from the sustaining air

fresh air

There is the clarity of a shore
And shadow, mostly, brilliance

summer

the billows of August

When, wandering, I look from my page

I say nothing

when asked

I am, finally, an incompetent, after all

--Larry Eigner, Feb. 1953 (Collected I, p. 87)
so what if mankind dies?

    the birds

    the croak and whistle
    has no future, either

so what?
so what?

the future arrives

the end of stick
in my crotch


toward the speed of light

—Larry Eigner #71 On My Eyes 1955