

nature to the tender and affectionate passions; his warm heart is touched by the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; he trembles with delight when he meets his comrade, his arms can embrace tenderly, his eyes can shed tears of pity; he learns to be sorry for offending others through his shame at causing annoyance. If the eager warmth of his blood makes him quick, hasty, and passionate, a moment later you see all his natural kindness of heart in the eagerness of his repentance; he weeps, he groans over the wound he has given; he would atone for the blood he has shed with his own; his anger dies away, his pride abases itself before the consciousness of his wrong-doing. Is he the injured party, in the height of his fury an excuse, a word, disarms him; he forgives the wrongs of others as wholeheartedly as he repairs his own. Adolescence is not the age of hatred or vengeance; it is the age of pity, mercy, and generosity. Yes, I maintain, and I am not afraid of the testimony of experience, a youth of good birth, one who has preserved his innocence up to the age of twenty, is at that age the best, the most generous, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. You never heard such a thing; I can well believe that philosophers such as you, brought up among the corruption of the public schools, are unaware of it.

"an ordinary error placed me here"

in the serotonin corridors of my wilderness
in the neural nets are caught in the
mackerellight & ozone of my heart in the tense muscle of
a crocus olfactory bulb of my acre
prime sublingual rib lost
in the magnum opus of my
heart independent of
void most utterly devoid of song tiny
hummingbird of my eyes violet quarrel deep in the
forests verbage of my heart redundant of
crocus redundant of dogwood &
redbud as petals fall triumphant so
too I am at a loss & will blind the
cathedrals of my knowing with the
overabundant scripture of my heart
will salivate copiously & with abandon in the blue
gloaming I mean groaning of my
heart in the citadel the sap salty in the flexed
limbs the mist dripping off each leaf called to
each I call to each I say "leaf" I
say "violet" I say "mist" I say "dogtooth violet" I say "how can I
possibly bear whatever grief will
inevitably come towards me through all the corridors of
my life" I say "I will blind the cathedrals of my
knowing" I say "I will douse the careless peony" "I
will vvy earnestly & with moderate valor" "I will
curse fervently & gesticulate also" "I will try to not
drink so much" "I will strain the verb of my being
into the dim groaning" "as too I strain my sight
there" "I succumb henceforth &
wholeheartedly" "eventually I will get up from
wherever I have laid myself down"
the falcons too must eat in the endless
neurobiology of the forest
the delicate, the careless lichen
of my eyes I swallow the great creek of dusk
in me it calls up a surge in me it goes along
into the dark it goes along into the dark