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## The Novel in Three Chapters

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## THE CRACKED JAR CALLED CAN IT BE TAUGHT?

After ten years of seeking, light was thrown  
over a side of the boat and the whole wasn't what we expected:  
was not white, had no eyes but behemoth teeth—

Quelles dents, Granny. Be advised: A boulder is gravel  
to glacier and snow is where you left it in the shade of seeing  
a summer's residence.

The building was like a cake, wedding of wished and fulfillment.  
Two dreams: in one, a mouse hands back a wolf-totem from Warsaw,  
saying: This is your Grandmother's husband,

a painter of small crucifixions, influenced by Gris  
and perhaps by Braque; the other was a hand wiping a smudge  
from a face. Can it be felt? This caring.

From a semblance of sun, a clown drops his face painted yellow  
to match fire when it flares, the sound of heat in a flue.  
Sit in the chair covered with please and let me touch you.

O boat house of ester ore, what can you teach us of keeping?  
It cannot be taught.