

1996

curtailed sun in the net

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Journal: 12 Dec curtailed sun in the net January 1997

12 December, 1996—later
 sun in the net and i am not poem:
 dogs' shamming pander matures in errant.
 poems refile and return sheets of thunder:
 i'm undead letters' ongoing proem.
 eye decomposes words' ersatz gerent:
 rotting ode an intentional blunder.
 signature cannot contain intercourse:
 fecund process educes aberrant.
 my dairy air splits logic asunder,
 sews fabrics where tense prolix drives discourse—
 under.

—alex e. blazer '97

12 December, 1996—later
 Went to get groceries, and I was out so soon I think any where. So many differ-
 ent types of people — not sure if this whole thing is right, but you know, it's really too late.
 Trust. Off to bed.

12 December, 1996—later
 Too tired to sleep. Having horrendous moving dreams— The first would involve
 at a new school, the one nobody would play with. Don't worry, you'll make friends. You'll
 make friends. The second, involving friends.

12 December, 1996 (Friday)
 Blazer called, wanted to know how things were. I don't remember to report.
 I start work on Monday, and I met with Mr. James— called him "Mr. Alexander" business,
 and I played myself saying, using up old news. Not just any old news, but an old news that
 tells useful things.

I've been reading journals and newspapers during the week.

13 December, 1996 (Sunday)
 Went for a walk yesterday and found a great bread shop. Bought a honey-wheat
 loaf and a roll with some Country Club, the hot latex Country Club, wasn't too anything,
 but still better. Turned on TV to watch the horse races by the river— I have cable left over
 from the guys who lived here before. Please, I need to sleep tonight, but the car horns keep
 me up with woe.

Spoke with Rachel earlier— does it matter whom called whom? I did. Had want-
 ed to talk to her, for a number years. She would be happy to hear some. We said that we
 missed each other. She reminded me that Chicago's only six lanes by car, one by plane.