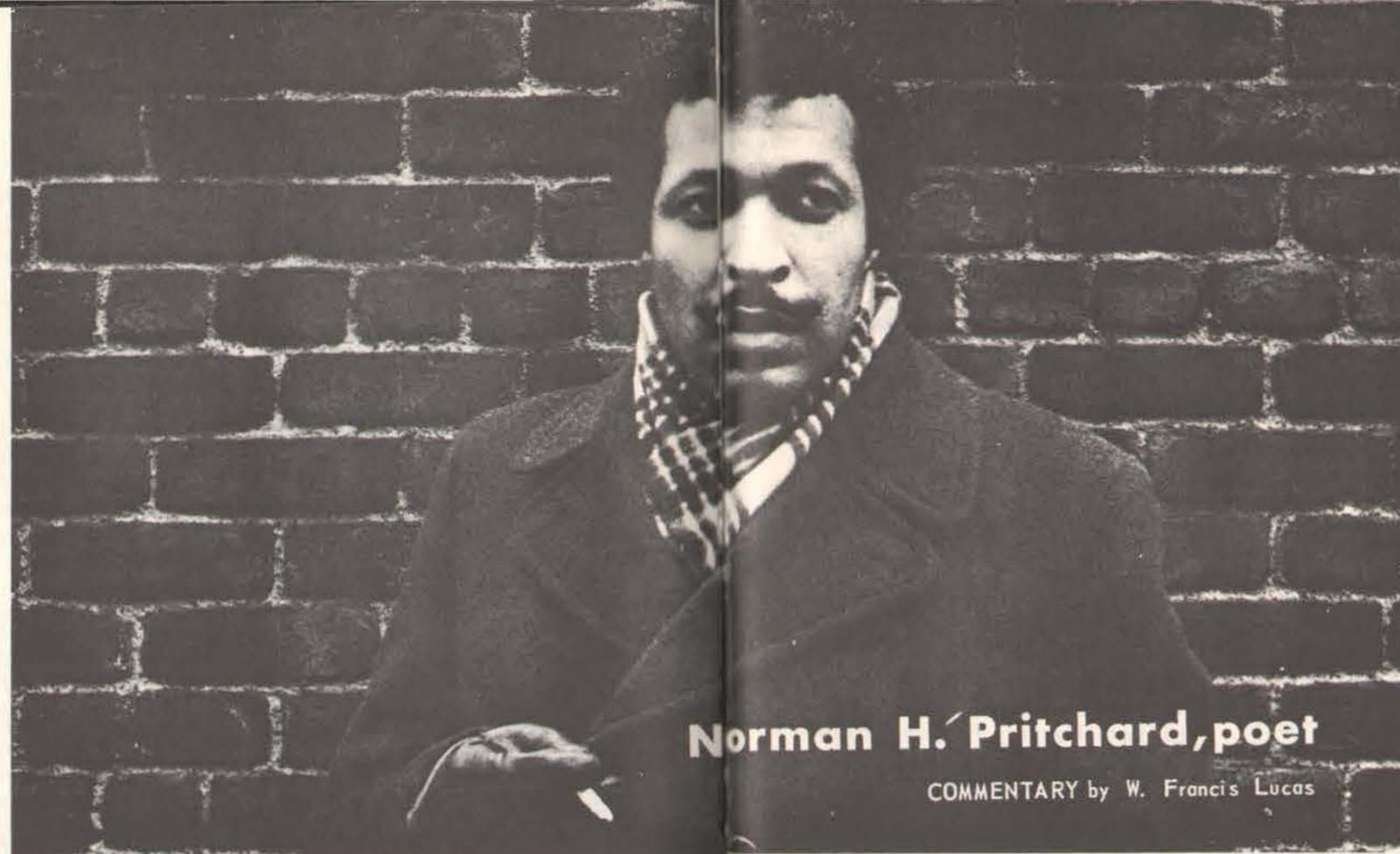


N. H. Pritchard has poetic genius. And this is not hyperbole. Pritchard's ability to 'pitch' and 'catch' his poetic ball is a pure indication of his amazing resourcefulness. The natural tendency of the primate man in our age is, after being exposed to strenuous multimedia dosage, to practically surrender 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 debarnacled and set adrift. In this instance the message is variedly *apropos* 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 a simple celebration, naturally deliberate. The way *in* poetically is another labyrinth of verbal textures. Thus we stand beside the rail eating cotton candy and watching the spokes of

MAGMA

hollow or filamentary or silled
 in which of these can hold a grasses rock
 stock and fallow stretching broad
 the chord stung she could run
 scotch hiped to her never left alone
 wants herself for the ever was come
 to these sprawling among the dialed
 pent up upon where no one
 will have ever noticed
 these daisys pending the sun for it's fall



Norman H. Pritchard, poet

COMMENTARY by W. Francis Lucas

Omar Khareem

SEASON

so sooner though blasted
 the blown silks fade
 of prim soft outlasted
 nary lead yet he to whom
 a purple had no power
 stood the wormy past
 of dust now bowered
 musk and stale nodes
 crest and wanted all
 and then again some
 quite so small brief
 and then a when
 to choose it's leaf

DE TU AND I

often	this
passion	seeking
ate	SOL
and	I
silent	TU
	DE

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 sipped
 couldn't we say there'd be such
 for all and leave it at sat some
 with logs enveloped others
 touting the fall
 for twigs closest the nest

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 someones wiff they cough
 as these peering as if to see
 some weird hid about the sky
 willful as a nail sapped by it's hammer

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 ulterior 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 1912-17, along with the early Japanese HaiKai Poets, Matsu Basho (1644-94) and Yosa Buson (1716-83). In the balances of language we have the folksiness of Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) and Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400) 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 precosity 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 conveyer of larger and more detailed perceptions about life and art.