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thank you
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Victoria Road, Former British Concession, Tianjin, China, 1946

Tanker No. 1026 : Ben Cartwright

STATEMENT OF FACTS

The bill directs payment of \$5,000 to Alexander E. Kovner, of San Francisco, Calif., for hospital and medical care, pain and suffering and permanent disability, resulting from injuries sustained when he was struck by a truck belonging to the Third Brigade, United States Marines, in Tientsin, China, May 14, 1928.

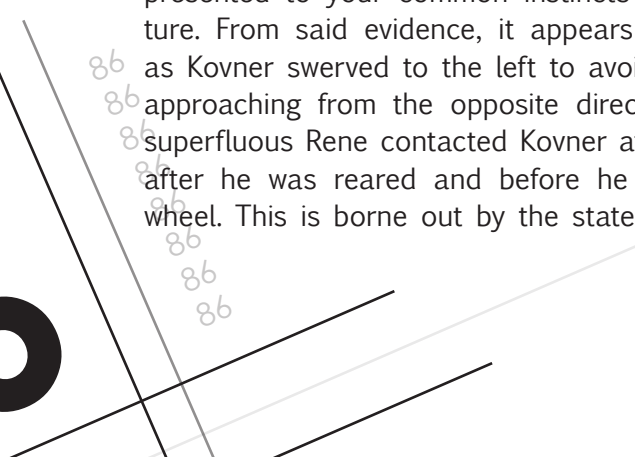
The body directs the flow of blood to a vessel in the calf, for motion and suffering and permanent instability, resulting from crushed red petals when he was struck by a mouth belonging to the third Rene, united in a submerged marine state, in Tientsin, China, May 14, 1928.

This accident happened in the British Concession of Tientsin and claimant at the time was a Russian national, 17 years of age. He is now a citizen of the United States. He was riding a bicycle north on Victoria Road, and while so riding, United States Marine corps gas tanker no. 1026, operated by a marine private, struck his vehicle, knocking him to the ground and seriously injuring him.

This accident happened in the British Concession of Tientsin and Rene at the time was a Mandarin national, 17 years of age. She is now a citizen of disparate states. She was riding a bicycle south on Victoria Road, and while so riding, United States Marine corps gas tanker no. 1026, operated by a marine private, struck a stranger, knocking him to the ground and seriously injuring him.

The Navy Department opposes the enactment of the bill on the theory that Kovner rode into the side of the truck, but evidence presented to your committee indicates a different picture. From said evidence, it appears that Kovner was struck as the truck driver swerved to the left to avoid hitting a vehicle approaching from the opposite direction. The truck contacted the bicycle at about a point above the left-rear wheel. This is borne out by the statement of eyewitnesses.

Rene's heart opposes love's action on the will on the theory that Kovner rode into the side of her life blind, but evidence presented to your common instincts paints a different picture. From said evidence, it appears that Rene was struck as Kovner swerved to the left to avoid hitting another Rene approaching from the opposite direction. The body of the superfluous Rene contacted Kovner at about a point in time after he was reared and before he was stretched on the wheel. This is borne out by the statement of eyewitnesses.



DEPOSITION

She is now a rear wheel.
This is borne out by the sustained.
Kovner was struck as a truck;
the permanent statement of eyewitnesses.

This is borne out by the sustained:
Kovner rode into the years of age.
1) permanent statements of eyewitnesses.
2) the truck contacted the bicycle at a point.

Kovner rode into the years of age.
Kovner was struck as a truck.
The truck contacted the bicycle at a point.
She is now a rear wheel.

RENE AFFIDAVIT

In the early morning, sun to my left and peddling
time takes on the qualities
of concessions:
candy floss, caramel apples,
hawthorn berries pronged
on a wooden stick.

RENE AFFIDAVIT

Struck by him
entering my field of vision
an aubade, two morning doves
our bodies migrate

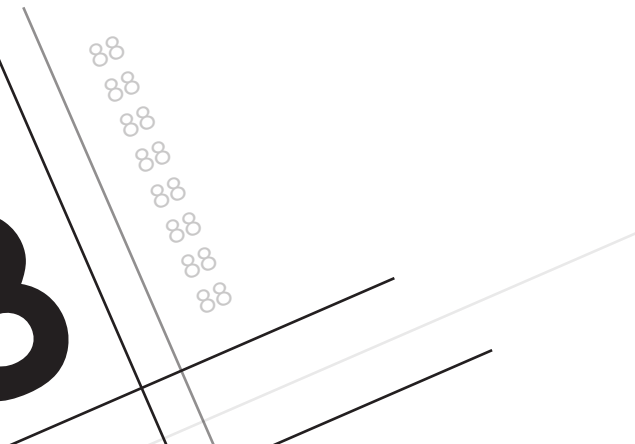
pedal
in the same direction.
I swerve so our limbs
crosshatch, collide,
sun to our right
my life before
old, passing, coming to a point
wearing my face.

RENE AFFIDAVIT

My body a concession,
private,
struck as a truck.

My private
drives in the concession,
strikes tangled birds,
receives reprimands.

My bridges over the canals
My private
My body
submerged till spring when they dredge.



Woman Trapped in Landscape : Ben Cartwright



I am getting my hair set. You are an infinite regress.



I am a thicket of curls. You are the word “nasturtium”
said by a teamster.



I am the clotting limbs of a Japanese maple, throwing
sparks and disrobing in the street. You are raking
a burn pile.



I tug and create rhythm on a trotline, attracting bottom-feeders. You are carrying my jacket.



I am candied hawthorn berries, pronged on a wooden stick. You are the insipid waters of a dead sea.



I am an epicenter in this lake. Your tongue is
a plucked lyre.



I am framing this monolith. You are losing me, losing me,
losing me.



I am a beating heart's replica you've placed next to a Catherine Wheel to show scale. You are a long trail of tapped ash.



I am the symmetry left between root systems and the water table. You are an empty glove.



I am in my cyborg body, gliding over ice into a borderland of the future. You are going to miss your bus.



hws.edu/senecareview/bc

