

JOEL CRAIG

Flanger

The processes of the artist are mysterious
and no man can explain.

The longer you peer into the moonlit oceans
the more profound seem their depths.

There is something supreme too—terrifying,
dreamlike events.

Physicists consequently block the entrance.

His career on the whole was uneventful. Smiling
who were his warm friends in a manner
of deep congratulation, perfectly innocent,
legitimate.

That is the real accusation against the times we live in.

But I prolong the lugubrious note unduly. There is no
rich person apparently. I'm sure proper
measurement was taken. One
remains on the telephone.

You are right with the aid of science in the theatrical world.

When I get to Europe I can attempt my theory
cure my pains with an application of pure
color. Tones of carrot or carroty rust.