George Angel

CLIPPINGS

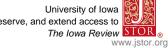
Church is a word within a box. Flower him. Rain fingers evening clasps. Hat dog mint and burning cars. Sergeants, doors, treed Buttercup. Unlikely fireflies, wheelbarrows' torn hands. Lightleaves, crutch, leanto. Bird, flower, three dead dogs. Umbrella grasses bloom. Bowl, floots, flawers.

When they found her body, it was an afterthought. Her mother would not die and could not be expected to.

It was the walk from the church, the vining. Umbra flower, grass in your mouth grows sour.

Paul, Paul, you seem to wander down the raining halls seaming scissors well and all. Wheelbarrow hidden behind the garden wall.

I found her, it was me. She was hidden by the trees.



One wonders and wondering sprouts. Merely growing and yet devout. Birds are never murmuring. We infloress less and less. Joy has left the lettered mud. The toys are left for dull scuffed boys.