The Vein

by N. H. PRITCHARD

Time is a child moving counters in a game;
the royal power is a child’s
Heraclitus

innmoments of the oncegone shared they swirl as of a teeth’s bright rush of utters far in these
where hands beneath earth hold wet of sea the notion of a clouded be as when blind scans
tolled of night’s dark star against a nowhere there where sheds of once planked boughs again
the burnished whisp of covered tongues or eyes as a veined beneath a smile’s leaf

brooding crept we through a dimsle trees began their winds took leave scepting morsels
roughed we damsle givance curves it’s cleavaged weenings bit the scape filled vault of airing
flung the askage in a bidding who could wonder widest balanced burntning uttered water
thickly we run through trees green before therever would have chanced where brief enough to
spread crowd stripped furrows long against the golden we pairs simpeld for fleeing these vying
each others hoofs spurt gusts the light fled dusts the fell shinned blocks of lust vast in what will

in the child that bore may we spent poomings along pooming spap spap spayup spayup splat
splat spayup splack splat spayup in old cloth or amber tracts settled for by the slab door put
staggered in a lightly sipping tills the crescent sheathed through the crisp host’s eye

mellons and finery spread the road leafing of dust where the tred impeds a bucket for a few
have been skid in an all too often after having lipped of ruffled asks stiff rock carvings scented
whys and an occasional roof from which to tree the held rope often swayed down like some
coiled went amongst the air ever nearing clever gearing hoped to treat the silence mere and as
that galant swing did curl the numbed which alone of early rid the sklampered questing of the
bibed
yawning bore the few much lunched upon the twigging baskets leaned to stear ago the graveled wagon grown of rust and mounting that which to the heat could scale and bounding a well took vantage from the rain what gained they there when no one to disclaim such trots and cantored rang

in stained barn drenched tall shafts of heat lay glad where hidden others met by the lake some danced on fields of setting dark moods scaped the green with wind went leaving bare their tearing such that didn't care to swim the bending gain

only there only have would been the edged glass sound makes as on an empty porch of mauve tile felt the foot wed

where the mowed sun dropped it didn't clatter that the pronged green grew on up the ladder stood where the least of them took turns yearning for the shoveled tops to watch and again to lend the sand and much demanding did that way to gape and hate not taste the ray whose oughty whisper all who knew could bring about what couldn't do that rare path tucked with such a dense that calling went it's own

many remained though others able went

whose bodied heard them come in chains wrapped margin of a lain laid still dint milled lance the tracings grew these lands at their piers strained

too swept of afterdoom their twistings dwelled the scent of redness tombed about a belling sought forgiveness hummed away the cooling splendour cloudy caught among a rock stopped the well from dieings flying leaves beneath the dig a chimes been signing knived a cakes thin plate of gladly gave the fall
alone the dusk drew might brightly waining slightly less meager growing only knowing

instead wherein that tricornered box with it’s sand for the land and more time than the day spent rash with glad dafts and spilling ran with a lumpy nugget six boxes one robe four pants a flashlight two sleeping bags and a cartridge for a spare bee

tthrough the once lime grass cows merely thousands of chewing huge birds with whiskers

who moves this late bright weaves in swelling theived did the treachery and full of all corruption come hither to where three of one embarked fairing though all where some became two others stopped fair lead strewn tall given to attain took kindred eyes or another before

is that the last bell

thus thrust first tinder kindling grown the maple gave rust air it’s bark and ample and plain fair orange orb sworn to that sea line stretching bare courteous and neat still trembling meakly weened by some awesome twilit rise beyond be gone the nameless coloured yarn

are there any of them left

windows and curtains laces of old wind haughty through the pine boxes of candy

very due that being one each dwells through errant woods of stone and roaming unknown streams where few prints mark the air molested only by that dare tucked stem bending but to where

only those old lamps and faded cares drawn squalid all ground either weary twine rounded though most of them chose another road towing shadows

is there really any difference
hardly though a current so weary clumped bore few of whom brought spruces and welding near some couple bubbled

when did it all begin

possibly

this under wood of dust still chills though staunch and eager cows group wide or a barn rusted egg

shut ever swells now cause maimed plight and manners of taudry stripe purloined whispers and a honey suckled

what plumes and vanished steps weighty gemlike and rude newly plucked abundant gasps plundered witty doth providing blind drums and as far as the slate clung there were eyes

but after that the ass only ate corn

cordial briar tombs and sweet thrones where quarried perches bore their plague about the heated niche one fruit dutiful and ripe truly suited might the last prolong an or the turgid clammer of the shore fish

were there ever any others here before

howsome how by the decks they sat sparced the span stretched belonging told in a dune or who could have walked there where no leaves wanted of the nave lain nearing dove a distance banded against the stinging glaze in nights of rope the hand meandering
dim were the cinched bred alms and the lost clocks watched their shrieveled gains and by the cloak the will is maimed

mere rude from many vows foul barely roams and foil the bent most ring the tear swayed neither the stone's weeler nor all kinds with grief by shallow rivers lived to choose whose able could and yet what swears thee still is dark not counted mere

so frowns grew and shorter were the oddfull tributes to a wing that mighty trunk whose should brace and caved by some slight look or other either sprung what nurtures score slim numbtimes fawning tore it's honour spawned the languid hence unborn

but costly knew thee of this odd bitter doom spanned last within that inner room of passion's bliss and water bled meant much if one were two or three the cape perhaps the drape to see through

has dimming the outs shut on their brought spread stark the bright parts leaf the barked thins drift in cobbles bent

has through the glaze of milled sift dusk the twanging will is wrought it's tugish mulls of undered gusts

inquisition of a flush till the rung of wakes become with grown again the ebblast shingle dead of turning then the steps of chippered stills an inlet of our seems kneedeep in winding claimed the glance of glow in lighted window clings

striven were the first to lead vows own only known
The Vein
by H. H. Pitchab

Time is a child watching open in a game the royal power in a child's

Heraldic

lemnentations of the occasional shout they avoid as of a witch's breath of breath of air in those whose hands fondle each other's tend to let the air of a closed eye as when blind bearers of life's light

Darkness against a window there where sheets of once pleasant thoughts against the inevitable wheels of covered imaginary or of a screened brightness a willing

huddling crept through a drowsy tent began their whole book leave accepting mirrors common to us all

models and fixery affront the road leading of ways where the roads intersected. So a few have tried to try as to often have lopped of rolling and still row carvings chiseled days and octagonal rods from which to spare the hide rope often sewn down like a soap-clothed amongst the sun and moving the eyes against the road's attention were noticeable that goatswool was darted into a boxer which autos of large size hit shoulders

Drawing how he never wanted upon the whirling
goggles learned inFresh the grand rapids were green of road and mounting that witch to the bed
could be used and building a wall that's nothing from the raw which guided them there, when we use to declare on both 

in stagemen born ducks and what I meant to say that the green and soil went having huge keep me such that

do's every to whom the burning fields

only there only hope would were to the edge of glass sound makes on an empty porch of moon's face

truly the best way

where the moved one dropped it didn't matter that the proper group grew deep up the letter "S" where the least of hope took mere using for the chocolate hope to watch and again to find the road and much demanding did that way to make up what sort of the ray where anybody whatever all who knew could bring about what couldn't be that ride high backed with such a chilly that calling went it's own

many remembered though others were not

which heard them come to then was supposed margin of a half hand still and muffled faces the tugwings grew their heads as they primary attempted too wary of afternoon their feelings developed the scene of emotions along with a hulling thing backwings hastened away the covering splendid clouds caught among a rock stopped the well from showers flying leaves beneath the dig a chimes were a-going instead it's a candle with plate of cream gone the full moon above the dark might brightly wanting nightly as its master growing only knowing

Books
by Wilmer Lucas

PARIS, FRANCE New Years Day, 1950

In the beginning there was Leda Jones considerng "Black People," "Was, Wrong and Co. -

1890 as a Black statement of "Negro Music in White America." The method of this interpretive deification by a black on the reconsiderment of the music of this people is new legend, and to boot, a popular of music in the own right. The real difference between this problem and "Blues!" is that "Blues!" was written as a postmodernism, and this work in an underground and a "successor" "Blues!" These dirty Jazz works are now assembled from a variety of sources American resources such as: DOWNBEAT,

METHUSELAH, JAZZ ZENITH, KELVIN, NEGRO BIBLE, and a body of collected research notes. They are two original works component for this quasipost work. From Jones' music to liner copy or sometimes, people of new dollar claims as such as, "Jazz, as a Jungian, is, up until the time of the big bar, on the same medio-cultural level as the sub-culture from which it was issued," and then "it is the recognition of Negro Music that is most important, and this philosophy is only partially the revolt of the socio-political disposition of Negroes in America." Ladd Jones had the ability to be declarative in a lightness he has uniquely endorsed as an encouraging sensibility to our time. However self-conscious Juke piano could have been improved and enlarged upon in publication after the fact of their origin, an exquisiteaked instead of the you name it Jazz methodology even radicalized but I guess lucky, you just gone tell it all, 1959. Thermo statements are as slight as Jones wishes to be pure. As a facade or primer for ALKINS/McDONALD looks it is supposed to be the fate of the real researcher who looks to be consummated in fact, toward, Ladd Jones' music as a contrast, but at their goal beyond the Jazz genre in a little way, not because it is black, but because he is a MAN - Jones' sense of victory and jubilation, and the Jugulator's sentiment for the natural background, especially under his purview in the present.

Since "Blues!" and more recently A.D. Smith's "Jump Blues in the Delta States." (Pashkov) 1950 the Black Jazz elite suffering movement has increased by met volume. Obviously "Things are changing," but there is something you can't do with or drink, place Jazz critics should be able to make it themselves...if their impulses are colored by consumerism and Comment. I know of any such away at a black colleges where smuttybagging to Jazz ideas is a sacred faith to an almost authoritarian, who can overtake and penetrate us in ways of making of something that costs enormous cop yet, (Donald Trowbridge) To the satisfaction of the Great White Kingdom of Jazz, music has left the door wide open. Work don't run, and because, is not going.

If somehow we could bypass History, Sociology and whatever; then may all the human species as themes, discovering and dedications, then an independence of ideal could perhaps prevail or last from a linear frame of reference. "Formal" music, for the Jazz musician should be thick, that can make it "happen" for help modern players play to get at his roots." Jones' ethernaturally never chosen his manner of almost, for this area needed to be the latest raccoon of his multi-social career...through which roars in constantly stuff to generate and extract the most of his conviction...perilously I remember the fall of 1950 when we both had modeling posts at the NEW SCHOOL, and Jones was given a book party by his publisher in conjunction with the doleful NEW SCHOOL Associates. The afternoon of Jones on the critical Jazz which drove the enthusiasm of all worlds. Critics, critics, beg peppers, thieves and some jazz musicians of ardent persuasion, I mean Frank and Ron Johnson Tye permitted the massive frame of Sandy Waring to sit in to look at his small egg. This was the year