

Formal

Boon Boon, Bal, Bal, Bal,
Pause...

Wait

Shake Head

Mare

And Mare

WTF

Left, Right, dig head

Eye up opposition..

Give Aggressive Eye movement

WTF

Next

Tip out maaaaan,

Think it thru

Back as exiting as they know it to be.

Dike



2005, November

Robert C. Howell

After Foremade (with emphasis on the store gravel)

Trudge, Scrape,

Trudge, Scrape,

Trudge, Trudge, Trudge

'Kick the bar

Foolish Lemmings.

November 2005

7.30am

It was in a dream

Balanced on a wall fifty feet tall

To my right the drop is frightful

Transfixed by vertigo I cannot move

Yet I know before I wake

I have to escape.

I wouldn't want to roll over now,

In my dreams.

November 2005

'What is the sound...' played solo here but could be used in place of a large stick.

'What is the sound of one hand clapping,'

'Well...em'

'Nope... c'mon tell me!'

'c'mon... what is that sound!'

Reeds A reed brushes in the willow rust,

Beside a river.'

'Tell me what you see?' a game of Zen for one or more players.

white, brown, pen, nail, back red, back

white, key, pen, blue, shadow, orb, red

blue, white, shadow, line, facet, facet,

strips, brown, edge, left, open, wire

black, cave, crown, brown, spot, bridge,

flute, bed, foot, hand, arm, weed, blue, blue

rocks, cleft, corner, breath

↑↑↑↑↑

Have moment of clarity.



'The disintegration of the metaphysical
House of Cards, with a monk
burning the cards'

• the ear trumpet is not needed
to hear the sound of the non
metaphysical burnt cards - the
ash is blown astray by the
wind of burning emotion.

The Selfless Eye

'Given that you had to lose one eye, and each is physically as good which eye gives you a more pleasing view of yourself?'

* no mirrors allowed, points awarded for more answers involving peripatris.

* now you which eye? Tell me the answer, shoot it out! Now!



Running Through Time

I'm running through time

Reliving images and sounds and smells

As I pass on me as I surge forward

The mind in motion

The dance of physic and emotion played out

Dancing past, the memory welling

As the passing whistle of a train charges pitch.



And like Elisha I shed shattered but flowing still

As my heart of consciousness slows to almost a halt

Each moment savoured, passions allowed to roar

And response and care to the moments is ~~there~~

And I am here.



... the strawberry was delicious.

Waiting 4 Her

Well I'm here,

It's not like, not too late anymore's

She'll come, she'll come

I'm just sitting, waiting it all in.

Clicking glasses.

Conversation Hubbub,

Couples holding hands

And Couples not.

She'll come, she'll come

It's a first date, no time to wait

No speculation, no presumption

Egoless anticipation

And the music starts...

And it's blues...

Am I early, Am I late, Is she late,

Do we recognise ourselves out of everyday normal pleasures,

And yes,

She'll come, she'll come

Or I'll just go...

James Niland