ROBIN BLASER / Just an Apple

Jusi an Apple

it's The mind 2 want, lake an apple. childish I've to llowed every great friend 2've know -· Spicer, Durcan, Olson, Creeley not to own it I would write it , having stept Too long, The forme droam as They roturn To green out of winter The sinects shire with oil-slichs and kain 1 wonder That worde wound, Splendid site of quilt and wit wight birds , someone sand, are Those men and women who ing to funce Their way into The reality of others 1, Kp 'Old Europe which endureth, parsed by sin uctivalicto ' Who con'T know even The materiality of language Pound sein, You have to find it 72 similare g life which means - no longer

2 can philosophy find & The mental Thing about ih so we've some from one Thing To another The effect is enoral - how are you ? you can Take it and bind a resch (origin of the word maknown) you're wolle unlere you're The cruck of it J. Feb., 1982 for Sharon Meria

Just an Apple

it's the mind I want, like an applechildish I've followed every great friend I've known-Spicer, Duncan, Olson, Creeley not to own it I would write it, having slept too long, The ferns dream as they return to green out of winter The streets shine with oil-slick and rain I wonder That words wound, splendid gifts of guilt and wit night-birds, someone said, are those men and women who try to force their way into the reality of others like 'Old Europe which endureth, parsed by structuralists' who don't know even the materiality of language Pound said, 'you have to find it' The structure of life which means no longer

can philosophy find it. The mental thing about it—

so we've gone from one thing to another the effort is moral—how are you? you can take it and build a rock (origins of the word unknown) You'll wobble unless you're the crust of it