

PARENT CLASS FINALIZE

Poetry
by Jon Trowbridge,
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and the machine.

Beard of Bees
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Each poem in this chapbook is a manifestation of the statistical properties of one or more of the following texts:

Heart of Darkness, *Tales of Unrest*, *The Mirror of the Sea*, *The Rescue*, *Tomorrow*, *Twixt Land and Sea*, and *A Set of Six*, by Joseph Conrad.

Frankenstein, by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Walden, by Henry David Thoreau.

War and Peace, by Leo Tolstoy.

Theory of the Leisure Class, by Thorstein Veblen.

A selection of rap lyrics, by various artists.

The authors would like to acknowledge Project Gutenberg¹ for providing machine-readable versions of the literary works listed above.

The rap lyrics were provided by the dedicated volunteers of The Original Hip-Hop Lyrics Archive².

¹<http://www.promo.net/pg>

²<http://www.OHHLA.com>

They were arrested by his dreams; their voice.

They were arrested by his dreams; their voice.
The released prisoners of business cards.
Exclaimed in his men had been due, at least a choice.
But, as a matter of the yards.
I remarked that to see, her own face.
A little farther — till I had seen by them.
He, of course, will be sent aloft a brace.
I agreed, and do I condemn.

I could no more at the right, if out of the lake.

I could no more at the right, if out of the lake.
Who are run away in no inclination.
He had means of equality.
At the same degree.
I came away from the very lips, and there in silence.

For a civilized country, where... my eyes!

For a civilized country, where... my eyes!
No, we do without the loss of you.
The rays of these manly beverages and the law's!
In the first fourteen years past, it would not the blue.
I put this idea at every day!
For a predatory leisure.
Not ordinarily serve to dismay!
On one thing, and some considerable measure.
What I will watch over machine were weeding.
It wise men nor lampreys here, I know.
I remembered also in deciding.
There are not yet made of any but a low.
Next they cannot be small green enough to amuse.
She has been writing to invoke the muse.

I wanna fuck the whole surface.

I wanna fuck the whole surface.
The characteristic feature of food.
You forgotten god.
They attached to his horses.
Why you understand you are the men of agriculture.
Fiend, I exclaimed, your task or the teacher's desk.
It on the white ground, I determined allowance.
By moonlight, serenaded by the grotesque.
There is gradual improvement, to the science.
And entertainments fail, it will never leave.
Smokin' till I'm still cold-hearted.
Instead of remaining strength; I sank deep and eve.
Now harvest as they how often parted.

She meditated silently.

She meditated silently.
Of war, the mass of a row on an uncertain note once.
Is that wreck the house.
I mean — it in the ship to do.
They entered a room in the sense of freedom after.

These institutions.

These institutions.
You caught my welfare of wealth.
I seen the weapon.
The leisure-class character.
Compassion made in death row.
I never heard me.
The wildness of my journey.
Why the hell alone.

Far off, then there was so much inspiration.

Far off, then there was so much inspiration.

In activity she instructed him gently.

The old friends, too, was, for more of them out, sending a kiss.

From striking into a state of my question.

I only knew how weak, irrational, shrugging his spectacles before him that this business?

Yet who he shouted at, checked without orders.

He departed to run the risk alone.

Asked Jaffir, with a glance over the rail, who were urging me.

How the man with me.

They made out of the enemy's guns, nothing, old women, they are worthy of sincerity.

I had preserved some mysterious moaning.

Remember those barbarians with the other inmates.

Come near as the disdainful ocean and galloped away.

He could be had to other things.

That passed away was alluding to the odiousness of two arms up at the whites.

This may count on him first command with awe.

But the fact that trust in his hat.

It brought on the rail afforded me this unexpected.

Kettle barely suppressing a yawn.

Never had worked hard calling at the cove — you love with a stifled voice.

He is from the bridge, broke my club.

A stranger on previous occasions under whom?

All in his imagination is one of grim menace.

His eyes away camping in me laughing.

Old man who sees the trusty iron palms all feelings by a girl shut me!

Inquired an unsteady voice.

The tide, sir, and ran out of a human soul.

And as a dismal back on the dark in his little game?

Scouts sent your conscience, chevalier?

And moved on, and the land till then you will hear that he was disappointed.

It seemed to kiss me, he said the little trim.

It seemed to kiss me, he said the little trim.
This and when you in to the race.
Mr. Kurtz, he said, youthfully solemn hymn.
The stranger said it not a trace.
He said to execution upon him.
It plainly, but at your journey.
We can also that that covered by a grim.
What had become the devil's attorney.
As accepted the complexion.
What are connected with her sides by a kick.
To be perceived in the absence of abduction.
She was sufficient to find in the lick.
He meant to prevent Jasper Allen.
And his enemy, he had fallen.

Fyne, of course, didn't like a spent thunderstorm.

Fyne, of course, didn't like a spent thunderstorm.
And shook her face grew scorching all the people.
The heavy boat was now he looked very gently.
Low-born wretches, that keep her.
I asked scandalised.
But, I said, irresolutely.
One once — ugliness of us; an incident.
Information is Callan's, I said.
He did go over the bar, you went away for my head.
But he spoke to Santiago.
The land went up the sky.
He said, and I cannot understand.
I have reason whatever your worship.
... she did find the slightest movement.
En table; and at the other was to us.
That time, trying to the wind.
She interrupted her right.
Failure — astonishing: you wanted.

It has been more imperative.

It has been more imperative.
I felt like the rest I don't care.
Our propensity is this narrative.
Transgression — punishment — certainly the affair.
The objection is notorious.
The habitual attitude.
Your gain an increment of various.
The code of this is some latitude.

It did not yet no man and threw down there.

It did not yet no man and threw down there.
I told him two that savary to interest.
It so low murmurs of no harm to tear.
No, said Prince Andrew, with the purest.
But he said, evidently priding oneself.
Now then, you know, he went on, arrange.
Dressed up in love, though in itself.
The imperial russian historians, strange.

The Death

The death.

In this book?

I don't want of pain.

The reach — I mean what avails them.

These savages in the productions of many times.

D—n the fellow, but the ice broke the seal of justice for warmth, doing my party?

Does us.

In my feet.

When transported me.

The street was a christian country?

For him differed from which will learn my estimation.

It therefore be collected my orders, led me so; and I fear, change back deafened me?

Adieu!

My anger.

The wildest sound him.

By adults in one accident.

My own dominating individuality.

He is on her lips when I thought of its dinner, gnawing round the wall, before my bread.

One who?

Their effect.

No abilities.

In the later development.

But smile and as definitive, for trivial to.

I am particularly inclined to him again, sometimes, in vain sorrow of life.

I know.

The others.

Yes, his example.

The last two months and cherish it.

In the development of temperament, the sense.

Whichever side of sombre every night; we live a man's features, any meanness.

Leisure.

If nature.

But a follower.

I replied that the bearer's hands.

... are calculated distance from one may not hear me.

It's not perceive no disturbance but feels that many of its body, but a small lake.

The Soul.

The soul.

This hovel.

Could support a hare.

While it a singular manner.

The stove not seek the words good dispositions; my life.

Enter the world through the earth, as signs of rules, called etiquette and strangeness of the year.

Begone!

I trembled.

We left a good place.

These writers of this wonderful?

Who obey them to books, though the most generous friend.

Shall crown my journal of man in those who could you, in such enemies as I conclude.

Reform.

Let alone.

Shutting my father.

The path of the ocean, warning.

Such portions as well, with less than any consequence.

Even would be children, and a race of sorrow only care, obedient to dawn.

A house.

These papers.

I know of the room.

Some straw and merciless passions.

At length having fastened to encounter with my house.

We stood half a mile and indescribable light which I had created, I rushed out.

Alas!

Now exist.

The ice was the rub.

A very untenable ground.

My government is otherwise invisible bolts.

He showed me with more of the stick by the prospect of all, as if it would bless the new.

Enter!

When I am!

My native country.

It is a thing to the alert.

You smile at a gap in the agricultural world.

It through the shrub oaks, running over the ice; ay, in all things indiscriminately.

The life which so long.

The life which so long.
Some slight and had gone farther.
It was lighted on.
Personal subserviency.
The innovation must be.
He uttered one day.
Under consideration.
Who inhabit it.

A capacity in sudden wind.

A capacity in sudden wind.

There appeared, dead to the yacht: even upon me.

Why, it's that simple order the notes collected all life — yes!

She used to make my luck.

I don't know — I shall not a bit of her meditative pose, chin in the whole sacree boutique.

You were in the deepening dusk.

A genius for hours afterwards, in the dusky, I said: oh!

Nothing in his speeches the tiger may — he broke out here?

No more, he declared; it was searching, too.

Gone already with his pockets with the established rules his nerve went to fit.

Sometimes above the firmament.

He tried instinctively as passenger by miles around, a thing.

It blazed with a strange man you will . . . except for carter's chest.

Well, supposing I am not sting, but stabbed.

In order and stood leaning on board my other places were in it?

This admission of my body.

You should be with a wretched scrap-heap — unless I had nothing either.

And yet how I managed not thinking of you understand?

But for the open door was certainly.

I said as though he muttered, looking straight with him on his stupidity so with.

What leads us at my room of the deck.

Feraud carried two people of the sky.

The villa on her latest tip, if you know, sick people!

For me as the proof of speech, of vision.

Never looked out for all that, as he underrated my eyes set about business?

I feel convinced by the soul of blossoms.

He had looked at them, shook them.

I declared that which the earth, I said with the sands, let this late.

It at once, instead of despairing reflections.

He had drawn up only to make him answered: the mist on my beacons.

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