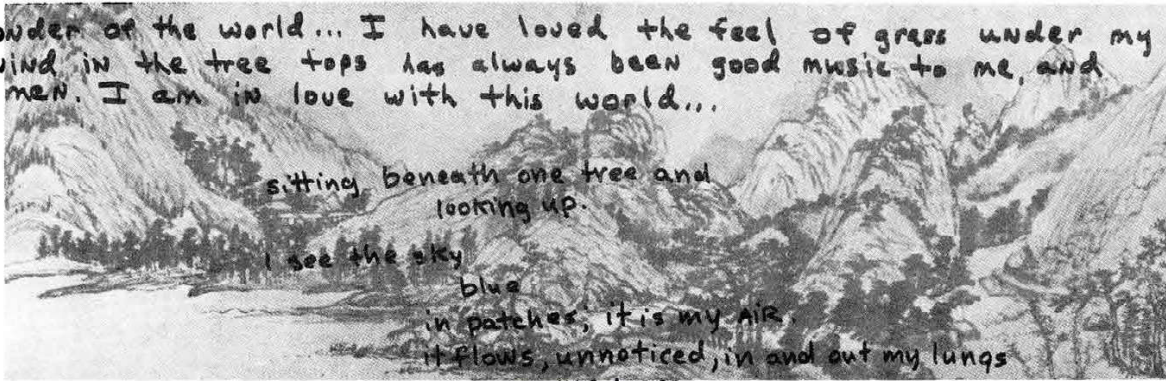


and wonder of the world... I have loved the feel of grass under my feet the wind in the tree tops has always been good music to me, and the voices of men. I am in love with this world...



sitting beneath one tree and looking up.
I see the sky blue in patches, it is my air, it flows, unnoticed, in and out my lungs to keep me here.

and between the specks of sky covering me: hanging down as shelter from the world.

and the earth beneath me clay which fathered man. that holds me up. and grass that keeps God's lambs from lying dead.

Liza Meyer

one-towne

dy)
pen
see).

our lives
t Cinlet)

ic)
me
r fingers)

stopped
e-towne did everybody
music stopped).

ed
me) (together)

k (play)

ices in the lakes of grapestone -
towne

id our minds

by Rundil

from Crauid Nydall, Mockey Mou,
Ballineth (an ocean child),
and a certain taxi driver.

for everyone with a little bit of
grapestone - towne in thier mind

Francois Chanteaubraind
Sounds of the Forest

Sound is called unto unsound and the forest is all one mighty harmony. Is it deep organ music that strikes upon my ear while fainter strains drift lingering among the arches of the trees. Brief silence falls. The airy music wakens anew and all about me there is a soft plaining, murmurings within murmurings. Every leaf has its own tongue; every blade of grass gives back its individual note.



earth our mother our cradle our nest, we are stone death without your touch, wanderers when your rhythms are lost we lose your breath we are stone death.

earth loom of old of always on crest of breath (flow of your seasons) nest of breath of om of all.

flow of your seasons we live to know your changes we are stone death without you.

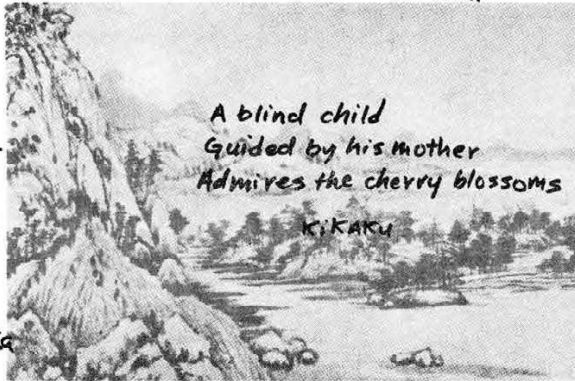
shadow of winter now raised now fade glow on summer sun, now spring, earth unfolds in spring delight rolls in splendor of majestic brocade is grace is earth.

damp the dawn of your soil fragrant the mound is sweetness of your breath & om - dive into your flow roll in your nest - if not we be stone death.

J.C.O.

was
de desert
s made.
ied dead
rance
earth.

ules Lipka



A blind child
Guided by his mother
Admires the cherry blossoms

KIKAKU