

1/20/60

In the beginning was my wishing

Each sentence very much you.

I thought by degrees to find the inner me. What ye made flesh. Into

disconnected branches of words! I say ye sente me.

what are you? parallel but transcending Titles?

no more the drawing of that entry for "you."

my gazelle, before God,

" All sentences are taken song; And if you Suppois [ygh]e sowld

know how I became objects, direct and in the plural You asse you.

'you'...I believe, you goe with lyfe and dede. If I will tell syllables...there

our aurenture. Pray to be called you, whereof the copy cannot hold you

billions of you. Ah! one gigantic universal dear. Commend every quantum- mischeif [ygh]ow.

Good people all, two or more you's be not strange

tu, vous, voi, you....Pray now tell us, I love you well...But never I in you,

a challenge

so why write to you, you my lady, bone...For sorowe will roare you for trying, you

you-know-what, you puppet, you.

my soule ha[th] you counterfeit, Pray set it write before. Now

language may seem ahead of me, and long. That it will nocht brek rest your selfe.

look out you have made good music through, Progressing... You have split into

voçé, du, ty, sie, and prepositions: objective of another You.