

The quiet times are ^{still} too noisy in my soul
What do I turn, when there is no place to hide?
The humeralshawl will not cover my head
Like a sparrows wing, and brides
The turmoil is not on the outside only,
It is not ^{all} on the inside either, I do not know where it is or times.
I can talk knowingly & bravely when it is not here
But what courageous facade will serve me when it is?
I strain against the incubation, & ^{will} not be moulded
Even when I would, A strangers world to find ourselves in,
There are more answers than I can use, I need questions
For my answers, no wonder I am a stranger here,
Since this is so, I must be removed from me & the noisy world
But all in ^{his} good times. 1964 Feb 18.

Spirit wings clipped with doubt
Cannot soar, but thunder clap they can,
And do, and call attention to the point
Of faith, Humility, my soul doth crave,
Gives cause for growth, ~~to~~ encompasses the flaw. 1964 Feb 18.

I may assume goodwill & wear it like an ill-fitting garment
but with effort & grace I may someday grow to fit it, never
however too snugly. (snugly)

Feb 18-24

~~intend~~
~~If you try to live~~

If you intend to try-toe life
You'd better have planned
Where to land.

Peripheral madness & circular sanity

~~And in the end~~

Swing from the same point -



Megalomaniac vanity

(great)
megalopsia: condition of vision in which objects
appear magnified.

I make the right motions,
Play the right pieces,
Find recognition,
You know what that means,
I conform to the pattern,
Adjust to a Te,
Am familiar with all,
But don't recognize me.