Chandos Ring Book Two: I Hear Strange Cries at Jupiter

By Mark Chandos

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Mark Chandos, author of Chandos Ring, presents the second volume of his masterwork of American poetry and philosophy (I Hear Strange Cries at Jupiter). The poetry contained in Chandos Ring represents the first successful long poem in the modern American idiom. It tells a story of future man and future woman, as humans depart a dying earth to fill the galaxy with new man-like creatures. It is an unparalleled achievement of imagination and language. Chandos Ring chronicles a new personality of Western man, and a creative act of eternal communication. From Chandos Ring, Book Two: If you cannot brush from eyes my spiders, which, silent, test two legs the air, then you are beyond my hurt. Do not cry. Beneath your lids, you still watch and vision tremors; do not suffer, child, the phantoms themselves do not have your power to dream. Then sleep long, I shall not call you back. Look, Wakeda. Talk to him. Gently. Two strange fingers search between your thighs. If you do not move your lips, then sleep long, I shall not turn back your death. Gently. He was a good soldier. Open his vein....

Reviews

Very good electronic book and useful one. It absolutely was written extremely completely and useful. You will not feel monotony at at any moment of your respective time (that's what catalogs are for relating to when you question me).
-- Prof. Noah Zemlak DDS

Excellent eBook and helpful one. This can be for all who state there was not a worthy of studying. You will not feel monotony at at any moment of your respective time (that's what catalogs are for regarding when you request me).
-- Princess McCullough
Mark Chandos, author of Chandos Ring, presents the second volume of his masterwork of American poetry and philosophy (I Hear Strange Cries at Jupiter). The poetry contained in Chandos Ring represents the first successful long poem in the modern American idiom. It tells a story of future man and future woman, as humans depart a dying earth to fill the galaxy with new man.

I was reading a book when I heard a strange noise. While we were swimming, it started to rain. I was getting ready for the party when my friend phoned me. We were shopping when we saw them. While they were driving down green street the police stopped them. I found this key while my cousins were arriving. My father and I were playing chess when my cousins arrived. My mum was having tea with her friend when I arrived. The two boys waited. The heat of a summer day in Hollywood was heavy and oppressive. All around them were palm trees, bushes, and flowers gone wild.

Looking at Jupiter, Pete had the impression that his partner was displaying all the symptoms of the fear he had just been talking about. He had suddenly turned pale. His eyes bulged.

"We heard somebody yell for help," Pete blurted out. "When that happened we ducked behind the trees to see what was happening."

The book contained pictures, and each picture told a story. These stories were as interesting as the tales Bessie sometimes narrated on winter evenings when she was in good humour and fed our attention with passages of love and adventure from old fairy tales and other ballads. With Bewick on my knee, I was then happy: happy at least in my way. I feared nothing but interruption, and that came. Too soon. The breakfast-room door opened. "Boh! cried the voice of John Reed. Then he paused as he thought the room was empty. Where is she?