

The Short Son

November 19 1929 cold and rainy

November 19 1998 cold and rainy

The short son was born a Poet
The Family was not happy
They wanted something glossier

Born November 19 2098

Short

Short son

New

Contents?

The Dying Swan

They had a pet

It died

Word has

That It was a Lathe Accident

The Wild Swan's Death

Silent Shut Out

They held a Funeral for the Swan at the Machine Shop

He was not Present

He knew it was a Dream

Faith faith faith faith Faith



Nov 18, 1998 - cold and rainy

On ~~the~~ obscurity

~~_____~~
~~_____~~

141571. 6. 31

Person

~~_____~~
~~_____~~

2000

- the Short son was born a poet.
- the Family was not happy.
- they wanted something glassier.

Nov 18, 2000

Nov 19, 1998 - cold and rainy

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Keith Clemons
No. 328
Apr 1930



~~SECRET~~ SHORT



Personal
Notes
Ethological





[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] SHORT [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] SON

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

*Thomas ...
Linn ...*

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

NO
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dream

- classical •
- English •
- Modern •

CONTENTS

For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the standing grove;
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He smoothest rest," she said;
She said, "I am dreary, dreary,
I would that I were dead!"

And the green was low,
And away,
And away,
Within their
The night is dreary,
"I am dreary, dreary,
I would that I were dead!"

The doors upon the hinges crack'd;
Old fane glances'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floor,
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He smoothest rest," she said;
She said, "I am dreary, dreary,
I would that I were dead!"

And sweet is the sound of your voice and tone,
And sweet shall your influence be.



1930
THE BYRNE SWAN

And first, they were
Moving in the heavy
Hue from the front of sorrow, July,
Where all day long you sit
Joy and win, and

THEY HAD A
PET.
IT DIED.
WORD WAS
THAT
IT WAS
A LATHE
ACCIDENT

would be
of all and
of power;

But at night I would roam aloud and play
 With the moonbeams in and out of the rocks,
 Dressed in the blue cloak by those flowing seas,
 And kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Loudly, laughingly ;
 And then we would wander away, away,
 To the pale-green sea-green straight and high,
 Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star ;
 But the waves would make music above us afar --
 Low thrumming and light in the night's sight --
 Neither moon nor star.
 We would roam aloud in the dreamy shells,
 Call to each other and whoop merrily
 All night merrily, merrily
 They would kiss me with stars, sunbeams and shells,
 Laughing and clasping their hands between,
 All night merrily, merrily
 But I would kiss in those holes in mine
 Turbids and apertures and alms-holes ;
 Then leaping on upon these waves
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Loudly, laughingly.
 Oh ! what a happy life were mine
 Under the hollow-bung ocean green !
 Such are the moon-beds under the sea ;
 We would live merrily, merrily.

I would sing
 With a sea-shell
 And still as I
 " Who is it love,
 I would rock up
 Low above
 From under my star
 Low above
 And I should look in the mountain of gold
 Springing from
 With a shell sweet sound,
 Over the thine
 In the midst of the hall ;
 Till that great sea-quake under the sea
 From his cold sleep in the central deeps
 Would clasp his hand himself around
W. B. Yeats

Beneath a willow left aloft,
Aid round about the pool she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim green
Like some mad soul in a dream,
Seeing all that was beneath her —
With a mad and a foolish heart,
And she look'd to Camelot,
And all the chivalry of the court;
She knew the cheer, and saw the lay;
The broad green fields far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Like a ghost in many white
That kindly flow to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
She bent down to Camelot;
And as the last boat would along
The willowy hills and fields among,
The boatman's voice was heard no more,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a sound, a mad, a holy,
Chanted kneeling on a lowly,
Till her blood was turned to snow,
And her eyes were turned to white,
Till in a word she died,
For one of those who die,
The first house by the water-side,
Singing to her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.



A faint blue stamp is visible above the text.

SHUT OUT
In glowing sand and white light,
But "Are *D* flows away,
And "A *h*over"

And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forgotten."

She
Fro
Thro
Her
To left
Her
The
An
An

**THEY HELD A
FUNERAL
FOR THE
SWAN**

To
Till all the
Into
Low on
Fishes
Completing
To help
And on the
The clear

**AT THE
MACHINE
SHOP**

"Is this the first," she made her voice,
"That was his penance night and worst?"
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake alone."

The Lady of the Lake would think,
The Lady of the Lake would think,

But she
TE
An
And

**HE WAS NOT
PRESENT**

She
And
She
Walks

She
The
The
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And
Struck

the
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And
Struck
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FAITH

And
The
For
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I
But
The

"This truth" within thy mind sphere,
That is a boundless sphere,
Is boundless better, boundless woe.

"Think you this world of leaps and froes
Could find no shyer than his peers"
In powder-lashed million spheres?"

It spake, moreover, in my soul:
"The 'thou' wert natter'd in the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind."

Then did my response clearer fall:
"No composed of this world's ball
Is like another, all is all."

"AT" world's
"AT" great of thee,
Till all the
"AT" deficiency "I
into the
"AT" be too intense,
"AT" the possible difference"
Is essential in the world of sense!"

I would have said, "Thou must not know,"
But my fall heart, that woe'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Hasty 'twere better not to be."

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep:
Thou must not think, but thou wilt weep."

I said, "The tears will change a strain."
"If I make dark my consciousness,
I shut my life from happier strains."

"Some turn this sickness yet might take,
Er's joy." But he: "What drug can make
A witto'd paley man to shake!"

"I wept, "Thou' I should die, I know
That all about the there will blow
In mists of my-timed snow;"

"And then, thou' novel spheres of thought
And in wing after truth long sought,
Will mean new things when I am not."

"Yet," said the sweet voice, "some time,
Some or later, will gray pains
Make thy gray hair with such

"Not less rest souls that yearn for light
Eyes after heaven's starry flight
Would cease the traces of day and night."

"Yet less the less would cease her odds,
The busy particles for the odds,
The brighter clearer shap'd odds."

I said that "all the years hence;
Each month is certain to pass
The world with some development."

"Were this not well, to hide your heart
The watching from a rain of tears:
How grows the day of human power!"

FAITH

Litt