

## WE KITTIES DO

I like to climb trees  
and hide under leaves  
this way I'm free  
and can hide from me  
sometimes I seek  
but that's at night  
I lay in tall grass and wait for thee.

No time and date recorded

## ELEVATOR

I am willing  
get inside me  
if you wish  
I invite you  
together we will go  
to heavens heights  
or if you must  
the bottom floor.

No time and date recorded

## SONNET: RESONANTIAL LADY

You took me on a journey  
uncharted and unknown  
mirrors of reflection ageless emotion  
rhythmic cycles  
unthinkable acts  
passion stripped me  
so music I am.

Your female energies  
were too much to bare  
I flowed around you  
you did not care  
we lived we loved  
our binging forces within  
you gave me back I'll go again.

No time and date recorded

## A TICKET SOUL'D

The presence I feel  
 a carriage is near  
 take me it will  
 on a journey to . . .

No time and date recorded

## ODE TO A 74

There's something about  
 my motor  
 that make me smile  
 even if  
 I am only near it  
 for just a while.

No time and date recorded

## MOUNTAINEER

Foraging wood  
 axe a swing'en  
 Gathering up  
 a little warmth  
 Sights, smells and sounds  
 a natural way  
 Working with  
 not against.

1981

## STILLNESS

Clouds swiftly pass  
 bright lit sky,  
 rain explodes  
 with a crash,  
 ocean trashes  
 beating sands,  
 as I sit watching night  
 change to morning light.

1981

## DISCOVERY

I leaned up against a tree  
 then looked down  
 amongst  
 the bottom of the tree  
 little strawberries  
 growing free.

3/27/81

## MY HEART'S DELIGHT

A moment  
 with the Sun  
 ignites my life  
 and gets me through  
 the night  
 as the Sun  
 brings  
 happiness and  
 delight.

12:44 p.m. 7/25/81

## ODE TO POLITICS

The root of all evil  
 with situations shaped  
 we'll go through the motions  
 a tacit affair . . .  
 discount the best  
 we'll take the rest.

11:50 a.m. 7/30/81

## ONE-HEART

I quiver  
 with true love  
 as I only hold  
 one arrow.

2:00 p.m. 8/6/81

## TO POLISH

A real substance  
 must be there  
 to resist all  
 stains and dishonor.

A shining quality  
 given by friction  
 refinement of values  
 an unbroken sheen.

12:49 p.m. 7/30/81

Andrew N. Woznicki  
 MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

Aspiring-being of international appeal  
 breaking-through-boundaries  
 Motion upwards an escalating assault  
 commanding a view  
 Those who tread on a thread  
 as the course of life.

10:42 a.m. 8/4/81

## TAKE WHAT'S GIVEN

Research the world  
 is my approach  
 My work is original  
 as I find it there  
 A Phenomenological Given  
 is what I take.

10:00 a.m. 8/5/81

## SAMMY DAVIS JR.

A little glimmer  
 unravels from  
 the inside  
 out into the world  
 an instance  
 of highest true  
 self-expression.

1:11 p.m. 8/6/81

## WELL-SEASONED WOMAN

In frenzied creativity  
 abandons the world  
 and loses contact  
 ripped out of life  
 in the heat of passion  
 only to return.

1:18 p.m. 8/6/81

## ODE TO THE OLD

Lived life  
 less in front  
 more behind  
 Going forward  
 more in front  
 less behind.

1:30 p.m. 8/6/81

## PIONEER

Forges new territory  
 strikes out alone  
 the Originator pierces through  
 followed by . . .  
 many others.

1:38 p.m. 8/6/81

In Honor of  
Martin Heidegger  
BEING AND TIME

Human  
experience  
a  
finite  
being  
limits  
yet  
implies  
Possibilities.

2:19 p.m. 8/6/81

AHEAD-OF-TIME

Trying to go through  
the future  
With only minutes  
past  
Thinking about things  
to come  
Only realized  
in time.

11:14 a.m. 8/7/81

BIRD OF THE SUN

An imaginary bird  
beautiful plumage  
distinguished appearance  
of variegated colors  
a singular bird  
consecrated to the Sun.

4:30 p.m. 8/7/81

## LADY OF THE NIGHT

Waving feathers beckon me  
 what they tell me is come here  
 expanding circles of vibration  
 enchanted loom bounding limits  
 envisioning and offering  
 agreeable sounds  
 of unbridled passion

instilled and poured initiated  
 moves, an exchanging pair  
 of use and abuse

bring emotional waves  
 of existential rhythms to  
 a moment of satisfaction  
 spontaneously expressed  
 in heights and depths  
 integrating action  
 moving one-to-one to  
 come together

now calmness  
 a vanished past.

4:47 p.m. 8/781

## MYSTERY

When  
 the white duck  
 with the red face  
 paddles up stream  
 into  
 the tunnel  
 of darkness  
 mystery is seen.

9:19 p.m. 8/8/81

We wrote together what we saw when we saw it.  
 Lower back road of the Altamont going East just below the incline.

THE PHANTOM  
FARMINGTON HAY HAULER

A farmer at heart  
 lov'en open space  
 Work'en eat'en and sleep'en  
 rugged old soul  
 Uses one hook  
 to lift that bale  
 Spirit of the man  
 and the Golden Pheasant Fly.

At night the spirit  
 moves about  
 A big man 6 foot 2  
 with powerful arms  
 By chance you meet him  
 don't run and shout  
 Let him be, this is his place  
 to be free.

8:00 a.m. 8/10/81

CROP DUSTER

Adventurous spirit  
 un-sure-able  
 Flying edge angles  
 on the extreme  
 Top-end engine  
 cut the power, dead  
 Commanded presence  
 stop and stare.

1:00 p.m. 8/10/81

MY FRAGMENT

I will never  
 know  
 If it comes  
 true.

5:00 p.m. 8/10/81

## TO GOD

I call on  
strong images  
of Love and Life  
Since I am  
to make it  
I Will  
Restore a little  
School House  
and  
Donate  
the rest against  
anti-life.

4:37 p.m. 8/10/81

## ON 64

The double eight  
of perfection  
To set the stage  
for reflection  
The returning to invitation  
calls meaning into question  
Now emerges new  
avenues of Self-expression.

8:34 a.m. 8/13/81

## TO MY SISTER

Over my shoulder  
I glimpse at you  
Beyond me you are  
To light my path.

8:44 a.m. 8/13/81

## IN SYMPATHY

I look for  
 the right words  
 for expression to bring  
 Then I realize  
 I am at a loss  
 yet, the connection remains.

9:34 a.m. 8/13/81

## TO SUTRO

In the whole wide world  
 my favorite place  
 resides the spirit  
 of a man  
 who still  
 stands proud  
 Sutro.

In this magic space  
 I have come to  
 my own  
 helped by  
 the spirit  
 of a  
 Grand old man.

3:27 p.m. 8/13/81  
 Written in Sutro Heights  
 San Francisco

## SUNWRITE

The most  
 prolific mind  
 I ever met  
 shines  
 a lot  
 of  
 Light

4:12 p.m. 8/13/81