a cat electric w/ winter
00 looks like something out of the seven days of creation, half-formed, unclear, probably mighty
Wheat was up nice and green.
the doubloon sun

[Signature: Melvin  Moon]
a loose branch stuttered in the wind
The fir tree seen from dining room window: it is like ship's mainmast, under full sail, when storm wind comes up the valley. It rocks, sways, bellies—fronds of green canvas. In April, the dogwood just to the left of it breaks into blossom like high spray of waves.

Use with section about storm coming up this valley—how the house is not square with the world.
The ship-like tree lashes and dips

--The tree seen from dining room window like ship under sail, dogwood breaking in blossom around it like foam
fall'78: impossibly, a spider built a web from one of the birch trees down to the cherry tree by lv rm window. The angle was long, he could have done it only by luck of being blown on the wind. It was a kind of overnight cathedral, hung in the air by the one thread up to the birch, above the cherry tree--it couldn't last, but the dare of it was wonderful. The spider could be seen trying to preserve it, after having rappelled down the face of the air to achieve it. I would give much to have seen the achievement of that web--how he did it--and am secretly glad I didn't.
winter

spiders' slipstreams between trees: like miniscule dreamers (?) trying to thuggee a Gulliver...
- Slipstreams of spider webs: when 1st came to NW, hated to walk into one across trail, draping on face. Now I casually brush them off, out of beard. Breaking a gossamer bond.
fragile as the slipstreams which spiders leave above forest paths
waves trailing their spray like white shadows
the kited fire of a sunset
- 5. Falls of Kings R., during June '78 trip: record runoff, river mile after mile of white froth, entire canal loads of water hurrying past faster than a man could run. Explosions of spray everywhere as water drove itself over boulders - mist in air over - flow-like steam.
- LA Times quote: "like Niagara Falls laid out flat."
Puget Sound: this broad valley of water
the birches' green brockle of pattern