

Our lovely life's
lay will all ways say:
The harder the sun came:
The greener the flame: The harder
the spring came: The greener the same:
The harder the rain came: The greater
the fall: The harder the fire: The sweeter
the wire: Spring was the time: Of breath's
lovely shirk: Was always the time to do
the air work: We made a spring time
sitting place: Under roof of Myrtle
tree: Here with magical: I eye:
I key: We heard who come
to see: We heard wet
edge of rose's

dew: We heard all fire poppy spring:
Here with magical: I joy: I key: We heard all
who come to see: We heard the robins break the air:
We heard the neighbors stare: Here with a magical I am I key:
We heard all who come to see: Listening for joy: We listened to mirth:
Listening for worth we listened to dearth: Here for pleasure years we were totally
free: To hear all who wish the air I See: Self Key: Perhaps I was slight light to darkened pain:
Few listened to my friend: The green in the rain: Suddenly: Mysteriously: Jacob Adler Yiddish Theater Big
Entranceshly: As if out of one of the many plays they took me to see: As if out of the mist forged dream dark wings
in Sir James Matthew Baronet Barrie's: Mary Rosenbloom: Or Count Maurice Polydoré Maeterlinck's exquisite:
Or even plainer Arthur Miller's: All My Little Fake White Anglo Saxon Protestant Type Ashkenazi Go Getters
From Prince Street: Suddenly: In the spring of 1977: My mother and father appeared for a visit at my house
in Cambridge, Massachusetts: I had not seen them since their fiftieth wedding anniversary party in 1967:
They were eighty years old: They were never much over five foot tall: They were now very little: Very
Frail: Elegant ancient folding Jewish bird wings: I told them of how my house near New Radcliffe Yard was
once the home of the Cambridge postman and that Oliver Wendell Holmes had lived in it while attend
ing Harvard in the mid-1800's: They smiled: I took them to the Ritz Café for lunch: It was the very first
time in my life that my father ever let me pay for him: This made me very happy: Then when we returned
to my house from Boston I carefully took them down the rough stone steps to see the basement: It was
a large New Engl and basement covered stone wall and cement floor with Persian rugs: Excavated out
of the middle of the basement floor was a chair height deep square: It was large enough for 20 people
to sit around and suspend their legs: The wood joist ceiling was sprayed night black: Spot lights glowed
down on the fabulous rug colors: I did not tell them that as many as twenty hippies slept on the basement
rugs or that every Thursday night they were covered until four in the morning with over 80 seekers
of pre condition ed Self: We went up to the garden to sit in my sitting place under an old myrtle
standing guard over it like a bible king's elephant over little old melech malka h household god m ahouts
trained over a wood canopy: It was a warm sunny June day: My father asked: "What do you do?"
I said: "Encourage a small group of people? Who don't believe in God? Who want to understand?
stand their Selves? Who want to be free? To live? Not from their genetic and social conditioning?
But? To live from what they really are deep down inside themselves? Their real Self? My father
said: "I can understand that?" My mother said: "No you can't?" My father said: "David is
the only one who earns a living doing what he enjoys and what he believes in." I took them in my house
to take their afternoon naps: I asked: "Remember how you used to take me in to take naps when
I was little? Now I'm taking you in to take naps? Don't run out of the house to play? You need
your rest?" They smiled: Tyrannized eagle eye children often find afternoon naps oppressively
malicious: Little folding bird wing ex tyrannical geriatrics with nothing left of them but star of ten soft
nappings.
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