

Spencer Selby & Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

TRANSLAGK #2

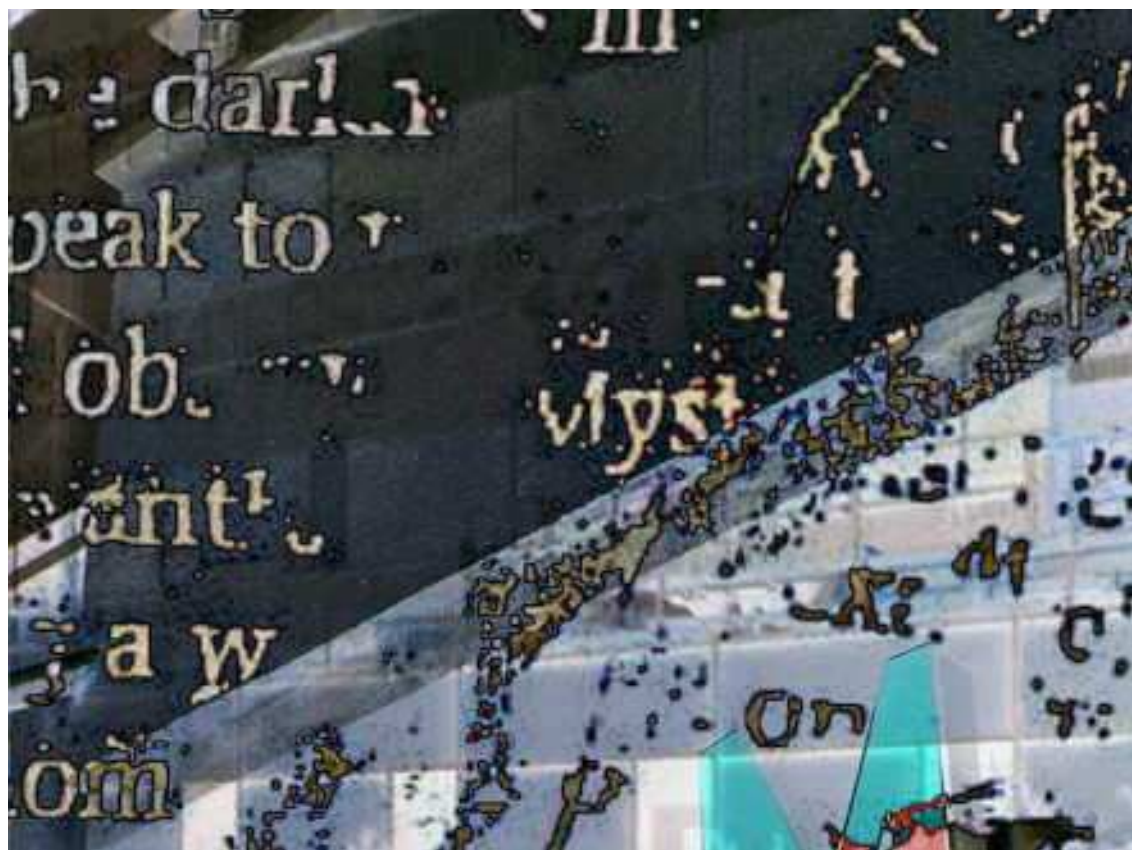
VUGG BOOKS



I wait for her who restores my fingertips
I walk and down across the hollow hills
I walk behind you, hand in hand
i was dead and i wanted peace
I was walking down town
I will sleep
If a man with a shovel came down the road
If there were an open way
If you are still alive when you read this,
Imagine lead with him from branch to branch
In a small, meodoline of paper
in a tree
in the bramble bush shelley slowly eats a lark
In the dark
In the footsteps of the walking air
In the hungry kitchen
In the rat face he won by a whisker.
In the shadow of the old tree, where the heart was
In the fading night
In Wee Wee-Bon the bellies of bloodhounds
Indeed indeed it is growing very sultry
Inside the pens the ear navies setting forth
It doesn't look like a finger it looks like a feather







... is a construction

These days are not successive, ...

more than ...

... , syr ... not portraits of the ...

... , no ... you say

I have no de ... though I will

It - ... lift in the earth
t ...

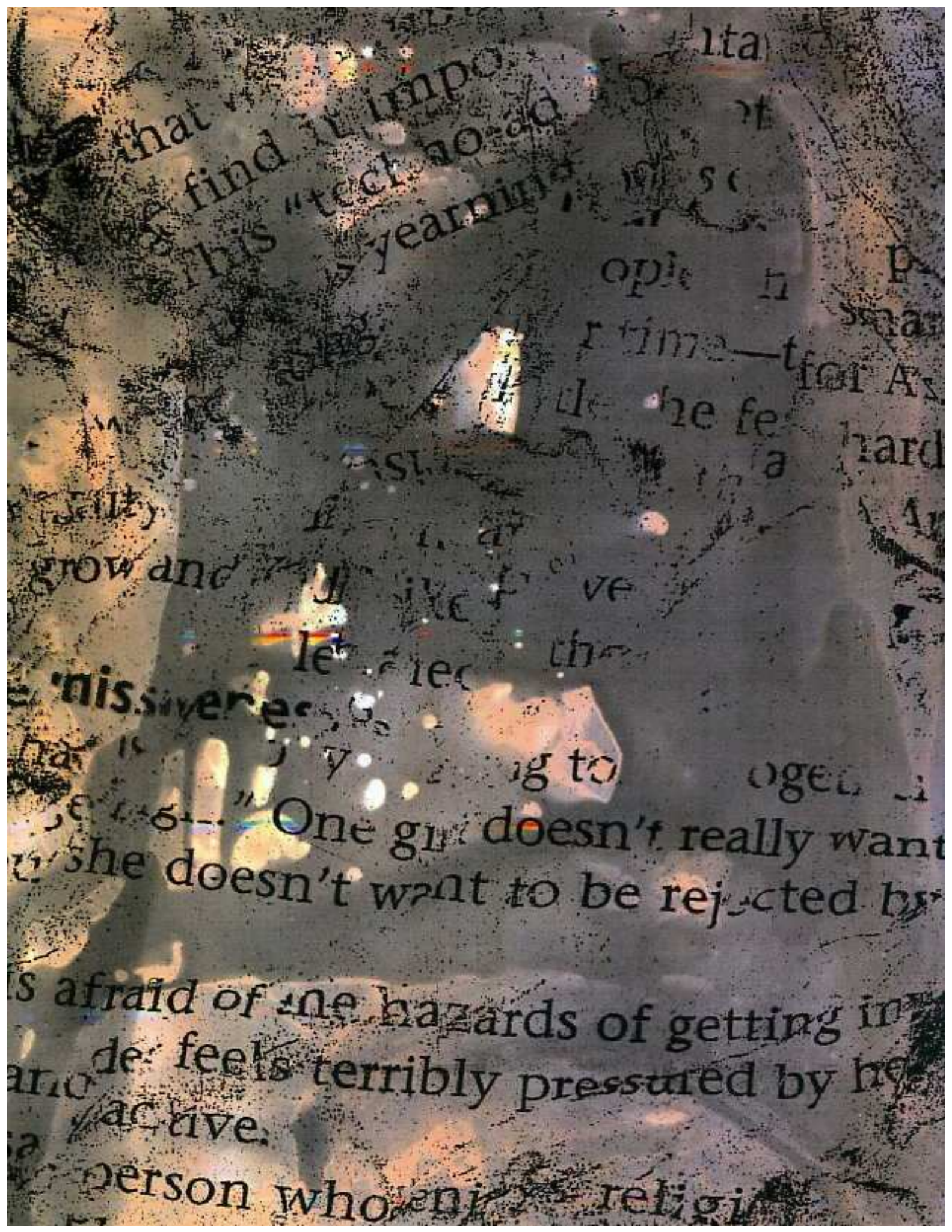
You have ... me ... though you
We were ... in rem

My ...
ck ... shadow.
or the future, empty hand ...

I recall ...

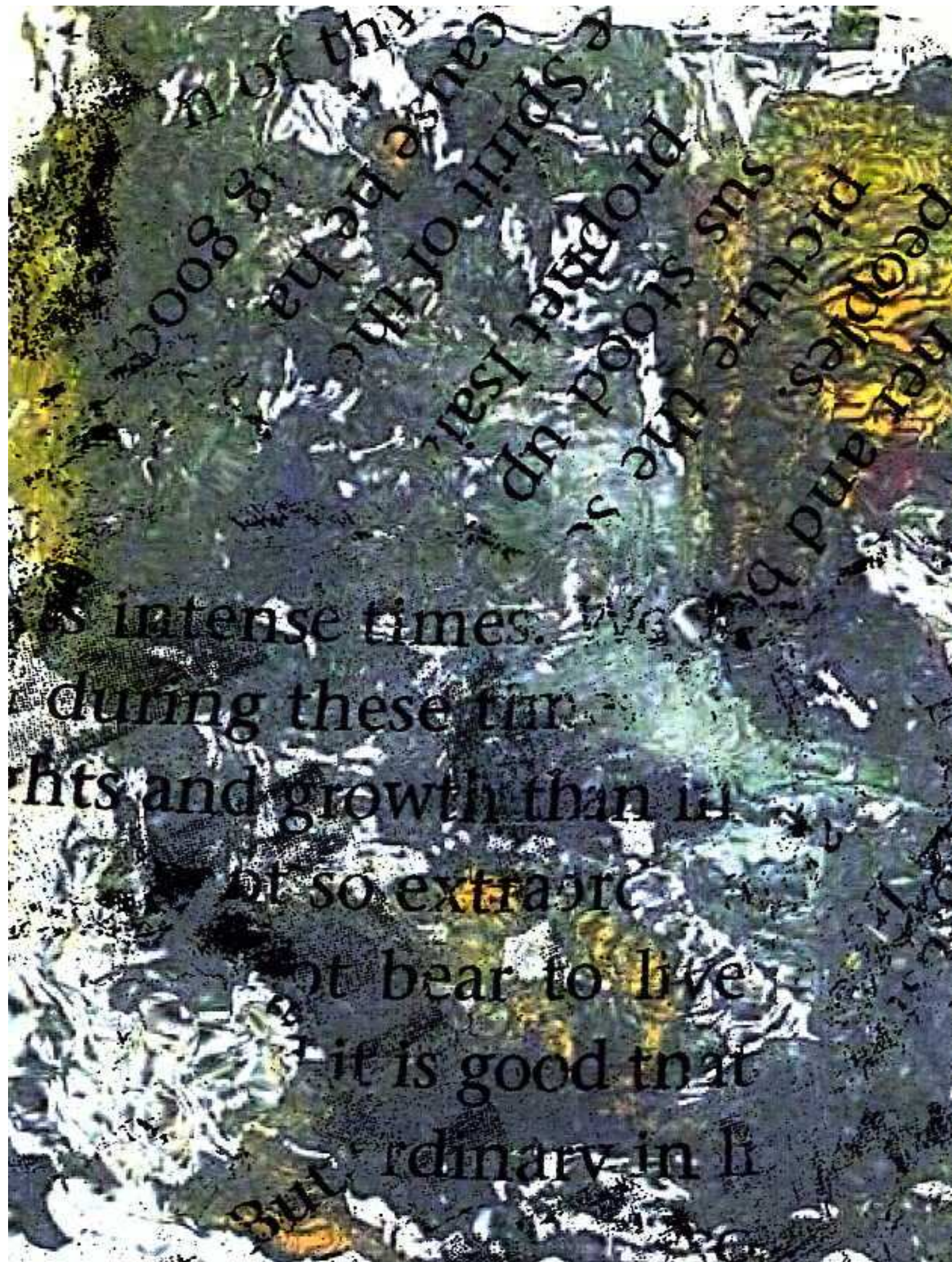
... one ... particular quality





that find it impossible
this "yearning" for
time — for As
he fe
hard
missive
One guy doesn't really want
she doesn't want to be rejected by
is afraid of the hazards of getting in
de feels terribly pressured by he
active
person who enjoys religion





is intense times. We
during these times
hts and growth than in
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ot bear to live
it is good that
rdinary in li



In the grasp of that afternoon, I had received the great gift of another world. I had landed there and it had enveloped me, it had included me.

Terra incognita.

A domain which from even close ~~up~~ loses its limits, melts.

A domain that surrenders itself, subtly, to the indigent, to those essentially bereft of everything, who







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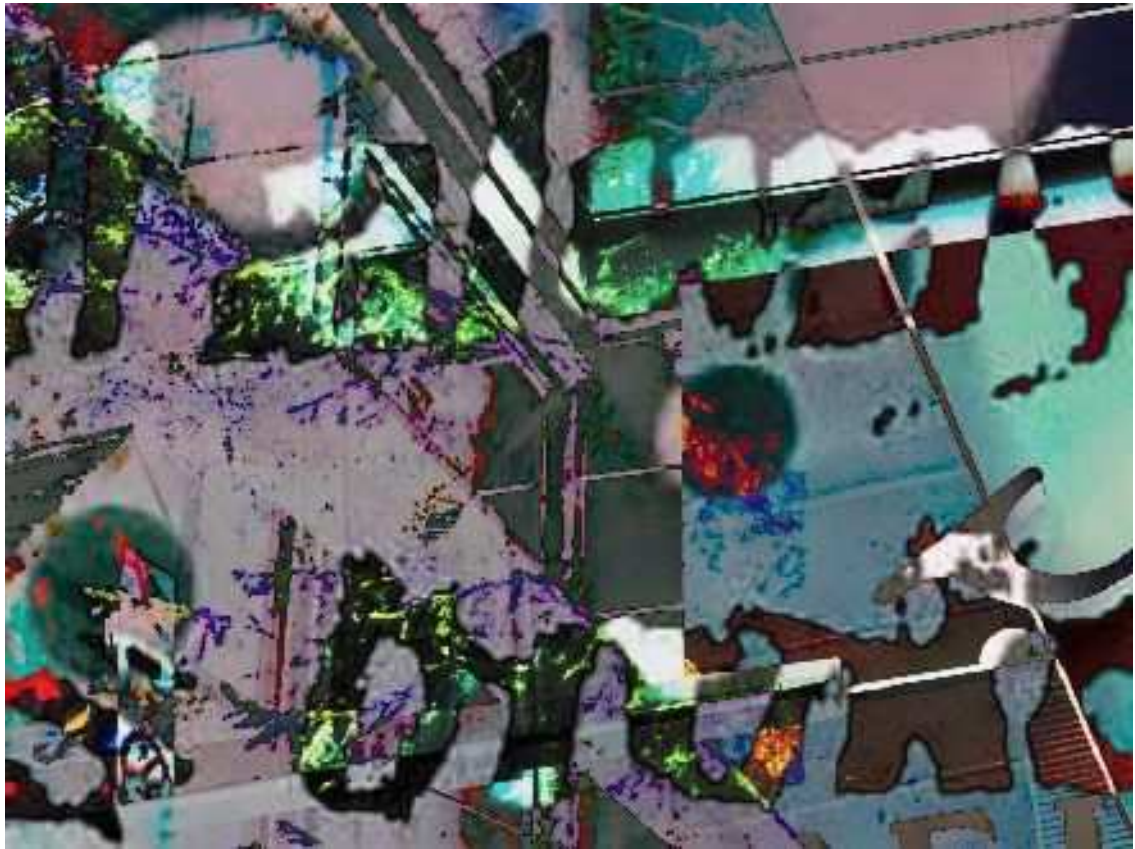
forces up against
will always owe

has drunk and

men, in the

being equal to all

not late (nostalgia)



There to life
are the plays
Sunge of spin
are the has no
axe to grind
in scribbly with
no end
are you go where
are you have no
axe to grind in
scribbly where
you been
you're at

