From the noon of day to the moon of night
We carry on the 00 fight.  
tireless
Those who dig
Dic of Qns, 14:09:16

"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
"fundamental brainwork"—Dante Gabriel Rossetti
How soon they forget/truth is a duet.
Old  

Queer

Remem'ring

a jackdaw's nest, the remembering mind/Glittery trinkets of each and every kind.
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

Where a kicker was never know.

As might be imagined, Mary was always able to practice that philosophy somewhat better than I could.
ch. 1

2--A stance like a lord and a hue like a lady.
13--dark Neptune's labyrinthine lands/'neath these savage liquid plains.
18--rascal fair

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

38--I met a man from a 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 and spit the skin.

88--epitaphs
What was I, or my generation/that I should get such exaltation?

Undo the silver sacks of heaven, seed the sky with stars. See every gleam grow to seven, some thing something "ars.

sweet Afton
zebra dun
My hand unstained with random plunder/but I know rain when I hear thunder.
No drums, no bugles, no tinsel tunes of war.
I am a famous scholar, see...
A right bright moonlight night.
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow/round and round the seasons go
Beware a tongue/that's smoothly hung.
Man at war is maggots' meat/dished up in his winding sheet.

rascal fair

lily's hue
Mercy I sought, mercy I got.
Over Pegasus I'll fling my leg/and never a shoe will I need to beg.
If bone strike stone, a hurt for bone. If stone strike bone, no hurt for stone.
Ruin's wheel drove over us/in gold-spoked quietness.
Cawing the decline of naughty ole Rome/tome upon tome upon tome upon tome.
The rainbow eyes of memory/that reflect the colors of time.

He'll have misfortunes great and small/he'll be a credit to us all.
The liquid fire/of strong desire
Mercy I sought/mercy came not.
ch. 6
501--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/vouching 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/mere 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?