

8/6 Sunday

By the way it was great simply to motor myself to  
the water at the end of the day. I suppose being <sup>with</sup>  
in conversation going in @ of the West coast population

The great  
The group <sup>was</sup> getting in a way to handle  
The basis of its returning <sup>some</sup> fishermen

I wish I could put this death into some kind of  
perspective, & some manageable handle on ~~my~~  
its place & my place into the immortal event  
But it's too much forty one years is too much of a  
relationship to get behind me I scribble <sup>up</sup> ~~it~~

I was my mind, my imagination, and the ~~concern~~, and  
the daily work <sup>is</sup> in ~~variable~~ <sup>variable</sup> ~~moments~~, <sup>design</sup>  
motion working <sup>of</sup> ~~unreasonable~~

intention. Perhaps the ~~recognition~~ is more powerful  
& ~~various~~ than we imagine and the ~~beam~~  
light now & then ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~powering~~ <sup>powering</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>all</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~day~~

I flounder in an immense endless ~~motion~~  
and as I go through the motions of daily  
living.

