

□

Back to language of level sea, the old woman remonstrates  
the steps her neighbours, attired—you guess—in  
another young peasant girl's return from  
the open field in her hands proffered—what?—are  
violets, tipping a line of fingers, green  
stems beneath. Fields which, week after week after—January  
thru April—are green, yellow, cropped—  
The sky once a pavilion is wound, as  
down the hills  
march over roofs they come

□

as a remnant of their desert days the sennas carry two  
little white pouches on the undersides of their throats—they come  
chasing up the field as Gloria claps her hands and calls  
each by name in her pitched voice—until the goats, sennas (worth  
thousands of dollars depending on their pedigree) & angoras—  
for Gloria they are her life, her morning and night, as they  
come shaping their effulgent udders to be milked—

□

Rimbaud's temptation to the world beyond the world (fowlie) and  
thoughts that no one yet has. Scribble across

and down the windshield and realise it is adhesive plastic over glass that makes blue. She wrote

Werther, and all were enchanted the resonance and I thought "Werther" and the delightfully sounding Charlotte. I tell you, I was splendidly happy, I was, and saluted the fold of intellect.

Notation, or the fabulous courseness of red bricks, tossed up onto the scaffold in lots of three—that she turns and looks aghast. It's a form of afflation, we're stuck with it. When it's done I'll advise further, salubrious, maybe candid. You see it's just come short just by a bit...

## WHITE

to this very white; not as white but  
materially so, silken and placable and so constrained  
to a residue - for pieces and noughts of my hands and eyes. My  
toes turn its side also: jacaranda  
purple ruff and shadesprinkle across the grass this morning  
tresses at the Kerikeri rock-daubed inlet,  
where draughts (craft) in, by the riversedge, near gums clutter  
rocks & where Marsden then Kemp arrived, one settled, instructed  
what were natives, what Christianity needed or seemed,  
*par excellence*, a pear tree,  
remains (to walk beneath), one hundred sixty years  
& pears only slightly marred (tarnished), marked - tallies  
black and white sheep bleeding (bleating) & a blacksingleted man bent  
shearing their wool, he's perspiring, so it goes into the large brown sack,  
supported there by the young Maori fellow, also a singlet. Slim,  
very white, your block of ice, freezing and brittle in the sunshine. With  
serge avocado  
sweet plums that're tiny  
& overhang the white gateway and path near the stone steps and store  
we bought the delicious ice at iceat

□

Not a face orange under orange tree face  
of a book, partly partly not,  
partly grasped. Partly something pertinent.  
A burgundy jersey, mixed with  
triangles of green and black, pulled (y-a-n-k-e-d) in by another stitch  
or band at the sleeves. Other sleeves  
balloon as they flutter about, occupied  
or chaotic, they plummet. Inhabit a corduroy jacket,  
an accordion, people with white sox watch intent the band deliver  
other Kelvin Hair tunes, lean concierge. Prince's alphabetic street  
and drizzling letters with ribbons and "sassy" in  
the hair and grey shorts, skinny legs.  
Ribbons (from that line) in the hair, black, silken, frayed at the bottom  
edge; he wears or is adorned (ordains)  
with a tie, carries a briefcase—tan leather with combinations—and  
the hair is parted that way or apart.  
She was to say, I think of you.  
But who knows what she thought of him, or only of him, he sang  
a brilliant tune.  
Other names come to or from espresso (or at that rate), so that the person  
—no the spoon—seems almost to stand upright  
and manly. And all  
Italians wear or are endowed with such smooth skin, like George St,  
even at Uni in the English tutor's room. The other  
on the phone put a boiling  
egg or pot before him. The brick buildings were  
red and almost for Marist Sisters. Or

another Christian figure on the wooden cross at the chapel, a  
wooden kneeler, Louise Henderson's at Henderson which was harder  
to instil for the young ones not thinking in grey  
metal and contorted muscular with strained lines and downcast narrow head:  
small square mosaic tiles, air-blue,  
comprise XIV stations that square attention, one starry Mary.  
It has to be a light touch for you to respond to, I guess.

## SEARS, ROEBUCK (ON A BILLBOARD)

The Pompeii is yours. Mr Howerd, Frankie (get away!):  
Apricot pip not needing to be eaten clean, pursed and so smooth, a perfect  
vowel to spit from the mouth (emulating that shape):  
gets ejected—like a video—the little red light on and onto  
the carpet alongside the tv set. The colour, drape-brown. A  
ginger cat, in parts, lollops and skips and toys at  
the drapes: then settles to doze two hours (as if placed there, or discarded  
by one of the children, on the indian cotton-covered  
couch. Not settee. Nor is it  
an apricot pip - for that reason - nor a pipe. Ginger not brown  
and an apricot pip. As waves  
are, by contrast, to sea, serial. Importunate our  
goodbyes. We aren't. Are so are all right too!  
Apricot this aperitif. Isn't. I say ours. You—my—friend—dad.

□

Is lakes and laking long to speed boats or skiers  
or launches but  
it was hardly ripples, chill and flat;  
lakewater smoothing and very green  
that yellowing pears border it—  
these things attest it is sublime, a confraternity.  
Swans which, black or white, foist and ride  
the social and it's clangorous, clasping them so that they question mark  
and glance quizzical  
using this and their beaks to a mild deprecatory poise:  
and so the water was sober and a tablecloth.  
This is pretty-much summer and a seasonal, yes,  
and winter moreso, strewn leaves, stiff edged, which are sometimes  
to bask in and, she imagines, because winter in the tale is spelled  
and in need of censure, looking masterly. Water so availing  
of gulls or swans mill. Nothing much less. Waters close  
together and the earth is spread, back to back, without shimmer.  
I remark walls as if substantive.  
Without demur, such as this one  
(makes distant weathercocks stiffly clatter and forget)

## PICUL

Loosen up Nerida Nichols I. One.

Skin type marginal and without commotion in 3 feet or degrees of water, water skiers that strew the surface without scruple.

Sideward stuff: where the date lines

up, & hooks up chances from the upper ridge of the hill, down the rough chip seal highway—tacky hot tar in summer—

grips and tightens when the weather's down. Down degrees. The centrepiece is deliberate to observe and avoid things.

Each person is articulate, alert, touch of skin and pants together, slender arms and bones in surprising consort. Morning sun piazza. Dealing with attention and getting it as asked. Take space

eagleair—enunciating—Bill's paddle hips which gyrate

and sparse ginger bristles on the chin. The girl with

crimson, tapering fingernails and a small fleck of tongue

over the lower lip. According to Barthes, reserved for mastery of outline...

□

"Could you please pass the footstool this way?" Thank you. I'm from Canada, too"

"We cannot talk here." "Don't stay; no, don't go either.

"Cigarette? No, thank you. A small kitchen table. Decorated with a small black hat—netting to eye level (Anabella), tapered eyebrows, tasteful, but pursued—an agent! "I have no country." Interesting to tell of eyes: two figures, beneath a street light, naturally smoking (*fume*). leaving the top section of the little finger adroit. "Shake down on the couch." So that the man in Scotland may be called on: a draught from the window, or under the door, she clutches her coat at the vee by the lapels, mutters him, and dies.

A phone rings incessantly and a map of Scotland: marked.

Things evaporate quickly and always not enough is retained. A sudden switch; out of doors and into a door: dogs. Policemen quick in pursuit. Stopping on a bridge, great girders, silence.

A pretty woman who cheated him but without rancour. Rolling countryside, upended, between Nelson and Picton and a man on foot. Everything is close or far somehow. Savoured him. Everything a questing, ready for sleep, in love, longing for supper. Indeed, heavy with trails, forked, wayward. In London, where the ladies paint their toenails. "God made the country."

An old grouch, awaiting his supper and the couch. "Poot d sign thy paper"—yous miserable sinners!—in his eyes. Searching, stern with suspicion. Tracking back, quick eyed, to catch them at it!). She lifts herself to accompany him. Pigtailed, tightly bound: strange dalliance. A kiss touches, just touches and presses her lips. Wanting to respond. Tending, saying things that make his heart swell. And then an old chopper overhead, cumbrous. So the thing is speeded up.

Alt-na-sh—always, there are details in things. "I have sent them Away—but there are words left within conversations and trust." Moors. Smaller frames, a key turned at his back. No one is what they

Seem—but always he survives. A revolver, a man with his own life. There are hints, everywhere, hints, little signposts Hitchcock and others put in the ground or drop—which are not just posts or leaves and not just dropped. That is what being sent away means. And you know that he will meet her again: in her dark wash of hair and the woolen Sunday-best coat she lent him – abrupt sneaks across. Steals a kiss! That's it, that's it, he stole a kiss from her and she reciprocates—not to taunt him, but to—to share him. It is possible to be carried away: a kind (of) frenzy: but she gets tied in too. There's no escaping it and he eludes them again. A little stream - they are linked, tied in a way. They flee! Fog, a small stream (as said), an arched stone bridge. Her insouciance and it is more than that links them, chains move them. Even humour. A missing section of a small finger, the pinky: voyeur, because he (or she) takes only misdirection, and it doesn't excite—or it does—but it shouldn't—and she is unsurpassed as his companion. And he would kill her though that he admires her and urges and savours her. Her hand is against her leg and he's handcuffed to her and she's removing her stockings. Madam S.—when the crazy music comes with her, her eyes light up, swell nobly, she pulls the blanket up over them both: she gives what space is hers. And does he reciprocate—? Behind the facade of—well, anyway... it's worth remembering.

□

Closer to this twin wire  
running twice the point, then reemerging.  
This is the position adopted and proffered (or, inverse)  
an overhand thing. The finger runs  
to the ear, & from  
the hand near and tablecloth.  
One hundred and twenty three now.  
And a different time and a different feeling.  
It could also have been the wool carpet upon which the body was reposed—  
it could even have been the other  
characteristic: the entire groundwork wants checking out, Gracey Jones  
on stilts, stars  
& a man in a black suit & tie with trim moustache &  
heavily lidded spectacles, a debonair man, painstakingly tracks them  
his arrows of light

## ALAND

both excess and pause,  
domiciled in a room (4 edges) and look  
at an eye looking for you. I know it  
a woman's eye, her compact, the pink cover.  
Powder puff, like a sewing finger cap but soft and distended.  
Delicate repose of the fingers and  
in the mirror's hole a lash like a seawave.  
What then? Trinkets?  
Or is it holding a kind of interest, dividends—  
a clicking or clipping you open? and further, a government  
decision, a strict commercial process?  
Somehow it's all for rebuttal, or acceptance.  
Among things it's perfect and imperfect (the tenses) to announce  
its collusion—plethora which exceeds crabbed  
determinacy.

□

nothing to distinguish it at all—a  
string tied to a tree, at the Myers Bowl go  
yourself filled with fruit and on Lygon everything  
but everything—everything is bobbed  
hair and shrouded eyes the lids of which settle half  
down the brown iris and black of the pupil, white soiled  
tights, an old fawn pullover and skin to sleeve a continent.  
Well ... we have stopped off where others before us  
where they drink the cappuccino or espresso and where the orangegreen  
Shrine of Remembrance fluttering shifts  
an obverse tide to those remembered and you can wander round the  
upper portico and view mementoes of the wardead  
and others honoured the same. In a blue corduroy, I  
scan you—a water frame, your green swimsuit, each centimetre  
wavering. Tonight fireworks shield  
the sky for Moomba  
viz waterfront '84 & the red and white thud of light as it showers over  
the barge idling upharbour—young watchers' mouths and eyes  
tilted upward—immediately you  
have it and then bang! how easily satisfied for Australian sun  
and the northerly enough for hot water and Albert Park built to scale  
to dawdle or jog round with the large and mostly  
recognisable trees and platforms for lakes—and rowers!—not a patch on  
what we can offer? so I surprise you, where he goes...

□

a certain ambivalence for which  
mostly youngsters get arrested  
for drunkenness (under the bridge!) of two kinds  
necking in the shrubs so a friend leaps down on them (from the

bridge) and the guy loading the searchlight with what appear welder's rods keeps separating the sky with pencil beams (yesterday the sky exploded). Today's grass dries yellow, with divots; sky smokes up like grey over Sydney, drizzled somewhat, at the terminus, and this chap managed to procure a midi of New Tooheys from a Sports Bar just up from the Travelodge (now it's Sunday evening). Tonight he got a Carlton the blackhaired Greek girl served him.

## 24-2

a merest trifle - green clanking tram  
for rail movement & faint telephone bzz across  
from the War Memorial—all round are cars! stream red on  
white as he presses the plate  
resistance of glass which is (a take on things) at the Travelodge St Kilda.  
Learning *Status* & p'haps the blue lights flash  
of a white police car in the distance the very  
tallest Rialta in the Sth Pacific (45 storeys, Stuart'.s reckoning) on  
a skyline that's supernal & large—  
an upright tower the moon an orange like the one the maid  
left on the table but larger, larger,  
& oranger - it rises as if lifted on a curved string and all  
strangely ascribed and tilted. The top part of the moon is missing, the rest  
like a conquistador vessel & we're looking up at the sea  
bottom (it flows). Bodies are vague,  
white shirts only (or companions) and this one's locked  
against glass like the water running down the entrancebacking  
of the Victorian National Gallery (Ron's *Antigone*  
)laying, he noted). Things get lit up, strangers, diadems.  
A pathway gets cleared before your trammelling (in motion)  
(She has to think now someone's coming...)

□

Kimono does (not Junko). Sequester red stilettos, not a jersey,  
not trousers! We acknowledge her upward—  
nylons. Brush teeth with salt water and a tablespoon of propolis  
at breakfast. Feathered by rules, camomile with a squeeze of lemon  
and honey when cool; spoken of as a mild carminative.

□

Pasture. He sees. Or—shade  
under trees: red jersey  
four spindly legs and  
a grounding jaw: forelegs askew.

□

like the first map of summer or white globes these are  
neither magpies nor  
crag—these papery squadrons appear in  
the upright—  
by threes, & endlocate the pines serial notches: can snip  
its black triangular. Hölderlin was curious to ride  
or weather it is not before  
or an after but on a rock or waving. Singular ruse: flying by flat  
or even strictures undercut from this vantage—  
there is not a blackbird on the woodland fencepost, or magpie shriek but skiers  
pulled up without spray. In the  
Panmure Basin the upturned yacht's sufficient to  
incise the lake bottom—where black shags marshal level pegs and  
shimmy sky in like degree, hardly outflow tide,  
a directional turn. Splashes

under scurrying legs—under a green laminated arch of the bridge which  
Mike's acquaintances helped construct as  
a community project, & which local  
kids inscribe and leap from at high tide—into the channel  
an obverse arch. Poplars move  
sectionally, sheared. Across Val's garden  
agapantha, red dahlias, kiwifruit, coming down  
the straightened driveway (tributary)

□

history's ablution, don't like it—or Ian's  
tmind's pissing glass, fill it with a head  
(vlot! vlot!) three fingers up the day's hot

□

then the other, clamp, ouch! What's afters? (for) You know I can only  
spend so long with you before thoughts spoon further thoughts, pieces  
afloat in the sky—piquant dispels buoyant

□

Otago apricots  
Ripe to eat.

□

"Water's homologous for."

□

: seeming to disarray, having been engineered  
to grant maximum please  
taking the maximum of please  
leisure—

□

Things gain  
more the virtual process is not abstract. And what reading or  
membership you instigate are—Poe's divagation—that you wrest the mooring  
(intrepid) or see stored the big anchor recovered in the bay where de Surville  
had ordered it cut free in 1769

□

# white cash #  
piece of towelling which comes apart but lies.  
Escape against the plate glass and tints  
afloat more than a buried within.

□

Hair that waits for its place (next door). The side of the thing missing  
blue rings, falling away, like clothing through aperture: grunting  
And coughing Nescafe binds the appetite:

□

But with her their share broke  
a colophon paved and sorrow  
in zero off to music and so attentive

□

Such a window plane, picked  
Involving no bait but own  
It as aught be a base.

□

even brackish glow of (net) gauze and no air no kerosine  
of peasants moving in outline over the bleached colour  
of Utrecht  
at Analese's; exegete

□

coming back, that night, strong lights flush the  
container port, moving—evenly drifting. Snappish  
midnight... caught now  
and really (page lost blast!

□

r. harris under the armpit, for coffee no better  
than language,  
runs the tongue up each blade  
a sword blade—plum colour!  
A sash from the shoulder to the waist, bright red, twirling wrist,  
cretin! Sylvan plots from the floor  
trees. Junk under them, brown, warm, oddshaped stuff...  
from... paper ripping, torn, being torn, yellow and white  
strips, yellow round the eyes, common.  
Blue-sleeved, Staedtler,  
vigorous German name; man name; now almost  
retrieval. Jurisdiction eases  
words, fears of places to be at, wood, or panels, round  
shrieks, banter, weird hard inhibitions, cool stuff.  
Cut and dish and print! The fresh and  
miller is here. Try now!

## **MAGICO**

His head reveals blue sunglasses.

A dove flips from the magician's (cloak) cache. Is not a black one

Ultimately this hat is not that.

His head reveals blue sunglasses.

And she remarks: "The aisle's not skinny," meaning it's kind of narrow,  
unsuitable for passing.

"I love to pinch or rub my nose," she continued; and touched her head  
but she has no hair, a bare scalp, gorgeous purple eyemakeup.

She said so.

I said the night is a breeze, penciled in.

Caught with skin and without skinhair, like business.

But there was no exit.

Muscles?

She conveyed a shopping basket, and heard the plastic wheels  
scurry over things, aisles of trolley carts.

And a red Honda 1000 outside. Huge tyres!

With patrons, their feet lodged up against the dukebox, bodies alleviated.

□

acerbity once only a flight BA or DFC or  
come to pass: pst: 1.30am its delusory  
air space: foot scrapes foot and in a way a woman has  
a son & isn't abashed to sound it out: a son. Soon!  
Where losing gets mentioned? Several pages of an  
article, making a clearer solution (mentioned that), this parabolic  
exactitude (leaving a concrete or abstract phrase—  
beginning a new line afresh) on an unused pad. Wystan is  
attendant, and Sue—along with others. He remarks her  
camisole. The park too, was extraordinarily strange: trees frizzed so  
that their green leaves moved and  
we crossed the green lawn, the newly painted green seat  
near the bandstand rotunda. The pages of that  
magazine flew open in the breeze. Prospectively, even noise near and about  
did not enhance or detract  
this emotional climate, bearing articulate and earthbound,  
not avoiding any of their gestures, her gestures, his frame.  
It missed a "p" or an "s"—somesuch. AP borrowed a book  
to compose a review, over him, to write these words, lovely  
to listen and breathe them, lovely too to have bare feet  
press on this carpet square with its specular  
ornature. Come over. A book lies—  
open, shut. Parentheses to contain the night air. Sparks light  
the night and garden. She said, you, you are a man, I  
love that in you! Her shoulder brushed against  
the wall and sounded. It was the wallpaper that latterly she  
considered rather plain; preferring only sunflowers that  
adorn the garagewall at Jays Rd;  
there were these Japanese paper-cut figures with hair tied in  
bandeau fashion  
or sumos' bobbed, shining hair

□

Inkling of something Mother Teresa spoke of that's heard  
a jumbo or 767 sound, this reception filled, with lips hardly blushed.  
IOam. *fragare* - are souls! One man's soul ten thousand, others are  
sent reeling and talismans spill on the floor  
of the herbarium: down to the blue underlay.  
The pope's visit, white gowned, to the dimple skullcap - spongy humanism where  
men rehearse in trees  
of the domain, suited, sunglassed. The meaning  
of mass. Pope, Pompeii, a joint. "On the health farm  
in Swanson, the bobbycalf with its purple tongue suckled Anna's hand  
so she squealed she might lose it: a rough cup."

We are free particles. Green spikenard: thousands literally  
have thought nothing of it: everybody in their houses; everybody  
with spouses, stoves, dogs, finches; somehow the Lion's gotten the  
Commodore: put a Swedish accent on it and be a technical programmer  
you've the aptitude; medical programming and a degree (Hons.)  
and a penchant for sun, green surf, Steinies.  
A first visit &: once and then, a time and motion exercise

□

the one I do not push I  
by both legs, two, two arms, straps link two shoulders,  
round the diaphragm and a traverse,  
fine. Have you coughed or consoled recently? There is one mood  
for gentleness... the word wood  
and others of your ilk and gender. To  
intercept they you speak to these and they  
dissemble: clover lawn. To cover: and the yellow stool, your feet  
rested on it. You should be aware  
the ledges are grey against white  
every line that that outside is all there is to be had.  
Oh! quoits, prankishness! Contact is deliberate rift &  
setting a line, or take it elsewhere. What you have not given  
in giving, have I induced in you—?—

□

what have words of this makesense? Brush your lashes  
the cabbage tree whose leaves narrowly tinker, whatever  
was thought, it's what's said! the globe the light takes upon itself  
existing solely there.  
Having read it becomes perfect. I made it, see. There now!  
Held together with glue perhaps, or a bond that  
links them—only paper jointed. Or that words. The point to be made  
for the other, like inflection, like the yellow nightlight—  
emit further, empty and roofless  
a roof steep up to where it was formerly  
paperthick / paperthin

<>

a sparrow, two, two hundred or hundreds, yet a shadow aerial (end news in Maori)  
what's on - tuned

down, flattened to a small plait and tapered, ruffled in appearance,

□

a sparrow, two, two hundred or hundreds, yet a shadow  
aerial (end news in Maori) what's on—tuned  
down, flattened to a small plait and tapered, ruffled in appearance, &  
hundreds - no, lots of hungry!, duty this morning,  
interviews: gum, wattle,  
white lined indian cotton (Joe's 18in. wrists!), next  
paw paw, yellow upright ribs, scouting  
tricks,  
cover of cover of blue felt, fern's wristshake,  
and ducks driven, over water, over garage, quack—  
shaking wet, inert, brilliant, branches of leaves,

□

Celsius only celsius & I rose  
I thank you marriage licence  
where did I learn learn it?: I have (that from) chi  
passed it  
in transit, Jacques—surely there the dolphin slides,  
manque rubric. bullseye over commonly  
a good i.e. stolid summer's day &  
I know what's said, have to.  
Whitewashed straight walls too, and windows, and

a lamp—a hand cupped over it  
a way of forgoing it the long steep  
& black insignia  
of what makes quartet so much? french vistas and Moroccan vases  
strictly commensurate  
that this is (for that) matter of the fact (tab)  
budget

## AMISH

Woman she is at her side, back, and a window.

Who eats in the middle of the night? –(lower) Amish, Or it's fine  
coffee, after milking (as it were) from the cows, wet grass,  
surrounding puffs of breath or patter of voices in early morning—  
starting the car with or without the battery discharge, with blankets  
left on the line balance the breeze...

She has a net of white over the back portion of her head,  
white straps over the shoulders, dressed otherwise in black.

A light in the hayloft, stop the car (it seems), a  
couple dancing, humming a tune in a foreign  
tongue, another one, cursed music, cusses the man—

In a close community, close and close double. *We* cannot be  
seen at worship together: the beard is a special infuguration  
like the colour purple, a radiance or filter of radiance  
Surprising channel it was something interpolated  
the mind gathers (this) in. Often the same. For all  
the impressions forced at the eye

there was no suffering or overexposure: a compound non-lasting  
of impressions, white suited, say anything—

I do not know what panama hats—boaters?—it is a  
sports day, vital men, equal teams on both sides at Orewa  
and pulling in the sand—but it is only the sideframe of a building,  
nogs neatly packed in, and a sense of having achieved it as a  
team, ropes, white shirted, braced, lemonade and a  
hammer. Men passing a glass one to the other. The women  
attend to the refreshments, the faucet, the supply of  
affection, is steep, giddy—goosefeather back of her wrists and  
neck's side—venture glances. Severe, love is severe, under  
skies. White tablecloths embroidered by black skirted women of deep

and abiding and proven affection. Amis. Something needs for it to be held its own: something under lanterns stronger than (cracking) lightning. He washes the foot with a sponge (ponge); her foot; her arms; her breast; they call it honourable and interpolate. But there is absolute and this passes itself on, forthwith, focused. Certain things move certain things, in discretion, but things change. It is not a standard only the pressing of breasts, acquire eyes. Something to express love thru chickenwire and over chicken scatter. Someone said in the line of duty and it meant death and death *passim*. Men's wispy grey beards lift in the breeze: blood on the face is blood on the face whether it is enemy or friend, it strings itself out whatever equipment. If the word does in their garden activities or weathercocks. A man leaves, he leaves. Her downcast eyes are also leaves falling, in a large room, sunlight shedding itself within the room and she drops what was a hood or veil or both and joins him at dusk. Of strange resolution, these sudden bursts of understanding. He is of them, with them, for them. It is real, it is not destined. As big as

plnes are, or pine presence. Factual singing, I have no more reimbursed, because it is closer to one.

Innocent men and women. Or singing hymnlike, a reassuring look and a faint smile, the milk sent spilling on the path just before he left. He grabs the boy, sends him off:

Run, Samuel! Run! Dawn, light at low levels. Rifles with quick action butts, finger spots. The black and white friesians move aside or along to accommodate; drawn out; the agony of sensing and waiting, wide broken eyes, corn funnelling down for Fergie to reap by. With impunity, only moves when she is there—as beautiful a description of violence as there le bell rings. The boy

The girl has a revolver held to her head while the men bicker Others arrive—of peace, on the grass tracks. Blue shirts.

### **WHITE GLOVES INC.**

Wonderful gesture (pleasure) and pictures somebody leaving.

Wonderful exact!

A wonderful rifeness (for him) - gol

Your volkswagon, the dirt road and dust back of your ass outo' here.

In its wake a former suitor crosses back.