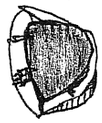
LANGUAGE of the EYES & THREAD

Without a clue to what with awl I punched
The intra cacies of chaotic lines stitched
I worked on a stitched bedspread with spun wool thread
With pelts of leather cracked & stitched slow
Firmly placing & tucking with the same drive on how one
would try to read
Each thread though randomly placed went through a
determined hole
The bedspread was near done outside I sewed in
the sun where a quaking spirit with a long stitched
stature, topped by to arms & black wood head
with a ring of eyes there were needles
on down the sides each ending in a black wood
bead. It picked at the spread as if plucking a
harp & scanned it like a book I felt dismayed
& crazy afraid at how it attended the work
But with the needles & beads it sewed up
a near red tree & the thread was made up of
red vies from legs holding beads
Than it expected me to read its work
in a gesturing hand-persuing & pioiting it
made more sense than any book Id
scanned.

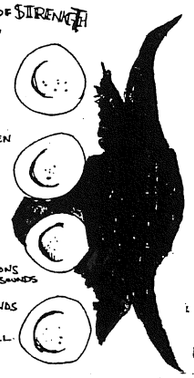


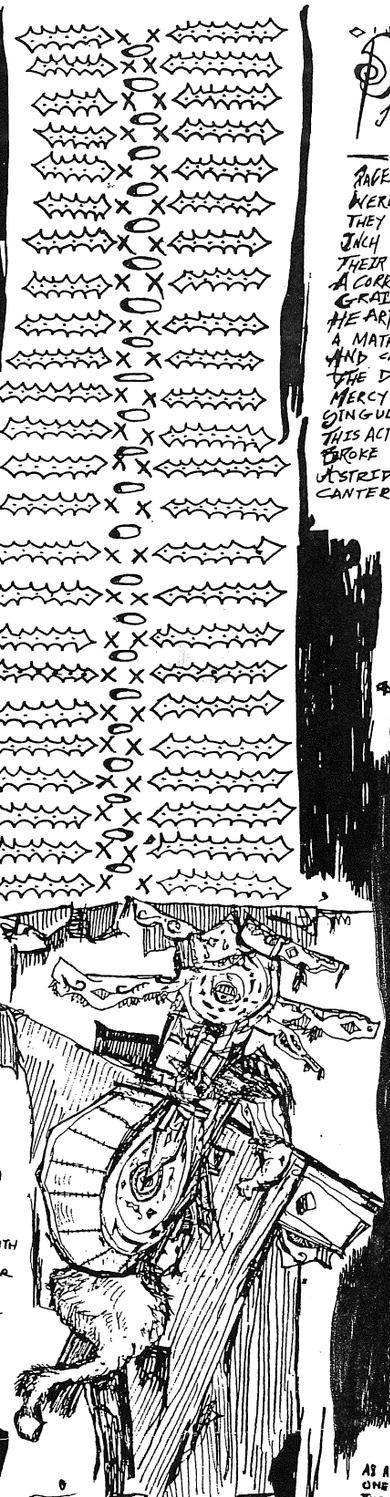
(cont. from Bottom)

Coming over a hill one day looking for kindling
So grew with feathers on head facing east & west directly
They leaned on a wood dorred lean with blanket piks underneath
Whose gue was all horrible varied colored reeds
of hatchet pie covered and lifted axes with thier leather flat hands
Stitched bops lifted the hoodles and in the sun sharpness flashed
My own neck knocked my mind right into wakedness
I was to have my teeth painted in color and to a blanket
I would spend my head lifeless unwrapped
But fore I moved they carved off their leather knees
Beside a chair voice asked me to follow them
With gestures pointing away the blankets in a haul
My eyes & soul chained to them in fascination they picked at foliage
Offering bugs & grass into knee cups & the dorred & blankets taking them all
Where to I wondered the pilgrimage with grim insistant
Beat with an intrigued eye I followed, I would even if blind
Pounding to an adobe blocked house with bellowing blowing embroidery
That led me to believe the house was a dying and these men their vitals
Out inside was a bizarre fare of a farmer's glory
Soft light warmed the inside, the blankets standing on end in skirts
Teeth responding to a rhythm in the animal heads pumping
Some of the feathered stitched bops held me and with head brush painted
My teeth in various colors my eyes wandered
To a many hooved beast half the color of night 2 legged
My teeth had no choice but to respond in a pumping manner
And air passed sweater into the lungs & mouth
Weak skin began to toughen & darkend as lifted fingers out of the cloth &
fitted my face with feathers of petal blown into a fertilizer heap, a vital in an
adobe den. The knees which wave off held grass and bugs from the outside
These bugs had been left alone to eating grass but now the hoof beast
Fleed among them with keen eyes lifting a selected few
Walking with easy unbalanced grace away to a roller
Stretched its skin into a blanket of embroidered diamond rich in hues
So feather is removed and I exhausted led back to you my teeth in
color My skin slightly toughened and stronger I have to tell you if
you want to [illegible] my knees the and fill them with bugs and wander about to
there [illegible] to where blanks are full of nothing then babies but to where any
and no one cares.

FOUR CHURCH PLATES ON SYMBOL OF STRENGTH

In the church foundation there was strength & fragile joy
That was good in its religious path & downstairs there
was an example but smelled like an outhouse bath
Bull stuffed and hooves dangle down and in sad eyes
you can see the joy and sorrow
Four strings for four plates attached to the chin
having to hear each voice in sing song echo
an angel passing water waiting still by saint
one new word used with drying & wasting
The clouds took their turn to rest
So there could be more words used in heaven
Dot of tiny squared angel lips
Reflecting & talking from their shelves
They could only exist on bed plate surfaces
speaking in tongues amongst themselves
Some who are pious in pity the angel will
wait up to a year
As you might waste your time
Hoping for erring words to hear
Tacked in a crate of light wood shut off
and the word etched in the voice of an animal
The word that the animal will ever know
& the making word lasting eternal
Wear-weren't angels on word-begging demons
The tiny scratching voices and faint glass sounds
The that got was a candle of fat ocean
Each wick ash a dictionary speaking in rounds
When change hit & the plates began
Readied to listen to the chatter of them
There's too much & why for the powerful rull.
was a good job of stinging





PICK and MERCY'S POINT

Pace and Mercy were well bred animals that
were given grain to count for weight
They had the wisdom of garner for every
inch a weight you'd judge and elaborate
Their detailed cloth devices acting as
a correct charge the recount of the
grain was as sure as a presidential
heart. To use these grains to which
a mathemetician's noggin would blow
and calculating by wind speeds
the directions the brains would go
Mercy poised on singular
singular hay to the tip of the nose
This act destroyed when a little girl
broke all spine bones whestle
astride she rode. This had pace
canter up and count the number
of broken bones

MY CUPBOARD'S HOPING FOR KITCHEN PHYSICS

Leeches
do a sick man
good LEECHES MADE MY LIVING
NOW THAT ALL THE MONEY'S GONE
THE TOWN FOLK ALL QUIT GIVING
WATERING CANS I USE FOR SHOES
BARK I USE FOR BREECHES
NOTHING LEFT TO USE FOR FOOD
SUPPOSE I'LL EAT MY LEECHES
FLAT AND HARD AND STARVED FOR BLOOD
THEM LEECHES AINT GOOD EATIN'
THAT TOWN DOWN THERE'S
GOT BLOOD TO SPARE
I'LL GET MY SHARE BY CHEATIN'
NEIGHBORS FRIENDS ALL GATHER'ROUND
LOSING BLOOD'S A CURE FOR FAMINE
I'LL LET MY LEECHES SUCK FOR FREE
THE TOWN FOLK ALL COME CLAMORIN'
WATCH 'EM SUCK WATCH 'EM SWELL
PLUMP & RIPE AS PEACHES
BACK HOME I HAD A RICH MAN'S FEAST
'TILL I RUN OUT OF LEECHES
WHAT MATTER IF MY LEECHES GONE
THERE'S OTHER WAYS TO BLEED'EM
I GOT HUNGRY MOUTHS TO FEED
THAT'S THE WAY TO FEED 'EM
RUN AND GET THAT BASIN SON
RUN AND GET THAT 'BARROW
WATCH & SEE HOW WE GET WIDE
WHILE OUR NEIGHBORS ALL GET NARROW

RINGS ON THE AWKWARD SHADOW

As a tree might grow rings around its years
One tree threw rings on it's shadow its awkward years
This attracted young attention by those who could see that truth
And the anguish this shadow shed caused death to the youth
The tree was harder than stone & free from leaves
The few who tried cutting were fried by amon smell & miser
When white man stumbles upon some odd bound indian soul
He wants to dig drain blood, barkin skin or crawl on a hole
Well same one wanted the youths to be knowledge warned
Because the loss of loved ones bring our hands to mourn
The church could from the federalist town up north came
But reeping despondent left by evening gloomily on a tr
So then someone decided the indians could take the spirit
And were asked with baubles & blanket & sad sentiment
Although mourners were not assure or thought were understo
The trade items were taken & led through the woods
Sewing kits & leather & old cloth boots & bem beads
Were talked at 'til sun up with odd words to heed
Then they rested until sun cerated its warm
The sewing commenced in the eye & sun on strange forms
Each ring had its own guard to watch comforting with the eyes
Through feathers reminded the tree it was only pine.

WHOM & WHEREFORE TO THE INDIANS

When horses sold to Indians as big dogs
Nothing could stop them hopping on
So excited as they were by the rolling wheel
We shrank hand and were given a meal
At night sounds of footsteps and stomping
Keeping sleep away and in the sounding smithen
The loudness led to a yell clamoring
Stuck our heads out to see what's happening
Thinned totems made of chewed wood
Bedecked with skirts and heads of spirit men
The diamonds shaped their length spat out
Pepples that laughed as they hit the ground
The Indians spoke in their odd tone to the heads
Waving the direction and shape of the wheel

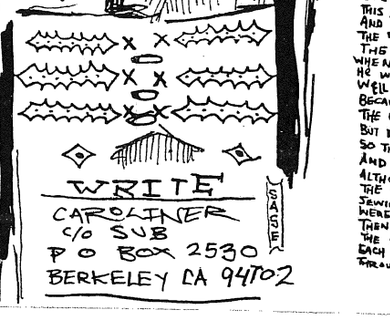
Intently the totems listened as our tale unreeled
In the dark as our wheels were taken
Amazed at the spirits who began chatting
Their tongue ten of them between
Were as intricate as the songs birds weave
A high hum up when the wheel shown tervent
The totems shook and raised up in jolousness
With wood tone spoke toward us directly in kindness

From behind each one came a wooden red man
With each a beaked or feathered face
And hair outstretched instead of arms
Which should have had us run in alarm
But we stood as the woodmen adressed
An introduction of them with open chests
One had a prarie dog inside that was worked up
To prepare us a home by a river
Wild peaks and ivy with triangular designs inside another

A big bear wistful nose guarding a mile high of leather wood
Anyhow we were given our options to where ever
or the use of the wheel to take away we figured
out I could not see climbing into a totem man's deep looking che
he day came on finally with us pretending ignorance shaking he
Although the options might be wonderful for the indian men
or stage play: confusion sorrowed and confused them

ARDELLI HORSE HAVEN

To count the horses whose lives left trust
The proper placing & taking you must
Of ardelli horse haven drapes when meeting
A demise
The grave on a drape line as the horse slowly
dies
The ardellis exchange the insides of the beasts with
jewels
Carefully removing all with thin twig like tools
Though most of jewels are rocks & polished or
painted
And the respendent hide designs are made with
food stain
What are the full routes open to the love for
one mare
But to stretch them out in 1/2 side to side
& drape the leanings on a sturdy drape line
Ardellis carved so fair
Ardellis carved the mares
& what stripped ones tribute
was the bill that came with the
fare



KNEE SKINCUP In the ADOBE EPISODE

(cont. up top)

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