

From the noon of day to the moon of night

We carry on the OO fight. tireless

Those who dig

Dic of Qns, 409: 16

"Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing?"

--Christina Georgina Rossetti, Amor Mundi

"In the bleak mid-winter

Frosty wind made moan,

Earth stood hard as iron,

Water like a stone;

Snow had fallen, snow on snow,

Snow on snow,

In the bleak mid-winter,

Long ago."

--Mid-Winter

OVER

~~SH~~ 411:39

"fundamental brainwork"--Dante Gabriel Rossetti

How soon they forget/^{you} ^{love} truth is a duet.

~~Old~~ ~~Remembering~~ astonishing
a jackdaw's nest, the remembering mind/Glittery trinkets of ~~each and every~~ kind.
~~Queer~~

cut from Beth's speech.

I remember of Mary that, when we were schoolgirls together, she could
recite a verse Ben had taught her.

Smile and the world smiles with you,

Kick and you kick alone.

For a cheerful grin

Will let you in her. "Smile and the world smiles with

you/Kick and Where a kicker was never know^m in/will let you in/where

As might be imagined, Mary was always able to practice that philosophy
somewhat better than I could."

have a character
react w/ disgust?

italic verse

ch. 1

2--A stance like a lord and a hue like a ~~lady~~ lady.

13--dark Neptune's labyrinthine lands/'neath these savage liquid plains.

18--rascal fair

22-- " "

32--the round ocean and the living air, the blue sky and the mind of man

~~38--I met a man from Kingdom come/~~

ch. 2

84--Whom never a town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses

92--Your poor narrow footpath of a street/where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet.

108--Orthodox, orthodox/who believe in John Knox. Their sighing canting grace-proud
faces/their three-mile prayers and half-mile graces.

120--It is the moon, I know her horn

129--Turn up your plates and let's begin/Eat the meat ~~ad~~ spit the skin.

88 - epitaphs

mind or
burns
put in glee?

ch. 3

p. 147--What was I, or my generation/that I should get such exaltation?

" 163--Undo the silver sacks of heaven, seed the sky with stars. See every
gleam grow to seven, some thing something ^{stars}.

" 188--sweet Afton

" 189--zebra dun

" 199--My hand unstained with random plunder/but I know rain when I hear thunder.

" 207--My heart was caught/before I thought.

" 220--No drums, no bugles, no tinsel tunes of war.

" 227--I am a famous scholar, see...

" 233--A right bright moonlight night.

" 240--Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow/round and round the seasons go

" 250--Beware a tongue/that's smoothly hung.

" 255--Man at war is maggots' meat/dished up in his winding sheet.

" 295--rascal fair

212 - rascal fair

213 - " "

224 - . wind & . wind...

2843 - . lily's hue...

italic verse

ch. 4

305--Mercy I sought, mercy I got.

307--Over Pegasus I'll fling my leg/and never a shoe will I need to beg.

320--My life your lane, my love your cart/come take my rein, come take my heart.

324--If bone strike stone, a hurt for bone. If stone strike bone, no hurt for stone.

350--Ruin's wheel drove over us/in gold-spoked quietness.

371--cawing the decline of naughty ole Rome/tome upon tome upon tome upon tome.

379--The rainbow eyes of memory/that reflect the colors of time.

ch. 5

429--He'll have misfortunes great and small/he'll be a credit to us all.

435--the liquid fire/of strong desire

445--Mercy I sought/mercy came not.

ch. 6

504--A life bright against the dark/but death loves a shining mark.

524--the one pure language of love is Braille

ch. 7

579--Beauty bestowed upon her full receipt/voucing her in every way complete.

585--rascal fair

589--Here winter plies his craft/soldering the years with ice.

601--The jolly clouds in white winter mirth/rare come down to live upon the earth.

621--Old mad winter, with snow hair flying.

633--To see a world in a grain of sand.../Hold infinity in the palm of your hand...

670--The word is never quite the deed/How can I write what you can read?

Butte's Memory Book--Don James

p. 254--...sports editors bellowed blow-by-blow or play-by-play descriptions through megaphones from newsroom windows..."Flash! It's a home run!"

--John K. Hutchens describe something like this in One Man's Montana?

1919 World Series

week or so of classic autumn days...awaiting the outcome...whether it has paid off.

Jared

likens the union leadership to the Lost Battalion (keeps on fighting)

Morrie cd make a pile of money by betting on World Series, against Black Sox

- Cheap Charlie Comiskey?