

Doggerel in the Key of D; or, Working one's way toward 'madness'; or: Fading Out with a Bang. (a tintinnabula)

Dying. Decline. Decay. What is it to "have a dream"?

Perhaps a woman, or THAT/THIS happening.

Dissolution, to dissolve. Desolation.

Everyone is able to be mad...unhinged, re-formed.

Dissidence.

.

I have written: "Lost Cause: I AM" (after Nietzsche's modern science)

Humans have computers now.

Someone will plant a tree, a sound,

"The Trembling of the Leaves"

Soil.

Quivering, like air.

.

NOW.

.

I watch a girl run by, I 'think.'

A squirrel. A cat.

Birds. Light.

Treewater.

Remember.

.

"...making love..."

Someone took part.

Participated: be-came

Be-cum.

At least a create

in cremation.

Crummy.

.

“Ho there!”

from before –

have at it,

no having

any thing.

Someone.

.

The song went

“Setting out, toward the end,

Leaving off...”

It is Autumn.

Dancing death.

Disrobing.

.

NOW.

.

Decay. Desiccation. Staccato.

Delay.

Words as attempt, demand,

of disruption.

Determine. Define.

De-scribe.

Denouement.

Dis-covered.

.

So says she

maney hair

smile and dogs

Descried.

Divine.

.

NOW.

.

Delicious.

Delectable.

Dancing along

a path.

Discretion

Desired.

.

Don't.

.

Debilitating.

Death.

.

...is anyone singing?...she sways,

leaves quiver, and shadows

with their light

...I've been thinking lately,

.

BEGIN.

.

Dissolute...Desolate...

Dissolve...

