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June 1968 notebook entry

Patricia Goedicke

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Where are the words for it, the words?

We do not understand what
holds us together.

The shoreline is different this year,
New inlets, great gouges, more
Ground given away
To the vast erosions of guilt.

The hair falls out, the dunes
Grow bolder every day.

What is the speech of seagulls?

The rhetoric of love is hunger, what
I want is more,
The rich want more, and the poor -

The rhetoric of love is hunger,
What I want is more,
The rich want more, and the poor.

But here, at the edge of the wall, what
holds us together is less.

Where are the words for it, the words?

Three good men gone, the Great
Society crumbling away,

I & it is not success we ~~seek~~ should seek
But the words

like little children we ~~bladder~~ heap

Even at the edge of the sea

looking for someone to blame -

But the fault's built in

Underground charms of the ocean

Such at our weak knees

Out of Ohio through the Blue Mountains
I have come by body down
To the thin edge of the sea.
It is a good place to be.

My blue bubble of a cow pops
And smorts in the shifting sand.
Back of me the huge, proud
Park grounds looming land.

But the shoreline is different this year,
New inlets, great gorges, more
Ground given away.

No the vast expanse of guilt. We do not understand
With three good men gone, the Great
Society crumbling away.

Like little children we keep
looking for someone to blame
But the fault's built in,
The underground charms of the ocean
Such as our weak knees,
The how falls out, the dunes

Grow bolder every day—
What is the speech of seagulls?
The rhetoric of love is hunger,
What I want is more,

The rich want more, and the poor
But here, at the edge of the world, what
Holds us together is less.
We must build more on less.

On the Outer Banks

Out of Ohio through the Blue Mountains
I have borne my body down
To the thin edge of the sea.
It is a good place to be.
With those good men gone, the Great
Society crumbling away,
The shoreline is different this year,
New intets, new gouges, more
Ground given way
To the vast erosions of guilt -

Where are the words for it, the words?

~~We do not~~ ~~under~~

My blue bubble if a car pops
And smarts in the shifting sand.

Back of me this huge, proud
Dach looming land -

We do not understand what
Holds us together,
like little children we keep
looking for someone to blame

but the fault's built in, underground,
The Ocean sucks at our weak places,
The hair falls out, the dunes
Grow balden everyday -

What is the speech of seagulls?

The rhetoric of love is language,

+ What I want is more,
The rich want more, and the poor
But here, at the edge of time, what
Holds us together is less.
We must build more on less.

The Outer Banks

Out of Ohio through the Blue Mountains
 I have borne my body down
 To the thin edge of the sea.
 It is a good place to be.
 With three good men gone,
 The Great Society crumbling.
 The shoreline is different this year,
 New inlets, ugly gouges, more
 Ground given away -



Where are the words for it, the words?
 My blue bubble, of a sea popo,
 And snorts in the shifting sand,
 Back of me this huge, grand
 Dark looming land -
 We do not understand what
 Holds us together,
 Like little children we keep
 Looking for something to blame
 But the fault's built in, underground
 The ocean sucks at our weak knees,
 The hair falls out, the dunes
 Grow balden everyday -

What is the speech of seagulls?
 The rhetoric of love is hunger.
 I want more, ~~and~~ the rich
 Want more, and the poor -
 But here, at the edge of time, what
 Holds us together is less.
 We must build more on less.