

GETTING THE SIGNAL CROSSED

I'm thinking of Steve and how he'd say all these 'things'
The cool air laps at the open window. Cars drive around
the streets of the town, every city everywhere
there are beautiful bodies. The world of the soul
is lost to the mind. St. Augustine, its your fault.
The smoke from the mill indistinct from the mist grazes
along the shoulders of the mountains (localized showers in the
trees). **Syntax** comes to town this week.
The images don't count t.v. says. To be a woman, think of a god.
(Steve just smiles, he has eyes). South America comes closer.
Tiahuanaco touches the sky as a thought. There will be maps
to read. Impossible. Last night I thought I'd call this
"Getting the Signal Crossed." A note on History-
one thing you can do is play with it. Music- you don't know
when it's going to stop. Call it "Sammy the Salmon" and come home.

Fred Wah