"Like a child
The time is jumping on the stairs of years
From page to page”.

The sensations of our living perceptions are celebrated in their mad wild glory.
* Every page exclaims riotously with announcement of sensation, and (perhaps) uncontrollably. The poetic impulses are unaffected, are real and one poem seems scarcely to bec old when a new poem is begun and the plder foretten, unperfected, exiled from mind into the black closet of a book.

"The transparent Moon
Half gnawed
By night’s worms
Is burying itself
Through these clouds
So Flattened
As if God had put
His hands on their heads.”

When Mr Smarandache writes carefully and calmly, his lines can be intoxicating and narcotic, refreshing as the providential water that closes a long thirst.