Openings: STUDIES IN BOOK ART

history column

story column = 36 lines

Samsara! Samarra! Grand!
I can walk away from anything.
Everyone loves the Dream but I kill it.
Atlas Mountain Cedars gush over me: —Up Boogaloo!
—I leap free this spring.
On fire. How my hair curls.
I'll destroy the World.
That's all. Big ruin all around. With a wiggle.
With a wiggle. A spin.
Allmighty sixteen and freeeeeee.
Rebounding on bare feet.

Trembling Aspens are pretty here:
—You've nothing to lose. Go ahead.
Have it all.

Tamarack Pines sway scared.
Appalled. Also pretty. Perfumed.
Why don't I have any shoes?
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From the Editor

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