

If You Forget ME

I want you to know one thing  
You know how this is if I look  
of the crystal moon, at the red branch  
of the slow autumn at my  
window, if I touch near the  
fire the impalpable ash  
or the wrinkled body of  
the log, everything carries  
me to you, as if everything  
that exists, aromas,  
light, metals, were little  
boats that sail toward  
those isles of yours  
that wait for me

Well, now, if  
little by little  
you stop loving  
me I shall  
stop loving you  
little by  
little

If suddenly you forget me,  
do not look for me,  
for I shall have  
already forgotten  
you.

VERUDA

If you think it long and wide  
the wind of banners that passes  
through my life, and you decide  
to leave me at the shore of  
the heart where I have roots,  
at that hour I shall die,  
my arms and my soul  
will set off to seek yours  
and to seek yours  
each day reach hour,  
you feel that you are destined  
for me with you are destined  
sweetness, if each day a  
flower climbs up to your lips  
to seek me, ah my love, ah my  
own, in me nothing is extinguished  
or forgotten, my love feeds  
on your love, beloved, feeds  
and as long as you live  
it will be in your  
arms with  
leaving  
mine



COMPASSION BE FREELY GIVEN OUT  
TAKE ONLY ENOUGH  
STOP SHORT OF URGE TO PLEASE  
STRANGER  
NEED OF  
LIVE  
RIGHTY OR  
IF COMPASSION



EVERYTHING NEEDFUL TO

AS TO

WHEN I FINALLY GET TO FREEDOM  
I WILL BE ABLE TO LIVE AS I PLEASE  
AND NOT BE BOTHERED BY ANYONE  
EVER AGAIN

IS TRULY THE

THE WAY TO  
LIVE





"I have always thought of my work as being celebratory. Let's say it's the three C's - commemorative, celebratory, and colorful."

R. Budiana

Common language appears throughout Indiana's work, which is often layered with coded meanings, coming from Indiana's biography or classical and literary sources. These texts closely resemble advertisements; yet while they act like ads or billboards, they often subtly critique popular culture and consumerism.



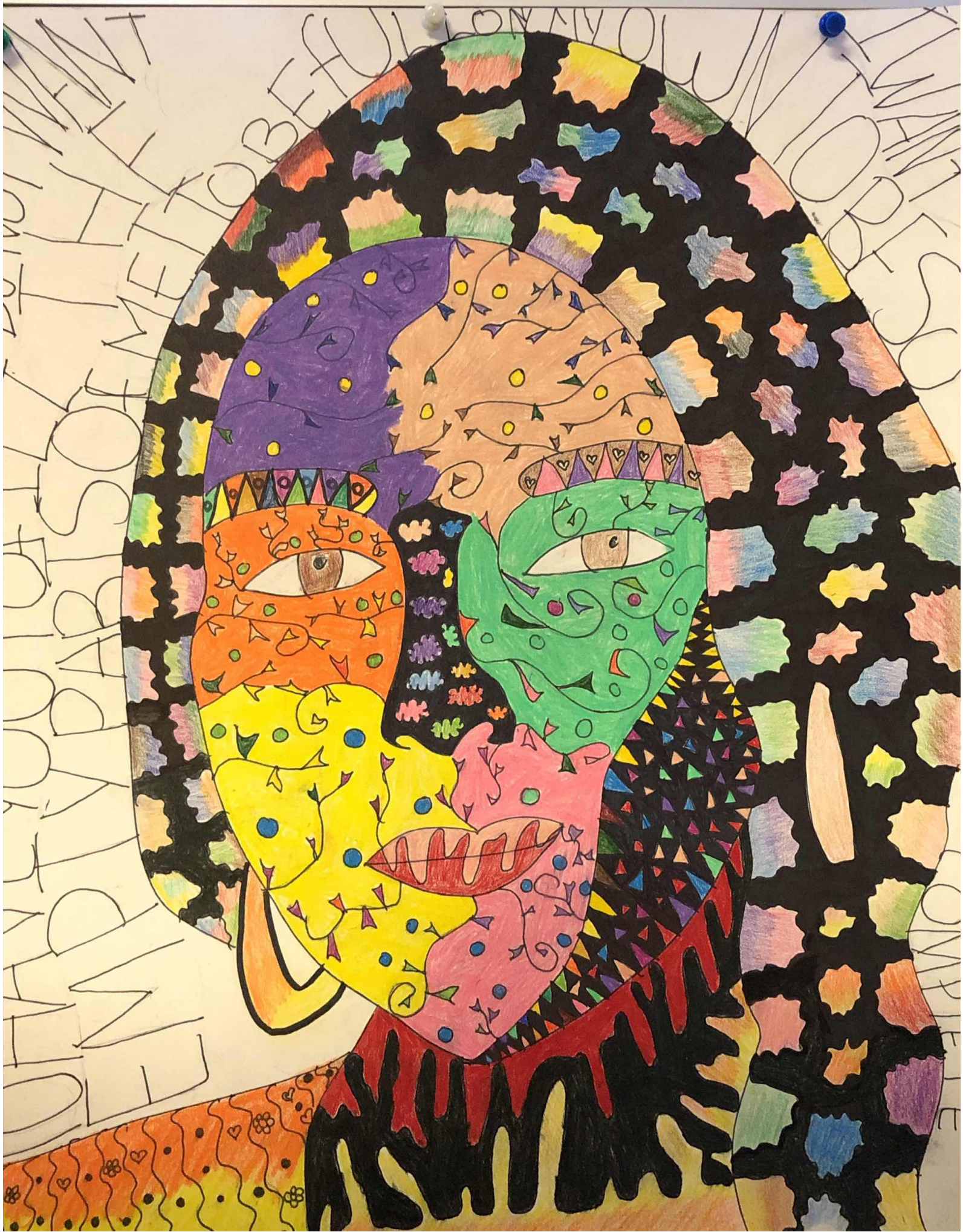
THIS

THING NEEDS

FREEDOM, THIS LIBERATION

WHEN IT IS FINALLY OURS  
THIS TERRIBLE THING NEEDS  
FREEDOM, THIS LIBERATION  
MAN AS APPROPRIATE AS  
EARTH







ALL PLAYERS THEY HAVE THEIR STAGE AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD'S ENVIRONS EXISTS AND THEIR

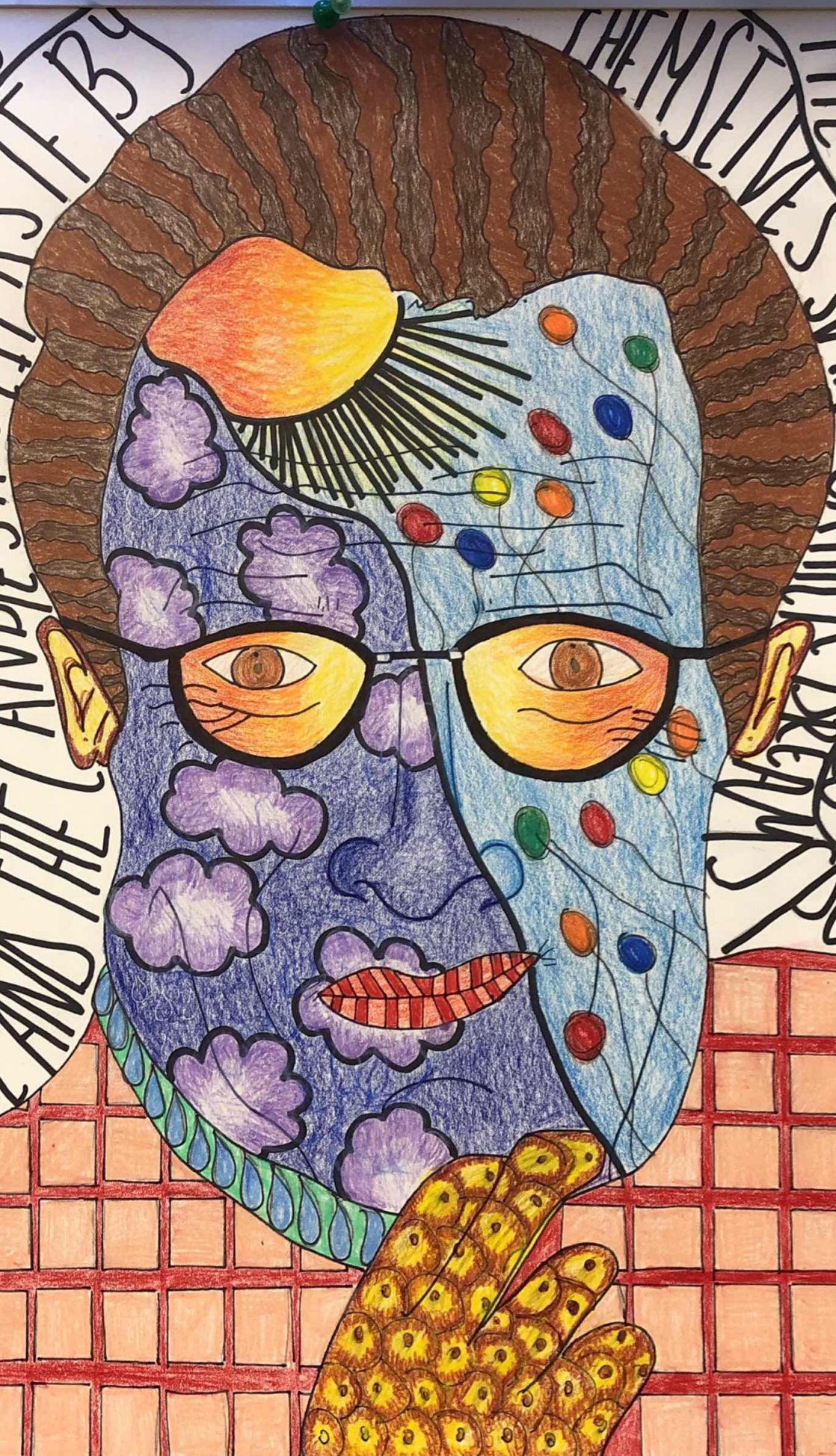


I AM YOUR FRIEND  
FOR YOUR SOUL  
HERE FOR  
A PLACE FOR YOUR LIFE  
ARE A LIGHTHOUSE  
WE LEAVE  
AND WE STAY  
THAT'S SUN OR WATER  
KNOW



SOON EVEN THIS LATE IT HAPPENS  
AND THE CANDIES ARE IT AS IF BY

THE MISTY  
THE COMING OF LOVE THE COMING OF LIGHT  
THE STARS GATHER  
POUR  
AND THE SUN COMES





Everything carries me to you if little boy  
shall I too love you little boy

Will you stop loving me  
if you'll now will you

TRDA KALAN WET BELUM  
KALAN WET BELUM  
KALAN WET BELUM

we were there  
me, him, regret

Growing the edge of the road

Same nose

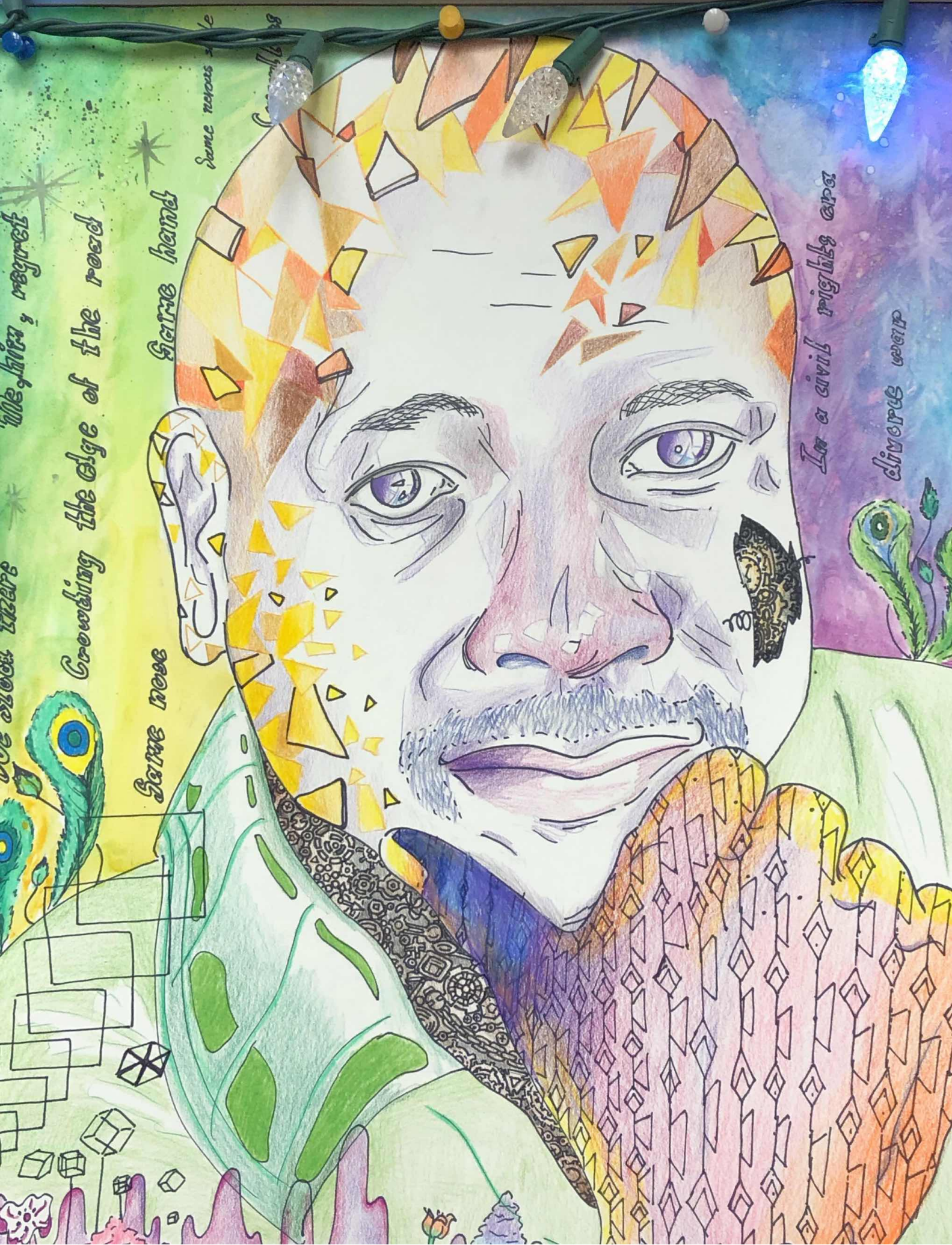
Same hand

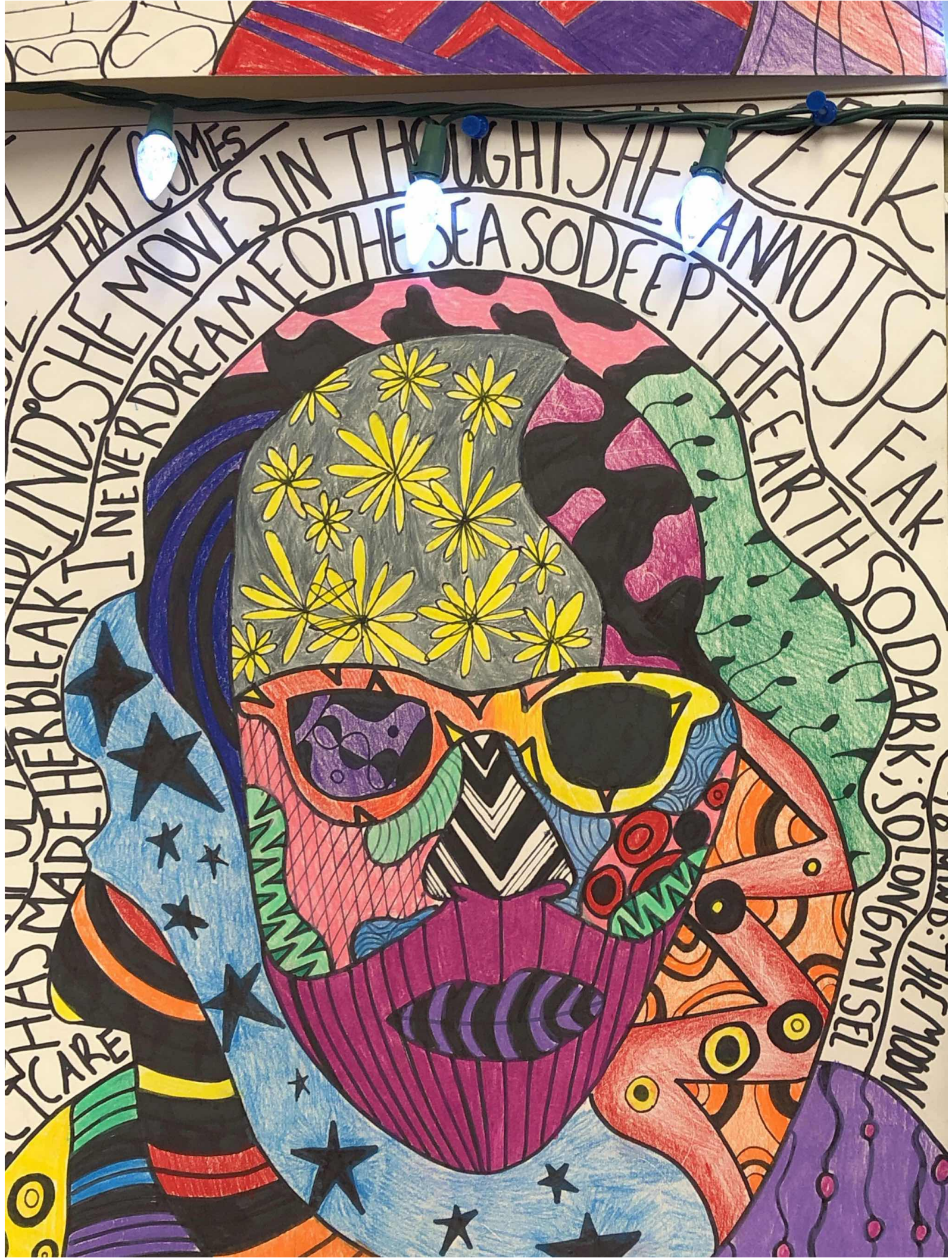
Same nervous smile

Same lips

In a civil rights era

divorce war





THAT COMES  
AND SHE MOVES IN THROUGH THE LEAK  
I NEVER DREAM OF THE SEA SO DEEP

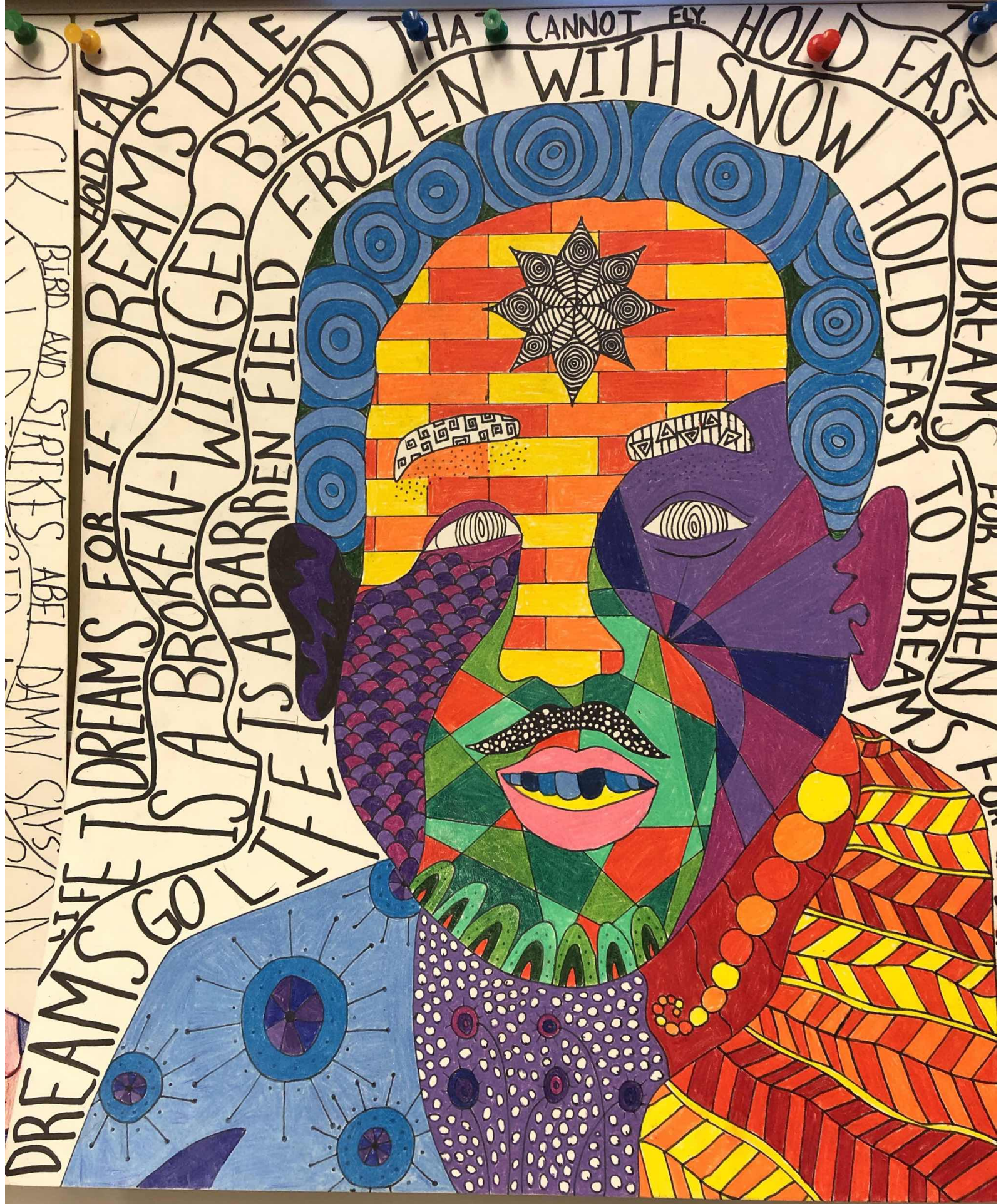
HAS MADE HER BLEAK  
CARE

THE EARTH IS SO DARK; SO LONG BY MYSELF  
THE NOW

etals, were  
that sail toward  
nose rises at years  
that wait  
for me

I shall  
stop loving you  
little by  
little

ing as beloved,  
be in your  
leaving without  
mine

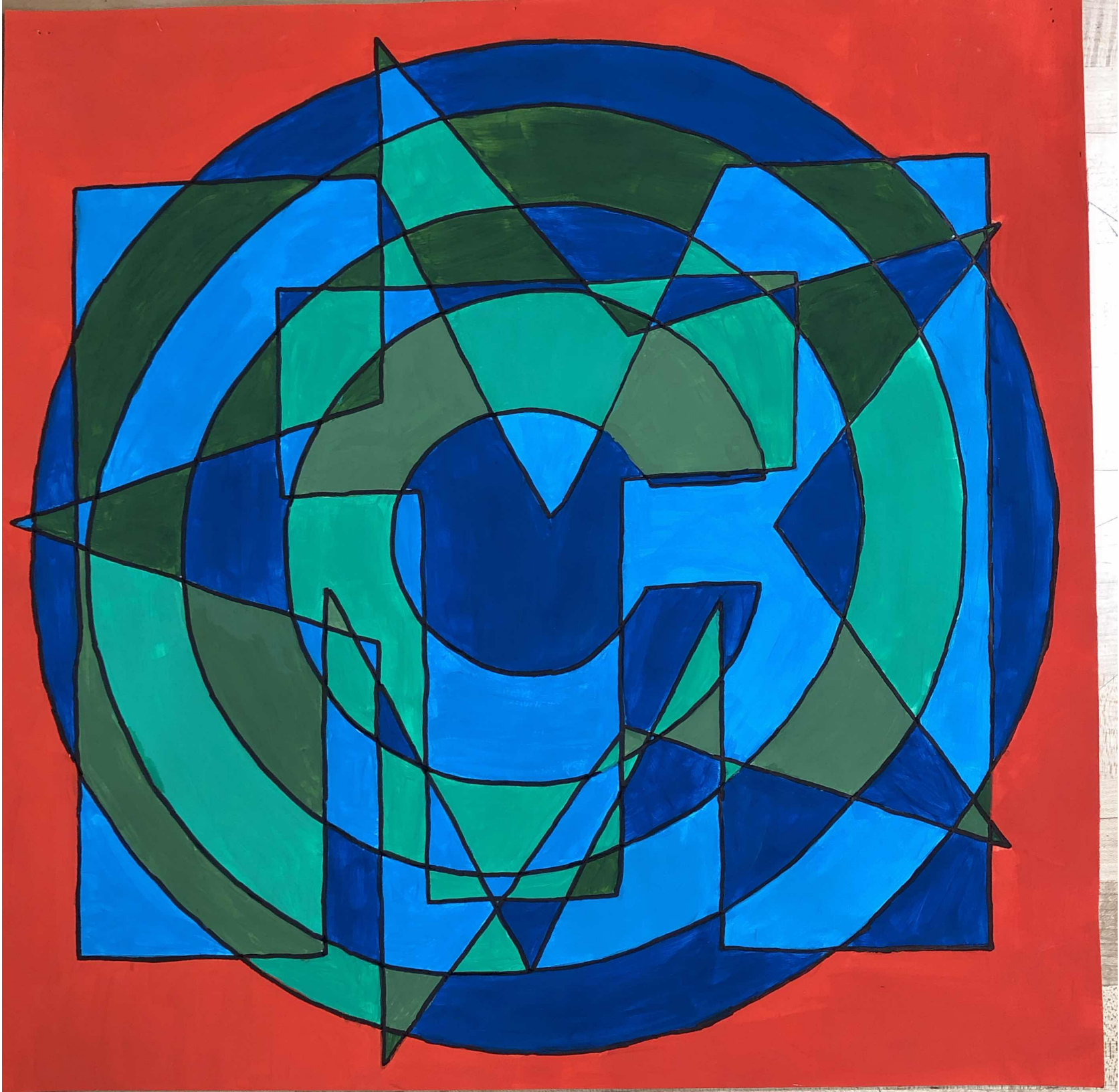


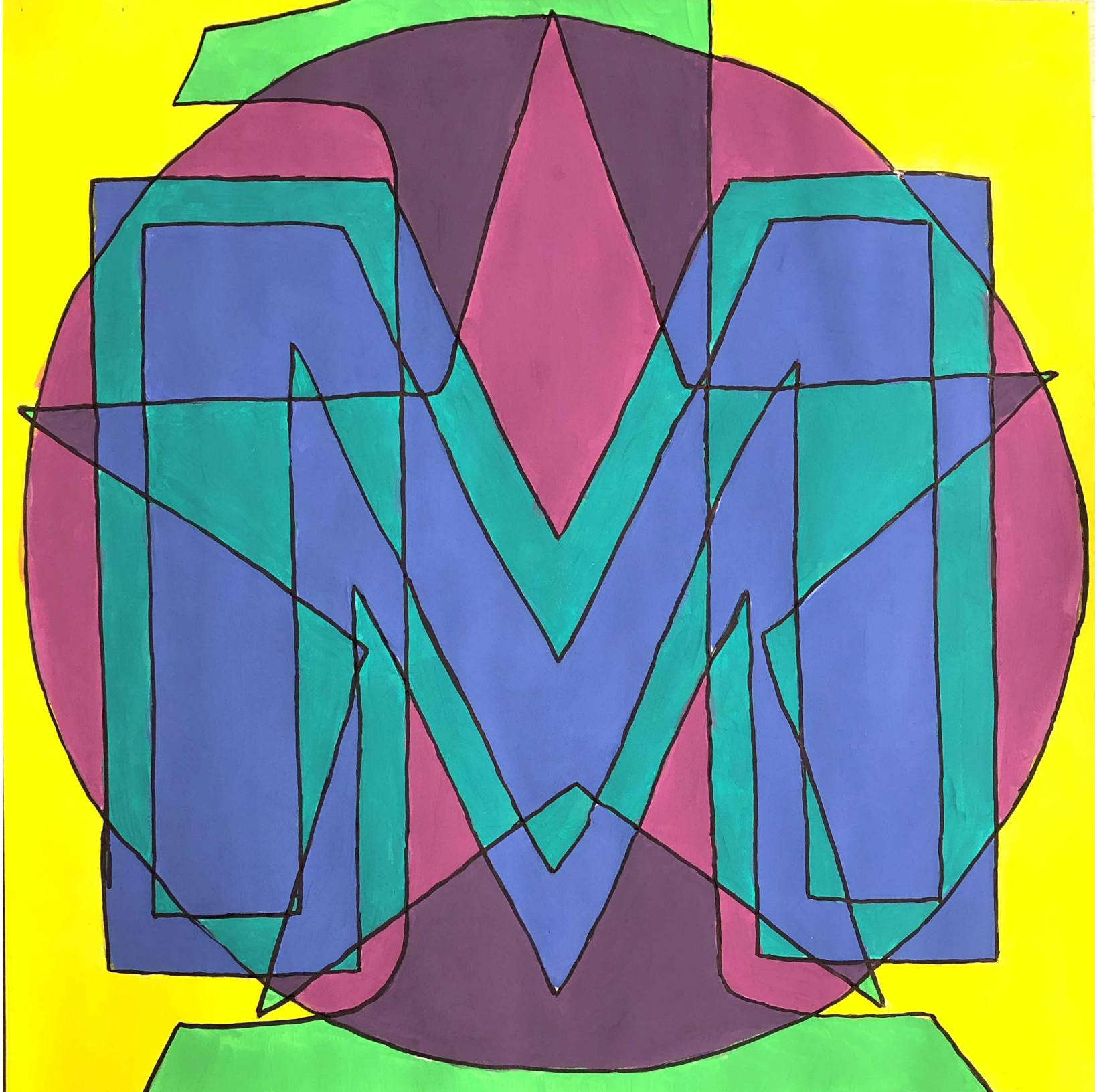
DREAMS FOR IF DREAMS DIE  
LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD FROZEN WITH SNOW HOLD FAST TO DREAMS

LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD FROZEN WITH SNOW HOLD FAST TO DREAMS  
LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD FROZEN WITH SNOW HOLD FAST TO DREAMS

BIRD AND STIPKES ABEI DAMN SAYS

FOR WHEN'S FOR















*Noam & Snell*

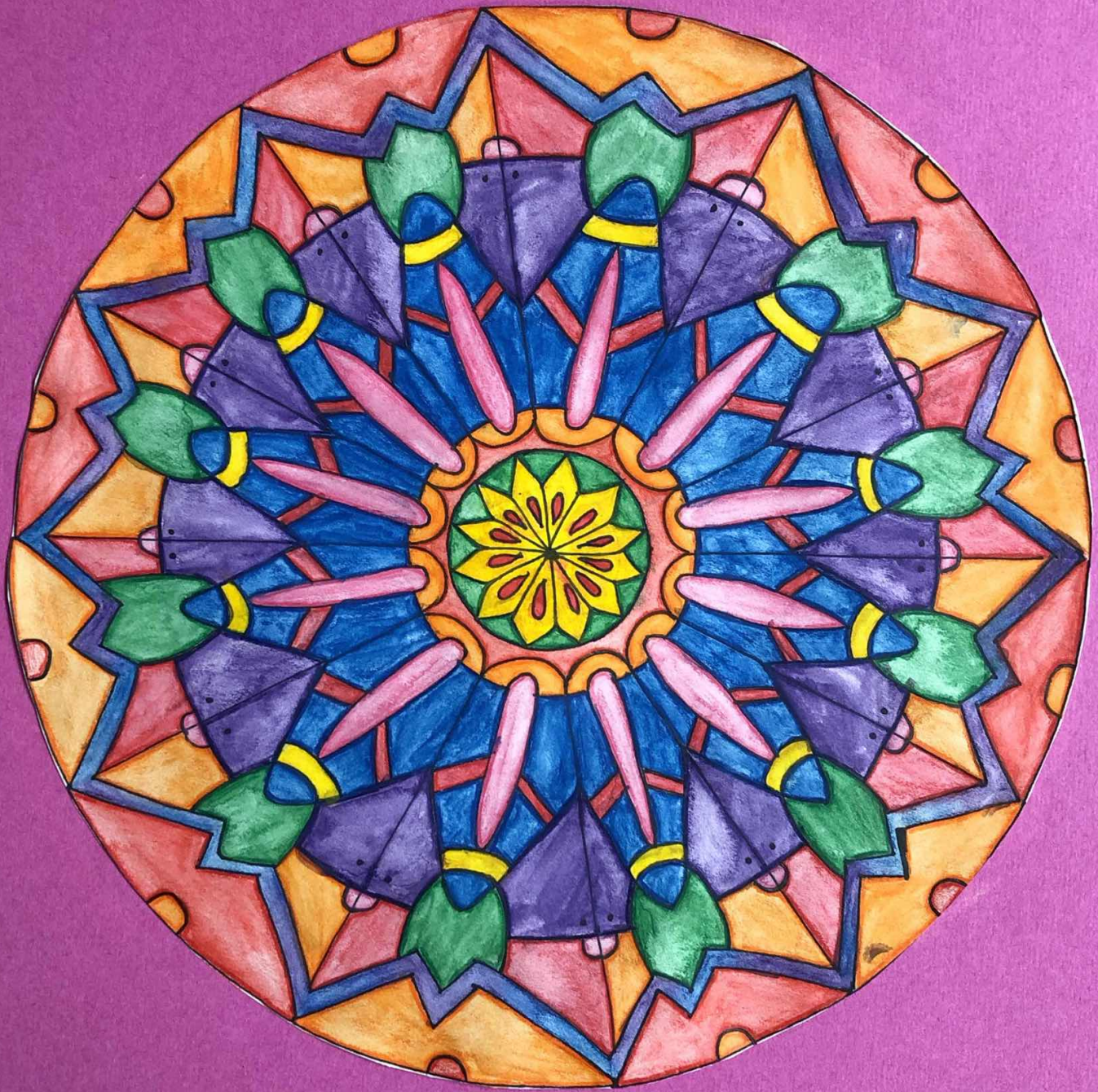












Loquanda McFadden



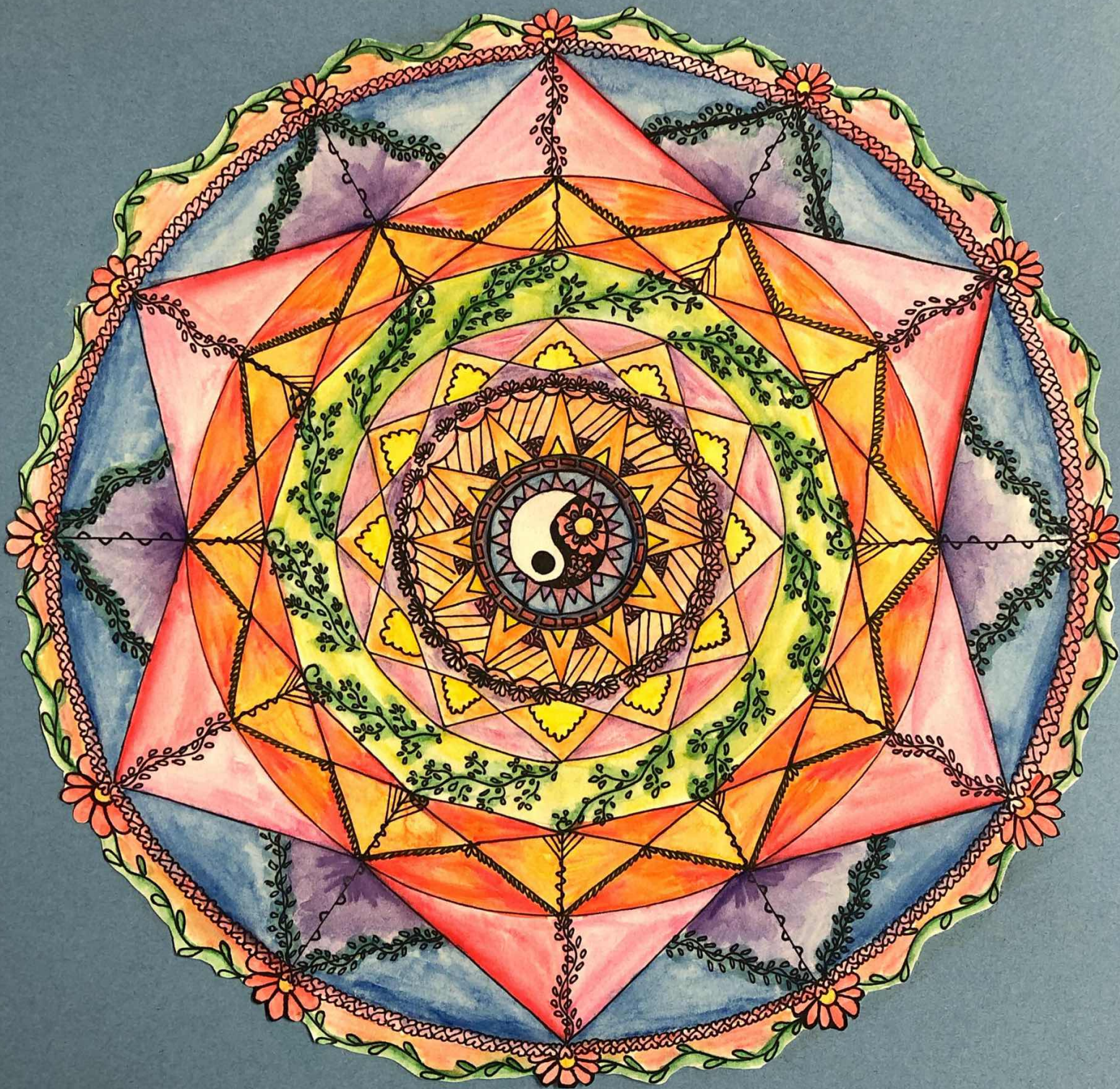
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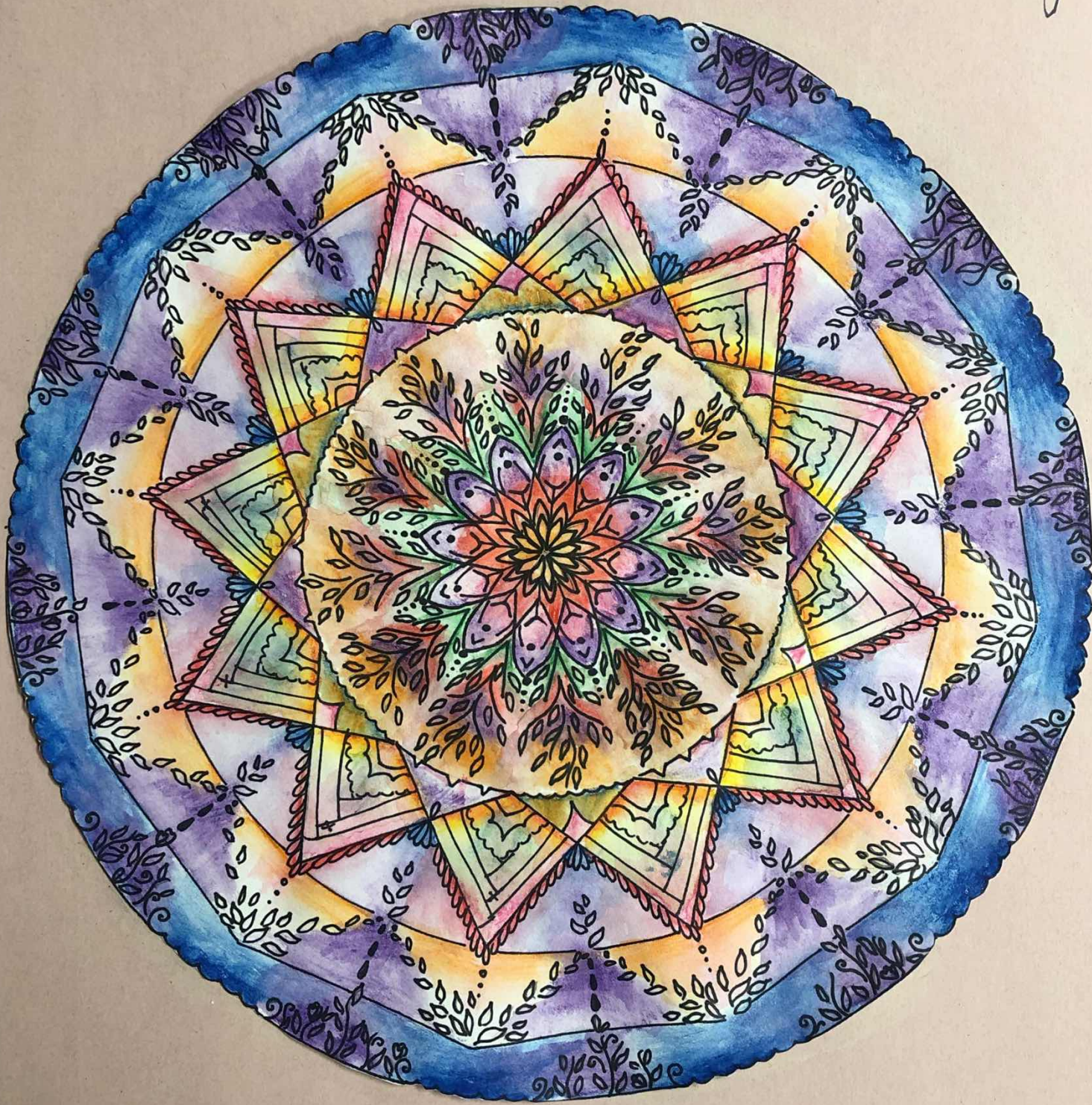
MwLay

Morgan





Ei Myat C



the mill was a weaving...  
 monotonous...  
 the loud...  
 moment...  
 "But we've got to...  
 the game...  
 "Who got all these other baskets?" She  
 been dreaming...  
 "Good...  
 enemy...  
 the shrill screams...  
 terribly...  
 legs...

Alexandra  
meeling



THE HOST

Every word a **unique** unless one has lived on that world. It's impossible to understand and the—  
"You never lived on it," he said. "He accepted me."

I felt the same. "One of you," he said. "The other—"  
"I'm hoping that person you've been talking about is somewhere."

"Choosing a life is a very personal and... Robert  
as you may someday experience." Melanie's subject  
lutely.

*Why not to be? You do think... cruel and  
wrong. Which **pretty** rotic if you ask...  
What's the problem? Are you ashamed that you agree with Robert?  
cause he's more human than the others?*

Melanie, having found her voice, was becoming downright un-  
bearable. **How was I supposed to** concentrate my work with her  
opinions sounding out in my head all the time?

In the seat behind Robert, a dark shadow moved.

The Seeker, in her usual black, leaned forward, intent for the  
first time on the subject of discussion.

I resisted the urge to scowl at her. I don't want Robert's head  
looking embarrassed, to mistake the **resist** as meant for him.  
Melanie grumbled. *She wished I wouldn't resist.* Having the Seeker  
stalk our every footstep had been educational for Melanie; she  
used to think she couldn't hate anything or anyone, now that she  
hated me.

"Our time is almost up," I announced with relief. "In please. No  
information that we will have a speaker next Tuesday who will be  
able to make up for my ignorance on this topic. Flame Tender, a recent  
addition to our planet, will be here to give us a personal account  
of the settling of Fire World. I know that you will give him all the  
courtesy you accord me, and be respectful of the very young age of his  
Thank you for your time."

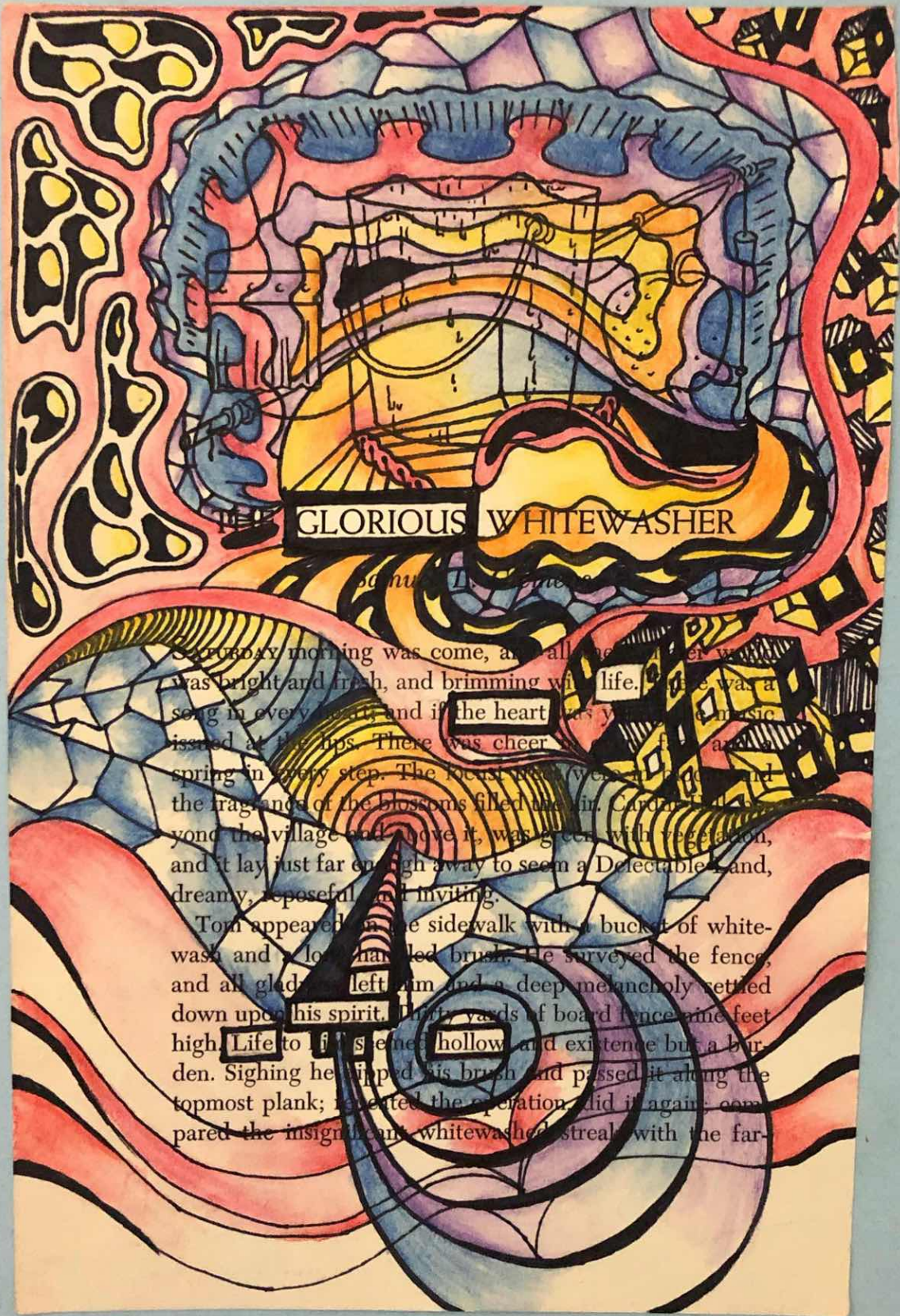
He fled out slowly, many of the students taking a minute to  
talk to each other as they gathered their things. What Kathy had  
said flashed through my head, but I didn't dare to join  
them. They were strangers.

Was that the way I felt? Or the way Melanie felt? It was hard to tell.  
Maybe I was naturally antisocial. My personal history supported that

Sitey Mohamed

9BD





## THE GLORIOUS WHITEWASHER

SATURDAY morning was come, and all the air  
was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a  
song in every bird, and if the heart was merry, music  
issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a  
spring in every step. The forest was sweet with flowers, and  
the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardamom hills  
beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation,  
and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land,  
dreamy, reposeful and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of white-  
wash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence,  
and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled  
down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet  
high. Life to him seemed hollow and existence but a bur-  
den. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the  
topmost plank; repeated the operation and did it again; com-  
pared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-

Mo Lay

When they were all about him, standing where the first house in all that stretch of virgin forest had once stood, Eliza looking solemn, Labe and Mattie with their hands in their pockets to keep them from the temptation of helping their father in his slow opening, Jess moved the casket, lifted the lid from the buried box. Mattie tried hard to see reflected in her father's face whatever it was he bent his gaze so steadily upon, but there was nothing to be read there except calm pleasure. Jess lifted from the box a little roll of something wrapped close about in oiled silk or waxed cloth, then handing the box to Eliza he unwound the cloth.

"A leaf," he told them. "A buried leaf. A page from the Bible," and putting it between his hands he smoothed it slowly and carefully flat.

A leaf from the Bible, Mattie thought. Who'd want to bury that? A book they all had, Bibles for each person in the house and copies to spare for strangers. Mattie hoped she wasn't going to cry. A brooch, a lock of hair, a heart engraved, now nothing but a buried leaf: Abraham begot Isaac, Isaac begot Jacob, Jacob begot Joseph. What kind of treasure was that? But her father was saying in a pious voice,

"Fifty years this has lain beneath our feet. Half a century."

He held the page low so that all might see the faded writing on the margin. "Read here on the twelfth of August by Jordan Birdwell, aged 4. 'Well, well,'" said Jess, the Great Uncle Jerd signed his name and age and set it in the ground. "Left us a legacy for us to come."

What kind of legacy was that, Mattie asked, looking upward out of the cellar where, almost the darkening sky, the boys were hunting their supper, a page fallen from some old Bible, set in the earth like a seed.

"Light the trash heap, boys," Jess said. "Build us up a bonfire. Bring down a seat for thy mother. Let's celebrate



He got to his feet and patted me awkwardly on the shoulder. It didn't seem comfortable with tears. I heard there were many...

I got control of myself more quickly than I thought. I looked away from my eyes and smiled tentatively at him, but he gave no approval.

"That's a girl," he said, patting me again. "Now, we'll have to get out of here and can't catch us along the line."

I remembered the idea of the "fun!"

He chuckled a bit. "Don't worry, you'll be here for a while. The mattress would be pretty good."

I looked from his face to the floor. "Go on," he said. "You'll have to keep watch over you."

Touched, new moss are down on the mat and I lay on the pillow. It was very soft, despite Jeb's pulling at the stitches out to my right, pointing my fingers and reaching out with my fingers. His breaths popping. The whole mattress in the mattress. It feels as if were hugging me, even all the spots. I smiled.

"Do me good to see the," Jeb muttered. "It's like a fish you can't catch, knowing corners is sufficient for you."

He eased himself to the floor a few yards away and started to move quickly. I was surprised by the first one.

When I woke up, I knew that I'd been solidly asleep for a long time. I thought I'd slept in here. No pain.

My attention was interrupted by a sudden noise. It was good, except for making the pillow behind me. My hand was sore. It still felt like a hand. And it was good, now not to be afraid of it.

Back to just a hand. I remembered my hand only vaguely, but I knew it was there, as was usual when I was able to sleep deeply.

"Morning, kid," he said, sounding cheerful.

I peered back towards him and looked at his face.

Morgan  
St. Pierre