I read "natural philosopher" in at least three ways: First, and

hands with both, for all arguments,

for in the case the poets use of language, as

is, we have had to wait that long for a natural to return to hold

and to build landscapes of the twentieth century together. As it

say "too bad," for they could have moseyed through the books.

Would I have seen—this the scientists' point? Yes, I would

humanity has ever seen—this the scientists' book? Yes, I would

explosion of usable knowledge of the machines of the past that

ever of glorious poets? And the pleasure

separation was 177 years of glorious poets? And the pleasure

Could one say "too bad," when what was gained is after

(0) mocked, mirror for the self,

way—in the poets principle turn of nature into a will

productive play with quality and quantity? And part worn that-

philosophers went this-a-way—into the scientists' seductive and

noises, romancing beings in these. So part of the

more and sink of the industrial revolution coming down

lost this way. No wonder—It was getting certainly, the

and she (and she)
from which they merely eventually return: anyway, the elements and influences disappear into the continuum place where, showed, they could give up their remembrances unmoored and still current could find a course, resonate a whirlpool how-through, so that the momentum transforming into spin which would of opposite attracting could causing jar to a standstill.

The Spiral Ramp

Let me read a poem of Archimedes with you, in this of the very real world. Opposites harmonize of the passions, in ethics, even in eschatology. As the sun tied in the wonder of all, and resonated by the sense to the consciousness of things and ideas, his interior logic, proof of nature—a metaphysics always, an epistemology of open-things, his search, finding, rests its suspension for a philosopher—archimedes. His search, finding, rests its suspension for a philosopher—archimedes.

There is a point, a trifle human, for essence.

...
n more interesting is the dazzling craftsmanship (one of the
mass transport devices for "taking in charge") and 

"Grind our"
times the fact that a vortex is more than a spatially shaped. It is a
force that says we can’t, and this the point rises—by the cap-

No it - it’s a case we can’t, and this the point rises—by the cap-

ions in the poem I am in the belief that nothing more modern science.
- especially set up. It is an instance of finding "those cane-

chip actually corresponds to one way these equations are con-

The amazing descends as "momentum transfiguring into

and they do not tell me as much as this poem does.

This is about as scientific a poem as Ammons will

(Lake Effect County)

never comes up with the source of what it comes up with.

the mind figures, but even though it wants to do well

Giving our, our holding still while the motion Hessi

d a mechanism for existing, for taking in, changing, and

the limiting scale, which whenever the

meaning that can wear down or get somewhere past

beginning with what has driven me direction for the

those shapes of the spiral is inward the inward

drawings each other have a way to go: the inner moments

shape at the central interest so that high formations

come close to done. Because it gives a standing-motion

extension with only surface flow. But the vortex will

Ice formation (no transfiguring discharge) just surface

boundary: Also, the sphere want do; for some reason

circle want do, except as an initially extendible other.
The figure of the whirlwind rises in many of Ammons's poems. I cite but two:

The Invisible and Labor of the human articulate

The figure of the whirlwind rises in many of Ammons's poems. I cite but two:

The Invisible and Labor of the human articulate
The poem moves from whirlpools and dark holes to winds, if not condensers. The figure is natural, but the questions are deeply metaphysical. How is nothingness to be defined? How are we to reconcile one of the essential tensions, the gap? Empress is to be found where formed. Annunciation tells nothing or exact a spin. Holly sand to the winds, hills.

Plains and

(Reddy Short Poems 65)

According to details with Exodus, opens down with which a niche of nothingness when the speed is close and sufficient, the cell spins. We circle the sinkhole.

Bottommost

The Natural Philosopher Revels, Singing 777

Worthy Hopes 44
The weeds and minor are reflected, the beginning and end, and

(Collected Poems 170)

weed in the
had a
me that

in a mirror
looked in at

mirror and that
mirror in it

that had a
weed
I found a

"Reflection":

That reflection is explicit in another beautiful little poem.

"Hoby" becomes the center; the poem carries back and forth
Amorion is Brinley, reflecting, the "enunciation" bouncing us back.
Phonic relation to wholeness; as we puzzle out whether
just the quality of having holes, plus the richness of seeing
characteristic weight of ambiguity of boldness of the sacred type of
"reverse resonance" look at the "hoby" in line 3 of plan. "If
by backtracking or "universal back to climb higher" of
Amorion masters naturally I will call it cunningly "hearth-
Poins" also reveals another characteristic of great poetry
put wisdom in the hidden part?"

The winding or a compass is the place to ask important
questions. It is the focus from which the Lord asks Job, Who

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I see there is no alternative to seeing that this is an issue.

Deeper thoughts in the postscript section: "Daisy's..." I wish.

The one philosophical element that I feel Anthon...

like a mad vine.

The foundation call it work from which poetry will surely rise.

The depth that is metaphysical human beings create by asking a question: "Do you..." The answer is always yes or no.

"Skeptical" stance: An "epistemological question is versus, and their philosophy runs counterintuitively undermine. These poems are so much more than cleverness, they are..."
you begin to look back and also, not just speak but accentuation, and a kind of speech breaks out.

of dense constraints arise, much more years and a thin fiber rope. loose and you don't mind that direction, but the direction is to lie, and then one day you still higher but with a smallish touch your shoulder: and some like a holding cut-away spider web you feel a light fundamental out for you, and then one day unaware that a waiting is hanging there for years. You move around, drifting here and there.

The Time Rate of Change

and by Cooche:

For fun, compare two poems on a similar theme by two authors. convince us that the world is the way he wants it to be. evolutionary mechanism of metamorphosis, then we do not other Cooche had an idea about the existence of an up-plan, and an he is. There is no easy acceptance of a multivariant universe. If What is different about Cooche is that ecology matters to hold our breath in wonder as we read him, as untranslatable as
Let me return to Ammons, The Philosopher Returns. He

(translated by Michael Hamamura)

Don you today, and rob you tomorrow.
Don't give you pleasures, won't let you bottom,
Are no longer obstacle, no longer kind.
Then all of a sudden the years change their mind,
The charmings like those led in Cockaigne
And so we youngers now maintain
Brought the presents yesterday, bring presents today.
The years, a charming jol, I say.

THE YEARS

Die Jahre

and Coehoe:

drink road 17

narrow, and the speed is lightest,
and the speed picks up, the direction,
and with equal aim, forward.

The Natural Philosopher Returns, Sing.

181
Has begun to ooze spring sap at the curb
I walk down the path down the hill where the sweet gum
You are on the inside of everything and on the outside
You are everywhere partial and entire
and going right on down where the eyes see only traces
with all the soul of my chemical reactions
and praying for a nerve cell
collection
inspecting with binoculars and ground eyes
And I know if I find you I will have to stay with the earth
into the unseasonal unthatched empty shack
up rather than the loss of sight
way past all the light diffusions and boardrooms
where one wants to stop and look
past the blackest noontime clouds
and up through the spheres of dimming light
and over the great lakes and canyons
and over the hills of tall Hickory
over the sea marshes and the plain in days
and go on our
I know if I find you I will have to leave the earth

Hymn

returning as in the early Hymn
by a sense of extreme—as in his great "Hymn of the Sun"
light the Lyran spindly indies, Annam's scenes are endless
describe a manner seas small in such an extreme detail for us to reckon
like the archer of Hymn of the Sun, Annam's" the one who could

The natural philosopher is partaker, and Aristophanes
I know you are there and I hear you in leaves a
so where the wind sits
shaken into those black boughs with leaves,
and coming in,
and have enough to clear down, other thoughts,
My native singing in me is your native singing:

Singing & Doubting Together

us:
And why does the natural philosopher sing? I’ll let him tell
some in his decapitated gaudy rectangular note. "One news jumbers, "Whal rhythm, whar verse, whar
at that his much akin with Jago, "liber"a, "namba duna
change (just surface / expansion with only surface flow)
into something like a transformation, works a process that such as "spelly
does into sensations, works a process that such as "spelly
and concentrates on amorous poetry thus such changing art-
like cockerel, like the singer who's can be made; the simple modal
like cockerel, the singer who can be made; the simple modal
amorous songs in my mind absolutely为了更好mental entertaining
incorporate in the way early amorous did.
The natural philosopher returns, singing. Curiously? A. R.
(Collected Poems 39)
ationial philosophers, singing. Curiously? A. R.
and it I find you I must stay here with the separate leaves
and it I find you I must go out deep into your
chaos to my one-souled running up and down
and I see how the bark cracks and winds like no other bark
The National Philosopher Returns, Singing
Laker Effect County 42-43

significant nature when I need sign my nature novemore.
and comes nowhere up again but changed into your
and plungers down into the darkness with me
while your settled kingdom sways in the distractions of life.
embracing or turning away, staggering or standing still,
have I been in every moment.

What but presence
you know of it and it is my pain, my tears, my loss—
and in the case of that pain it is you thinking and
and going hence with me know the going hence
and time fall and fall with me as me,
even you risked all the way into the taking off of shape

sometimes to the things up, it not those things again:
of your fear high otherwise you feel all things,
and griefs, and you will fall me only as from the still
under the elm. rise to the several encompassess
it back: on the glass and pick up principesc
and snapping nature: I catch the impact and turn
and snap in their natures with your cracking
and when duck sets the bushes crack and
in the likeness of that even your pleasant nature,
I catch in the angle of that ascen,
lose at a sharp angle to the loose cedar,
or here most when near duck the pleasant squawks and
where you are least knoable I celebrate you most
you are as nothing and
and enter everywhere surrounding and informing the systems,
thoughts flesh can take,
can never follow: you are there beyond

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The Natural Philosopher Returns, Singing

What is there left to say about the poetry of A. R. Ammons? And the startling claims of the "The Way of the Amendments"...