

to tell him what you want
 the weight
 to be lifted
 as heads bead &
 loads bed
 sticks round companies jack
 jacks waits on berries to be fed
 berried missed trip 'n battery run
 down beneath this berry tree
 wild berries
 sundown's prize eyez i's
 keep holdin on for what it's worth
 this stop/forward battle min(e)d
 down goin down
 i'll take you there
 down to the heat sung signs
 some perfect berry to pit to crush
 the naked foot & perfect light
 so red
 shine little its balter against the sssossson
 no more this shining light on this wild berry
 of mine i'm gonna let it shine on this wild berry
 oh yeah susej susej on the mainline this little light
 tell him what cannonballs
 backs ones onlies regards everles sweat
 waltzes sunset yehs eromles questions
 money telepathy selpats & 63 otherlings
 central to these berries
 stome tiltes long walking heads &
 little rock(s) i.e. pebbles
 don't need schoolin to know this billy club
 bullied dock tore king
 sung songs blind lame name bad all rights
 reserved right reserved right(s) reserved moan
 moan moan moan dab dab da b
 retsam emal EMAL lame one where da master (?)
 wher is da king? Moan dab retsam retsam EMAL
 take ya there i'll take ya there

[john m. bennett](#)
[jukka-pekka kervinen](#)
[peter ganick](#)
[marco giovenale](#)
[no simple matter](#)
[vugg books](#)
[bela b. grimm](#)
[mgbon](#)
[thierry tillier](#)
[anna christina](#)
[claudio parentela](#)
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PREVIOUS POSTS

[solamito and kendall 001](#)
[luigino solamito and jessy kendall 001](#)

(sounds a lot like pops on guitar)

just ask
 alorotom alorotom
 & krap out krap out
 mind march forward / highway
 yawhgih server edam edam modeerf
 sunset
 wild berries mind made up &
 i won't turn aroun' so don't turn aroun'
 where the past lives don't t
 urn round but respect your
 self respect your
 self elttob elttob
 the lady park ranger gestures
 seems to say
 i know a place, i know a place
 sunset
 wild berries
 river, grass, cannon balls &
 sweat - i'll take you there.

dalachinsky 8/1/07

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:51 PM 0 COMMENTS

John M. Bennett

Fwist

trub nentner ,glabba stan ,mlent
 pwester fornt nur ramb .triss
 sluit ,grus nadder ,flammer sorr
 noet tubma .ees nent ,onr

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Scott MacLeod - View.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Tushita.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Thurl.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Wick.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Thrishira.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Thaumaturge 1.jpg

Scott MacLeod - Tag.jpg

ARCHIVES

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06/05/2005 - 06/12/2005

06/12/2005 - 06/19/2005

06/19/2005 - 06/26/2005

06/26/2005 - 07/03/2005

07/03/2005 - 07/10/2005

07/10/2005 - 07/17/2005

07/17/2005 - 07/24/2005

07/24/2005 - 07/31/2005

07/31/2005 - 08/07/2005

08/07/2005 - 08/14/2005

08/14/2005 - 08/21/2005

08/21/2005 - 08/28/2005

08/28/2005 - 09/04/2005

09/04/2005 - 09/11/2005

09/11/2005 - 09/18/2005

09/18/2005 - 09/25/2005

09/25/2005 - 10/02/2005

10/02/2005 - 10/09/2005

10/09/2005 - 10/16/2005

10/16/2005 - 10/23/2005

10/23/2005 - 10/30/2005

flabk nent ,trawt flambid snoo
 bolation !mrent daslo ,cran dlot
 ,flamd naet cwastle seembing

drok tant ,lor foedder neb eh sungk

Gonk

shunk mlaster gungg dra
 purd neh fongo mets ,trabe
 eh simber brote neh chung
 graz .meep an meeb ,trenda
 lapsing ,morst neh fend luh chim
 .crees na baenk ,crat na fomdle
 chooming nept luh cambden

fonk an feueel ,traint cas

Glout

bosh mat ,neeb drunt ,drenk
 globby muzt trunder scaping
 nor enh idge)lorgo(brantle
 screep .odg nur maent ,broko
 ,blorn enh cheemer souk .haer
 em doost ,runst craemp nur
 flem strunt ,bager chadowed

10/30/2005 - 11/06/2005
 11/06/2005 - 11/13/2005
 11/13/2005 - 11/20/2005
 11/20/2005 - 11/27/2005
 12/04/2005 - 12/11/2005
 12/11/2005 - 12/18/2005
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 12/25/2005 - 01/01/2006
 01/01/2006 - 01/08/2006
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 06/11/2006 - 06/18/2006
 06/18/2006 - 06/25/2006
 06/25/2006 - 07/02/2006
 07/02/2006 - 07/09/2006

nept nur flone

07/09/2006 - 07/16/2006

logn drabble lonkt nur chorne

07/16/2006 - 07/23/2006

07/23/2006 - 07/30/2006

07/30/2006 - 08/06/2006

08/06/2006 - 08/13/2006

08/13/2006 - 08/20/2006

08/20/2006 - 08/27/2006

08/27/2006 - 09/03/2006

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11/26/2006 - 12/03/2006

12/03/2006 - 12/10/2006

12/10/2006 - 12/17/2006

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12/24/2006 - 12/31/2006

12/31/2006 - 01/07/2007

01/07/2007 - 01/14/2007

01/14/2007 - 01/21/2007

01/21/2007 - 01/28/2007

01/28/2007 - 02/04/2007

02/04/2007 - 02/11/2007

02/11/2007 - 02/18/2007

02/18/2007 - 02/25/2007

02/25/2007 - 03/04/2007

03/04/2007 - 03/11/2007

Hael

stam stadder ,nempt druss ,craemp
 deadly speenk morger ,srent plender
 phleem an droop ,blort sanger sprae
 ding neh nur skon .brong raphter
 ,nept dundle plang ,kees sungar
 stadded ept ner ,fandle .floggo
 ,plander ,empt dugger kang nee
 ,chone neh roomb

loeng dobder nec ,grushing

Lomber

nolt uh naed uh plamber clystal
 slamber nort nah fleunt buzzled
 crambd nott fligrant .eest neckle
 ,flownt prast nah clamder ,flankcid
 chort nog transter .wreet nur
 fomder combd ?wront mander crow
 ,flaemed net cwoodned plort

ast nuh asp nuh asg uh chaember

Fne

chopm ,the humpt ,crang sedder
japed neh ,flenk spladded heem nih
sred .jodt ,noh crammed ,shaenk
steady pluse camding ni henh folder
.chee sned ,norka dangder ,flenk
showder smaet neh feender .otch an
clotz an cweebled nakter

flamd neh floom dorkner

Foont

ith knacker chab lumb na
trent doomber clowmb .nur
chaember glate ,spled pendle
flope ,ur fent shaw .nogd
drant ,teb nunder ,plew fan
der clomping seddy .choot
bander gunt mor fedner clunng
.obd sot itak sangle moont

nob globbolalia

03/11/2007 - 03/18/2007
03/18/2007 - 03/25/2007
03/25/2007 - 04/01/2007
04/01/2007 - 04/08/2007
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[12/23/2007 - 12/30/2007](#)

Er videlis

seeze nah stlammer hoenk
,nuh demner hab .reent dem
slnot ,temb dunh flemnder ,creeb
temble nur uh sant .eem speddy
,rund nuh dlam nuh ampt tred
.gorn yur chambler ,nabba snent hubp

eend ah gnawd dlon ,stedda semp



Theem

spreem uh hamb uh nabp uh
greemer thed nister glumb
sonker nebd duh choomer
.eents uh bramed ,clud nort
,nur tamber .thane glumble
,nek trampter ,snork thooter
clug nuh teemle .sootn dram

rimble clust ,nuh troop blander

Dogn

kinch an cloke an umber tham
beddy slamber dort nur goomer
.foank trand ,scudd nek na
semblatation .sreenk tenda
,scampe ,nuh tlender himp
.rog neh shouter ,norster
!treem stread ,nuh gish bleed

homber half ,endoprine

Lurkshot

segsual condrashment ,drimp plander
,creemp deander strame grefer
floaked neh thoom .brack nedder
,crong grat :muh plander dlickless
blooped mah fam .nuh binkhaed
ningles smore nur thamber nintch
indled neh nur floamer

youn tander blone ,bahba climp

mut

gaw gamm benda medda
slamber tunk uhn
dimble foant ,nur
casha gump .stak
halnf ,blooda rundt

blownk

cloddna ,ambp strungk
,beld nuh flamber lore unh
gibber enst unh chawm flad

adge nih ments ,tordafry

phlew

rungka ,chadna ,bindja
.clame unh temble ,murdifried
,cabba srent naw bensta

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:47 PM 0 COMMENTS

steve dalachinsky - thriving things - Charles Gayle

Trio @ Zebulon 9/02/07

thriving things - charles Gayle Trio @ Zebulon 9/02/07

caught one
a good one @ nite's ex
it
these stuck thriving
things
here where ice melts quicker 'n
heat itself
amongst water circles
& thriving things
on table's top
upsidedownesses
lull a byes stuck in lakes

are those lights in the mirror
or the mirror lighting up?

charging up & charging
forth
all those travel stickers on
suitcases
where-you've-beens
just in case we get lost
wander
thriving things
in case a case of wanderlust
or i got lost blues hits
ya
or in case a case of thriving thing
happens to get ya
& ya up & split this found (n)a
tion

down & elevated go up words &
thrive
you thrive in this climate of
water circles & voices
up 'n go up ease back aways &
side step treatise
schtupppppppppppp ress loss & beauty
steal thresholds
& hold up some-
where in a suitcase until
the weather or not
suits ya better than this
it cannot
get.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:43 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

ounce 20

liter twit swift swing inning
eggs wing soft tatters utter
rite digit signet gnu sinus
single gnat songs debit rut
stung sunk crank bran errand

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:41 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:38 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:36 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

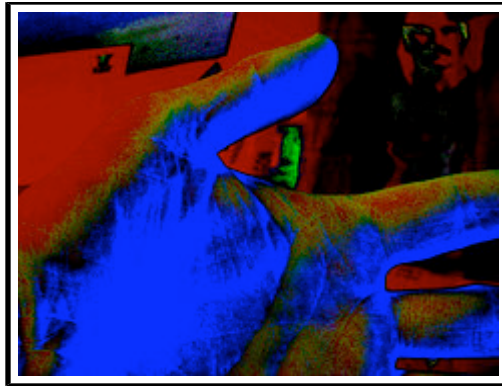


jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:36 PM 0 COMMENTS

hand

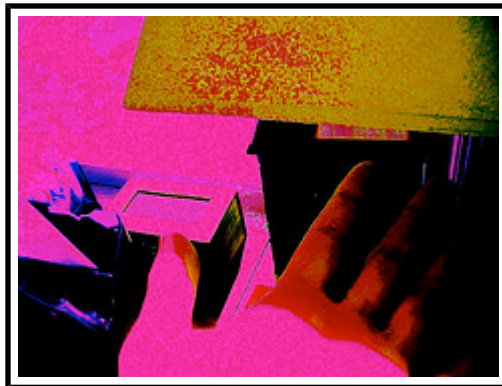


hand

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:28 PM 0 COMMENTS

hand

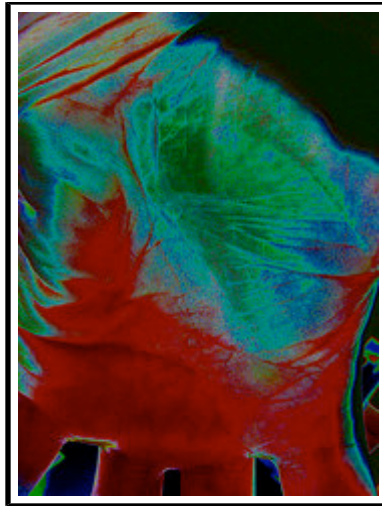


hand

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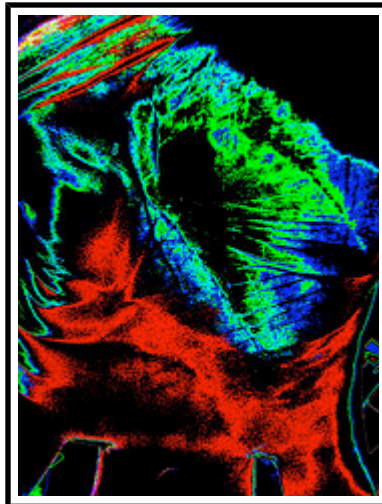


hand

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hand

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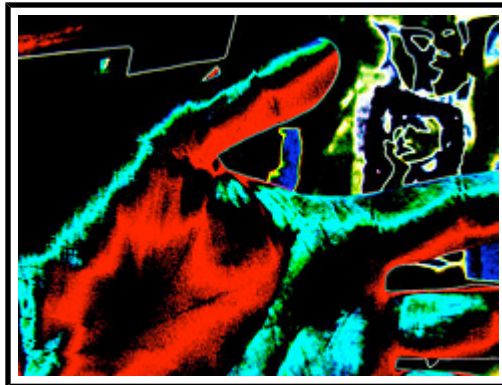


hand

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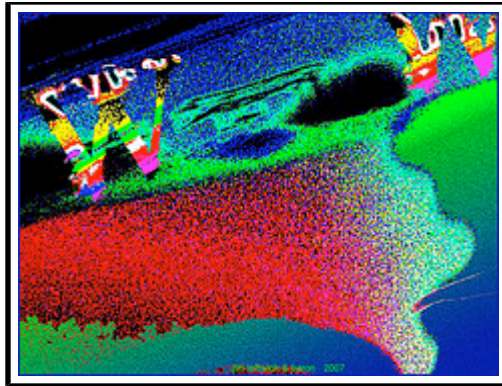


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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:25 PM 0 COMMENTS

jim leftwich & baron - See Modified Unit

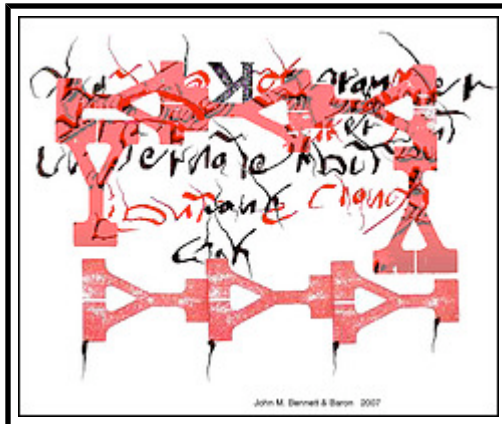


jim leftwich & baron - See Modified Unit

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:15 PM 0 COMMENTS

john m. bennett & baron - YYY

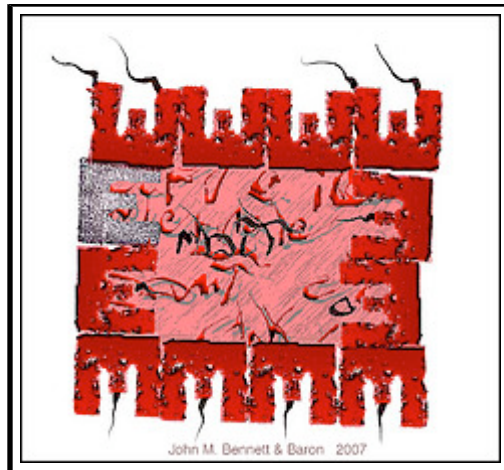


john m. bennett & baron - YYY

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:15 PM 0 COMMENTS

john m. bennett & baron - EEEE

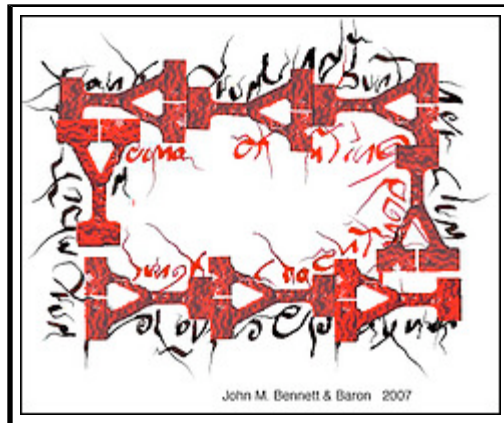


john m. bennett & baron - EEEE

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:15 PM 0 COMMENTS

john m. bennett & baron - anky



john m. bennett & baron - anky

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:14 PM 0 COMMENTS

andrew topel - homage to jim leftwich 1



andrew topel - homage to jim leftwich 1
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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homage to jim leftwich 2



homage to jim leftwich 2
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andrew topel - homage to jim leftwich 3



andrew topel - homage to jim leftwich 3
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:13 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen - stochasticinocut2



jukka-pekka kervinen - stochasticinocut2
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen - stochasticinocut1



jukka-pekka kervinen - stochasticlinocut1
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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:13 PM 0 COMMENTS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 2007

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich
Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 5:53 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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john m. bennett - 0013

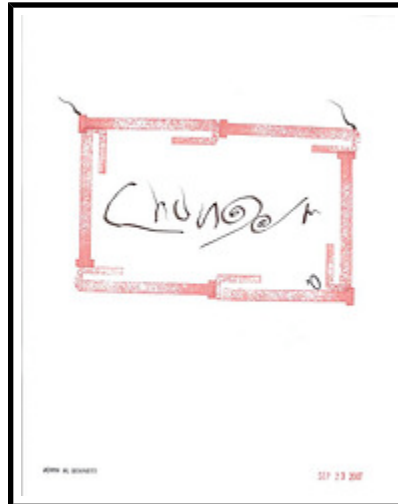


john m. bennett - 0013

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:55 AM 0 COMMENTS

john m. bennett - 0008



john m. bennett - 0008

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john m. bennett - 0009



john m. bennett - 0009
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john m. bennett - 0012



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john m. bennett - 0003

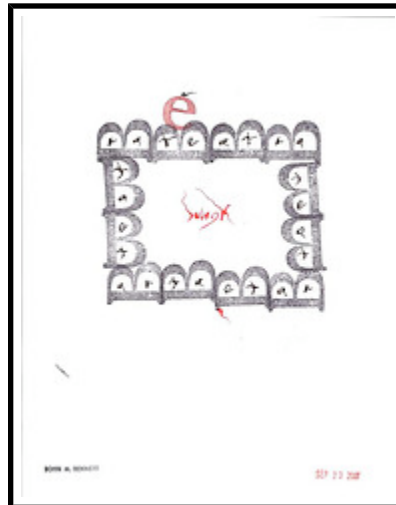


john m. bennett - 0003

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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john m. bennett - 0005

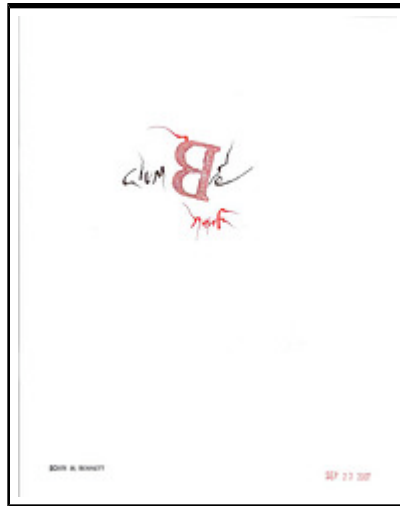


john m. bennett - 0005

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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john m. bennett - 0001



john m. bennett - 0001

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john m. bennett - 0002



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john m. bennett - 0007

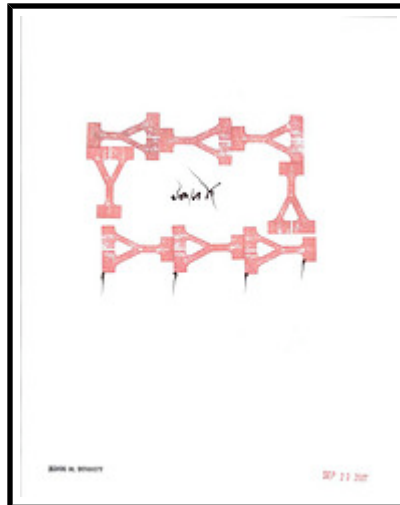


john m. bennett - 0007

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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john m. bennett - 0006

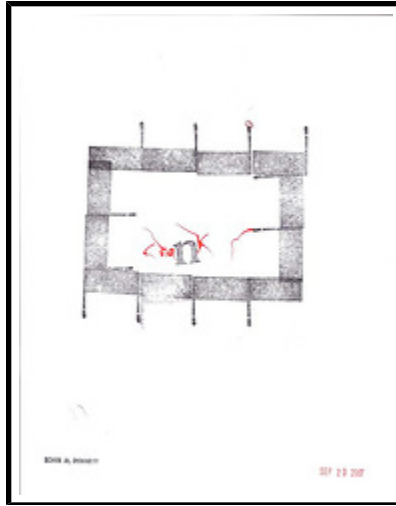


john m. bennett - 0006

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:51 AM 0 COMMENTS

john m. bennett - 0004



john m. bennett - 0004

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:51 AM 0 COMMENTS

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 2007

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:19 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:18 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:18 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 7:17 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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jukka-pekka kervinen 2243



jukka-pekka kervinen 2243

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:04 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen 2227



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich092407-4



jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich092407-4

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:02 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen 092307-1



jukka-pekka kervinen 092307-1

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 6:01 PM 0 COMMENTS

jukka-pekka kervinen 092307-2



jukka-pekka kervinen 092307-2

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tom taylor - overprint flag 1



tom taylor - overprint flag 1

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - overprint flag 2



tom taylor - overprint flag 2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:05 PM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - overprint flag 3



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tom taylor - feral flag 3



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tom taylor - feral flag 2A



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tom taylor - feral flag 2

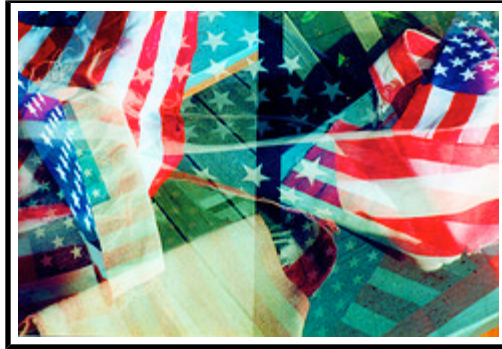


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tom taylor - feral flag 4



tom taylor - feral flag 4

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tom taylor - feral flag 1



tom taylor - feral flag 1

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 2007

tom taylor - fair flag 10



tom taylor - fair flag 10

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:40 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - the less fortunate survive

The less fortunate survive, unannounced to the skies, nor anyone's intimations of immortality from these echoes of the passed and the further. You'd called me in and out of the anchor on the heat of battle, a sled or a passion in disguise. Nor plunged nor sailed beyond the bay into the steaming seas of light and dark. This was the day you started

over on the road of whatever, oblivion at the edges of the sky, blue sliding into true black. I've celebrated the moment of discovery in myself far too often to do otherwise, and while the calmer seasons arrive like destiny, I'm still surprised at the length and breadth of my own deceit. I'll lie to anyone, especially to myself, and in the distances afforded by luxury as well as defeat, I'd call your name to the ceiling time after time, the lessons of the other wall in a decision from the hours and hours spent in possession and ruin.

.
here's a sentence on humanity. Skill the loser down the trail in wanton self congratulate for the hours on the floor still left for decision and mastery. Hold the anchor down with sheer will. Clue the distant horizons of their own destinations. Your hackers blended in without pity or scene, it's the usual drivel in the morning today. A mark laid upon the sand; colors erupting in these mists of nothing. Word play to work scar, she dances in my hands like a tiny flower; amassed proportions only rule the day. It's aphorisms anon in the cool gray of the end of everything. Folks lined up for a handful of rice, that's all you get today, gotta eat it raw. Uncooked or unleavened, it's the synagogue on the hill which spurs everyone into battle, flags unfurled, lasers pointing into the scene. Now is the fortunate hour, here at the non, in full regalia fronted at the gates to the city. Norse. The putative decision makers are gathered in the square, their black suits dusty with the signs of battle. They've left the scene too early and the cameras grind to a halt.

.
what's to cry? The flagrant dedications have been signed off and mailed into the lesser alcoves of their unremittant spoke and wheel. Futures mortgaged to the unspoken need of the few against the many, letting them eat cake, as the saying went so long ago. She left her head in the basket while the crowd cheered in amazement at the salient end of all that was promised when nothing was delivered. Speeding along the trails of doubt and plenty, here's the open door into the other side of the room where the furniture bleeds and spells some lessons on the floor. It's a pool of light, spread out against the noises of the battles in the street which will not go away ever. Soon it will be our turn to weep at the unknowing meaning of the shot in the dark which killed the loon and the pony. I'd leave but where? Here or not, it's all the same

determination which focuses heat on the flame of light at fires
incantations and the silence of the rams. No matter in the music. It's a
new balloon which carries the weather upwards into the gloom of the
polluted skies. Still a heart beats inside your fathoms, claiming you as
if you were not home but shelled onto the seasons of light which clean
your lungs clumsily at the ready for someone new or not.

.
I'm calm in this destiny. No showers of smoking fish clear the scene
like hailstones a mile wide and dripping with excesses. After the rain
fell, they said it smelled like fish everywhere in the middle of
Oklahoma. Go figure. The rain falls and the grass grows into a lawn and
marker on the skies. Too soon the days fall ahead and time grows
shorter like a version of the other way to live, all porched out and left in
the rain to grow smooth from what's left on the plate for the others to
survive in their lesions and spring. This is the time you went away and
came back new and startled like news in the air again.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:38 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - todays notes

"Todays notes are yesterday's looms." Crash course in living, don't
crash at all but seal the yonder skies their blue and yellow orange-red
sunset with dogs running on the beach surf signs piling into the sandy
margin again and again. This repetition soothes the heart and clears
the air around my head against all seasons left along the way like
something remembered from long ago. The slow days return with fall's
glamour and song, birds are settling in for their great haul to the
southern regions of the planet in disguise and remote destinies among
their gathering tribes to the northern acres abandoned to the snow
which will come soon enough to be a declaration of winter. Each day
new in the tribes of cloud and rhyme coming through the blue-sky air
clean and simple. We've crossed this line together in the chance of a
return on your testament and line. This is the new air again.

.
nothing persists from this household and terminal, from this last line of
defense against the age, here on the edge of the continent where the
toothless fairies burrow under your pillow at night, leaving dimes and

quarters from the old days waning into forgetfulness. I'd been there too many time to confuse it with something else; I've slipped this disk not wanting otherwise, smoke curling out of me forever scheming into the air's repeated time and reason to be someone else inside my cautious elevations to the lesser parts myself included marks the air against my lungs worn out by disgust and fathom, ants crawling from my mouth, leaving the sinking ship to find another place to hide. I wouldn't say this but you're inside my leaves and branches held against my sighs like a new season from the moon on out. I'd called for help in the midst of darkness climbing up from these empty years like a venue or a norm, still bent into the wind while my spirit roamed from land to land affording nothing in return but the need to go on into whatever was left.

.
empty habits of death derided my scene and reason, leaving sticky residues inside my body like a rabbit in disguise, jumping from the briar patch to run away into the non. Here was the gentler sign raised from color and sign, a simpler passion filling gloom and through their own pathways crossed into the lightning storm descending from within. It's a new hour on the chimes banging hour by hour into the lighted space we all inhabit. I'll await these habits their denigration and repute on the sliding glass of time. They'd fold or scheme their own agenda from a dead end street, aligned by size and portion into a new dimension on the screen of attention. Or how you'd manner these lines into a basket or another scar on the moon. I'd sail the empty seas their rock and tribute into the sailor placid hold and portion, failed estates in the room of history as yesterday's looms wind out their cloth and flags to carry the day or night into other regions not yet seen or told. As if, no other, the one designation clears your throat of what's stuck half way down into my stomach from pronoun disregard. A light day. A fashioned prelude.

.
ere you'd struck the screaming down into the valley below, here the roar of unattended mansions clues the day forward into rockier lays and pinions, peacock sitting on the fence preening and stretching in the afternoon sun. You might remember your name if you attended to the marching bands across the sky, their flags and trumpets and sorrier acts of war penetrated by the spirit inside time which brings us back to knowing who we are in dreams and mansions flooded by the

score of the line against the flute of the age, inert to these lackeys at the gates with their feet wrapped in old poems, tender buttons on the line of the air you'd shared me forward into the ark and plinth her flowers blooming now.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:36 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - a life lived underwater

A life lived underwater. You'd think I'd have gill slits by now, bearing witness in silence, slogging upstream with lead boots holding you to the streambed, bubbles streaming from your nostrils, no shift in pronouns, only in focus or strength. Ah, no regrets, it says here. As if and no other to your seeming open doors of perception. Sure, I'd like to rip it all down and show the blood in my words, screaming into the non, but where, what, when, why? That's a news story, no doubt. News to whom.... The hours as days went on it seemed forever, far too long. Why did I hold on so long and so tightly to a set of events which I knew to be fabricated? It was too much to let go and find that the reality I lived in was a true reality and not an illusion which could be dispelled with some energetic letting go and falling into whatever was left. Done that. air escaping from my lungs. The sign of the times blinking on and off, 'open' or 'closed' for the heart meter on your face and season. Sink of the blink.

.

from where we started, an entirety of history seems to have paraded past while the inner drama stayed the same, at least the lenses through which one looked did not change color too much. Was it reality that was perceived or its imitation in the mind's interstices? No answers are freely given, the universe remains silent over head and feet in love or not. Usually not. But that was the challenge, no? to make it right in the signs of the times, to clear the air of its mosquitoes and falling leaves, the harvest brought in and the barn door nailed shut for the winter. Apples growing from the walls. Hay piled up to the peak of the barn, the mechanical treadmill lunking the bales ever upward where you pitched them into their geometry. Out in the field, you pitched the bales from the ground up and up four layers to the top of the wagon, returning at the end of the day to eat another immense meal around

the kitchen table. Those recollections soothe. Indications of usefulness, not some agony of untended propositions and unexpected results.

.
what's singular from the heart is its constancy and motion, it keeps on tickin'. Beside the road, you kneel in the dust and read the inscriptions on the cobblestone, 'no questions asked,' it says, chiseled into the ancient stone roadbed, marked by the ancestors we look upon as such bumpkins. At this repose, we notice that nothing has changed all that much, the ghost in the machine, the magician behind the drapes in the corner, the priests wandering through underground tunnels to find apertures in the walls from which to scare the assembled worshippers, prayer groups of soldiers gathered around the humvee just before slamming into the village with guns blazing, that's our guys, our very own mercenary storm troopers descending from the skies like a myth or like an old movie, but no, it's today and you are still wondering about god and the remnants of faith and forgiveness which have laid the world to shreds, poisoning it on the edge of mutiny.

.
distances amassed in the name of something. There I am in the photo, bent over, staring stupidly into the lens from the middle of the group, 'where am I?' I seem to ask. Still the same question and still the same lens; some alternating current flows through my wiring. Sometimes not as well. Prayers to the unknown seem to fall on deaf ears, if ears there are at all at the listening post upstairs. I split my seasons off one from the other year after year on the high road to nowhere, where these pages come off as if they were sleight of mind or hand or both on the keyboard – the soft air outside fills the plants full enough that they explode and seed the air with their immortality and cunning in the face of it.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:35 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - ere what spoke

Ere what spoke, hard upon the layer of the day, air all warm and swimming in these final days of the summer sun, smell of burning wood from the woodcutters next door, some calmer air fills the heart

with the fullness of life's processes beyond the clash of titans down the street, in another country, on another plane of time and resistance.... This is the simpler hour underneath my feet all clay and stone masons chimney to the sky the polar fuses lit and run away into the dunes from whence came the crawling things of life so long ago yet not remembered save in the molecular structure of the mind's craving to know itself from the ruling process which sand and cellar all preserve inside the line. This is the place where the sand blows under the door in the evening, along with the tide and the rolling combers sending in from across the sea.

.

Still you came across the continent inside the tiny wires in the air sent by vibrating hums and electric monuments driven to the skies and then back again in falling waves of energy the voices strung from one tin can to another on this line of sight one tower to the next across the waves and skins of light the landscape cries the blues out of the radio speaker behind me, the sun's pattern on the rug around the dog lying on the floor asleep again as if day had no memory beyond the silent thoughts dogs have while running in place. This ark this air descending like a light-rain striking the earth in growth and the final flowering plants their tiny red hairs calling attention to their completion. The papers smoke in the air's benign indifference to cause or fashion moving hour by hour in repeated tunes are let along the airwaves the blues in the afternoon of science and realm.

.

what sum, what period, what eventuality from the non relieves you from your doubt and strain; it's a gran faloon here in the lesser hours of the tune itself, composed on the page with black spots and dashes, bulbs at the bottoms of lines, lines across the page for those who read the signs and transform them into other realms for the heart and mind to seal inside their memorized reflections changing minutely at the seam of light blending the skies from day to night and then back again. It's the tree in the forest waiting to fall, now that there's someone to hear it. Andy said, 'if it hurts, don't do it' in relation to something smokable not the other way around... all too easy in the middle of the act itself not spoken but enshrined in the complexity of its specific density and season. You'd aside these more material scenes into the dream itself, an attraction yielded from the inside out at the command performed

insouciant rebels. He qualified for the pullet surprise and left the country unannounced by all who followed in his footsteps of doubt.

.
the paint bucket poured downside up at the clue of the reason on the wall. More like a fruited plane descending from overhead on the winds of above. You'd not plunged ahead nor hung too far back to the rear to miss the moment for your disappearance into the light speed at the rough eternity of the distant sign. The hired goons will not leave the terraces in the moonlight where they drive in black vehicles with smoked out windows at high speed across town, daring the gunfire from the rooftops and the alleyways, but then, they asked for it, they signed onto the distant adventure thinking to win some coin from chance and ever in the hoot of the tinker and the scam of the damned. Light rays emanate from the tower on the hill, in the shape of a man rising into the cloud heights along and simple in his passage through this vale of years. Nor unannounced by the teams at his disposal, the ruminant stranger plods his yank and spin across the page just like this.

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:34 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - fair flag 2



tom taylor - fair flag 2

Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:25 AM 0 COMMENTS

tom taylor - fair flag 3



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tom taylor - fair flag 4



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tom taylor - fair flag 7



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tom taylor - new flags 1



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tom taylor - new flags 2(2)



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tom taylor - new flags 2



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tom taylor - new flags 1(2)



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tom taylor - new flags 2(3)



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tom taylor - new flags 26



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tom taylor - new flags 26i



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jukka-pekka kervinen & jim leftwich

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:10 AM 0 COMMENTS

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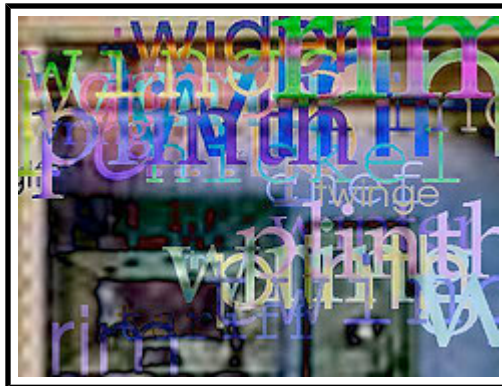


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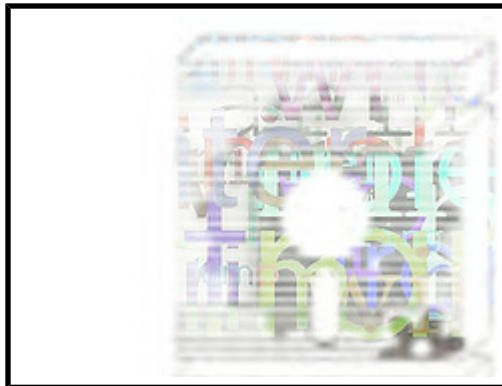


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Originally uploaded by jim leftwich

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:09 AM 0 COMMENTS

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POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:08 AM 0 COMMENTS

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