

motion, life, & mind are a continuum

charming if u're passers-by: Dori's hung her tree
w/ chime & bell.

plugging ears'd help, and yet i'm sworn to stay
alert inside this warren i'm custodian of, am
tuning thru the dingle for a rat'z wheeze, a
nommy stomp, a vicky-vu shriek.

we came in early Fall, with the wind singing
Welcome in the tree's soft applause.

now the leaves are gone, and her pleasant song
- elven, is it? - morphs into a modem-
chatter, mssging relentless from the Orphans i
said No to - a sad-eyed Choir on the margin of
my day-chore - a liddle Lost Cause.

ears up & hopeful, they do not call me Coward!
they do not say DESERTER! they leave me to my
findings from the fact undenied -

that we left them all behind!

gloucester grove shall keep out life, gloucester
grove our limbo: a tambo house somewhere in the
Bardo where i hide!

i may drop by to ask her - i'm writing this to work it out - yet can't deny her Tree expresses sentience.

her maple hums, its branches are exploratory, sensitive.

could be i project on Tree; some would say i overlay my own excessive sentience.

some of them are Solipsists: whose saying implies a Seminar who listens!

River runs, yet doesn't live; Maple lives, yet unaware; Squirrel aware, though not of self and so on, on & umm-y - far away from nommy & his woomy-soff mummy: distinctions meant to break us from our easy boyhood monism, our native early animism;

margins that reduce us to our single self - a Loneliness!

kitts exhibit play, yet they lack a sense of humor - it's a funny thing to say - for its humorlessness! spoken by a Neurocrat, while rabbits laugh, they are a kind of laughter!

ANDY KAUFMAN

tell us, pleez, Swaami ji: the secret

truth of Comedy!

received w/ high delight - a butterfly landed on his palm - how it phosphoresces pretty in the light!

Yes! he sez & cocks his head.

ANANDA JI

Silence!

OR he plays it quiet: answers Carey/Kaufman with his smile, with the flowers set beside him on the dais.

he helps me to my bunny theory. why are they so funny? why are they so "cute"? i'm laughing at them, constantly. my soul at home is happy, for a rabbit's always near.

thus do i demean them?

or am i simply getting them?

their silence is immense - their ears more expressive than their muu, indeed when seen from high - by human eye - they have no muu to speak of/by!

yet get down low, cheek to rug - there's LOTsa

muu tucked under!

and when they YAWN - what a **bold** vocal
structure!

four buck teeth & hot-pink tongue - from
nowhere, then it's gone!

iz singing in a single Mode, iz chiming to remember, friend:
motion, life, & mind are a continuum -

i almost say are One but am conservative.

