

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 sparrow's wing, and binds
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 stranger's world to find myself 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 time. 1964 Feb 18.

Spirit wings clipped with doubt
I am poor, but thunder clap they can,
And do, and call attention to the point
Of faith, humility, my soul doth crave,
I've come for growth, ~~to~~ encompasses the place. 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)

~~about~~
If you, too, too life

If you intend to too-too life
You'd better have planned —
Where to land.

Peripheral madness & circular sanity

~~And in the beginning~~

Swing from the same point —



Megalomaniac's 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.