

**TERRY PLUMMING RECORDS  
PRESENTS**

**ROTTEN MILK VS.  
BUBBLEGUM SHITFACE**

**CARPET OF SEXY**

**SAFETY PIN**

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DONT STOP THINKING ABOUT TERRY PLUMMING





...Five years have Of five long winters These waters rolling With a sweet inland  
Do I behold these Which on a wild secluded Thoughts of more deep landscape.  
The day is come Here under These plots of which at this sea Among the woulds and  
For with there The wild green landscape.  
These hedge-rows-hardly hedge-rows Of sportive wood run wild..to the very door,  
Sent up in silence With some uncertain notice....  
By himself he always gave the poem its full title..on revisiting the first visited  
the Why in pointing to the 'inland murmur' references in murmur of the distant  
murmur The smoke might seem to tell of gypsies came in fact from iron-furnaces on  
the banks of the imagination harmonizes the scene, taking hints enroute from  
picturesque Observation on the River Why may well have frequently (been) seen  
beautifully breaks their lines, and unites them with the effect of the 'steep and  
lofty cliffs' With some uncertain notice faintly discernable lofty cliffs' in  
the sky compare the sides of the hills 'Smoke' which he and William Wordsworth's  
hermit in the woods, but murmur of the distant sea and 'The sea's faint early  
Conservation Poems to 'The stilly words worth has in exalted state of mind Few  
Miles above In Turn, but in print....  
... as might seem, from among the trees and wreaths of smoke these pastoral farm's  
hardly hedge-rows, little lines, Once again I see and, simple hue disturb, forests  
originating mainly from root suckers rather than seed lose themselves with their  
unripe fruits, these orchard-tufts sycamore and view when I again repose the quiet  
of the sky and connect secluded scene impress and lofty cliffs, Once again, there  
mountain springs hear with the length of five summers...

2 ...Of vagrant dwellers Or of some hermit's cave The hermit sits These forms As  
is a landscape But oft, Of towns and cities In hours of Felt in the blood, And  
passing even With tranquil rest, Of unremembered plea..As may have had On that best  
His little nameless Of kind..To then I may Of aspect more sublime In which the  
bur(d)en of(The 'forms of beauty')....  
The 'forms of beauty' (outward shapes of landscape) impressed as visual images  
described in felt along the heart one expects the veins' possibilities.  
my purer mind often interchangeably, because more spirit..awareness that is  
Compare(s) words' worth though originally part of a description of Remembering how  
Remembering not- retains an obscure sense Of possible sublimity the bur(d)en of the  
mystery explained by two lines. Life is a burden because it is unintelligible.  
The same loss of bodily awareness, and life-force of the universe, is to be seen in  
that in, Struck with deep joy may stand silent with swimming sense:  
round, as I have stood, my friend My Prison Pedlar and, behind communion with the  
(,) because it is - or usually seems, faintly, in the next an obscure sense felt,  
but what..(was)..felt that the soul to be faintly, in the next an obscure sense felt,  
which stands for the bodily 'mind' is akin to 'soul', and purer, 'mind', 'heart',  
'soul', are used its effect from considering the two either 'felt in the heart' or  
'felt along by the process (outward shapes of landscape) have been mystery....  
...of the mystery, that blessed mood have owned an other gift, Nor less I trust  
unremembered acts of a man's life trivial influence such perhaps, feelings too  
into my purer mind and felt along the heart weariness sensations sweet I have owed  
to them lonely rooms, and mid the din a blind mans eye(s) have not been to me sent  
long where by (t)his fire dwellers in the houseless woulds (will)...

3 ...In which the heavy Of all this unintelligible world Is lightened - In which  
the affections Until, the breath of And even the motion of our human blood Almost  
suspended, we are In body While, with an eye made Of harmony and the deep We see  
into the life of Be but a vain belief In darkness and amid the many shapes Of  
Joyless Unprofitable and have hung upon the beatings How oft(,) in spirit have I  
O made shaped or formed in woulds or trees Why- How often has my spirit And now,  
with gleams of half-extinguished thought..many recognitions dim and faint, On the  
wide landscape Less gross than bodily..  
...In both One Life comes as a direct Tintern Abbey there has been a 'serene and  
blessed mood' but elsewhere, and as the result of visual memories stored up  
within the mind (a) coporeal frame of parts fitted together. There had been no  
room in the One Life might be in vain still more impressive fretful stir/Unprofit  
able in (t)his use of words' worth is imitating 'towered structure high' hung  
upon as in everyday life as a burden made shaped or formed in woulds (carved)  
wooded word's worth, feels that the picture in (t)his mind ought to be identical  
to the landscape in front of him, but it isn't. Later..will come to value  
..is mind ought to be identical to that (which) weighs him down. experiences the  
goings-on of Paradise Lost in (t)his use of a noun separating two adj(acent)s and  
yet they are qualified below in the pantheist claims..for the thought that the  
believe in 'bodily frame', 'frame' in the sense of a structure composed as the  
result of visual memories stored up within the Tintern itself, has been a  
surprising further development..as a direct response to the beauty of the landscape.  
In the experience of sharing in the bodily gaze till all doth seem dim and faint...  
...dim and faint with gleams of half-extinguished thought, turned to the..  
wanderer through the woods - I turned to the beatings of my heart, the fever of  
the world daylight, when the fretful stir amid the many shapes how oft If this  
life of many things and the deep power of joy made quiet by the power (of) a  
living soul, were laid asleep And even the motion of our human blood of this  
coporeal frame lead us on and..lessed mood of all this unintelligible world and  
the weary weight...

4 And somewhat of The picture While here I stand Of present plea That in this  
moment there For future years Though changed, no doubt, I..am..among these..ills..  
I bounded over the mountains Of the deep wherever nature led flying from something  
Who sought the thing he loved(,) The coarser pleasures And the life's original  
movements To me was all in all what I was haunted(,) Me life's original  
The mountain, and the deep Their colours and their forms An appetite That had no  
need By thought supplied, or any interest...  
...such changes as evidence of the especially, but at this stage ality(,) There  
would be no achievement which the One Life could be directly perceived.Between  
two statements all in all (our) world's worth(re-collect(ed)) the  
visit to Why, when (t)he dreaded..previous opposite Ports..mouth..ran feverish on  
foot Plain and largely without food strange experiences en route where mental images  
of the landscape are felt with such immediacy that they almost seemed/To haunt the  
bodily sense' To haunt the bodily landscape are felt (which however cannot be  
entirely factual). For an account of (t)his feverish and exhausted mind, having  
crossed from the Isle of (Right to whom because of the war he had never hoped to  
marry, and there..and in addition ran preparing for war with the Isle of (Right  
of (White) had indeed been fleeing from something that re-collects the sp(acial  
circumstances of (t)his first statements that show Nature as truly modifying a  
land's cape..in this stage(,) the emphasis is upon actuality of the modifying  
power of the imagination...  
or any interest of a remoter charm..a feelidng and a love(,) Their colours and  
their forms, w(h)ere then to me The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
haunted me like a passion the tall rock, The sounding cataract I cannot paint  
gl(a)n(d) animal movements, all gone by The coarser pleasures of my boyish daze,  
For Nature then Flying from something that (t)he dreads, than one more like a man  
the lonely streams, by the sides when like a roe from what I was when first I  
dare to hope there is a life and food with pleasing thoughts not only with the  
sense The picture of the mind revives again, a sad perplexity, (in the present  
tense)

5 ...Unborrowed from the eye And all its aching And all its dizzy raptures Faint I  
Have followed abundant recompence, To look on Nature Of thoughtless The still, sad  
music Nor harsh To chasten A presence, Of elevated thoughts Of something far Whose  
dwelling And the And the blue sky A motion and a spirit that imp(ales)....  
It is extra ordinary how muted into (t)his great affirmation the panhighest  
possible human achievement with regret to the earlier period uncomplicated way-in  
Words..had become sharply aware of human period following out the burden of taxes  
raised to pay for the war As not see suffering for instance, shows it as source  
are valued, chastening thought In Words(.) Life should be compared but with the  
lyric of March: And from the blessed power that rolls About, below, above, We'll  
frame the measure They shall be tuned to love Behind these passages The concept  
of God as elements and components of the universe (whether living or dead) comes  
from Destiny of Nations, apparently the concept of God as a 'presence' that  
'impels' all the Unitarian thinking of our souls the blessed power that rolls  
lyric of the same date..first mild..Pedlar which became this great evocation of the  
One people, and for their power to bring out a deeper emotions that Ruined did  
bore points of human suffering..(sh)ould be appreciated in an all the same regards  
..to share in (t)he moves A motion and a spirit that imp(ales) the mind of man...  
...that imp(ales) the blue sky, and the mind of man the living air of setting suns  
far mor deeply inter(re)fused a sense of sublime (with) A presence that disturbs...  
of ample power The still sad music of oftentimes the hour learned for such loss  
..would believe other gifts Not for this more Unborrowed from the eye That time is  
past...

6 ...All thinking things, all objects of all thought..rolls through A lover of  
the meadows And mountains From this green..eye and ear(.) And what perceive  
In Nature and the language The anchor The guide, the guardian Of all If I  
were not thus taught, should I suffer..genial Glory, to thee All-conscious  
Nature's vast In will, in deed..the best gloss on 'interfused' where speculates  
God may be present in the solid matter myriads of component Roll through in  
organizing surge(,) Though..  
..Though (t)he..earlier things as perhaps a vain believe Word's worth love of  
Nature firmly awareness of present as much 'in the mind..as in the living air'  
blue sky perceives as an actuality, or imaginatively 'half-creates' (t)his senses  
In Lyric Ballads to footnote a 'And half create the wondrous long, gloomy,  
garrulous is not an important source then very popular..then very popular the  
language of the cents the senses com-are the double-negative transition clumsy

This little Much that suffer allow geneal spirits create recalling  
not marked this bower My Prison rather information, or stimulus received by the  
important source, though it was but fortunately this young reason bothers or  
imaginatively 'half-creates', the world of the end whether the individual 'in the  
mind of as in the living air' or because God..how relates (t)his continuing seeing  
into the life of material mass interfused particles of the infinite (single)verse  
in the form of complicated way about whether Religious Musings of all to all vast  
ever-acting energy of earth and Heaven, decay...  
..decay the more perchance heart, and soul thoughts the nurse language of the  
sense recognize they 'half-create' of all the mighty world that we behold the meadows  
and the woods And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still of all thoughts  
(therefore I am)...

7 ...For thou art Of this fair river My dear, dear friend The language of former  
plea Of thy wild eyes May I behold in thee what..was once, dear, dear Knowing  
that The heart Through all the From joy to joy The mind With quiet With lofty  
Rash judgements, great The dreary intercourse of daily life Shall ever prevail  
against Our cheerful faith that is full of Shine on thee And let the misty  
mountain ..blow against Milton's Samson...  
...So much My hopes all flat Seems in all (t)her(e) functions weary of who had not  
been in the Why, is In..response..recaptures the self..had made exactly this claim  
Henceforth I shall know And pure(e) Among the most was usually well aware that  
Nature was kinder to some than inform imbue, and (as a secondary meaning)  
instruct Words worth prays that with any other established the form and genre a  
similar blessing on this infant, a similar blessing on (t)his infants..cohered  
more than a life that is totally one (as a secondary meaning) instruct others I  
shall know...My Prison earlier plea of the scene. (t)his original visit weary of  
..nature within me droop in after years...  
...in after years be free solitary walk Therefore let the moon behold or disturb  
daily life is, nor all sneers of selfish men evil tongues, and so feed can so inform  
our life to lead privilege did betray this prayer I make was once a little while  
shooting lightlights read catch my dearest friend thou art with me upon the banks..

8 ...When these into a sober plea Shall be a mansion for your memory For all sweet  
soughs If solitude, or fear, Should be your portion Of tender joy And these I should  
be your voice Of past experience wilt..on the banks..together A shipper of Unwear  
ried in that service, warmer Of holier love That after Of absence And this green  
past oral land's came, were More dear for you By lakes Of ancient in each case,  
of course, the poet is reconciling to a sense of per-sonar-al loss. mansion not  
'a large house', as in modern usage but an place portion share, or destiny As  
at the end of the Intimations Ods- I love the books that Even more than Words..  
asserts that more has been gained than lost by passage of time In each case  
elegiac convincing has been lost by the tripped lightly as they channels fret  
destiny as in the modern usage..sense of clouds. beneath the crags like a breeze  
for your sake were to me woods and lofty cliffs, many years, then forget far deeper  
zeal rather say came so long forget your wild eyes these gleams perchance remember  
... ..thenplace forms when your mind shall be matured(,)

