

Otto

But I
wanted it as an evidence of the process of poetry as approach-
ing truth
with no more guise than itself Otto

is an interesting thing to say considering you
read it somewhere and you know what you read
is hardly messages of messengers who call themselves we

wrapped in a new wife's voice
transcripts of which were once twice edited by her husband
to the philosophy he made to find there — if a voice like that
one quavers

the printed page is certainly a lesser medium though the bet-
ter it's known
it may seem more like a voice Olson said himself
I mean, mind you, I hope I can keep this side of mediumism

but to free a voice
to become not your own to say God knows what
to perform before friends awake your dreaming

He thought this explained the apparent reality of the phenomena
 encompassing the dictation transcription and dialogue
 that all those who smelt burnt chicken feathers or lavender
 or roses where there were none or heard at night whistling
 in the hall
 the breath being blown through their lips all dreamed the
 same dream
 the dreamers as witnesses of number enough to ensure
 against

exactly Otto what he might have called an imagination
 its knowledge and learning become wise and proud
 that desecrates itself intent what is imagined is what is alone

recall the servant girl he says who saw his arm in a sling
 in his daydream as she passed and this is not
 thought dissimilar to a story of an army passing

as a herd of stag as the old poetry has it
 — now what do you make of that Otto?