

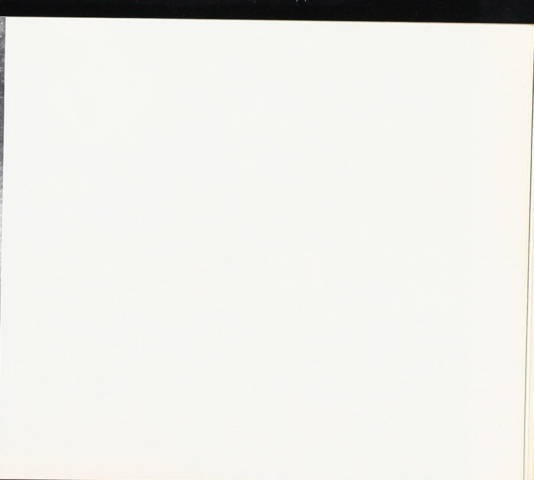
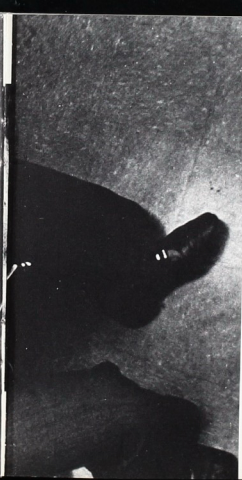
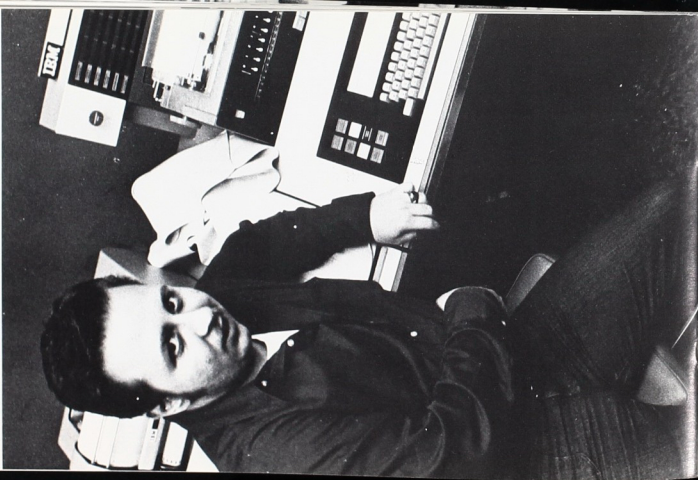
The Richmond Times-Dispatch

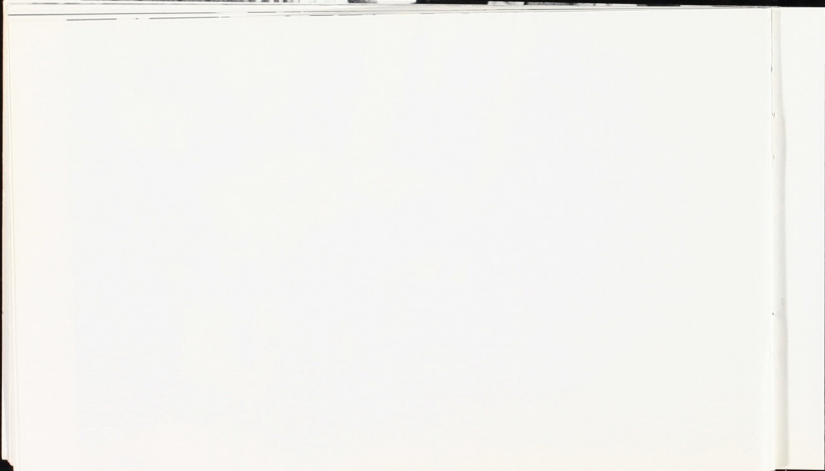
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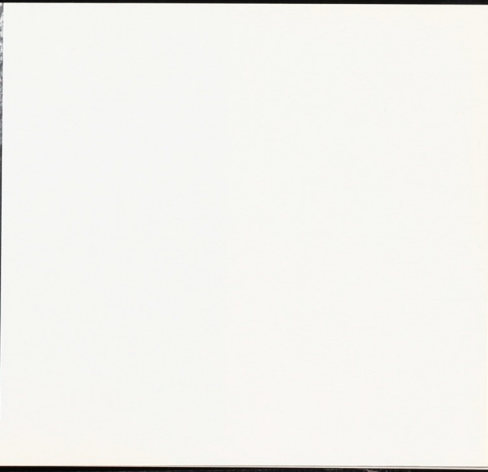
The New York Times



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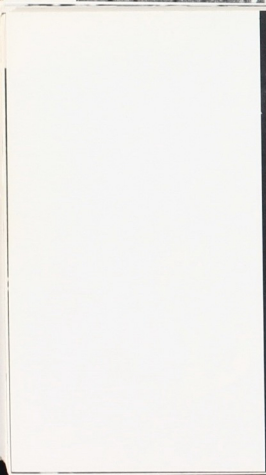




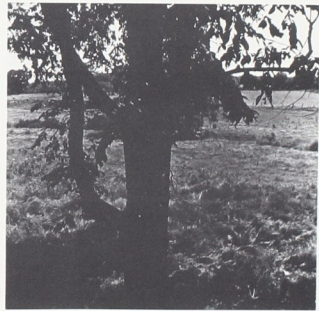
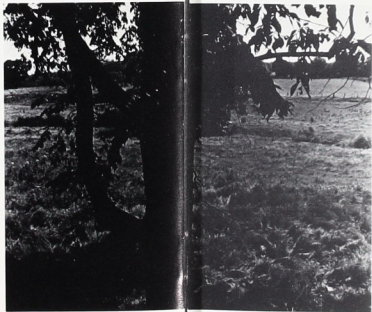
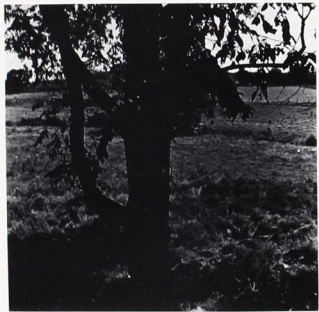


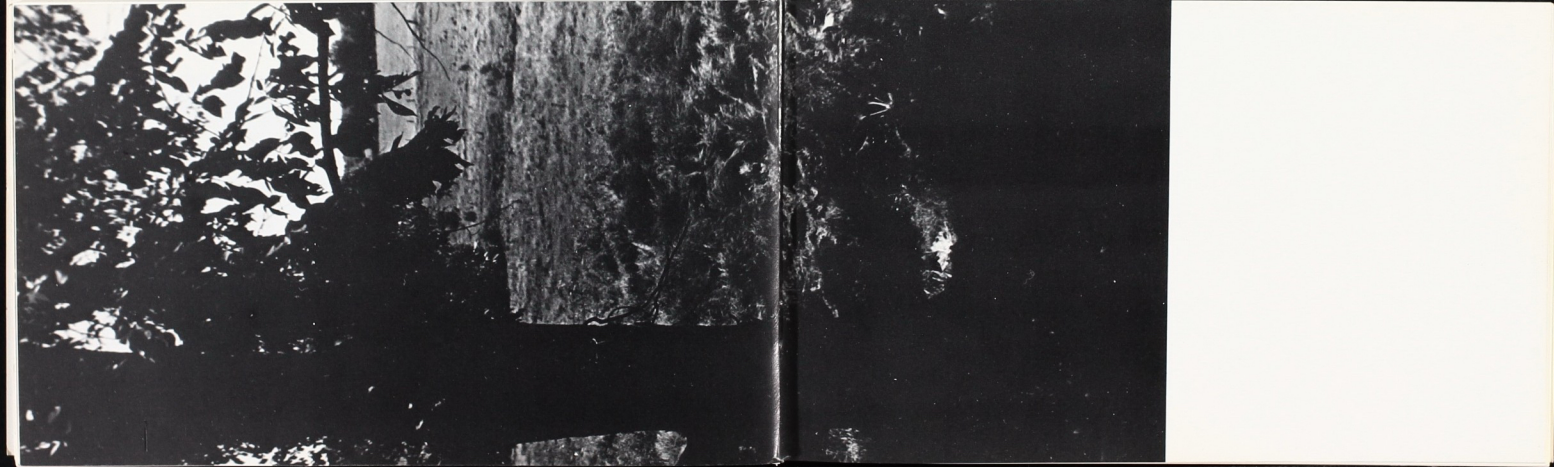












to use this
sometimes so sad and
sorry
stories are filled with
life is filled with
sometimes so sad and sorry
stories
shall or have
been
written on typewriters
sometimes made deep
impressions
on paper
one can
scream and
shout one's
whole life

sad and sorry
sometimes make deep
impressions on one's soul
sometimes called
scars can leave an
she left and
shall or can
leave deep
impressions
leaving
words on paper is
just a part
of the story

as parting sometimes is
of course
paper is only as
truthful as the
writing
is sometimes so sad and
sorry
but sometimes
impressions
are not so easy to
transfer
onto slips of
the mind are not
always
it is hard when
sometimes
slips of paper can

remind you of
someone
told me that
words can
sometimes be so
serious
when you speak of
leaving
is just a part of
life
is sometimes so sad and
sorry
when it's
serious
stories shall or have
been
written on

7/7/71

freed from purple
people who carry on
loading body after body after baby intowards
the center of the opening
cursewords
were the best part of his theory
ere begone ye
was a nice itallian phrase
sed by lilith to eva br...
ings her apples to the river for a washing
in virginal springtime somentimes
one can watch her wading wildly
watching wistfully wishingly to
keep the roof from leaking hank
ering for a man's
touch to tip the day
and plumbers do get paid well in this country
you can travel
on tiptoe
lightly ladies when you pass his house today
peacock gangs fangs hidden beneath
the flow of a cool wind burning.

Susan's Song

Why are words so
I know that love is not so simple
but wait
did you feel that thought
yesterday
you said you loved me too
today
I'm clutching
with all my soul
you see

I want to sing so sweetly
but I've been dead so long
and must learn to breath
all over again
sometimes... most-times
I summon all my tenderness
and it reaches
reaches out for you....

Bill

for Susan...

I woke up early this morning.
And it was raining.

Hey You.

I tripped over a bell this morning.
And it was raining.
and in my eyes
my soul was asking

and in my eyes
my soul was pleading
and in my eyes
my soul was reaching

O, You

Twice I have stood
bleeding
before your cold dark glance.

And You lied

Bill
3-14-72

Dear Susan...

it began with the book.
it ended with the book.
and all that space
inbetween...

but I can't write about it
alone -
it was ours.

Bill
6-22-72

yearbook by -
Susan Schwartz
and
Bill Glass



