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The idea of all presence
of one for all

The one Identity
The taught self that
was depressed, self without

was trained state
They stood varied but one
reality, invention

Of these of my days, living.
The Mother with her two children.
The Mother, with her bread,
Of the Mother of All, with her mighty power,
Of All, and the idea of All, and each and every one, and every one of the:
You or I, not, that nought single self I sang ever while that standing god-mouth, self, here silent, bent, neither newborn, New York, New York, New York, New York, was as a real thing, single, bent, only.
My, and of this, the thought of them.
In America, condescend, unchanged, the great Aggregate, comprehends all, while the strength of my verse and after day holds out.
Mother with her Bread
The Mother of All, with Bread, The Idea of All, and of each, every single one unerring to All Not you no, not now—That song
Not me, nor that standing— Nor now, nor that standing—
Self—Not you or I now—
The Mendocino—The Mendocino—The
Mendocino—The Mendocino—The
While the strength of my voice heard out, and the after-day heard out
My vast and distant New Warden State, a Single Identity, only
Of these, the love of these, Long
a plea devoted to the advent of those who due to the dramatic and emotional artistic and moral traits
Good place for coffee. Ye, 30 S 13 N.
D J Parker
104
Merkel
John
Dr. Getchell
1432 Spruce
near Broad
office hours 1 to 3

Who is the editor of The Bluest Jacker?

Mass.
Walt Whitman
431 Stevens St
Camden, New Jersey

Dalmatian & Falcon Railroad Department

NO. 76.