

The Vein

by N. H. PRITCHARD

Time is a child moving counters in a game;
the royal power is a child's
Heraclitus

in moments of the once gone shared they swirl as of a teeth's bright rush of utters far in these
where hands beneath earth hold wet of sea the notion of a clouded be as when blind scans
toll of night's dark star against a nowhere there where sheds of once planked boughs again
the burnished whisp of covered tongues or eyes as a veined beneath a smile's leaf

brooding crept we through a dimple trees began their winds took leave scepting morsels
roughed we dample givance curves it's cleavaged weenings bit the scape filled vault of airing
flung the askage in a bidding who could wonder widest balanced burnting uttered water
thickly we run through trees green before therever would have chanced where brief enough to
spread crowd stripped furrows long against the golden we pairs simpled for fleeing these vying
each others hoofs spurt gusts the light fled dusts the fell shinned blocks of lust vast in what will

in the child that bore may we spent poomings along pooming spap spap spayup spayup splat
splat spayup splack splat spayup in old cloth or amber tracts settled for by the slab door put
staggered in a lightly sipping tills the crescent sheathed through the crisp host's eye

mellons and finery spread the road leafing of dust where the tred impeeds a bucket for a few
have been skid in an all too often after having lipped of ruffled asks stiff rock carvings scented
whys and an occasional roof from which to tree the held rope often swayed down like some
coiled went amongst the air ever nearing clever gearing hoped to treat the silence mere and as
that galant swing did curl the numbed which alone of early rid the sklampered questing of the
biped

yawning bore the few much lunched upon the twigging baskets leaned to stear ago the graveled wagon grown of rust and mounting that which to the heat could scale and bounding a well took vantage from the rain what gained they there when no one to disclaim such trots and cantored rang

in stained barn drenched tall shafts of heat lay glad where hidden others met by the lake some danced on fields of setting dark moods scaped the green with wind went leaving bare their tearing such that didn't care to swim the bending gain

only there only have would been the edged glass sound makes as on an empty porch of mauve tile felt the foot wed

where the mowed sun dropped it didn't clatter that the pronged green grew onup the ladder stood where the least of them took turns yearning for the shoveled tops to watch and again to lend the sand and much demanding did that way to gape and hate not taste the ray whose oughty whisper all who knew could bring about what couldn't do that rare path tucked with such a dense that calling went it's own

many remained though others able went

whose bodied heard them come in chains wrapped margin of a lain laid still dint milled lance the tracings grew these lands at their piers strained

too swept of afterdoom their twistings dwelled the scent of redness tombed about a belling sought forgiveness hummed away the cooling splendour cloudy caught among a rock stopped the well from dieings flying leaves beneath the dig a chimes been signing knived a cakes thin plate of gladly gave the fall

alone the dusk drew might brightly waning slightly less meager growing only knowing

instead wherein that tricornered box with it's sand for the land and more time than the day
spent rash with glad dafts and spilling ran with a lumpy nugget six boxes one robe four pants a
flashlight two sleeping bags and a cartridge for a spare bee

through the once lime grass cows merely thousands of chewing huge birds with whiskers

who moves this late bright weaves in swelling theived did the treachery and full of all
corruption come hither to where three of one embarked fairing though all where some became
two others stopped fair lead strewn tall given to attain took kindred eyes or another before

is that the last bell

thus thrust first tinder kindling grown the maple gave rust air it's bark and ample and plain fair
orange orb sworn to that sea line stretching bare courteous and neat still trembling meekly
weened by some awesome twilit rise beyond be gone the nameless coloured yarn

are there any of them left

windows and curtains laces of old wind haughty through the pine boxes of candy

very due that being one each dwells through errant woods of stone and roaming unknown
streams where few prints mark the air molested only by that dare tucked stem bending but to
where

only those old lamps and faded cares drawn squalid all ground either weary twine rounded
though most of them chose another road towing shadows

is there really any difference

hardly though a current so weary clumped bore few of whom brought spruces and welding
near some couple bubbled

when did it all begin

possibly

this under wood of dust still chills though staunch and eager cows group wide or a barn rusted
egg

shut ever swells now cause maimed plight and manners of taudry stripe purloined whispers
and a honey suckled

what plumes and vanished steps weighty gemlike and rude newly plucked abundant gasps
plundered witty doth providing blind drums and as far as the slate clung there were eyes

but after that the ass only ate corn

cordial briar tombs and sweet thrones where quarried perches bore their plague about the
heated niche one fruit dutiful and ripe truly suited might the last prolong an or the turgid
clammer of the shore fish

were there ever any others here before

howsome how by the decks they sat sparced the span stretched belonging told in a dune or who
could have walked there where no leaves wanted of the nave lain nearing dove a distance
banded against the stinging glaze in nights of rope the hand meandering

dim were the cinched bred alms and the lost clocks watched their shriveled gains and by the
cloak the will is maimed

mere rude from many vows foul barely roams and foil the bent most ring the tear swayed
neither the stone's weeler nor all kinds with grief by shallow rivers lived to choose whose able
could and yet what swears thee still is dark not counted mere

so frowns grew and shorter were the oddfull tributes to a wing that mighty trunk whose should
brace and caved by some slight look or other either sprung what nurtures score slim numbtimes
fawning tore it's honour spawned the languid hence unborn

but costly knew thee of this odd bitter doom spanned last within that inner room of passion's
bliss and water bled meant much if one were two or three the cape perhaps the drape to see
through

has dimming the outs shut on their brought spread stark the bright parts leaf the barked thins
drift in cobbles bent

has through the glaze of milled sift dusk the twanging will is wrought it's tugish mulls of
undered gusts

inquisition of a flush till the rung of wakes become with grown again the eblast shingle dead
of turning then the steps of chippered stills an inlet of our seems kneedeep in winding claimed
the glance of glow in lighted window clings

striven were the first to lead vows own only known

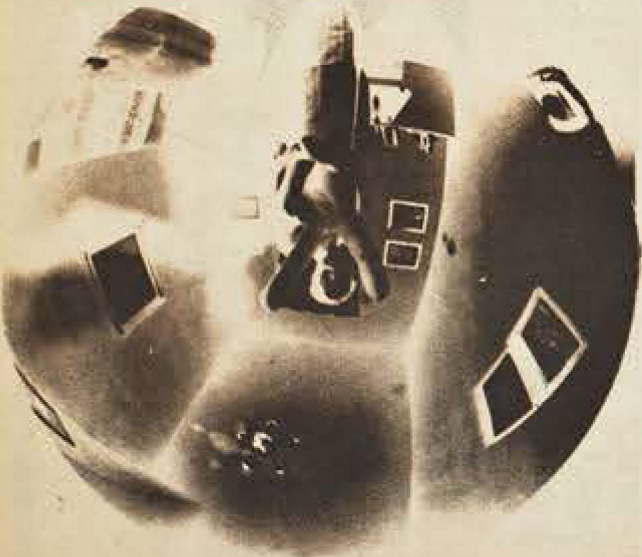


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 where hidden others met by the lake some danced
 on fields of setting dark moods escaped the green
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Continued from PAGE 10

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more rude from many rose foul barely reams and
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SLUM GODDESS



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