N. H. Pritchard has poetic genius. And this is not hyperbole. Pritchard’s ability to ‘pitch’ and ‘catch’ his poetic ball is a pure indication of his amazing resourcefulness. The natural tendency of the primate man in our age is, after being exposed to astruous multimedia dosage, to practically surrender to all levels of communication...whether he likes it or not. Pritchard simply records the human experience and his poet’s stream of unconsciousness releases his energy while it serves as a graphic containment. The utterance is encephalographed as poetry and not prose. Being is debarreled and set adrift. In this instance the message is variedly apposed and contagious if being and living are the sweet communicable and natural aesthetics of ALL men. These poems decompose the reader by sight and sound. In the end there is solidification as in the poem ASWELAY. The freeway of the discerning intellect communicating to being and non-objective being alike is simple celebration, naturally deliberate. The way is poetically is another labyrinth of verbal textures. Thus we stand beside the rail eating cotton candy and watching the spokes of a Grand Prix racer at high noon. No device of apparition or obscurity is a terminal intention. We continually move from mood to fate and ultimate sensibility. The wandering consciousness roots itself in the gravity of fulfilled will and memory. In spite of ourselves we partake inside of the kaleidoscope without dimension. This poet dares you to come to bat.

At large are the influences of the early imagist work of Ezra Pound between 1913-17, along with the early Japanese Haikai Poets, Matsu Basho (1644-94) and Yosa Buson (1716-83). In the balances of language we have the folksonies of Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) and Geoffrey Chancee (1849-1909) and the later works of romanticist Samuel Coleridge (1772-1834) and again Ezra Pound in The Cantos. At this stage of progression it is difficult as well as conjectural to linger any further with a living poet in motion, one who has obviously accepted the responsibility of an engraved preciosity with direction and taste. Time inevitably holds a great deal in store for this pristine sensibility. Language and its use in our time is certainly the conveyor of larger and more detailed perceptions about life and art.

**SEASON**

so sooner though blasted
the blazed silks fade
of grim sort outlasted
mary lead yet he to whom
a purple had no power
stood the worry past
of dust now bowed
musk and staked
nodes
crest and wanted all
and then again some
quite so small brief
and then a when
to choose it’s leaf

**GATHERING**

slowly won’t while you wait
and lastly green came wearing
torn over called the boys
by small ships banked
as not a thought given slpped
couldn’t we say there’d be such
for all and leave it at sat some
with legs enveloped others
outing the fall
two twig closest the nest

hollow or filamentary or silled
in which of these can hold a grasses rock
stock and fellow stretching brood
the chord stung she could run
scotch hipped to her never left alone
wants herselfs for the ever was some
to these sprawling among the dialed
put up upon where no one
will have ever noticed
these days pending the sun for it’s fall

**MAGMA**

often this
passion seeking
te SOL
and I
silent TU
DE

**SAIL**

downs above by the turn about a bend
a sail weaving it’s wont
while we cupped the dusk
nettle or two and a jar stocked
to stroke someone’s wiff they cough
as these bearing as if to see
some weird hid about the sky
willful as a nail sapped by it’s hammer