

CONDITION II

J. McLeod

It all goes down
swallow, swallow
little bird
it all goes down

it all goes out
grunt, grunt
little bird
it all goes out

and while it's going down
and while it's going out
think
think about why it goes down
and why it goes out
and how it does us good
and why we cannot get along without it
and who caused it to happen

and if you find no answer
masturbate
and
dream

CONDITION III

J. McLeod

pushing up the winding path
 along the windswept, brown
 and crosspocked mounds
 the mob is choosing
 its place to crucify
 not dreaming
 its actions will
 deify
 the God

sing, fat little angels
 saturate the void with
 sounds of bells
 open sky
 separate scudding clouds
 nothing fall gently about my head
 in living crucify
 in living deify
 the
 God

KOAN

E. F. Weisslitz

And if brook
 brook my mantra
 brook brook low-lying
 brook in whose
 sunlight cows pasture
 brook my brook in
 whose kind shade
 flowers bloom brook
 O brook if my brook
 such is your happiness
 brook why do I
 breathe as though
 I am grieving?