

Read poems by Snyder Today

Felt by some degrees R.I.P.

Learned some-thing, Maybe.

Hard to tell.

Saw braids upon a man somewhere

in the mountains or uptown

I was walking on a bus headed to the center
of out-of-town.

Han Shan could disagree, I heard he was good
at it, disagreeing.

He was himself a poet of mountains of royal
time in his own world gone dead

dead. by need

absorbed over counter-culture
conversations at the bodega, the
corner store. Stone by Stone.

dead. by the wish. dead-
wish

was a zen trick

a BS SF koan,

locate

never

w/ the

dissolving in ashes at the white river
roadhouse
located in the Yukon

never to return
w/ the noise.

er

good

yal

We Happen to Rather Enjoy Equator-
ial Divisions.

The Sun

Renders

The Polished

Turds

Blind,

Even Opaque,

Glass-

Like they are

posed

poised

un-sd

unused

I flip the Tarot Deck, a card

At a Time:

The Taxman. For Hire.

calls Death-Knell to all you dngs, you
celestials, you star-room poets.