Larry Eigner / EIGHT POEMS

going so fast you can't see a thing what's an illusion

times various places

the end of a film

everybody's serious

in the "ballroom"

"dancing"

leaves dead wind ground currents sunlight reaching through still

piano

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clock

after an hour again

the tune, whole thing

is ok

so many things

the clock

disappears

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the tree-roots

disrupt the walk

more and more

up

the hill

stars thick also

some steepness

. what to think of a poem ? . swing pull on the bell sky wind far and wide shift signals