

Pierre d'Aubusson: Knights of St. John

St. Agnes Eve: Keats

Alexander VI

Bourgenenf.

Sassonage Chateau

16th C. Guy Allard novel

St. Catherine & Alexandria
Pinturicchio

As my captivity grows in narrow streets
? What is loving for
To think of you is a sudden rain (of well)
On streets ^{across} ~~across~~ ^{across} ~~across~~ in the evenings

Within me once again a hope
~~Once again great distress~~ ^{in the} ~~poems~~
~~Poems~~
Once again unspoken poems
~~Many lips~~ about some unbearable ^{hurts} ~~hurts~~
focus my lips on (quiet / thirsty) evenings

Then too, it's ridiculous to be always happy
It's hard to squeeze into houses, offices
houses, coffeehouses
I know, if I hold her by the hand
my race is (always) over there, over there

RACE
22

~~again~~ Black Song (26)

One more in that hour of darkness
In dark black waters they arise
Dark songs pass before their eyes
They lie ~~there~~ ^{gazing} ~~into~~ ^{into} the darkness

The woman's dark black hair
The man's hands dark black
Like whys with no answering back
The room - four sides, four black walls

A line with two ends in darkness
Amid the darkness they were decreed
Dark words in darkness they conceived
And like two blacks were silent

In the most appalling places of their love
Suddenly they grew tired, out of breath
Little by little they felt the death
Of some places left in darkness

Oh Distant

2
1
No wish if I were
It is that most ancient ^{beasts} melancholy of mind illuminated
? my primitive longing that exaggerates the size of rivers?
Who knows what things lived in the river of my love
which slips they were that passed over dark oceans

Like flowers filled her bosom
his fragrances did not fit into known forms
A fair (harrow) man, a woman with pink teeth
It must have been birds that heard their most secret lines

Was it in a sudden silence, like rivers
weighty and meaningful, in the middle of the night
to die by the thousands, from thousands of places, a thousand
years
to grow for a thousand years for you and eternity

who was that in the hot wink of the ^{cautious} leaves
friendly little kisses, like my mother's
telling of love, gently ^{imparting something} whispering
softly packing up and going into the forest of feelings
gently ^{secretly} separating into the forest of feeling/emotion
May it not end, no end no matter what, this quietly going on
that falls like a snow, ^{secretly} melting (as to my eyes thing
masculine and longing and knowing how to accept
Now just to pay homage to you oh distant violin

ABA @ CADA BECF HIFI AFNR
B

Sabira

Give me a cigarette, my mother died
 She died this morning, I think my
 Allah Allah it's no surprise
 I'll tell you my mother died that's all

Don't look at me like that, I'm going to laugh
 If there were only a mirror and you could see
 how stupid
 you look

you and if I touch you, you'll laugh too
 unless I just forget from
 the hell with them

for the past year she didn't even play the violin
 She grew angry as the lines on her face
 multiplied

She blamed them on my father as though
 he was guilty of digging
 them

she kept on saying, nobody can
 understand me

If you want, let's go to the movies or
 something

ask ??

our middle brother cried a lot last

Autumn, when ^{like} his Sabira ^{even} ~~buried~~
 anything

Look Guin hira Zenei
[A very strange and blood]

A black from Walt Whitman's (understand)
In Harlem, leaves

A black from around there, in Harlem
Walt Whitman's leaves after a rain

A glass of gin, a double martini
? He? seems to hear me in the darkness
scene

In Harlem, leaves after a rain
The hands, my body I left behind
If I ~~don't~~ ^{don't} shut up my own voice ^{to} give me
I seemed to have a hope me with me

A glass of gin, a double martini
I thought about your most beautiful place
I thought about your most beautiful place
in the ugliest place

It was that easy to forget and to die

? He? seems to hear me in the darkness

I make one some very odd things

A very odd rain has begun in Harlem?
Three blacks from Walt Whitman's?

abca bddb cdeb acdb

fed:
[Cat]

"farewell, farewell" how nice.
The third ruins the harmony
"farewell, farewell, farewell"
What's worse it looks like a cat

A
B
C
B

The man's hand a signature
In his pocket a notebook Sartre
Looking neither right nor left
He's probably on his way to Leona

D
D
D
B

Atad! doesn't like the rain
Saati sermayin kerkager
Whenever I sit down to write
The third farewell comes along

E
E
F
B

Kön Bin [? A blind person?]

Life that fills the heart with sorrow
On a sunny April evening
Everything dies and is gone
The neighbor's kid plays with his horse

Wind that sets the leaves to fluttering
Doesn't make death flutter
In the rain, faded autumn birds
Who know where they go, in the rain
In quiet rooms smelling of bells
In rooms of honors wrapped in evening
A child used to sleep
The poplars, walnuts, lindens
Would sway with pain

How sick I was then
How lone! How sick I was
I would wander the city in the middle of the night

مواد = salary(s)

			OK	Buy
Butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ C		✓	✓
Br. Sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ C		✓	
Molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ C		✓	
Flour	$3\frac{1}{2}$ C		✓	
B. Soda	1 Tsp		✓	
Clove	$\frac{1}{4}$ Tsp		✓	*
Cinnamon	$\frac{1}{2}$ Tsp	2 Tsp	✓	
Gringer	2 Tsp		✓	
Conf. Sug.	$\frac{1}{4}$ C	2 C	✓	
Egg		5	✓	
Lemon rind		1 Tsp		
Almonds		1 lb		✓
Choc. Chips		12 g		✓
Unrow. Choc		2 g	✓	
Cornflakes		4 C		✓
Brwn Butter		1 C		✓
Nuts		$\frac{1}{2}$ C	✓	

- M. fish -

T. 16

- W.:

. Yh.

Fr. kids

Ser. No

San:

Sug.