memory: half deception, half clear reality
I expect to live another 40 years; but why expect it?
I know now that ... but that is not what I was born to. I was born to ...
I think that it is not good for a man to live within sight of where he was born. The constant crowd of memories . . .
time remembered, time regained
the national memory is motion
add to prism 2?—point about memory emanating from great, unchangeable things
circle of memory
I set out to write better than I can
I have said that the weather torrenting into the valley was steady and strong as riverflow to me because so much of memory charts itself from it. (Wind, which I hate to this day...)}
when I call up memory
the writer's guilt of never working enough
all is felt—nothing is abstract
difference between memory and reverie
this healing power of memory
where does memory lead? That it does lead, there can be no doubt . . .
an exploration into memory
The sage said:
There is hope for a boy who has run a cougar into a tree. Whatever comes later will be no worse than that.
here is where the story writes itself
I would dance beneath the sheltering fir if that memory could come back whole. As it is, the portions of it are delight enough . . .
my ways mending me
the crevices of the mind
The process of memory I call \( \frac{1}{2} \) life. Scientific explanation of \( \frac{1}{2} \) life. But memory doesn't divide so exactly—heightening this, blotting out that, all equally. The cumulative is \( \frac{1}{2} \) life.
In these pages I call her "my mother", just as DAd called her "your mother", an abstraction
the silences of thought
to say so may seem like fantasy, but it actually is mystery
a course of flow, with its banked surge and liquid echoes
all the centuries for which there are records
time was uncounted, at least as we count it today
phantom time
chorus of memory
three, two, one -- it is the ominous countdown
agriculture is now agribusiness. What I call my boyhood now could be called pre-adulthood.
final prism, perhaps final line: life is a reprieve,
or the reprieves of life
and then a death for me
Ellen Creek: I had overmatched myself, as Dad had done so many times... without knowing it,
The carrying-- the weight with me

What I carried now was the sense of life
Time ticks backward as well as ahead . . .

memorable for Runners
stingily
solstice
biddable
weedy shore