During the 1990's, while married to Janet, I found two series of poems coming through me over time. The first (written between 92-95) is called *Wall*. (When I posted it on my webpage, it got called *frog* with reference to the looney tunes cartoon *One froggy evening*). It was eventually exhibited on the outside wall of my (old) office. The second series (written 96-99) was eventually called *Wall-art*.

In the Winter of 95-96, I found myself writing a poem that was not included in either series. Later, while the poems of 96-99 were coming, I called that poem *Segue*.

One of the poems of *Wall* was actually written in 1988, a year after I first met Janet (we were married in 1989). It is the poem *Song* and has many stanzas.

At some point after 1995, I started feeling that those stanzas correlated with the poems of *Wall*, and over time they settled into such a correlation. Then, sometime after Janet's death in 2001, I felt that the second series too correlated with *Song*, and that both series correlated together, but with *Wall* now correlated in reverse order. It was when those correlations had finally come to me, and settled down satisfactorly, that I decided to call the second series *Wall-art*. (When the correlation had settled down, there was still one missing place in *Wall-art*, the poem to correlate with *Song* itself. The poem *Say*, from 2001, was then inducted into *Wall-art* to serve that purpose.)

In this conjoined form they have been with me quite a while (it is difficult to say exactly since when or for how long). But long enough in fact, that for one of the matching pairs (*The Now and Coming World* and *Tectonics*) they eventually (with my approval) switched places.

Below are the correlation: *Wall* with *Song* the poem: *Segue* the correlation: *Wall* with *Song* with *Wall-art* 

(Remark: in *Wall-art*, both of *Coming Hither* and *Going Hence* contain multiple excerpts from *King Lear*; the line references refer to the Arden edition of *King Lear*, edited by Kenneth Muir (1972)

Here's the wall, guarding bones; Garden: nothingness and stones.AnAnd we walk the wall with our names of naught; All with naught and stones is wrought.AnThis old man, feels bad, Feels sad and mad and bad.TimshelAnd he walks the wall between naught and stone; This old man, feels bad, Feels sad and mad and bad.TimshelAnd he walks the wall between naught and stone; This old man, he plays Zen, He plays your move now and Zen.AssumptionAnd he walks the wall turning stones to bone; This old man, he plays great, His old man designs the stone.Three Roses, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, This old man designs the bone.Three Roses, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, Half Red, This old man bids goodbye, Why forsake me dad, why fly? And he walks the wall giving Poul a Star; He plays everything has wings.Puget Sound Here-is-sun. Shine, Waters, far.This old man, he pluss rings, He plays one is one and two.Of And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man, he plays new, Of And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man, he plays new, Of And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man, he plays new, Of And he walks the wall urging joys their bone; This old man systing, fly stone.Song Circles seen as true straight lines. Of Though he walks the wall, yet he won't annoint; The Point-infinity is just a point.Song Song Stars are ours and ours are stars. Of And he hears the wall (circled water clogs); The	Song	Wall
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Stars are ours and ours are stars.OfAnd he hears the wall (circled water clogs);The		
And he hears the wall (circled water clogs); The		0
Dono	Hears the grunting of the hogs.	Bone

This old man, this old hog,	Song
Sleeping, grunting, lost in fog.	Song Of
	The
And he tunes the strings winging hogs their stone;	
Bone–menagerie: boys circle home.	Home
See the Twins – Rangers now –	λ
Angel, pig and dog and cow.	Moan
With an oink-oink, moo-moo, barking up a tree;	
See the pitch. What do you see?	
Perfect pitch, playing strings,	The Now
Full harmonic is all things.	And
Witches, people, beings, cat-dog too;	Coming
We are you and you and you.	World
Play the strings, moon at noon,	Moira
Let us dance all to our tune.	(Fate -
With a my song, your song, our song's new;	A Sunset Rises)
Dance now this song, one with two.	
Play the strings, one at two,	A
Let us dance all, me we you.	Still
With a my song, your song, push pull shove;	Life
Dance now this song, two with love.	Sketch
Play the strings, two at love,	The
Laden songs rend joys above;	Ing
To a tune of maybe, sing our fate;	Itself
Dance now this song, love with hate.	
Play the strings, love at hate,	
Love may many hates equate.	Sand
While a hate is many, love is none;	Castles
Dance now, love and hate with one.	
Love at one, hate at one,	To A
Let us dance all, all at one.	God Daughter
With a my song, your song, hear our noise;	From Her
Dance now this song, joy with joys.	God Father
Here's the wall, guarding bones;	
Garden: nothingness and stones.	Twilight
And we walk the wall with our names of naught;	
Joy at joys: a star is wrought.	
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## Segue

Fingers flowing, fingers touching, fingers clasping in repose. A tight securiry, all songs hugged safe within. An untuned string vibrates a gentle surge, Melodies unformed release a mild din. And yet unfocused single songs emerge, Allowing space for more that graceful craftsmen, With joyous hidden labor, now compose.

Impatient rattle, fingers tapping, raindrops beat their tattoo; Rivers running at too new a sea. Floods confounding timid harvests, High lonely mountain forests chorus - flee. While mountaintops speak but one lone word - we.

From forests' maze, all upward strides, Leaving below towering prides Of mighty minded oaks; Till snow-line's elevated sand, Wind writing there long moment's whim, Iced eyes all sandy tears abrim, Numb fingers grasp the willing yokes: Wind's current writ is clear command.

Wall	Song	Wall-Art
	True is false, false is true,	Seldom Met
in	It all just depends on you.	Are Those
reverse	Lies or truths, what's the fuss?	Who Seldom
order	It all just depends on us.	Play
	Here's the wall, guarding bones;	1 Iay
Twilight	Garden: nothingness and stones.	Fluffiness
	And we walk the wall	
	with our names of naught;	
	All with naught and stones is wrought.	
To A	This old man, feels bad,	
God Daughter	Feels sad and mad and bad.	At The
From Her	And he walks the wall	Crossroad
God Father	between naught and stone;	Crossidad
Gou Father	This old man reveals the bone.	
	This old man, he plays Zen,	
Sand		The Chorused
Castles	He plays your move now and Zen. And he walks the wall	Wind
Castles		vv ma
	turning stones to bone;	
The	This old man Zends up the stone.	Inside St Paul's
	This old man, he plays great,	Inside St Paul s
Ing	He can simply designate.	C'11 44
Itself	And he walks the wall	Silhouettes
	signing joys in stone;	
•	This old man designs the bone.	
A	This old man, bids goodbye,	Harvest Time
Still	Why forsake me dad, why fly?	
Life	And he walks the wall	My Slavery
Sketch	turning boys to bone;	
	This old man picks up the stone.	
Moira	This old man, Simon says,	
(Fate -	Give Graceland a chance John says.	Revelations
A Sunset Rises)	And he walks the wall	
	giving Paul a Star;	
	Here-is-sun. Shine, Waters, far.	
The Now	This old man, he pulls strings,	
And	He plays everything has wings.	Tectonics
Coming	With a shipwrecked blank check,	
World	hitch your star a guide;	
	Waters clear shine far and wide.	
	This old man, he plays new,	
Moan	One plus one is one and two.	Abiding
	And he walks the wall	Presence
	urging joys their bone;	
	This old man says fly, fly stone.	
	This old man follows signs,	
Song	Circles seen as true straight lines.	Say
Song	Circles seen as true straight lines. Though he walks the wall,	Say (A Sunset Speaks)
Song		, v

NT (1.	Here's his line (circle scars):	<b>a</b> .
Nothing	Stars are ours and ours are stars.	Coming
But	And he hears the wall (circled water clogs);	Hither
	Hears the grunting of the hogs.	
	This old man, this old hog,	
Puget	Sleeping, grunting, lost in fog.	Ripeness
Sound	And he tunes the strings winging hogs their stone;	Is All
	Bone–menagerie: boys circle home.	
	See the Twins – Rangers now –	Going Hence
Drought	Angel, pig and dog and cow.	(Even As
	With an oink-oink, moo-moo, barking up a tree;	Coming
	See the pitch. What do you see?	Hither)
	Perfect pitch, playing strings,	
	Full harmonic is all things.	
	Witches, people, beings, cat-dog too;	
	We are you and you and you.	
	Play the strings, moon at noon,	
	Let us dance all to our tune.	
Three	With a my song, your song, our song's new;	
Roses,	Dance now this song, one with two.	Air
Half Red,	Play the strings, one at two,	(To Be Sung)
Half White	Let us dance all, me we you.	(
	With a my song, your song, push pull shove;	
	Dance now this song, two with love.	
	Play the strings, two at love,	
	Laden songs rend joys above;	
	To a tune of maybe, sing our fate;	
	Dance now this song, love with hate.	
	Play the strings, love at hate,	
Assumption	Love may many hates equate.	The
Assumption	While a hate is many, love is none;	Crossroads
		CIUSSIUAUS
	Dance now, love and hate with one.	The
Timshel	Love at one, hate at one,	
	Let us dance all, all at one.	Sound Is So
(Thou Mayest)	With a my song, your song, hear our noise;	Is So Clear
	Dance now this song, joy with joys.	Clear
Δ	Here's the wall, guarding bones;	T
An	Garden: nothingness and stones.	Jewels
Embrace	And we walk the wall with our names of naught;	Annoint
	Joy at joys: a star is wrought.	