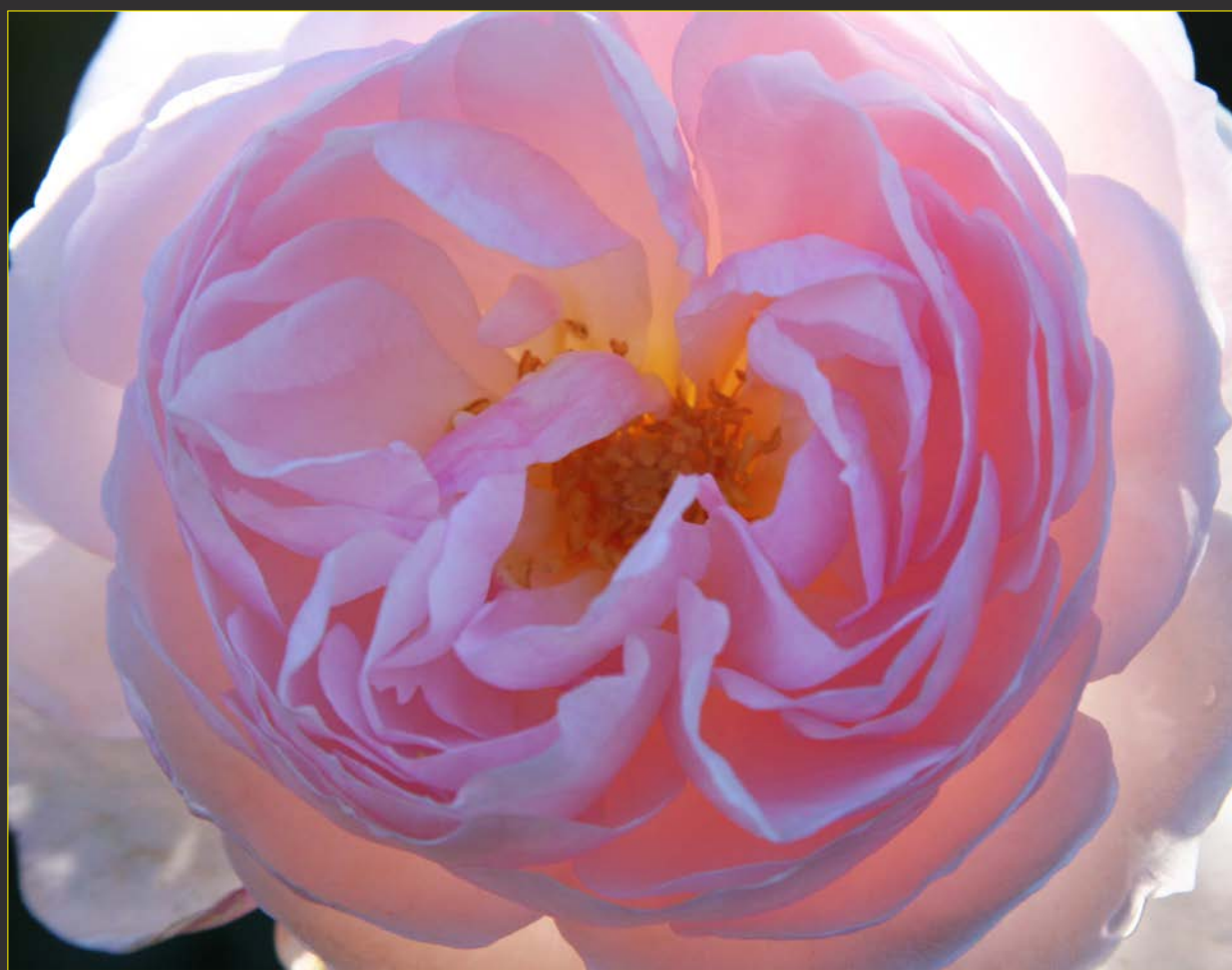


delights ...

Design, LaTeX Implementation and Photography

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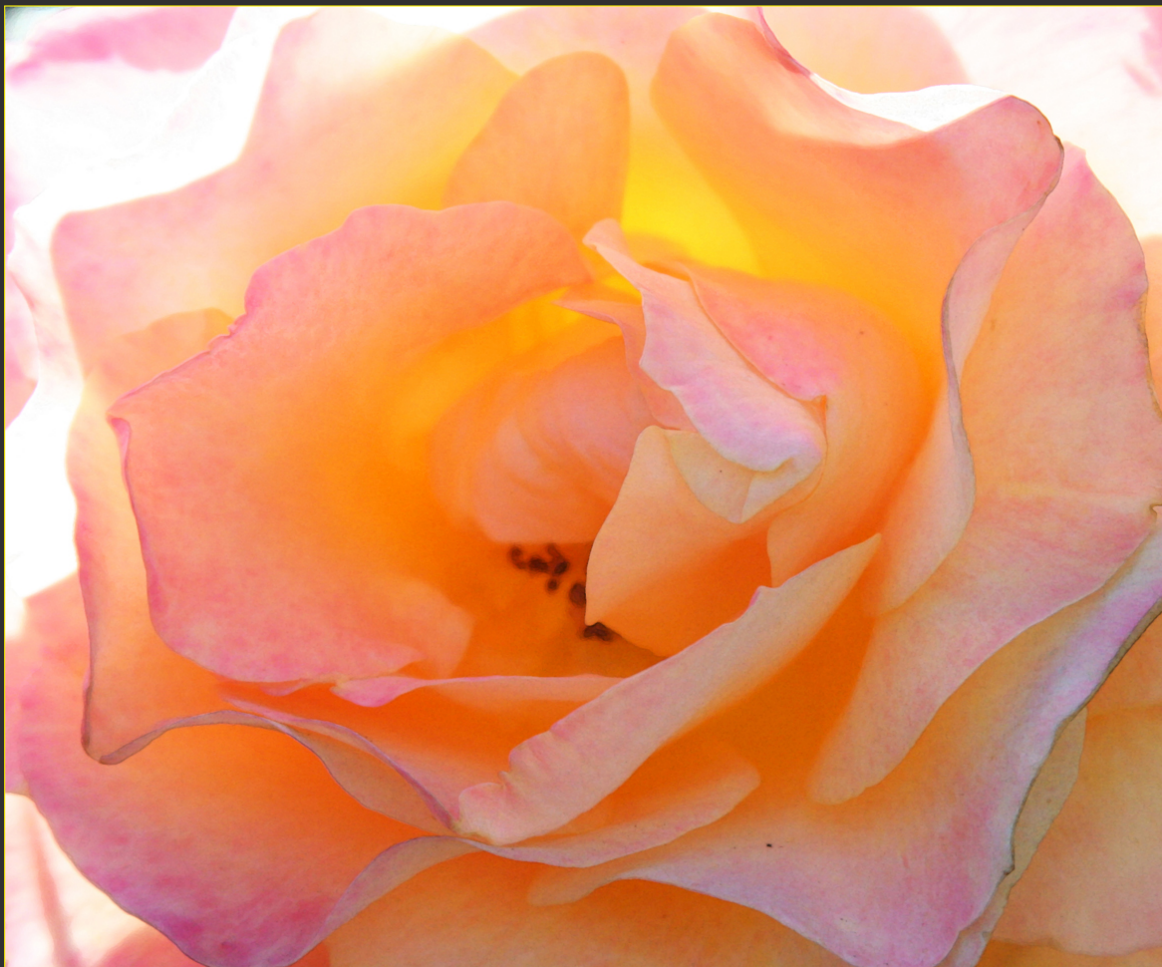


*i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything
wich is natural which is infinite which is yes*

*(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)*

*(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)*

– EE CUMMINGS



Tumbling-hair

picker of buttercups

violets

dandelions

And the big bullying daisies

through the field wonderful

with eyes a little sorry

Another comes

also picking flowers

- EE CUMMINGS



*in time of daffodils(who know
the goal of living is to grow)
forgetting why,remember how*

*in time of lilacs who proclaim
the aim of waking is to dream,
remember so(forgetting seem)*

*in time of roses(who amaze
our now and here with paradise)
forgetting if,remember yes*

*in time of all sweet things beyond
whatever mind may comprehend,
remember seek(forgetting find)*

*and in a mystery to be
(when time from time shall set us free)
forgetting me,remember me*

– EE CUMMINGS



*"You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
"They called me the hyacinth girl."*

*Yet when we came back, late,
from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.*

- T.S. ELLIOT



*Expect nothing. Live frugally
On surprise.
become a stranger
To need of pity
Or, if compassion be freely
Given out
Take only enough
Stop short of urge to plead
Then purge away the need.*

*Wish for nothing larger
Than your own small heart
Or greater than a star;
Tame wild disappointment
With caress unmoved and cold
Make of it a parka
For your soul.*

*Discover the reason why
So tiny human midget
Exists at all
So scared unwise
But expect nothing. Live frugally
On surprise.*

– ALICE WALKER



*From the Inca to the Indian,
from the Aztec to the
contemporary Mexican peasant,
our homeland, America,
has magnificent mountains,
rivers, deserts
and mines rich in minerals.
Yet the inhabitants of this generous land
live in great poverty.*

What then should be the poet's duty?

– PABLO NERUDA



*It is the artist's duty to be alive
To drag people into glittering occupations*

*To blush perpetually in gaping innocence
To drift happily through the ruined race-intelligence
To burrow beneath the subconscious
To defend the unreal at the cost of his reason
To obey each outrageous impulse*

To commit his company to all enchantments.

– KENNETH PATCHEN



*We go out together into the staring town
And buy cheese and bread and little jugs with
flowered labels*

*Everywhere is a tent where we put on our whirling
show*

*A great deal has been said of the handleless serpents
Which war has set loose in the gay milk of our
heads*

*But because you braid your hair and taste like
honey of heaven
We go together into town to buy wine and
yellow candles.*

– KENNETH PATCHEN



*But like love
the archers
are blind*

*Upon the green night,
the piercing saetas
leave traces of warm
lily.*

*The keel of the moon
breaks through purple clouds
and their quivers
fill with dew.*

*Ay, but like love
the archers
are blind!*

- FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA



*The little boy was looking for his voice.
(The King of the crickets had it.)
In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.*

*I do not want it for speaking with;
I will make a ring of it
so that he may wear my silence
on his little finger.*

*In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.*

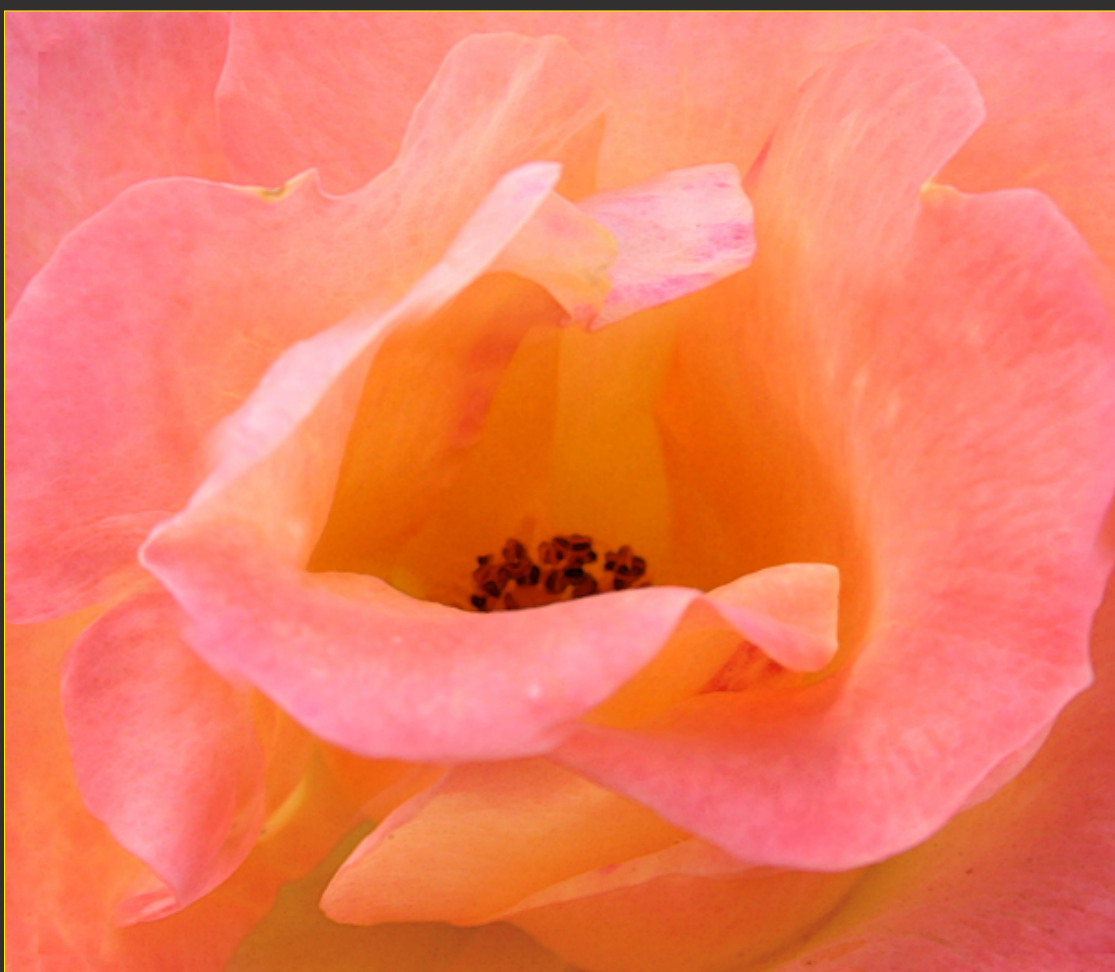
– FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA



*My heart of silk
is filled with lights,
with lost bells,
with lilies and bees.*

*I will go very far,
farther than those mountains,
farther than the oceans,
way up near the stars,
to ask Christ the Lord to give back
to me the soul I had as a child...*

- FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA



yosano akiko
1878-1942

*Is it because you always hope, my heart,
that I always light a lamp
in the orange twilight?*





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