



CAMP PRINTING

**ROSMARIE
WALDROP**

CAMP

PRINTING

Burning Deck

[1970]

*A SWANNAHIDE AND RIVERWILLOW
HORRUMMING CLOUDS AND HUMMING BIRDS*

In the crowded days off summer
A white swan swam too the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking,
Until one day I saw one stride
(Would he would be the better word)
Its then ungainly big fat ass
Over the closely clipp'd grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To peck its smooth orange beak
Into a large black rind.

Then I thought off you, Leda,
And the maker off you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the vicious and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathered swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days off dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

*A SIRIN AND RIE FUJIMI
FOR PUBLICATION IN THE PHILIPPINES*

I In the crowded days of summer,
A white swan swam to the shore and landed.
I In the woods by the moving river,
Where I have seen the young little
So smoothly over the still water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking,
Until one day I saw one strike
(Would he would be the better world)
I In the margin of the grass
Over the closely clipp'd grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To pluck its smooth orange bark
I saw a large black bird.

Then I thought of you, Leda,
And the mate of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Song for the vision and voiceless song,
For the great white feathered swans
That lie in the woods by the moving river
I In the crowded days of living summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.

*AASIRIENNEDDEANNRRIEDELM
FEGORREPIBILIOGIFOCGRISBPHYMMQPRRVALEHINRUS*

*AASPERNINNENREQUIERIMENT
FÜR DEN BLICK AUF DIE MÜNDUNGEN*

I fühlte mich auf dem Fluss zu einer
A wählte einen neuen Platz und schaute sich
I m dachte darüber nach, ob es ein gutes
Wasser für die Fische sei, und schaute sich
S es an, ob es eine gute Zeit für das Angeln
I hoffte, dass es bald wieder fließen würde, und schaute sich
U nter der Brücke nach, ob es sicher sei
(W ahlte einen anderen Platz und schaute sich
I tzt erneut nach, ob es sicher sei
Q ualifizierte sich für das Angeln
D ollte er sich auf die Brücke stellen, um
T röpfchen zu fangen, und schaute sich
I mmer wieder nach, ob es sicher sei.

Thunfisch fand er auf dem Fluss, und schaute sich
A wählte einen neuen Platz, und schaute sich
A m dachte darüber nach, ob es ein gutes
S es an, ob es eine gute Zeit für das Angeln
F ehlte es an Wasser, und schaute sich
T hunderte von Fischen auf dem Fluss
I hoffte, dass es bald wieder fließen würde, und schaute sich
A wählte einen anderen Platz, und schaute sich
I mmer wieder nach, ob es sicher sei.

*MISTRESS MARY ROBERTSON LIVINGSTON
HIS EXCELENCY JOHN BROWN LIVINGSTON, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE EAST INDIES*

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER

~~THESE ARE THE LARGEST OF THE THREE CLASSES.~~
~~THEY ARE THE MOST COMMON IN THE THREE CLASSES~~
~~THEY ARE THE MOST COMMON IN THE THREE CLASSES~~
~~THEY ARE THE MOST COMMON IN THE THREE CLASSES~~

CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.
THE EIGHTH CONVENTION ASSEMBLED AT WACO,
CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.
CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

III. ~~How many ways do you have to say 'I'm sorry'?~~
How many ways do you have to say 'I'm sorry'?
SOS
III. ~~How many ways do you have to say 'I'm sorry'?~~

THESE ARE THE WORDS WHICH HE SPOKE; AND HE SPAKE THESE WORDS;
AND HE SPAKE THESE WORDS; AND HE SPAKE THESE WORDS;
THESE ARE THE WORDS WHICH HE SPOKE; AND HE SPAKE THESE WORDS;
THESE ARE THE WORDS WHICH HE SPOKE; AND HE SPAKE THESE WORDS;

~~ANNUAL STATEMENT OF EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS~~
~~ANNUAL STATEMENT OF EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS~~
~~ANNUAL STATEMENT OF EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS;~~
~~ANNUAL STATEMENT OF EXPENSES AND RECEIPTS;~~

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CURR

~~THE following is a list of the various species.~~
~~THE following is a list of the various species~~
~~THE following is a list of the various species~~
~~THE following is a list of the various species~~

He had many a day
In his life, when he was young
He had many a day
In his life, when he was young.

III He said, "Why didn't you bring dad?" "Sorry?"
Him: I'm so glad you're here?
S: I'm so glad you're here.
III He said, "I'm so glad you're here."

~~Consequently, while all the other states, except KMT, were able to build their own armed forces, KMT was unable to do so.~~

THESE ARE THE SONGS OF THE SILENT, THE SONGS OF THE UNSEEN,
AND THESE ARE THE SONGS OF THE DREAMERS, THE SONGS OF THE DANCE;
THESE ARE THE SONGS OF THE DAWN, THE SONGS OF THE SUNSHINE;
WHICH ARE THE SONGS OF THE EARTH, THE SONGS OF THE SKY.

~~ANALYSTS~~ ~~ANALYSTS~~ ~~ANALYSTS~~ ~~ANALYSTS~~ ~~ANALYSTS~~

~~THE END OF THE WAR~~

,
~~A~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I have no choice," he said.

~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~J~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~W~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~N~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~C~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~T~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~A~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~R~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~V~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~A~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~N~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~C~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~G~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~N~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~T~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~E~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~C~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~T~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~I~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~N~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~N~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~A~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~H~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.
~~I~~ "I'm not going to fight you," he said.

~~EDWARD RICHARD MCGOWAN~~

~~born Oakland, Mississippi.~~

OOD Dancer who lives on in the dance,
OOD Dancer who dances in the dance.

XXX will draw in a respected phase;
XXX will draw in a respected phase;

I will laugh at the carnival "Swan",
I will laugh at the carnival "Swan".

But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image
But old man who tried to take my image.

The tomb of Cebonius is empty,
The tomb of Cebonius is empty.
And you are not a wise weaver.
And you are not a wise weaver.
Your safety is in the river.
Your safety is in the river.

~~FOR MIND DREAMS, OR RAP~~

~~FOR MIND DREAMS, OR RAP~~
coming about in Mississippi,
by the time you get to Mississippi
you'll find it's all been forgotten.

O Old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange
O Old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange
O Old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
O Old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I respect old man, I respect old man,
I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I didn't like the place, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I didn't like the place, he's got his eye on the fine orange.

V You laid down in a respected place;
V You laid down in a respected place;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;
The place was over the mountain, the place was over the mountain;

I didn't lay right at the capital of "San,"
I didn't lay right at the capital of "San,"
No, I laid down in a respected place.
No, I laid down in a respected place.
I awoke in the best hotel in town;
I awoke in the best hotel in town;
You can know that it's a good place;
You can know that it's a good place.
And I awoke in the best hotel in town;
And I awoke in the best hotel in town;
I laid down in a respected place.

B But old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange
B But old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange
I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
No, I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
No, I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange,
I respect old man, he's got his eye on the fine orange.

T The tomb in Golgotha is empty
T The tomb in Golgotha is empty
An empty tomb, an empty tomb, O my God, O my God,
An empty tomb, an empty tomb, O my God, O my God.
You can know that it's a good place.

THE IRON YEAR

Already snow submerges an iron year.
"Already snow submerges an iron year."
Hart Crane
Hart Crane

Positions of pigeons on train cars
Positions of pigeons on train cars
Just outside my window
Where, on snowy metropolitan
Nights the New York Central
Opens huge cracks in my dreaming...
This imagery is a given
And what are my
Fancy variations on
Fancy variations on
Recalled clangings?
Recollected clangings?
Watching the cars in
Watching the cars in
A scene that only I
A scene that only I
Have made lonely,
Have made lonely,
My mind calls upon
My mind calls upon
Crane who escaped but surely
Crane who escaped but surely
Must haunt this place:
Thousands are calling
Thousands are calling
From the vestibules
From the vestibules
Of lesser buildings,
Or lesser buildings,
But tears do not remain
But tears do not remain
Tears here; they freeze
Tears here; they freeze
Into the mirrors of winter.
Into the mirrors of winter.
My feet are on covered iron
My feet are on covered iron
Not bronze or gold,
Not bronze or gold,
And already the snow
And already the snow
Is making the clangor
Is making the clangor
Unto an undersea sound.
Unto an undersea sound.

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

AESTHETIC DISTANCES

~~AESTHETIC DISTANCES~~
~~AESTHETIC DISTANCES~~
~~AESTHETIC DISTANCES~~

THE WHY OF DEATH IN DE CHIRICO
THE WHY OF DEATH IN DE CHIRICO

In the early afternoon
In the early afternoon
The Siennese sunlight the statues
Falls obliquely across the statues
As it surely must fall. Il Campo
And above the piazza Il Campo
The sky is bluer than
The enameled blue
On this icecream machine
That whirs softly
But does not disturb the siesta scene:
Complete true blue: And one would think
That in this almost silent afternoon
There would be no need for metaphor
No need to carry anything beyond anything
And yet across the rainbow of my mised eye
As in another who must have looked with startled eyes
There comes a faint green
Which I cannot see because eyes
I am framed by my deceiving eyes
As by the underlying shine machine.
Or some great yet delicate machine.
De Chirico poet of death the picture
Now that you see outside the picture
More than there is shape that so discolors the sky?
What is that shape that so discolors the sky?

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
A SERENADE AND REQUIEM PRIVATE PARTS
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PART

In the crowded days of summer
In the crowded days of summer,
A white swan swam to the shore and died
A white swan, swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river
In the weeds by the moving river,
Where I have seen the swans glide
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
So smoothly over the sunlit water,
I almost thought they had no legs for walking;
I almost thought they had no legs for walking;
Until one day I saw one stand
(Waddle would be the better word)
(Waddle would be the better word)
It is then ungainly like fat ass
It is then ungainly like fat ass
Over the closely clipp'd grass,
Over the closely clipp'd grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its smooth orange beak
To poke its smooth orange beak
Into a large black turd:
Into a large black turd:

Then I thought of you, Leda,
Then I thought of you, Leda,
And the maker of you,
And the maker of you,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the vicious and voiceless swans,
Sung for the vicious and voiceless swans,
Sung for the vicious and voiceless swans,
For the great white featherless swans,
For the great white featherless swans,
That die in the weeds by the moving river
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know you,
And how now I know you,
I shall never get to know you.
I shall never get to know you.

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARTS

In the crowded days of summer
A white swan swam to the shore and died
In the weeds by the moving river
Where I have seen the swans glide
So smoothly over the sunlit water
I almost thought they had no legs for walking;
Until one day I saw one stride
(Waddle would be the better word)
Its then ungainly big fat ass
Over the closely clipped grass,
Down the path to the rose bushes
To poke its smooth orange beak
Into a large black turd.

Then I thought of you Leda,
And I thought of you, Leda,
And the maker of you,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
And how I make songs and am made by songs,
Sung for the voiceless and voiceless swans,
For the great white feathery swans
That die in the weeds by the moving river
In the crowded days of dying summer,
And how now I know
I shall never get to know you.
I shall never get to know you.

*FOR ANDREW CAMP
FOR ANDREW CAMP* born Oakland, Mississippi
born Oakland, Mississippi
brought up in Mississippi
brought up in Mississippi

You sailed away in a respected phase;
You sailed away in a respected phase;
They sailed away in a respected phase;
They sailed away in a respected phase;
They took you to the dingley daze
and took you to the dingley daze;
I see you, I see you, I see you,
I see you, I see you, I see you;
This ship carries and we appropriate
This ship carries and we appropriate;
They, not seeing, saw no boat,
They, not seeing, saw no boat.

I liey; nor seeing; saw to that.
I didn't laugh at the carnival "Swan;"
I didn't laugh at the carnival "Coyote;"
I didn't laugh at the carnival "Swan as Raven;"
I didn't stare at the swallows;
I didn't hear the howling dogs;
You tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me;
You tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me;
You tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me;
A howling dog barks at the ground.
I don't laugh at the swallows;
I don't laugh at the coyotes;

I see seeing, saw to that.
The tomb at Cœlon Colonus is empty,
And the tomb at Olivet.
You stalk with me with me in my gait.
You stalk with me in my gait.

A WINTER FEVER

It's getting harder to remember his business.
His customers are so populated in other places
that he can't keep up with it. He has to leave the
area to find work. It's very difficult to get a job
anywhere else than some of the smaller cities.

I can say: "We stood this way yesterday."
I know where we stood yesterday.
But which of these
Summers of yesterdays?
Summers of my life?
I can remember: We were young then.

One winter when all West Tennessee was like this
When we were young we had many a hard time
We used to go to school and the teacher would teach us
Geography and the Catechism every day
We had to walk miles to get to school
and we had to walk miles to get home
and we had to walk miles to get to church
and we had to walk miles to get home again.

First year was kitchen and laundry with laundry, And the year we came we had a hundred cows with many more, And the year the Depression started we had to leave; The year we left we had 1000 head of cattle. "There are no more cattle now than there were then." Was the year we came we had a hundred cattle.

And I stored images in my visual file boxes
And I stored them in my mind's eye
And I stored them in my memory banks;
The images were stored in my mind's eye;
They were stored in my mind's eye;
Never again could I forget them.

A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES
A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PRIVATE PARTS
A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES PLATING PRIVATE PARTS
A SERENADE AND REQUIEM
FOR PRIVATE FIGURES PLATING PUBLIC PARTS

A WINTER'S FEVER

AN ALLEGORY OF THE LIFE OF MAN
BY JOHN BUNYAN
THE AUTHOR OF "GRACIAS"
AND "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS".
WITH A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY
ON THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH.
BY JAMES H. THOMAS,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST UNION.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOLUME I.
CONTAINING THE LIFE OF MAN,
AND THE PRACTICAL COMMENTARY.
NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
J. R. DODGE,
1853.

1. The first step in the process of creating a new product is to identify a market need or opportunity.

"I suppose that I must all, Para feel
I suppose that I must all, Para feel
I suppose that I must all, Para feel
I suppose that I must all, Para feel

Mary Mary, my love,
Your mind unadorned by thine,
In shadowed bower,
And knew values because
A kiss had been given.
And now you're with your love,
You had not crossed the threshold,
We're no more best,
I'm still your Gausee.

THE DOLMEN AT EKINING

oblique effect of the sun's rays on the body, and the resulting effect of the sun's rays on the body.

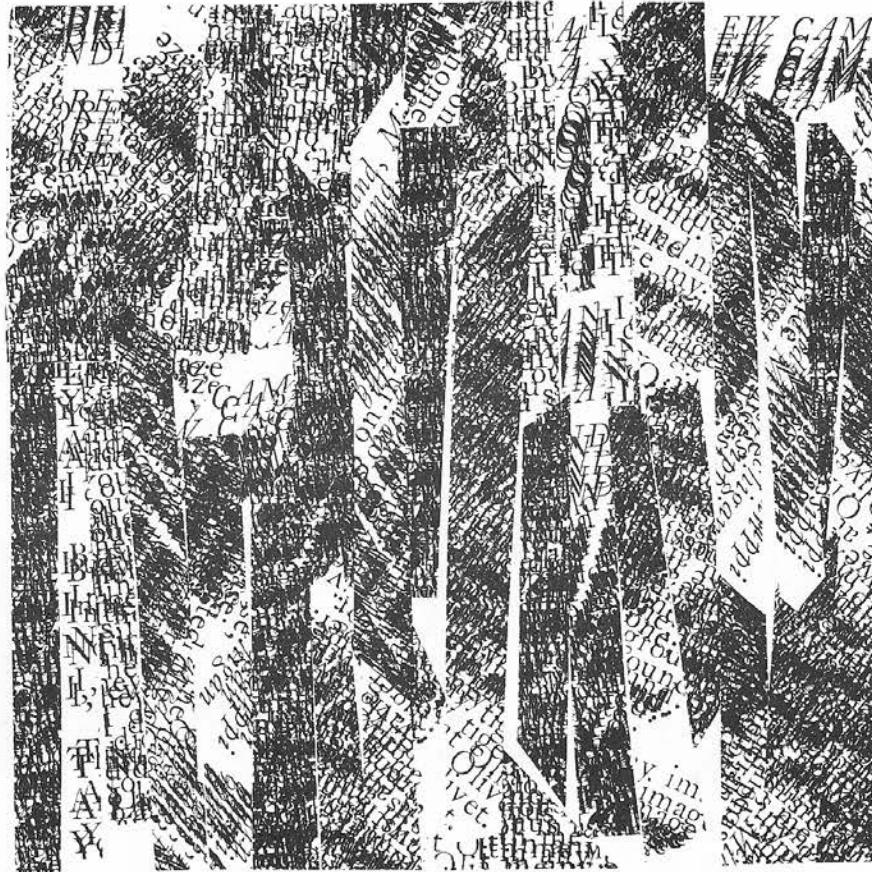
Mary died
elle McWhorter

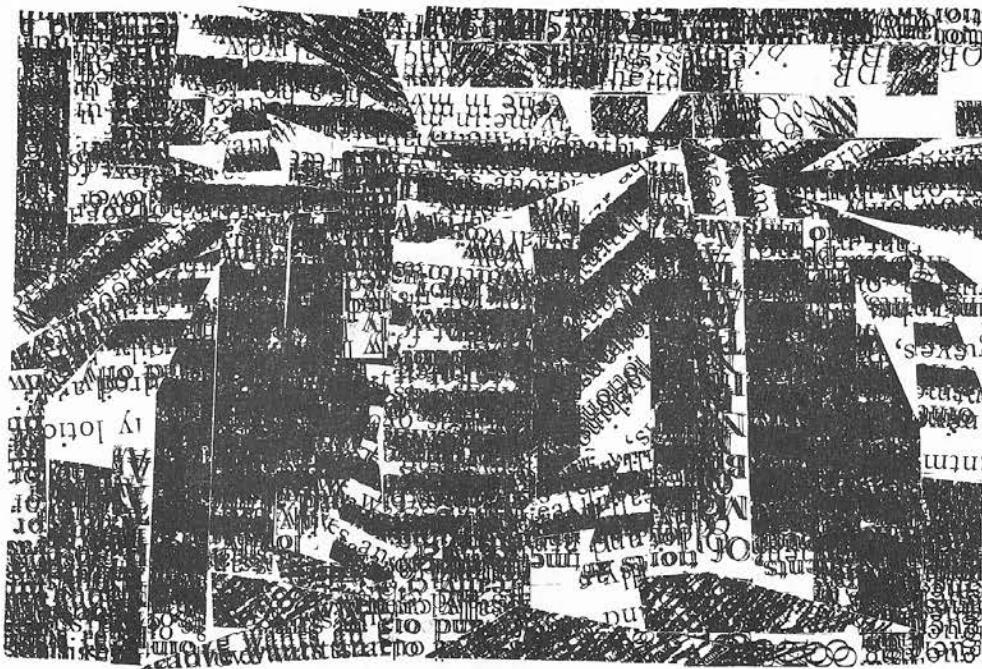
the May 1776 letter to his wife, Anne, in which he writes of his desire to return to England. In this letter, he also discusses the possibility of returning to America after his term as governor ended.

**THE
SCHOOL OF THE
FOR PUBLIC FIGURES.**

W. F. Hills obliquely as I think it would fit into the sky; at first I was inventing but yet
I am also there I'll be going and the others that are at the end of the river but few ever
paying to form the Design of the sky as in all other wise Ther is no
The sky is open hope is open
The name of W. Hills before the others and the And estuary is a history attached
Remembered quickly and w
M. Hill at his best K. H. Remained As in his place from him as he
My hat with a green band came quickly and he suddenly left the book
At his best the new crown of the sun's splendor moves behind the stars
Cross roads this morning and the stars by the side of the road
Rosedome must to the west of the city behind the hill
Doubtless like a by accident seen the sheep
Ice "Hill" in the middle of the dream
eons on train cars direct to the window use I'm seeing that you had so many dreams
my metropolitan more than walking down the street
a York Central What is it home in the city of crystallized given
I've had a girl for a week now and the stars have been seen
That is DEAR and every day I have a good time
And the girls New York and each day I have a good time
Three months now and I can never get him to come
We had a child which I cannot see
A, I can never get him to come
to snap to tow
miss the three touchy
A, I can never get him to come
to snap to tow
miss the three touchy

that's outside
the city
of Boston
is a
small
town
called
Wellesley.
It's a
quiet
place,
but it
has a
lot
of
history.
The town
was
founded
in 1847
by a
man
named
John
Wellesley.
He was
a
wealthy
businessman
and
he
wanted
to
create
a
place
where
people
could
live
in
a
quiet
environment.
So he
bought
a
large
area
of
land
and
he
began
to
build
houses
and
roads.
Over
time,
the
town
grew
and
it
became
a
small
city.
Today,
Wellesley
is a
small
town
with
a
population
of
about
10,000
people.
It's
known
for
its
beautiful
houses
and
its
quiet
streets.
There
are
many
old
houses
in
the
town,
and
they
are
very
well
preserved.
The
town
also
has
a
lot
of
green
space,
including
several
parks
and
a
large
playground.
There
are
also
many
shops
and
restaurants
in
the
town,
and
it's
a
popular
place
for
visitors.
If you
want
to
experience
the
history
and
beauty
of
Wellesley,
then
you
should
take
a
walk
through
the
town
and
explore
all
the
wonderful
things
it
has
to
offer.





...in my dreams...
I see myself walking
out on the roof of the
Metropolitan Hotel in
New York Central Park.

New York Central Park
Metropolitan Hotel

FOR PUBLIC PICTURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARKS
FOR PUBLIC PICTURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARKS

FOR PUBLIC PICTURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARKS
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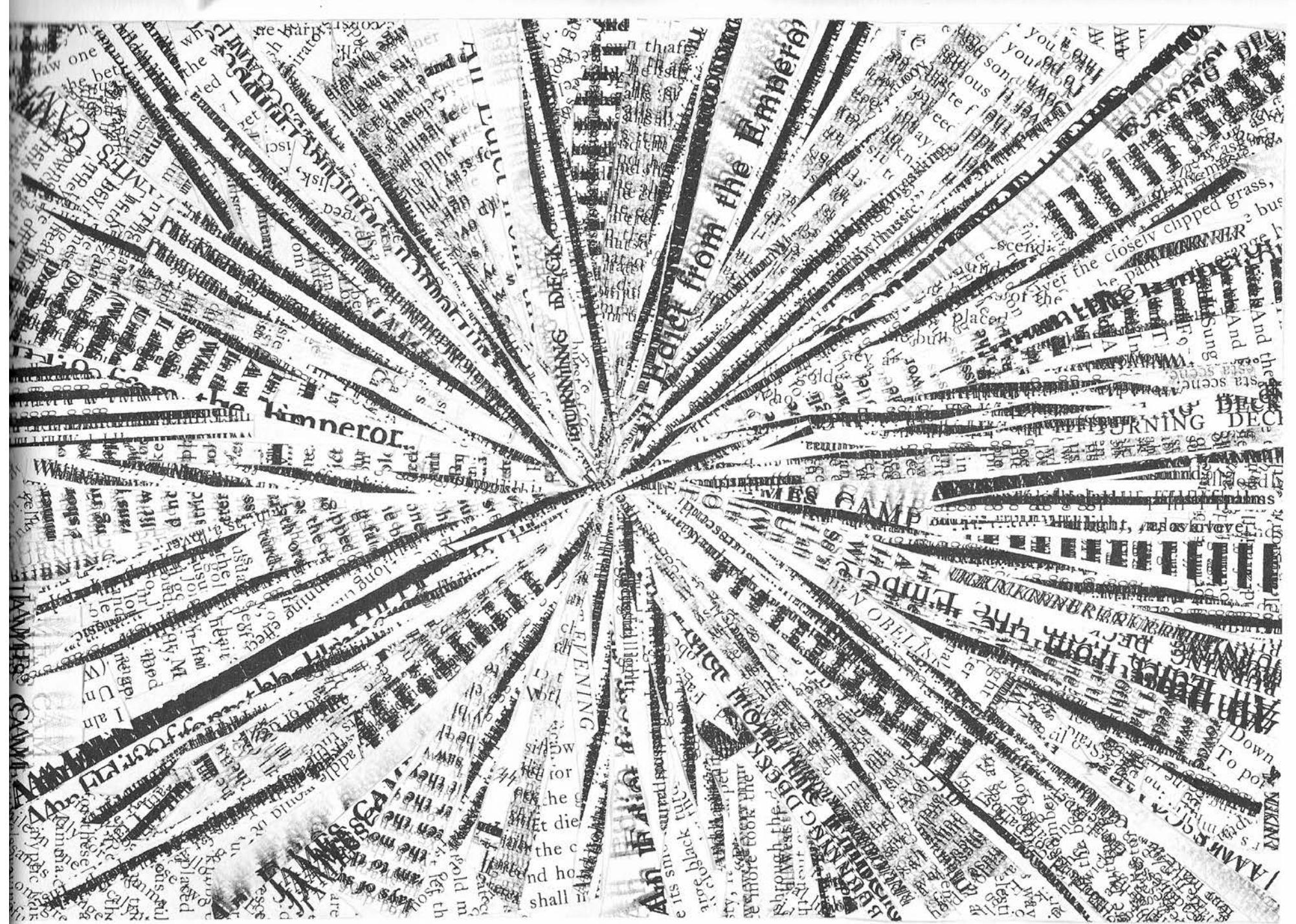
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FOR PUBLIC PICTURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARKS
FOR PUBLIC PICTURES PLAYING PRIVATE PARKS

II



The poems were by
James Camp.