

We consider the bibles and religions divine . . . I do not  
 say they are not divine,  
 I say they have all grown out of you and may grow  
 out of you still,  
 It is not they who give the life . . . it is you who give the life;  
 Leaves are not more shed from the trees or trees from  
 the earth than they are shed out of you.

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I love the darker hours of my existence,  
 wherein, as in old letters, I discover  
 my daily life already lived and over  
 and like some legend lost in farthest distance.

I learn from them that space is granted me  
 for yet a second, ampler life, in time uncharted.  
 And sometimes I am like a tree  
 which rustlingly above a grave has started  
 to realise that dream the lad departed  
 (around whom now its warming root-throng presses)  
 lost long ago in songs and mournfulnesses.



*She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe  
 "I thought you'd never say hello," she said,  
 "You look like the silent type."  
 Then she opened up a book of poems  
 And handed it to me  
 Written by an Italian poet  
 From the thirteenth century  
 And every one of them words rang true  
 And glowed like burning coal  
 Pouring off of every page  
 Like it was written in my soul  
 From me to you  
 Tangled up in blue*

*The Moon*

Brother mine, calm wanderer,  
 Happy globe of land and air,  
 Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,  
 Which penetrates my frozen frame,  
 And passes with the warmth of flame,  
 With love, and odour, and deep melody  
 Through me, through me!



**AUTHORS & POETS**  
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 LOVING  
 WALT WHITMAN  
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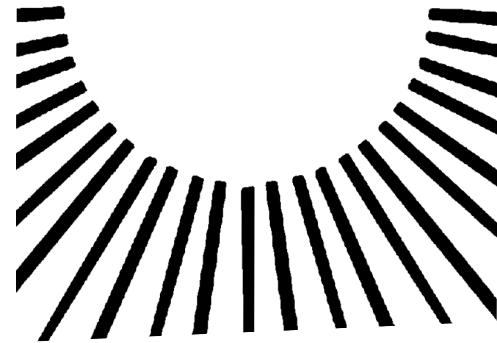


*Staring out the window she's calmly waiting  
 Confiding, silently  
 Searching the sky as if for a sign  
 She's waiting on someone*

*Is it the sun?  
 Is it the sun?  
 Only she knows*

*Tracing the lines of a winter's mind  
 She won't be long  
 Eyes opened wide to a darkness inside  
 But what does she see?*

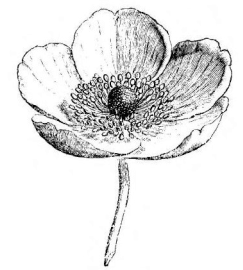
*Is it the sun?  
 Is it the sun?  
 Only she knows*



*The Red—Blaze—is the Morning—  
 The Violet—is Noon—  
 The Yellow—Day—is falling—  
 And after that—is none—*

*But Miles of Sparks—at Evening—  
 Reveal the Width that burned—  
 The Territory Argent—that  
 Never yet—consumed—*

**Tangled Up  
 in Blue**



**An Autumn's  
 Poetry and Lyric**