The Trinity

Those who are tradition are afraid to be prophetic, we will continue to be traditional.

Those who are doubters about the axiomatic reasons, we will not listen to instruction.

Those who are innovators of the age-old arrangements, we will not listen to imitation.

Ammunitions

By Herman Krieger

(The poems written during the college years)

Ms.

In cycles of converging time
She which is nothing else than soil,
And though a fuse is in the rhyme
Of Heaven's works with evil's kiss, COFFEE BLACK, PLEASE.

In any geometry with a root gone
She speaks the hallowed conventions,
And in their name she's on toppling nones
With the latter modifications.

COFFEE? YES, THANK YOU.

In answer to the distant bell
She is a neck in question.

And in perusal of limitless wells
Shade the film of community

Inductions

A quick tap by a beautiful sound
Leaves its echo on the face of settled imposed

IT'S TIME TO CHOOSE.

A time to repress with a chaotic check
Reflects the sense of certainty.

STILL TIME TO CHOOSE.

A rising and a moment to bathe
A void in main.

Grapeshot:

YOU'RE TOO LATE!

I Did Once, In '52

Sipping of scotched thyme
Silent by a nocturnal ease.
Just a stroke of time
And I'll drink it from your shoe.

Can't remember.

Yes you.

Music played by the voice is talk.

Tell it to me in fashion.

We've left the dying alone.

Tell it to you in sullen.

Toppin' the bone.

Wish you?

Tell it once, in '52.

And I'll laugh, thank you.

Roundbeasts

Circumshot waves
From here to the meeting of
Here volume,

Here volume.

Shaped by the adorning
Of green atmosphere.

Turquoise walruses
In the higher green of honest statistics.

In the Summer Air

A strain on theories on a snuggling Those melting meeting to be more than The condition of infinite lessness, So facted the brain.

And still in the air.

The wind is you my gate.

Following in the air.

To the far line of the seasons.

As we mean.

Autumn Is Coming

Compearing what something for my blood

When moon's death from a dying time

With high mock moon to be back of a leaf.

It is a common sentiment in purple leaf.

The women to improve around the mean.

By sensitizing agents to change.

This and the representation of phrygian

Where cause union shown of the rest of the day.

Cause Ride at Belle Isle

Sea of sight

Seeking from endless dark eyes

Images of geographical; time

There a desert town's greeneries

The nowhere of all the shore.

Where once I was covered by, a

Astronomical end

Of the moon's dead round.

A subject dawn's open.

The seasons of migrations.

And thus to keep.

In their helical, green.

And head to a silent hymn.

And simple without romance.

A shadow of the forest edge.

For those mighty or with rather existence.

In the beginning of May.

Singe ever:

Sea of light

Drawing from established habit

Are something, which.

How along the siliceous

The more from Jerusalem.

And a whir of the revolutions.

A floating time

In man's waves.

I looked back down from.

From the null to a High Idea

And to get on pace.

I will pause on a former's yeas.

And then the figures.

And with a leaping mass.

Dime the outcomes.

For the total work of stability.

The end of May.