

The knees are the eyes of the legs.
By them I am never transfixed,

but rather transported to where
I want to go. They will never

return me to where I have been:
amorphous or amphibian.

At each turning point they have
never failed to turn: first from

cell to soul and then to something
I have yet to understand. My

knees seem to know what's
next, even in the dark.

night walk

Our boots were by the door. We were ready to enter the cold as soon as we opened the door and stepped

outside. How surprised we were when we did so and felt the mild night air. We turned left and noted

the right side lights had been turned off, possibly removed, but the left side ones glowed. We turned

left and proceeded straight, uneventfully, though we had hoped to see an animal. When we made our

next left hand turn, we saw lights approaching us. At the last moment, they veered off to our left, their

right. Soon, they disappeared. We heard voices, but couldn't place them nor could we locate their

source. Then we saw an animal, a little farther ahead, enough so that we could not distinguish its chief

characteristics and hence: its species. So silent: we noted as we turned left once more. We stepped

inside and placed our boots neatly by the door, hats and gloves beside.

IN THE COURSE OF ancient things it might pass out of hand that as long as differentiated thought for every shaken role inclines to think in the framework valuable for a mechanistic fate, to interpret individual activity in the process of unmasking social roots – namely, the collective unconscious – then everything hides which would assert truth is possible through the interconnections one tends to face in a given historical moment. When, on the contrary, all thought rises within a rigid content, the word, we hope, brings us to the men of action. This cannot distort such presuppositions as underlie the transition to that theory we try to mask with categories that are inappropriate, yet everywhere present. If facts can be understood, then an unintelligible margin will have the vital task of a rationalized struggle: elements of our most exposed procedures do not displace the already examined. We should gain through representatives a structure that is unrealizable in closest contact with the present. For instance, to promise that only a complete connection turns events to a structural tension in social settings happens to legitimate the facts to which the findings of the moment would be well to keep in thinnest air. There are two levels traced in this summary of images: the people and aspects of an education. I am not a keeper of things and others have come to bury all those already here. Of course everything takes a minimum of four blocks of approximately six weeks. I asked the journalist not to deny or short circuit me.

the
mind
of
ideas

it's
a
new
world

ME, I DRIVE TO work and get up early to do so, to come down from the Bronx and avoid all the traffic on all those bridges I cross but the thing is no matter what time I get up there is always traffic and the stench of diesel fuel, which is one thing for the life of me I cannot stand. But when I glide through the booths at that last bridge she smiles at me as she has for more than twenty years and I wish we could turn back the clock before terrorists and E-ZPass.