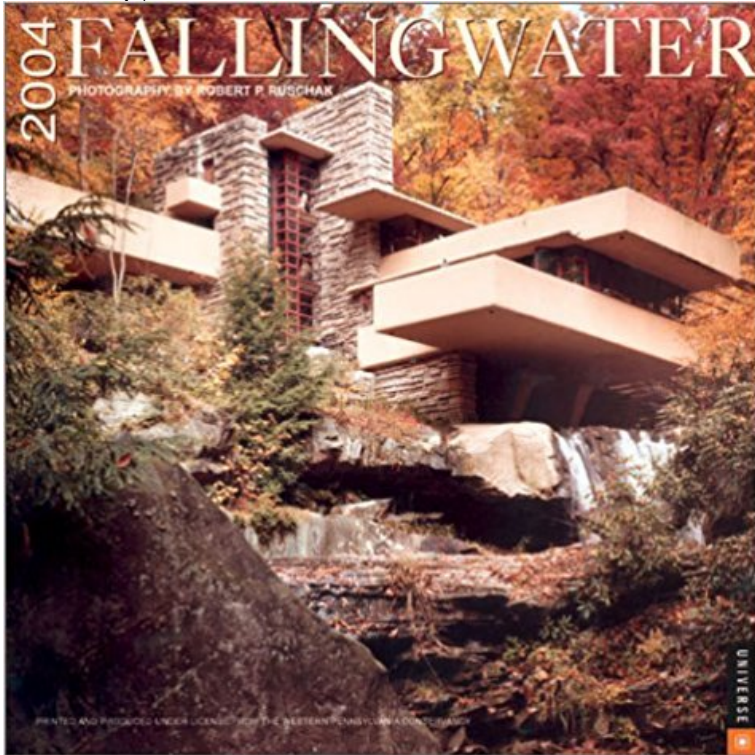


Fallingwater 2004 Wall Calendar



Built in 1936 in Mill Run, Pennsylvania, Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater is one of the great masterpieces of modern architecture. From around the world, visitors have come to experience America's greatest architects sublime integration of building and landscape. Deep in the Pennsylvania forest, Fallingwater rises as a testament to Wright's genius. Nowhere else is his architecture felt so warmly or appreciated so intuitively. In Fallingwater 2004, veteran Fallingwater photographer Robert P. Ruschak presents twenty-four magnificent views of the house and its environment, offering an expertly guided private tour of Fallingwater's most engaging features.

Dead on Revival Main menu Skip to content Home About the Blog About the Blogger The Alphabet The List Sleep now; fear human nature tomorrow POSTED ON FEBRUARY 16, 2016 Ive had this blog for nearly a decade. Fuck. POSTED IN LIFE A Prayer POSTED ON NOVEMBER 27, 2015 You are, of course, too much I am easily tired and slow Where you run on for days without rest: The God of ultra-marathons and Bolt Who still jogs beside me on my 12-minute mile Where you work without end: The Messenger for Gods without rest or relent Who pulls me to my feet on 14 hour shifts Where you laugh without reserve: The Prankster who steals their best friends cows Who reminds me that may it harm none we all need to have fun Where you lead: The Guide today until death Who rides beside me on long sleepy nights Enagonius, Poneomenos, Mechaniotos, Diaktoros Transcendent and eternal You called to me and I fall at your feet I thank you, Lord Hermes, for your blessings and your indulgence as I find my way on your path POSTED IN LIFE TAGGED DRU TALKS GODS, HELLENIC POLYTHEIST, HERMES, POLYTHEISM, PRAYER Drunk Advice From A God POSTED ON NOVEMBER 3, 2015 2 the days are pouring nectar down my throat so thick and sweet that it makes my teeth brittle in exhalation to life and he tastes like spiced wine, in-toxicating and scalding as he elevates me the way a lift carries you as high as you ask it as high as its able He laughs: Burn Your Feet flying through inexorable hours you once spent languishing in despondence Reach out with both your hands for Death and screech your joy when She recoils, smiling POSTED IN LIFE TAGGED DEVOTIONAL STUFF, DRU BLOGS, HERMES, MY STUFF, PERSONAL, POETRY, WRITING Eirwyn p1 POSTED ON JULY 8, 2015 Once upon a time, in a land bordered by a lush, dark wood, there ruled the kind but simple king, Gwirion. Fortunately for his kingdom his young queen, Bywyd was as sharp as he was dull. She advised him in all matters of state, and benevolently attended concerned citizens and visiting dignitaries alike, always with a graceful nod to her husband and a quiet \hat{c} May it please your Majesty. \hat{c} So it was that they ruled in peace for many years troubled only by the lack of Ysbryd-ane an heir to carry on the divine dragon blood of Gwirions ancestors. When Bywyd found herself full with child at last she rejoiced that their kingdom would be secured, their rule assuredly peaceful for the rest of their lives. And when the child was born, with raven black hair so dark against eyes as blue as lightning

