

Poetry Espatium

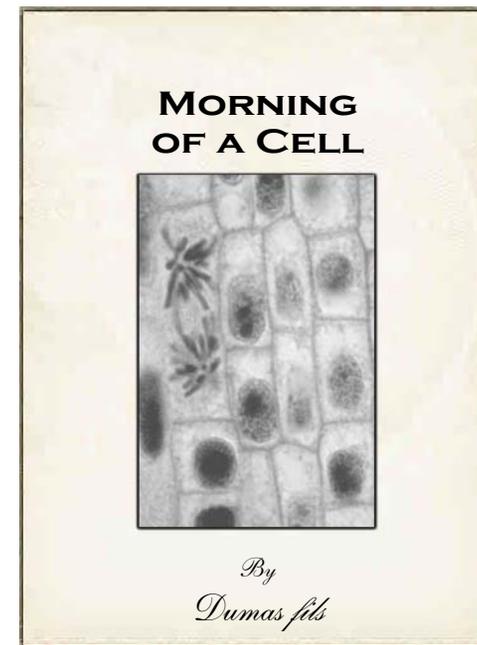
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**The Data Society
&
Science US**

Newsletters



The Data Society—Science US
5415 S. Orchard #144
Tacoma, Wa 98467
thedatasociety@yahoo.com

Dumas fils

Sam Dumas has been writing under the pen name *Dumas fils* for over four decades. To him this name honors the fathers of his father and cousins besides. No one is an island, but writings do and must stand alone when considering their birth and time in the space allowed; just as a man must stand alone when it comes to his birth and time and space. To know *Dumas fils* is to read Sam Dumas' lines one at a time, and *think*.

(Pronounced: Due-ma fees)

VERSIFIER SIGHT



The poet with his mind must see
And capture with the I and thought
The things that pell, what light has brought;
The smiling breeze and its universe.

He must become a man-mature;
Should ponder pain and eat sigh with glee
And watch in hearth specks of energy
Disassociate the earthly curse.

This man must carry, bring and find,
Must think and know the eagle's soar
And in his square room write the score
Alone, with cosmic eggs, --being terse.

And change he must from day to day;
Like dreams, like sky and boys skipping stones--
Must churn and gasp and quake his bones
Till last dark climbs and veils his final verse.

Science US/The Data Society

The Newsletters

The Data Society and Science US are unique places for youth. Talent, talent, talent (and every one has talents) is another description of these two newsletters. The adventure begins. Join us.

Contact Us

The Data Society and Science US
5415 S. Orchard #144
University Place, Wa 98467
Email: thedatasociety@yahoo.com

A Whole Lot of Femto Going On Out There

by

Corny Love, 20

The amount of thought it
takes to move an object is
said to be only two atto
joules

Science is the ability to know
things.

After swimming a human
hair is twice as long as be-
fore. And contains exactly
six drops of water...(4 tril-
lion bacteria...a thin film of
divorced sodium/chlorine
ions...and plethora ad pletho-
ra.)

Sweet Byline

by

*Micaelle Dumas, 13
Bremerton, Wa*

To our National Editors we
grant bylines which are kept
from 3 to 6 months.

National editors receive spe-
cial benefits, but those with
bylines (columnist) receive
additional considerations,
including 25 free issues each
month, personalized business
cards, additional space for
other submissions, special
library and research posi-
tions, computer raffle entry,
promotions to Page Editor
position.

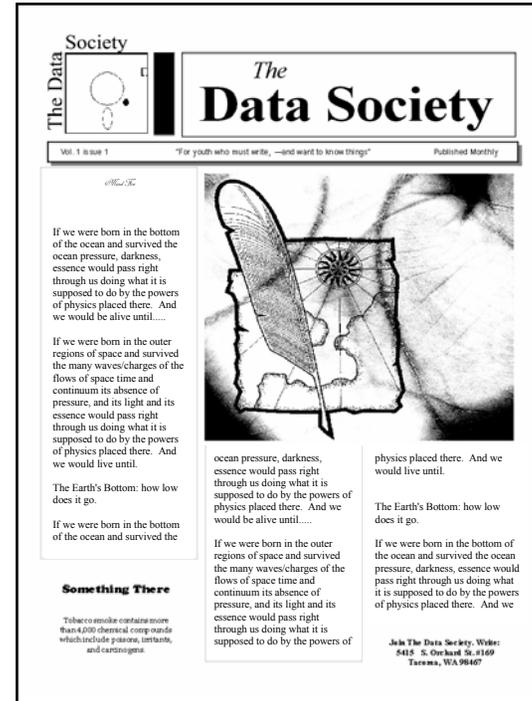
DEEPER VALE

I hear your dappled Danes
Trampling my sketchy scrawl
As with shaking hand I stick
My clean pale print to the Pall
Of our killed-thrilled society
And am filled with all its shoddy damn.

Were there many more souls as you,
Many more seas like your
Rippling rivers of rhyme:
Your final verse has not failed;
Only the breath is gone
And the bone-house
Lies quiet under the lawn.

Stay, with your lingering languor
Of loving words;
Stay to the form of Keat's Crucible;
Climb-cling to all that's fair
And let us remember-keep your brain-births
From off your 'leaves of grass,'
From off your tall stained tersive chest:
That we may wear Manley Crowns
For our poet-heads
And heaving petrospheres
For our stolid tombs.

The Data Society



Brilliant!

Dust and dirt hail from
the same mother but
have different dads;
thus dust we associate
with air—dirt,
however, has its origin
in excrement.

Dust, Joseph A. Amato.
Thank you, thank you!

An Idea!

The idea for the
Data Society
began over 25
years ago and
has passed on
from youth to
youth who must
write, —and
want to know
things.

We honor with
special Emeritus
thanks, three
persons who
contributed
thought and
soul, heart and
wonderment,
the late

Habb Nelson,

Rusty Jackson
&
Diane Cary



...In the grasses I think of me as, the Lion considers his weight.

Considered: No Great Weight

In the grain weeds
Parted by sun-winds
And the veldt's perpetual decree
I saw a dung beetle pulling and tugging
A round ball.

I considered this 'ant'
As a sluggard might
And perceived my ways
And my future along with
Its quick trembling movements:

For with no great weight
Shook this bug no great amount of earth,
It sweated no tear,
And though wasted no haste,
Hastened the prized waste of the world
To his inner sanctum.

When I raised my dark somber eyes
Toward the end of the summer grasses,
I knew what I was.

Science US



Ei!

[Energy time I (me) equals factorial order]

In all these woods of life there is so much power, so many songs of science, so much that harbors a wealth of warmth. In modern times we see a period table of charmed particles. Through this table we view here and there a flash so brilliant that it blinds the ones who peep into nature's stunning caldron; and all with just a combining of two relatively common elements: energy and I. Under this symbol [Ei!] The Data Society quests for a new order of thought for the next wondering youth who climbs the stool to peep into the newfound factorial songs of science.

Ei! Perhaps the shortest sentence in science

Parent's Page

And we have not forgotten the parents with their reality mass which they have culled over time from a universe at large. Once in a while they have time to think a challenging thought, and those of them who must write want us to know things. So we have added a page just for them: The Parents Page. Come and read their science.