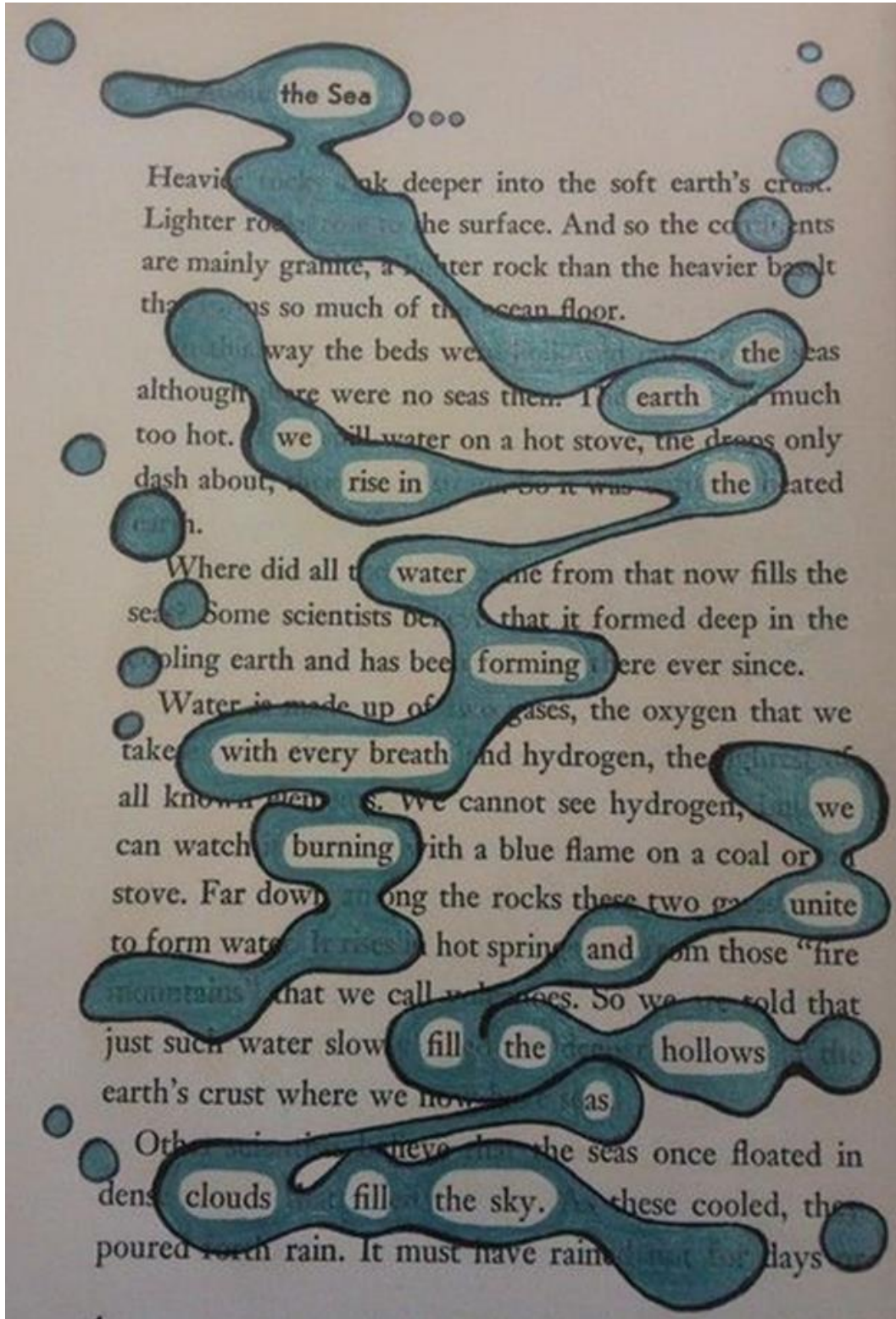


Black Out Poem Sample #1



Black Out Poem Sample #2

paralyzed and ended his career as a concert pianist.

You were digging through the trash while you said this. You were fishing something out of the garbage.

You talked about tertiary syphilis. Mozart and his uremia. Paul Klee and the dermatitis that shrank his joints and muscles to death. The spina bifida that covered her legs with bleeding sores. Lord Byron and his clubfoot. The Brontë sisters and their tuberculosis. Mark Rothko and his suicide. Flannery O'Connor and her lupus. Inspiration needs disease and madness.

"According to Thomas Mann, 'The greatest artists are great invalids.'"

And there on the blanket you set something. There, surrounded by tubes of paint and paintbrushes, was a big rhinestone brooch. Big around as a silver dollar, the brooch was clear glass gems, tiny polished in a wheel of yellow and orange, all of them chipped around the edges. There on the plaid blanket, it seemed to explode the sunlight into sparks. The metal was dull gray, gripping the rhinestones with tiny sharp teeth.

Peter looked at you hearing any of this?

And Misty, at the brooch. The light reflected straight into her eyes, and she was blind, dazzled. Disconnected from the world here in the sun and woods.

"It's for you," you said, "for inspiration."

Misty, her reflection shimmering in every rhinestone. A thought came into her mind.

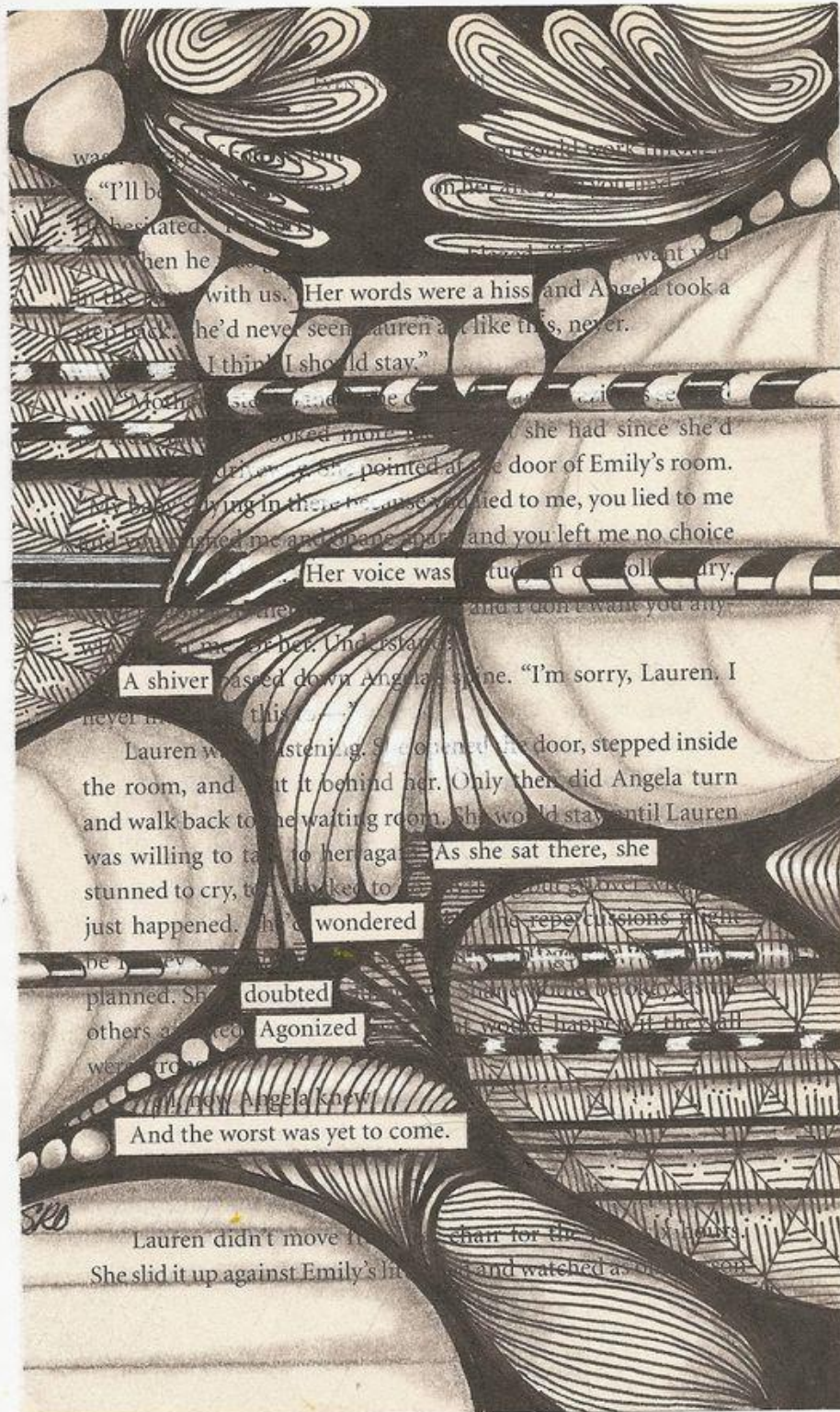
To the sparkling colors of the brooch, Misty said, "So tell me." She said, "How did Mark's husband die?"

Black Out Poem Sample #3

still some strength left, but mine has quite failed: do let me here, and return home alone to ease the fears of our mothers." — "Oh," said Paul, "I will not leave you. If night overtakes us in this wood, I will light a fire and bring down another palm-tree: you shall eat the cabbage, and I will form a covering of the leaves to shelter you." In the meantime, Virginia being a little rested, she gathered from the trunk of an old tree, which overhung the bank of the river, some long leaves of the plant called hart's tongue, which grew near its root. Of these leaves she made a sort of buskin, with which she covered her feet, that were bleeding from the roughness of the stony paths; for, in her eager desire to do good, she had forgotten to put on her shoes. Feeling her feet cooled by the freshness of the leaves, she broke off a branch of bamboo, and continued her walk, leaning with one hand on the staff, and with the other on Paul.

They walked on in this manner slowly through the woods; but from the height of the trees and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain of the three peaks, by which they had been directed their course, and also of the sun, which was now setting. At length they reached the river, without

Black Out Poem Sample #4



Black Out Poem Sample #5

495]

MATTER AND SPACE

41

themselves there results a sense of what has already taken place, what is now going on and what is to ensue. It must not be claimed that anyone can sense time by itself apart from the movement of things or their restful immobility.

Again, when men say it is a fact that Helen was ravished or the Trojans were conquered, do not let anyone drive you to the admission that any such event is independently of any object, on the ground that the generations of men of whom these events were accidents have been swept away by the irrevocable lapse of time. For we could put it that whatever has taken place is an accident to a particular tract of earth or the space it occupied. If there had been no matter and no place in which things could happen, spark of love kindled by the breath of Tyndareus' daughter, eye have stolen the breast of Phrygian Paris, light that dazzling blaze of pitiless war; no Wooden Horse, unscathed by the sons of Troy, would have set the towers of Ilium flame through the midnight issue of Greeks from its womb. You may see that events cannot be said to be by themselves like matter or in the same sense as space. Rather, you should describe them as accidents of matter, or of the place in which they happen.

Material objects are of two kinds, atoms and compounds of atoms. The atoms themselves cannot be swamped by any force, for they are preserved indefinitely by their absolute solidity. Admittedly, it is hard to believe that anything can exist that is absolutely solid. The light in a stroke from the sky penetrates closed buildings, as do shouts and other noises. The sun glows melting in the fire, and hot rocks are cracked by untempered scorching. Hard gold is softened and melted by heat, and bronze, ice-like, is liquefied by flame. Both heat and piercing cold seep through silver, since we feel both alike

Black Out Poem Sample #6

GUS THE GREAT

675

The great thing, of course, was to prevent his uneasiness from infecting her. Lately she had found herself glancing out at the road, and tonight in the kitchen that feeling of vulnerability had been sharp. One could so easily become jumpy, living with a man blind and old and betuddled.

Elsie had crushed out her cigarette when she discerned a pair of headlights on the road down the valley. Till they halted, some distance from the farm, and went out, she didn't even speculate about them. And then she thought idly that the probable couple in the car had driven a long distance from Tamarack, to find a nesting spot.

At the University of Tamarack she had joined a sorority, and in the fall of 1931 her sophomore year looked pretty fine, stretching ahead. Perhaps she was no great, ravishing beauty, like some of the girls in that sorority house, but she was young and striking, full of surge and *joie de vivre*, and she had brains enough to conceal her brains. She knew all about forks and hats, and she employed the slang of the moment, and in her dry, droll voice she was likely to come out with some remark considered witty.

Boys liked her. She had some tantalizing quality that interested them. In fraternity bull sessions they tried to tag her, but their vocabularies were limited and she was subtle and unique; so they employed such phrases as she's a hot number, a mean number. One boy tried to sum her up by saying she was like a jazz trumpet along toward midnight, playing something deep blue and heart-breaking and low down, while couples in love danced and the cigarette smoke drifted; but this was a description entirely too poetic for those future vendors of legal decisions and debentures and tonallectomies.

In those days she intended that her life should follow a pattern not uncommon among girls who had joined a fashionable sorority. As a senior she would fall in love with some boy who had a good future doing one of those odd and rather dull things, men who make ten thousand a year; and there would be a house with a recreation room and a son and a daughter who would attend the university, and thus continue the upper middle-class pattern ad infinitum. She might not have liked it, if she had tried such a life, for there were restless calls in her blood. She was one of those people things happen to, and not dull things, either; so maybe if she had made a deal for bridge tea and a two-car garage the thing wouldn't have coalesced. Anyway she didn't; for A. H. Burgoyne abandoned the circus in Corpus Christi.

On that trip with I've to rescue the show she should have surmised what was ahead, with times wretched and his signing whopping checks; but he had always had money, and like most people she considered the *status quo* a fairly permanent arrangement. She returned

Life.

Black Out Poem Sample #7

ters in Wyoming, traipsed across the Rocky Mountains, camped on sandbars, huddled in tents as storms raged and dodged leaping silver carp. All to help the people living within the Platte River Basin answer the question: "Where does your water come from?"

"You're part of this river. This river is in you. If you live in this basin, you're drinking water from

way to do that is to travel the way the river does."

Nebraska's economy relies on the health of the land, which begins with the ecological infrastructure and biodiversity provided by the watershed, Forsberg said.

Water will become the defining issue of the century. While Platte River basins full this year,

from eastern Wyoming and the south branch from northern Colorado. They combine in western Nebraska near the town of North Platte. Traveling with the river, Forsberg said, you feel it rushing and, smell the wet mud. You almost taste the ozone of

the nuance that is this watershed and

they never felt it was an inmountable task.

For Stegen the roughest day included an 18-mile hike in w they climbed 3,000 feet of elevation between the towns of Grand and Winter Park in Colorado

"It was an absolute killer. body can go through a lot. If your mind can go through it he said. "That might have

Assault

From AI

just three days later an inmate wrapped his arms around a staffer's neck at the same prison, causing injury. Earlier this month, staff there used pepper spray to subdue an inmate after he began punching a case worker in the head.

The facility for adult males opened in August 1979. It was operating at 163.6 percent of its design capacity in June and has been without permanent leadership for more than two months.

Fred Britten was appointed interim warden after former Warden Mario Peart was reassigned, then retired following the June 10 escape of two convicted sex offenders.

Armon Dixon was recaptured a day later after physically assaulting two women at a central Lincoln apartment plex. Timothy O was arrested in Omaha June 15.

Wednesday's violence the latest in a series of incidents at Nebraska since a riot erupted at Tecumseh State Correctional Institute in 2015. The riot left 10 inmates and 10 staff members injured, a review of the incident is being written by the state system.

Even Nebraska's correctional system is already under scrutiny because of prison crowding and hundreds of inmates who were released early because of mistakes calculating their sentences.

LOTTERIES

Powerball (Aug. 24)

- 9, 11, 25, 64, 65
- Powerball: 16
- Power Play: 3
- Jackpot: \$127 million
- (Results pending)

Mega Millions (Aug. 23)

- 2, 7, 46, 61, 66
- Mega Ball: 1
- Megaplier: 2
- Jackpot: \$76 million
- (No jackpot winner)

Pick 5 (Aug. 24)

- 1, 19, 25, 37, 38

Pick 3 (Aug. 24)

- 5, 6, 1

MyDaY (Aug. 24)

- 12, 8, 16

Neb. 2 by 2 (Aug. 24)

- Red: 2, 15

the Web: Visit www.nelottery.com for winning numbers.

CORRECTIONS

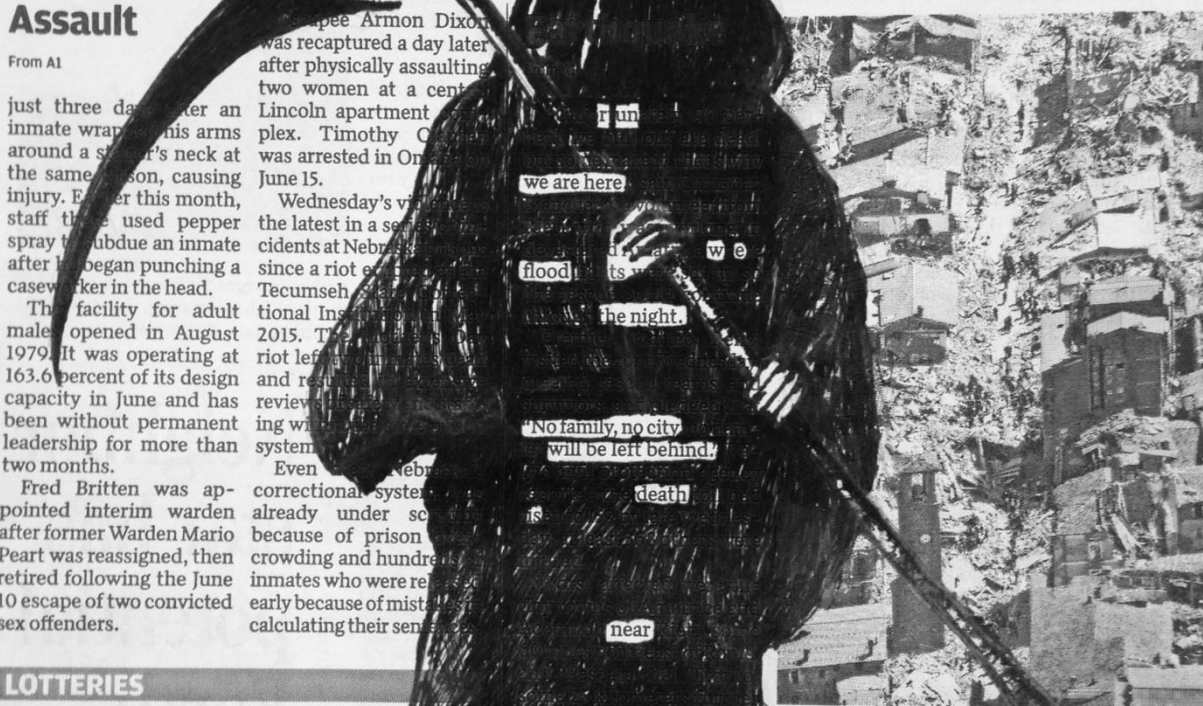
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... of hosting ... more familiar looking suns.

The proposed planet ...

... rocky Earth, Venus and Mars — and is likely tidally locked, meaning that one face of the

to live deep under water unless it evolved or protection from that scientists scarcely imagine. The discovery planet. be it E



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

This aerial photo shows the historic part of Amate after Wednesday's earthquake.

August when most Italians take their summer holiday before school resumes.

The medieval center of the city was devastated, with the hardest-hit half of the city cut off by rescue workers digging by hand to get trapped residents.

The birthplace of the famous spaghetti sauce, the city was the center of this weekend's festival honoring the dish. Some 70 guests digging by hand to get its top Hotel Roma for its amatriciana

Black Out Poem Sample #8

