shimmering Kurasawa lacquered gold spray ed  
 on Turner sail of gold toiled crystal light on  
 like jolly, cold boiled, air-fat Fall pirates  
 "Don't take in more than you can hold,"  
 on how much you can hold," or  
 saying things like: "It all depends  
 on the light on the twigs on the gold leaf grasses,  
 holding their breath, focusing their attention  
 People were inhaling great huge amounts of air,  
 on my ax blade smelled like precious jewel.  
 Things looked so sharp and bright that the light  
 We were all drunk on youth, air, and impression s.

Self in the thicket like an eagle soaring in high air.  
 Tempo Perdue was watching each person's  
 weeds: Twigs fondly called slash into kindling.  
 We were attentively hacking rich-wasp lawn.  
 The light was sharp diamond. Clear-cut.  
 Hollow Road in Mendham, New Jersey  
 on P.D. Ouspensky's estate on Jockey  
 before the big mansion above the farm  
 on what once had been a grand lawn  
 We were clearing brush in a thick et  
 eagle lined light refraction s.  
 trembling gold leaf eagle wing s  
 Wright's Falling Leaf drawing s  
 leaves was sharp as Frank Lloyd  
 The air was sharp. The light on the  
 It was a beautiful Fall day in 1961.