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A GEOLOGY

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Clark Coolidge

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for Ray Fletcher
and Thacher Park

The tops of hills grow stone. It reaches the heights of its health to the north. The cars, rough in places, going north, reach the cliff at profit. Water cuts along. Cuts over cuts may be here in stone a short time. Walk to the plate of the near one. Circles into cuts into corals in others there is a thickness. Of gulf, at a fair, is well, both here. And that grit faces will quadrangle. By fold in the fold of fold limestone is traversed. The fault, built, faces the inches and glacial scratches. Road distance fences rather fissures. Silicified classes to study below. Bench warmers.

Collecting simple beds, well washed, out of the woods. Part of the top of the lobed cavern may be formed of bivalve. The fault of this scar, like a great scar, is very strong. A joint plain and small head breaking the fall of time widened cracks the year after. The apex children to whole surfaces paralleled surely be. A one and blue hill seen in feet removed. Dip changes tail grit, cubes blocked and resistant. Thick welded ladder, the stone fences. A one and blue hill seen in feet removed.

Charles Adams described Europe from the rocks studied in period towns. A dinosaur was seen very clearly in the sun of a quarry on Sunday. Lester Howe separated a cavern whole from cement. Since the Indians removed the ladder, the kill is now missing. The state roads crack into Saratoga. Facets of the ring performed on hotel boat landing limestone. The index of waters seen best at the side road. The goes in comes. The state is but assistant to the layers. The does.

The branch can be reached by walking down half a day studying the road begins. The made base. A morning train stops on signal, and the two waterfalls. Flagstones flourished down in shallow muddy waters laid with currents shifting. Weather varies greatly upward in the sand. Numbers in the sight to a slab of extent. A gray sight into slabs for inches or more.

Rock like is seen to particular. Pod like ant, a waste for shales, and that be our guide. Signals far and of over large grit.

Needle abundance may be looked by and succeeded. Needed. The thick feet give both at the foot and valley base. Does it as it sounds it. Brightness length of a cornet. In the country of cherry layers this limestone band has. Light of itself, nothing has had. Everyone has from the middle of his field, middle of the bed, a coiled continuation of the north. Spread and clothed from lain health tries. Fairly accessible gyro skirts may be mentioned. The dip of the goes the strike it does. The road in the woods, and the limestone are seen. Making obtains from headway, the light the small the huge. Building rock by breaking under sinks or chaps emerge. A grip of tone reach to facile face. Grit fingering confines straight to the valley. The small figure of a hill varies and other cuts. Faces made along the planes named for cocktails on the bedding. Placing the light out stripped. Flakes and by angle of the pound. The edge of the road is built here in fresh inches.

Step along through the wood towards a fresh end to all these. Making a number signal. Dropping the, edge as rug, obtains, so to go on. A road joint, built, fresh as a glacier. Could be never, along the melt, worm old. Conspicuous, wedging dry weathers over a man's cliff. Smile of tack, to the dip, and strike. The cliff broke, and slides, beneath a plainly visible plain. Resistant, as the face varies. Closed empties, as light buries. A lump to the north worries the directional approach. Summer enters camps by fault, a clamp and limestone cleavage.

The small hill varies, the shale of its markings. The grit clocked at the creek by worm burrows, or sili-cious cubicals, of that name. A turn of the dial to the once and blue. Highly resistant faces made at the

stone fences, the cuts along the blackish beds of character. Stands up to the stair, in every dip and strike. The road built good inches to a heavy woods of step faults. Above Indian fossils form a ladder, less molds with level outcrops. Busy with the drawers and warp of bosses. A wonderful sandstone and more it forms, seeming both hard and above all distance. Kettle axis to the camera. The house corners quartz in a little cup, very shaly at the corners. Low light in sun cracks, thrown to the table. And everywhere the fossil is new.

The Indian exposed in the woods represents neighbor-hood. The rock weathers left beds in sections, some straight cephalopod. A matter of typing residua of waters. The trilobite that crosses the brook can be found at the top of the hill. The greater the various authors the more average the hill sections. Strike at the sinter of their pipes. A mile looks like a gray trend to the building of roads. Loose material collected for years past the ground. A bed to bed terrace the best place for a cavern, or an outlet of the banks. Drawers that load, folded concrete. Forming up the ladder makes collecting caves simple. In summer the bear may be picked up loose from its shell. The cliff shows its feet to be unsafe for cars. That creep at a glance. Small square cliffs open back into the pure parting fracture of the region. In the wind that stacks slip and fan is seen. That camps shelter a hard cliff in summer they have opened up. A thickness of block ocured from the cliff, see below.

Piled-together faces fall at any time. In the bottom of the glen is a full quarry, collecting cotton for the beds. Magmatic in their lighter brought to bear. A metal quarry shone in the lower lake. One enters the road searching the stone. The pyrite bear may be reached with a car. At pitch a spring to its run-off. Color may be separated from texture, because of its softer nature. Mud is of influence in the sun. A thickness of cottages, found in the quarries. Sinks to the bed at water head. A certain extent of cast neck. A certain extent of cave, exposed at low rock.

To the top head casts of the bosses, the springs of a bourbon water supply have been found by, dark blue blocks. To the collapse of the hill load till segment. Not much other very good stone may be found. The top of the rock collected in the Indian distance. A war-like tribe, the width of a belt, filled with sediments, before settling the nature of the name. The pitcher is high and is seen to pour through there seems to be doubt about this. A block to the noun once tabled. I say stand the ladder by its road.

Turn toward all these thicknesses, welded fossils, bourbon upwarp, one sharp rock. Step along the faults beyond the lake forms. The liquid of twinning brought to bear. A quarry caps the steps in this area, of the county quartz. Belts to a brass plate somewhere near here. In corners houses that come silicified. Weathered strictum. Homonym. Platen. There is a good well in back. Knox Gelatin. Broken up well over places, where it goes forms. There where under description here may be seen.

The Indian occurring between the roads has partings. Doublings of the veins till the magma load. The neighborhood exposed in its pit by the inch. It would be out of the question even to list the cups are so common. In a short time the specimen had caused a block at long range. The pods, heavily small, and found in drops, a thin gray man out on his limestone branch, cuts. The turning of cone in cone to the bosses. The best streams are building roads. Interim vein, stranded. The road is unused, well washed off, and collecting simple. Weathering brings matter to a buff. And he bends in the blue and high hill once top. And it's thrown as a table receives its measure of sinks and pipes. Some very broken head receives a number of smaller heads. Bears of large or small head may be picked up loose at the top of their form.

Where comes the block to arrive without a run-off. A huge block passes a cottage to the fault area. Interception, till the hands call up faults. And place mats

to the neck in verbiage. A tone turned scaling from the upwarp. This scar, like all great scars, has come to a parting of the ways. Many days in a steady stream of things in absence of plug or plain.

Swells as it goes into the hill it sinks. The thump breaking under the chap of a limestone nature. He forms pings to follow this. By fold in the fold of folds limestone is traversed. Very fine here and some good there. The arching state of black calcite well shown in the floor. The fault is in the following of formation. An edge does not form miles. A lake sinks to the seams. The road in the woods.

Ate the waters at a corner, the hotel boat seen at a side road. The cave, well in grit, advances to the spot of the home being left. At best side roads are rare. The hotel boat lands and rocks back of the lake. Among the hotel's forms a spring. The end of the lake near the cave in which it locates. The waters come out, and the corals may. The home of spring age.

Sheaves and counts up. A hotel composed of biotite. Grey-brown porous fingers occur to break fresh. Lenses of sweet matte finish. Here the side of the road is sharp as an inch. Ladders shake the lake out as one piece of rock. As goes. The new road runs the cliff off the side of the bed in normal succession. The cleavage of numbers lows again and breaks higher. The affording section under the home of a subglobular bear, it takes to reach. Fossil is subject to fall thick as a foot and heavy at any time. A person in particular is so abundant as to be given the name.

A quarry with beds is somewhat rough and subject to run loose around the breaks. And he grips at a glance, phrasing till casts the pluck from him. Pyrite feet in light and dark beds, very firm. The limestones break when struck with a hammer of light color. The honor of thoughts, their edges shift. Leaflike waters are found in the black cemetery. Marine cracks along a

broad belt to the corner, the contrary. Twins of the past, marking the grit present. Crayons form periods, numbering in the Devonian. To counts of age, pitching. The position of the river times the distance equals the beautiful. A small area of explanation drifted to the outlet as stated. The water pours through the cave in a large volume. The cliff dips over the dry weather of these falls. This is Donk Creek, till covered areas in many cases.

Marine crayons shake to the middle of the bed our guide. The Devonian is black and resistant to sight, every inch looking a mile. Piled together into a metal, the cleavage of numbers. Faces the road.

A bed piled in the bottom of a quarry varies, faces. A fossil quartz, new as a little cup. A wonderful Indian weathers, greater than a trilobite. One enters, exposed, in the sun, certain, and with a car. The summer is forming up into marine crayons, positions affording thump arching. The limestones break a person in particular, in a pod it would be out to the shore. In the corners and the bottom of mud a short grey man times pyrite feet. Water would pour through the particulars of summer in a quarry, the pyrite the color of mud. A pileness thickened, the hard square cliff shows, houses. The road grit clocked a metal Indian, in limestone strictum to the top of the summer. Question the specimen and find its drops, formed as here it may be seen they part. As a homonym seen to the pitcher is high, road and the best streams. To list the cups so that the county parts an inch. The pods are built here, fresh as a rock of cherry layers. Step along a road in thick feet, and summer enters to the middle of the bed. Where it goes, the hammer breaks, cracks form, crayons pour. Faces the road. Less a metal than a cup of wood, heavy it builds in pure parting past the ground. Nature succeeds and in abundance may be looked by. By our guide, fissures.

The facets of Lester Howe's dinosaur ring,

and index that lists. The small finger to the cavern, distant as the home from its fences. Europe clearly visible from the cavern, the ladder once removed. Coral cuts along the north was born here. The scar as strong as a glacier, time widened the year after. In the main feet fence the study below. The cars part at profit. I crack and sink into Saratoga.

The marine breaks crayons, forms pings, sinks thumps. A broad belt forms above chaps in the wood. He thinks to stand the grit, available as shale cleaving. The trilobite, greater than the bear, forms look. Small everywhere at a time, an abundance of exposed periods. The small feet stop on the morning train. A waste confined to a hill, faces the clock varies. Collecting children, at a fair in the main, or at home, and it is well to study below. The fault, cars shelter past the ground. Ahead above an Indian, a clock unsafe to the neighborhood. There is a good grey man out on his outcrop, as sharp as a leaflet. The water thickens through the position of crayons, by its head. I like the steps to cap the ladder in this area of the buff pit. Likes, weathering, as if unused. This is the Donk Creek, and sinks to the seams. The home of a dark bed, period, as to be given the name. When struck, black calcite has caused a blockage. The question of an exposed specimen, dropped. The nature of a name, for years past its ground. Searching a car for a person to reach the lake. The cat, in arching state of black, launches. The top built, and it's shell simple. Years are best unused.

Time from the cliff the cars by the stones. A warlike pitcher corners the caps, turned loose as unsafe. The Indian passing a block brings the head to a buff. The clock of welded fossils, I say turn toward. Persons so particular, abundant and have partings. Cups are cuts through an abundance of numbers. The hill, seen to the valley and other cuts. Chaps break straight to fresh cocktails. The thick feet at middle-bed neighboring. Wood and limestone skirts are seen. Turn conspic-

uous by the cherry woods. The children reach the
stone, fences, and the year after. The state of does
to the layers, goes in facets. Rise to the faces.

Drift, a homonym as seen to. lists the cups.
In cones, parts. Of the pods, to step, as goes.
Rings, feet in time, inch. The layers head.
It may be, houses. They part. Jet till trap.
It builds in, cuts, looks. Cars, to strike,
clock pipes. Shows, houses, varies in stratum.
Best streams and goes, a road. To the here
part may be forms as seen. Faces, heaves,
quartzes. In pure parting look, fans,
the drumlins.

Round and hook. Tendrils, that could number,
thump, arching. To thick the feet fresh as
road, fissures. Streams fences, that list.
The one, below, to study, born here. Its
light, looking a mile. And turn an inch,
less a metal, sure and pour as pencil.
May be seen to, the glance around. Hairpin,
and looked by, as sure as guide cuts,
a finger repeat. The load country breaks,
sits, times home from its enters creep.
A bulge warp, hardpan of car, and they
part looking.

The color of socks, the color of the cliff, if I took it to the cliff, what would the cliff.

Cuts over wholes fence the sun whole. Rocks are a separate crack. Heads, well washed, as a scar is, after. Facets, to study it does, the huge, below. Cuts bulge and warp sits. A whole hill, cube out of, ladder less than light, a mass in fence parts. Its time houses, the cliff tip, the pound band. And by flakes is named out and rings, repeat. Middles hill in layers head. Varies to here, skirts to emerge. As that it's a list, goes till born here, an inch. That inch, as cut as reach a pencil. Broad band born in extent varies. Cleaves, part cups to here, parts, drifts, fans.

Light along and thump varies, chap sits of a hill. Numbers, light pod-like, repeat sits. A glance as much as could foot that hill. Stratum houses the lithic upward. Summit of enters, slope of repell. Inching shows, turn of ground. Sure to mile and as spreads. Born in bents. Collapse drops bear to loose sinks. Filled and gone to plate spring stone. Streams, list, unused. Forms of a hill seem at once to top. A road strands the layers. Width the fill to a tabled find. As block the cups the. Matters it faults thrown, loose.

The bear heads off, picks spread from the numbers. Of at last found the sharp that come specimen. Cones beyond the lake form. I say all calcite swells till a lens at large finish. Seen folds, by and land. Sharp as the time to run a piece of hotel. The name this or plain.

Return rock to its fear of enclosure, pressure area, being left out. The melt of marble appears in a plate of sky. Plaster globe and bring us the cord of tunes. Had a wire in a stone, it goes in it goes there. Steams of pinch and all bare harkening. Repeats are carpet for our wholly traipse. Leaving off at the middle ends.

The tenor of casts brass the temperature. Metal on wood pins the zone of crystal extending. The crystal works. Stone no notion of its crystals, axes ring dark and dumb, air sharps. The pin rises in the pine.

Wide stubborn of the matrix bubble. Raise the novel on the bicycle. Ring all connective to where spread the particle flats. Dust housing the tenor of word novel. Apartment in Bethlehem, whole case of marble, matches quarry. Loose metal of the novel wire. Its quick trap, the books room, a hall rock with the sun on. Spot plain and you, slope. Damage to mention casts the hill make to marble turn. The foot rock, the finger lost, the join another ghost.

The wedge the rock had him clean and flat out open. We, with bosses, must deal skywards with heads. We put the read on low beneath edge. The whole broken, room of stones. Timed the fence and spotted, earnest specimen. The fronting in tune matches hind. A wire in the sky and rock for an end.

He belts out the bends on apparatus of twines. Till the books are as light out of damage. Pour the globe, not a bubble to slack. Meets are not joins, though the false be novel. Twins born in mind of stone. Repell, as with sun, the particle dancing. A win may be open as a hill on low. Turn your rock up, cellar timed as in tune.

The dawn was more a nearly. Scrim or pelt with rocks. And goes, as it goes, it goes and goes.

LIGHT ON LIME OR THE HILL'S MAKEUP

A book on the sun is out on the books are out on the sun. The hill's tops are exhibited into rocks. Flats that come back magnified and as bordered damage. Cones, we don't know do we. An apparatus as light as the manifestation, its traps. This loose membership, a marry of tone and topping. Wire on marbles tosses their surface, corrugates mumbles and pronounces. The time the slope. An entrance of much room. The case elapses, framed skywards. The match and, in a flash, place of join. Tributes to back portions rock, cellars of closet. The mumps, had in a crystal stem. The hill, come back, this time enclosed, trim in paper. Plain sky part of sewn perimeters. Gurries and wobbances. The handtorch shows the tune its rock to turn. Accompanies in marbles its stringer, pulper in double stave. Cord roads in striae missing its night. Apartment in tenor, the appointment on tenor. Semblance of tone on bicycle of river hill. Turn around in fake novel. Munch the part rock slight sandwich. The whole of a globe of ice paunch. Delimit the fill and ice the bunkers. Yellow magazines on typewriters. Metal hill on low. Bethlehem in fumes. Live by a bubble ever alofted. Tantamount to neighborhood slackhood, lath and plaster orogenies. Prize down the rock stair. Mention of half a quarry. Times the tunes the road casts match. A whole case of axes, sun on and rotat-ing next. The dinosaur came through the carburetor, temperature in the dimities. Slickensided, false novel. The foot times the rock seem plain. Reads the words rock. Stands for dust spot specimens. Diurnal and fingerpopping. The double marble turns up sounding lost in matrix. Put down that hill and go housing. Ghost geode in the sun and web closure. Fist in the museum. Scree slip to a stop and this case is closed. Light in the hand against weighty of map. Particles that magnetizing say you.

Hill aside, slots from the inside. Violet shine of the instrument and the block breaks, all trap men awork. The foot was found of tree and entered paint. The

train abutted cliff to a stop, the photo toned in sepias. Hand to rock holster, toned granite or song-ing timber. Grotto flaming own phreatics. Wall of cones, site of overhead blues. First day covers the ink in mines. You go home to whole rock. Black as noise and full in trimmings. He thought his twin would need the stones. The man put by a paper in case. Knowledgeable but buttressed. And part of the path word language goes to the mouth. Lasts till the sun day, its amounts of particle palimpsest. Could be a band of chalcodony, drops to the hill fretted in lime light. Drink the book down past the box canyon. We live to the trees beyond the aerial cubist. As the hill suits its vegetation. Stick to your punctual geomorphs, lodged in brinks. And wouldn't you know the entrance to it breeds its stalks. Turned over the hill and door engaged. A drum within which to center its axes. Typing up the rock to its one day gone. Once heard all its doors are cones. Lime sheets of domestic furnace. Hill to hear the all roar. Drove on slate all day, tendered the phonemes from the mine. And all the hill was loose, the shelves. A doppler of soda and fixative of purpose. Sand it all came down to wallpaper. Rock slip and night is drawing nigh. Shadows of the evening ton above the mine. Eyeglass of fossiliferous slate, nobody's adding now. Sharp the case into the sun, pyramid a kind of volume on axes. Place the star mole in the test hole. The cats will match your azurite. A penny for your openings. Class place for standup bariums. Beneath the ledge the auto came to gas. Dim but audible in readable layering, the lower-ing sun. I read the book on the wall. That rock is above being a hill. And beyond that any possible stone being blue. Lop a chorus and stone the keyboard. The sea is drawing boat. Keep the axes in mind. Latch the housing to all polishing specimens. Arrive at the mount in full speech. As wholly terminates wholly. Watermelon tourmaline next to the hill stores in a box. Cave me the picture in the light. The cat stops pebbles from attend-ing. A base of dendrite for all flowering tourniquets.

Muscle the sun from this cleavage. The housing of hills, a make of buildings, crust of cakes to fall due, to strata a mere uppage. Line this book in slates to chalk. Bend erase.

The hill arrives blue and in cap of Mozart. Films of monads in a sun. Fingering an any instrument lets see. A prime pink ledge lagging, set the car to its score. The outcrops must pass the house, housing leave room for light and gone. And veins and leaving. In my solitude I parse the geologies from their leavings. The cold paste from its cap. Tip the mine from its tubes, a montage. The cat leaves its crotch, flowing above and bending than break. Eyes are stipulated. The hill caught its back on a hooked ruglike roof of shallows. The spine proved stiff enough adit of the mine. The cave, well. I encountered this enough writing in a day. Of housing, the hill, its minerals of particles. Collapse dome and make an airshot. The sambo had come to, a millenium. Growth of stone is of metal on wood. Miles to flow before it cap. The mon-grel mineral in hill terms. Summary of all the films to a mockup. Whole newspaper on a mountain. Solos on the terminator. Let the hill's health have a lever. Corks to the pole. Sheer trouser. A gumby let loose to the hole on the tube. Got to onions like a mere hill. Cylinder for apples rolled to a slope. The hill tenses the rains. As black is as warm. Lock froze and stars out. Merge mine with rock.

Stone is alive in hamburg. The poems of papers have dried out on this lithic housing turns out to rise. Placate these maps and stay at home. Drawn along, the hall turning into a dome, the range into cones. The list of mines toward the sea. Right tilt the end, left of the hill. Spoken of means returning. A match to the map. Put a lean on the hill, its housing. Makes of the launch a tourmaline. Into the barrel of a mine reading the sun. Pins the wheelspots to a tenor load. Carapace and matching. The book signed the beds to a crust. Shoe of stone in sun, a signpost. Let the

geodes roll under the beds. Gone to the tone, and won't be about.

The rocks take on the drape of sump, back into tree sun ends lasting. I picture the ground, still of geologies. Apartment, in its shelves, its stands, shiftage thud in apparence. A parcel out, on the woods, book of crust, syllabic sift pea tortuary. Made from beads, we think to lay down, at a time. Rocks here have the scent of bees, raised in fix frame. The chord changes to Syncline to the north.

Bends furniture attached, etymology of collapse dome. Got it flexed on, and up to, sink speed. The grass, car, in a molar corner. Earth opens, on a corner by the till boys. They halve, or twin, nothing but sundown standups to monad. The wheel west, the cottage stratum east, wind between the cliff halves, home like ears. A guitar in the carburetor and hills to twig out and finger tattoos. Pad, a sun vent for, mock of boilant hemp. Book of snow, book of pendulant marbles clocked.

Rocks, not stars, are not holes in night. What is more, spread siftage, to stand for. A mill, a boil spot. That doesn't bother it enough to matter much. What can amount from flat ease, car against the face. The pin stops, once it's said to be brought right. That night is not against, rock in the clear. And a star, well.

Easiness, not geology. A gel, unspoken of at, dark and fit the land. You perimeter those stone poles, all it's left up to do. To time it is on the flat, left from the still face. Undulant is next, and repeater. Those thought to be apparencies, a topaz edge to the sentence veiled. Carburetor wheels west, under the chord changes the vane of dome. Shale sings, as I have said of it, mixes fix the elaborates.

The ledge was a lime bread. The sun ate it and the water. Earth turned to the saying of it, nothing that

could move it turned out, a matter of solution. The bake, of it one could speak of tooling. Stepping down from a shelf the lines of dense volume. Striped, leaning against the learning of an alien tongue, folded among whole times. The lap, the mouthing of resultants, a red eye at the back of the fold, tempers, the melange that was cut to sense. The frontage to housing was all stone. Speech was by cable, the air was alone in the sun. Filings of copper on hold.

Center of earth stands for daytime and wholeness. We plumb as we speak, velocities, pinkness, and radio spreading. Tobacco staples holes in the cliff. Along which is read, delicate arch. The car sped away, to the boat, on the lake, by cliff and shaft and road, nearby sky. Edges are the world of the book, of the film of speeds by the book cliffs. Stop and you lose the rock, take the word of the quarry, at its face. Volume, a spray to not drop, but block a bolt. Hold the words, home on staples, stay the cottages.

All those that live on rock, the persons of subsidence. Hawaii erupts today, and California douses to meet it. The cause of papers in a tub, words along a mine. A tip that could mass to darkness. Leave the stone its holes, allow the sky out, shift the word dome one space. The cliff comes in pieces together, a vault above the cars. Stationary in subsidence, the transparence of stilling the voice, the vowels biting pulp at the edge. Step back to the stone in the air, links to the speed of earth, the valences evaporate at strike and dip. Repeat the air and top the book of rock.

As the edges of all things fleet are straight still. Blank and if, in a field, uncanny are. Nothing, visible, rolled back from a brink. What is there to hold, stone. Are, the rocks, apparently, move. Turn down the field and you will find whole sky.

Words are tumbles to the mount. Triggers and syllables, bump and flowage, air prisms and solids flower. The turn is to, and the wall holds. Be night, be halls, as hills down the pass from. Stand up in rock, you collide with sky. Change of state, car a carrier, down the line to words. As cliff stays the starlight. Stars wobble in the grains.

sorts, sorting...

Puts the rocks in their place, no one. Sorts sorting. Lands, still, waiting to be move, ledge, into a landscape.

Rocks rounds. And the din of quartz. Obdurate licks, and turns to the pinch of slab. A tight brought skeleton hounds the plat. Sumptuous needlings, and slats so whole braced they crack at inch of light. Pins of rumple, docked. Emaciate dot in a tilt of landing. The dial cracked, lands leap, split. Crackle of escarpment, down lunge to basket weave scree. A mountain of tacks left in the waste of slid barricade. Mottle, as a shine shattering upwards, fleckshot. The moon beyond a curve, come up, against a cliff of further curve, bends to magnet. Ripe ace of thrown pluton, cupped in a shatter, filmed in opal, sky whitened for the stones to come through.

Abandoned monoliths abandoned holes.
Opal halves in a song of mumps.
We grind our ledges for apothecary stain.
A hoodoo in whiteness, kodak to you.

Pilasters, as slap crack to a pier. Live under and in time with, the land not flat. House goes up. Sun down by a stain. Slab no table, 's invented in a wood. Here all join's learned in stratum, pryly. Palm down flat on a cleave, plans, and done, the form rest in a cleft. A rock more vertical than tree, and is the very horizon.

Sometime a dimness but one that injures. And let the stars hollow you out. Find the sun in particles on its particles. The type, gold, of particular is a stone, loose and managed on gravity, it looms. Of a dawn the word to mean a tiny boulder. The language is faded to one red rear light distant.

A place mat, a cat on stubble, and chords tune tones in sun remains. As ant ash on golden ledge, a hand put out. The night in a book on the dash. Lessons on easiness, gestures of posture, the cliffs seem to lean, a blue on wavers. One sentence of rocks mere, left to yourself at a block. Time the stone to your own end.

Get up from, the stone rolls in your palm. Crystal the mass in a pocket with time. Go out like the stars won't get you through a wall. The block is appearance, more meat than thought. Moving flakes, lights clinch uneven, staples that go counted, the ground of a moon.

Stay lodged, parcelled so, cast in granary, cupped in a cleavage sifted. The night has come out ahead of the crests. Still as salts, the words have stopped in time. No mind, but bonds, as stone and time.

Pack me a flask of stones for my spareness. And the geode bounds into the bathroom. No room for empties I shake, my own hand. And hum, olive strains, through to the walls. A man comes prepared, with paper, enough will it cover the rocks. Beneath ground is wet, and I lack enough patience. The chords move too fast, night again on these stones.

Carve notes to myself in dreams: must call the counter. Bring out a new salad, of mica. Aragonite in the carburetor. Stein in the sea. A beacon is lit on the radio plain. Come down from the tree to the rock for some tea. Or a half a map of the anticlinorium. See this stamp, it's lead. A cigar from Galena. Stop that shrimp talk, 's a gastropod. A mate to the nut in the egg box below. Unleash the whole cavern, they're only tourists. Cur-

tain the pitch, sling your bag, black coming on to fill every bottom. Ice to the joints, tight napes.

Earth not adjust below but around you. See as the sky in a tree. Drink up the rock in your echoes. Sort the flakes to a dawn your landscape. Now open the carton, geodes by the loaf, the apartment shelved cleaved and lit in slickensides. Compute your strike, dip and go music. The sun on the wall is inaccurate, say, you felt the heat of that sentence? To lie and snake the rock past your hip to come free. Pretend yourself a-part as any stone.

A leg up slide down the stain, by the stairways and armchairs of the rocks, all tally by all are lights, still notes. How to start about rocks. Walk by a handful and they tighten to cordillera. A snake snaps at the row of peaks, and the cigarette lighter of the car turned dim. Let me the tip of a stratum and I'll tell you any story. The one in which the house came away from the cliff, the one where rails hummed above the cave. It's all a system, lacking notes, we spread into a lot, a can in a field of axes. Light up a stone and steam all neighboring movement.

All stones clap, as a chair folded when you sit. One sits, and we call it a block, call it down from that call to origination, that one lump that sits in the track of a chorus to a ridge. Blanks, that hold in. The east side of this tune has a sign beyond ancient name, has been scaled to arrive at the attribute "onion" for soup. One step and look down, into the camera, to the alluvial circuits. Before the view was a name, and before the name the halves of everything still.

These here are the blocks, stony cups, graphs that hold before they should end. Language proceeds, from a desk, on a cliff by cliff procession, a scratching, blown on a sheet. Think of rock and feel killed and cold and still looking for an opening, sky, framed by a fall. Any picture taken could not bring the rocks

away. Yosemite in a day. Scaling tends to retreat things, piles down the long end of tubes. The rock that's balancing me, these words received.

The sound of a picture described is a hole. Positive attributes like porous effects, logs through a canoe. Mud in contact with rocks, as a medium into a hole. A volume sample should be a filled hole plus pore space. One choice of words like stadia hair, back-sight feet, rodman scale. The word sink is applied to vertical holes in the ground. Cheaters with basins, reveals without a roof, face down waters from a surface.

Beaches may be built. Badlands lack master streams. Coastal plain is bevelled down to a wave-cut beach. Mature shore line has a nip. Cirques will grow larger and lead out. Clay hardens to clay dunes. A water gap becomes a wind gap. A kettle hole has a notably flat, even floor. The glacial trunk marks an ice scour. A fault-line scarp may erode to low relief. Chilled margins are typical of dikes. Blocks, or horses, of the wall, isolated by rock intervening. Fissure veins often exhibit matched walls. Special cases of jointing are minute and thin sheets. Cleavage may be induced by flowage. Cross joints are of tension origin. Winds may sweep away chips or pellets of clay. Rectangles of linen may be pasted in the notebook.

Slump marks a dune. Mica plates on lee slopes. Wavy ridges seen on sand beaches. Cracks in mud or clay are sun cracks. Groovelike forms may be fossil trails. Wind polished pebbles are ventifacts. Rough edges may be scars of spalls. Mica may be found in muds. Grooves may lack scratches. Eolian bedding may dip with the foresets. Isostatic settling results in bending of strata. Between sand body and mud body sand and mud will alternate. Beds may sag or arch over original uplands. Benches may be steplike or slumping. Level the tube so the bubble is centered. This is explained in art, at the burden of device.

Rocks agglomerate from the place of their shattering open space. A rock above a water table is a thin shell, a belt of cementation, varies from below zero. It is here that most grains together and filling open spaces. The reverse changes the water known as a river. A pond, along surfaces of slipping, splits easily as a rock. Therefore brittle space flattened in planes angles to the maximum stress, as figs. Build a cataclastic structure. As crystals axle up the space.

Rock fabric, drawn on the edge of a bed as seen compressed in art, a diagram of no explanation. A device of such underlying notion is always in motion. The geologist can tell on which limb the lean is toward cleavage cracks in an incompetent bed. Pinch and swell may go so far that a bed can consist of a series of detached lenses, leading to schistosity. Rods may be flattened into thin sheets and the bed found to contain petroleum substances. Such erosion of cover may lead to the so-called "granite problem", a convenient "basket term".

Phases of light may incrust the walls of open spaces. Vugs may gleam, a glow occupying gash joints. Stalactites and stalagmites may arrive in the group of open-space deposits, or replacement bodies. There is the hanging wall, and below it the footwall. Here open-space bodies have banded. Gases tend to touch together in such a field. Dikes are a hot solution of vapors. Due to the code of light all one sees is the border line of mere extremity.

Minerals, like to their names, breed their own occupation. Feldspar occurs only in feldspace. Only the like are cited in art. Material, destructional, and other. A cliff is a sort of bluff. A mountain results from oversteepening. Quarrying develops its own cliffs by process of sapping. Others only exposed once the glacier dwindled away. Plucking effected by wedging, etc.

The ideal of a fault is to be faceted. Spit at the head of Bolinas noted in book. Expect further frontal aprons and valley trains as Pleistocene continues. New England shores New York. From my window, and boulders were once laced with W's.

Large proportions of rain occur as snow, hail as dew, frost as cracks in rock. Broad closed deserts are referred to as the Spanish for purse. A catch of coal-escing fans, Where sound runs off in thin sheets or little rills. And when the sea rose, no disaster, in fact farming began. And the word for volcano could be sung.

It may warm us to learn that barriers produced by damming a natural. A kettle sag from excess load and develop a hole. I don't feel this writing can be divided but by flow of paragraphing. Rocks are sides of soap. As rocks, are part of the slice you kept. Binds staying the raise of sky, rocks are. Stone in toto, rocks part to. Rocks can be spoken a vermilion condition. Rocks lay out in back. Penny nail rocks in camera. Rocks are the size of clouds. come back at the folds of blocks that repeat. Rock as much calms as blames, blames as calms. The creation of rocks in shelving jar. Rocks shift first, then the city. Rocks from the car, parting as one does. Blanks, then rocks at the page. Rocks at night calling them sound and seen. Rocks are to scale, to seat, to vacate. Window rocks, the settle blade those remain. Nail a rock and rattle it in box. Rock is a comb, slot to see to it. Rock grows on the sheer, handed clouds. Rock punctuation, stunned and cagey. A belt of rock lies as to its height. Edgar Allan Poe thought rock cut talk.

Stone, and then it do grow back. Slants on rock then aired as trees. Blimp met its pin, as rock joined the shelf. Rock blent Matisses. Rocks are caps to the pods of salad humans. Sit on a rock, pick on the earth. Rocks are moons removed from flatness. Rocks tune up behind whole stories. Rocks stick and suspend, stip-

ulate the mark. Rocks are windows, are with bubbles, are punctuate. Rocks throttle, coruscate, impossible. Rocks light up flat in the specie, coin in the realms. Rocks are shot from stone, stones of rock. Rocks are probable, unflappable, their words are on edge. Fall down and it's rock again, thawed grain and wholly. Rocks are twinned by fire in a pinch. Rocks collapse in the plot shift geometries. Rocks lie tame in the cold, wheat bench on call. List rocks and you find sand, freeze glass, cast numerals. Rocks face the stars, caught as, say, Janet Leigh. Rocks wait and replace trunks in the ocean. Rocks are kept by the time. An old saying of rocks: Clouds clot evaporates. Don't hum stone when rock is what you mean. The valley is open to all that's left of that rock remains. Rocks are as all said as books. Sand is rock once gone through. Rock is a covering that buckles but won't remove. Rocks are not empties and cover not one. Rocks have not insides nor outsides. Rocks are all edge. Say rock, what do you deem. Pins found in rocks can come loose. Rock is lit and puts out clouds. Inside the rock is an engineer. Rocks fall from the lip, a brush with water. Rocks hold the stain. Rocks lead. Minds set on rock orient and don't sink. Rocks are of two kinds: face and waters. Some rock parts chambers. Rocks may make up a zone. Rocks are mechanical and tend, change your mind. No question rock intrusive in relation. Rocks pin to the sun. Some rock is known as water, as zero in open spaces. Rocks tense, sketch and reverse. Rocks can be bored, vacant as signs, drum of a region. Rocks are legion in the station of formation. Rocks are boat, dirt, meters. Rocks are told, on boards, in depth. Rocks may not be kept out of hand. Rocks may be found in figs, on a sheet, as a plane. Rocks can have results, are not results. Fold a rock and block the overhead. Listen to the stone of its miles. Turn on a set of rocks to its edges. Strike a settlement of rocks. Pictures of rock lack direction. How much rock undertaken in a field. Can the valley rock and clouds. Stop up that outcrop, rocks on a limb. Rocks with inclination to stall, not still. Times, that the rock could bind. Sheets, that are rock in the main. Fields that can stones. Rocks, stone. Field that cans rock. Stones rock. Stones, rock, rock-stone, stonerock. An escarpment on the wander.

Rocks are not bended plants but break and have their sentences. Rocks have come out of it all whole. Speak to the point of a rock and it backs you up. A rock holds out for the whole. Rock, and before it a stone. Stone, and behind it a rock. To the temple with a rock would be halting. Rocks have no names but lack none. Step out on the rock in the sun. Rock takes the cake, a piece of cake, a cake of blown particles. Dim a rock and still have it. Bathe it in violet, tips the horizon. A rock on the land has wholly to do with it. Rocks are chews in line. How numeral a rock, and how mineral. The beans put out with the rocks to dry. Accumulates are rocks on vacation. A bird put a rock. A man said back to a rock "chooch". Coming in from the rocks a railway upset, a telegraph upset. It got dark by the rock. The rock would continue but no one said so. The part of the rock was lit was its skin. Come down from that rock and put up the pole. The apes gain coin on rock heights. The rock waters to still in contact. Tree limits are all rock. And allow me just say, rock. Stone on the moon could come loose. The saying of stone loses it. Rock could seem to be said every day. Even rock stops.

Collections of rock gather paper. His only thought of rock a dim one. Stone and the sky could be seen as well. So what rock, stone as available. The bridge of rock to sound sleep. Stone could be the rock was planned on. Sift this stone through your pages, staples through lava, harmonica on a wire. Volcanos effect a tone of rock. Still as rock is still unfinished.

Rock sometimes flat and, or sharp, might be bland, high, thin, could slip into a clap of place. Rub the rock, strain mere grasp of, upright beneath coalhill. Compass avoids deposit, a true angle of stone. Buttresses billow out from stone heart. A copsis locks a rock's void pin. The bee on agate's nucleus. Drafts around a stone, sound them spin it. He received spectacles in the clear sun. Sheets of the first water, as the rice grows. White paint seldom independent of

first rock. Grows water, turns bog, times spangles. The cleavage of the African found the table and rose. As if on a coalhill, bloom. The dials of the stones to a sort of butter, a chopping that loses its hinge, beset with day and thus wired. The broken wave is lip white with water coming like a broom. These connections, as rag and trap, of the boring machine. Tips at the knob of, then goggles. He receives glasses beset, with glittering corpuscles. The rice grows to the edge of a brass bottle, this vista is written from. Timing and coating and so making a stitching the battery of running men to paint. Uccello eyed the table and rose, treed as in timbered. Raise the butter to flag down the train. The bush, a battery to ledges.

Practicing light-bending with iron arms and the heart of the hand, Charles Ives. He don't miss his water till his well is fireproof, flagged to the dull square chamber and flung a discus. Waving the chart of a rock, that it be a liquor in pits. A calm in the written flow and mine tip. He swirls, run through the bush, as if on to a reef on his farm. Lip white cast violet on horizontal gold. Rice edges the broom, a botch on mountain greenery. A reef of that greenery in white paint in clear sun. The hive by a broken wave lacks running men. Spent convicts in grey overcoats, yellow diamonds on their backs. The bloom dulls the square chamber, as a knot in a rattlesnake. The brass bottle wired to the heart of a hand. The reef on his farm, like a hinge.

Seldom occurring as an independent rock. Must elongate to deceive, a tendency to radiate, bloom on the boring calm. A spectacle of the first water and the table rose. Broken boiler of the botch on a disc. An essay on iron bottles and goggles, favorable to wheat. That it is a matter of buttering stones in the mill room, friable as an attribute. This sun a mere particle, clear as no heat. Charts of light bending at hand. And the next day stones.

Wires, tuning the knob of a fielder. Looking at it sitting at it, the table and rose. Written from afar of a rattlesnake on his farm, bloom. A discus, flung enough, loses its water. Next day the stones, their future. The painting, through light bending, a lard costume. Written on wheat, goggles at the knob of the battery in the bog. The lozenge, a mere stitch in the matter of loss. Dull as a language beset with spangles. He sang to the brass bottle in the mill room, lip a sort of lake color over the chart. A botch on his disc, get the broom. This speech a mineral, practices deceiving. First water, then gone.

The written hinge, a spectacle, of mechanical division. The railway grows to the reef of his farm. The zigzag it is to flag in the calm, and all the light white paint as a British moth. Vomiting, lips white, a vase glazed in heavy spar. The moon lost its water making fireproof, staying sure. Convicts in grey overalls, yellow diamonds in their hearts, prod the boring machine. Sang the lunar table and rose. So he rag and trap the reef on his farm to his heart's content, till a desert beset with glittering corpuscles. Bloom, as if a toad's eye run down, a railway. And you catch the knot before the rattlesnake. Enters the millroom, brass bottle in blue skylight. Liver deceiving as horizontal gold to the lip.

And then the land it flat gets straight, tendency to spectacle reef. Cleavage, like to deknout a doubleyou. Detrain the rattlesnake from flows on the way, deceiving by rail. African boring lozenge to the coalhill's hinge. A chart in iron, a bottle of brass. Independent wires and their mechanics in division. There's a definite connection between the stomach and the head.

A boiler, but is it slippery, a solid that could shine. His farm on the moon, went lip white, began to flag. Chart of blue skylight in a toad's eye. Edges toward the holes in PallMalls. Africans in iron greenery, knotted snakes to their backs. Hear the calm botch on a disc. Men running in heavy spar, white paint in their

way. Through the meadow chamber, a boring division, but clear. The bog was left of the farm. Flag and trap, a moth favorable to wheat. Only, once the bog.

Convicts in independent spangles, discuses flung at their backs. Convicts in lard costume, with yellow goggles to their tin eyes. Convicts at the edges of holes, polishing brass that's a liquid in pits. Convicts beset with priming coats, white British moths at their lips. Convicts in a square grey chamber, moons independent of them. Africans where the rice grows a glaze, boring machines through the brass. Men running railways through skylights, wires stitched to their iron arms. Charles Ives at his chart on his farm, an independent rock to his lips. A tendency to hinge, square rocks, lose water, a cleavage that runs through the bush. A deceiving moon that's a rock.

I didn't say. But what rock could best be a noun, The stones or pieces are a mess or assembly, and no attributes. The range exposed at the top, orogeny be discrete. A cave powder lit from the ashes.

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