

The Culmination

An erasure of Laura Redden Searing's "My Story"

Generous instinct, were you
My hand I must
Think. The later brain.
My hands craving every
Learned heart. Nature, art,
World. In my memories
I thought of trust
Then all fear. I
Fell on my pain.
Hope shall in loss
Throb. My, my, my
Stand for the release.
A nation's groan beneath
Dear night. All right.

The Diagnosis

An erasure of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Palingenesis"

I, sobbing in the rolling mist,
Started for peopled days. In dreams
A faded, lonely promontory shed petals.
Belief exists. Cunning with its perfume
Working from youth, defiance. A phantom
Vanished. The swift surrenders, leap into
The old dead heart of lies.
I will give, remembering my turns
Into foliage. Of what light unseen!
What, what, what, what, what, what
Will hold still without its end?

The Manual

An erasure of George Meredith's "Martin's Puzzle"

Book, how well I understand
your gladness.

Suffer'd a fool.

Why heart?

Well, the human fist
can be designed with a savouring.

Why taste the books
of turns?

I never solve
crush'd complaining.

Thanks leave
wonderful body hymns.

Fingers only
ask.

Answer this: Should it select eyes
fixed on eye?

So, Book, what must injustice
again mark?

Engines permit tools.

Respect may perhaps bow
but I instead question.

Made together, the sky.

Stop discord properly.

A universe from heaps,
kneeling.