

still
The quiet times are, 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 sparrow's 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 a 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 imbrication, & ^{will} ~~will~~ not be moulded
Even when I would, A stranger's world to find ourselves in,
There are more answers than ~~we~~ 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 ^{his} in good times. 1964 Feb 18.

Spirit wings clipped with doubt
Lament poor, but thunder clap they can,
And do, and call attention to the rout
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

~~and out~~
If you ^{try} to live

If you intend to ^{try}-to live
You'd better have planned —
Where to land.

Peripheral madness & circular sanity

~~But in the end~~

Swing from the same point —



Megalomaniac's vanity

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

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