

from **TOMB MODEL OF A NOBLE'S HOUSE**

I could keep the book a very long time, by gradually changing each of its fragments—
(Roland Barthes)

short
minutes spell out
the glimmering,
grave
directive
(Paul Celan, BEDENKENLOS, Benighted)

The walk to school: the anxiety is that cannonballs scattered on a road or in a field—aim has been taken, some bodies have dropped—resemble grapefruits, which, sparkling, inspire hunger before sorrow.

A rabbit in the alleyway. It gives a few steps before turning and dodging north through a bush ...

People, known by their homes, keep their projects and cleaning supplies out back.

Bamboo, hollow and cut into chimes, in the wood, can summon a world, but the world is a mirage, is not music, but nature. Late afternoon wind, it comes from nowhere, ruffles the papers, dives into the ground. The alleyways. Haven't been in the pool yet. Ate a banana at 1:30, two thin slices of cheddar, 5 o'clock. Finished a novel this morning, thought: What if I am a character named Midori? Is the old man or young man or young boy me, going through the plotless experiences I am, or is he him, yet in this life, the writer, aware of being written? At one point do our names lose us?

Where before there was one palm tree standing above the mesquite tree, same coordinates, there is again one, and how the wind sounds—same plants beside me too, whose name I don't know, as those that grew alongside our last apartment on 5th Avenue, at the kitchen window.

A said the last time he cried was when his piano was stolen. Somebody had stolen his piano. When I asked him who, he said, *I don't know*. When I asked him again, he said, *My sister*. He has a sister and a brother. He eats his coleslaw very slow, and is the last in his class to finish lunch. He says he's good at the piano, which sounds like his virtue elevates

when he is near it. When he stands up, he smiles, then laughs—not laughter, it is a single laugh—like a pianist rising from the bench to meet the audience’s applause after a perfect performance.

scotomization

K wants to start a radio station called FT. When I ask her what FT stands for, she improvises *Fun*, hesitation, *Talents*, but it’s clear she’s not convinced, and confirms it by saying, *No, it doesn’t stand for anything, it’s just FT.*

K touches a small pink flower on a bush growing along the eastern wall of her school, and says, *It’s a blossom. All flowers are blossoms*, I say, to which she replies, *It’s a spring blossom*, and adds, five seconds later, *Spring blossoms are the most beautiful flowers in the universe.*

Like Someone in Love, a film by Abbas Kiarostami. An older man’s white mustache, trimmed straight, the moles on his face, white hair, the skin around his eyes. Among the most abrupt endings, though the crisis needed an escape ... within the parameters of the film, the man lost. He was moving frantically around his apt. holding a cotton swab, checking constantly the window while the girl, Akiko, buried her face in a couch pillow. No explications, we get instead faces, which are Kiarostami’s obsession—film exists to obsess over the face, the face as planet and satellite → the metaphor for film, every film being a face, a registry of emotional content. Faces are what we study, though they are easily and ultimately elusive, beyond memory. So we put them into situations → the person is the artist, the face the creation.

None of us had seen the asshole, then all of us had seen it. We all saw it; we’re seeing it now. It is the sun. There was no expectation to see it. We were, in fact, sleeping. The dream of the asshole usurped many hours of wakefulness, though really it was a return to the dream. Everything could be reduced to the denouement of the asshole: life, the decision to write, go on living, etc.

to *disclose* space → He did not have to believe what he was seeing or even what he was painting, he just had to move his hand in such a way that was as new as what it was attempting to disclose by feeling

the position of our bodies in bed every morning strikes déjà vu every morning strikes déjà vu

Man w/Alice Cooper face tattoos leaves a brown paper bag on the bench of the bus stop

Riding east on the bus, it is the most normal-looking people who turn out to be the most feral ...

The thrill of the people who ride the bus midday. The pure madness in their eyes, or the decimation of the flame of madness, which you know rose tall through the top of their heads, burning everything.

Our most reliable companions are the birds. Ironic that we rarely see them, though we could set the days of our lives by their ceaseless zajal.

A chainsaw started, now there is a chainsaw. I am in the woods or it is spring. It is the sound of wood being opened. The trees are full and green and yellow with pollen. What is six? Green. Is six big, medium, small? Birds are crying for food in the eaves of the warehouse. The chainsaw idles. The mesquite tree in the yard is motionless. Its wood is dark brown and divided. There's a faded pink trailer parked by the sound of wood being opened with its two windshields shot through in the center. Translate that cry to the unthinking melancholy of humans, when they are hungry and feeling neglected. We can no longer say *our* or *we*, as in the movie the young boy in Kagoshima asks his father, *What is the world?* The world is a sign. Literally, you can see it. One bird is on top of the rusted wrought-iron wall, and the chainsaw has stopped.

To walk two miles exposed in the sun to arrive in a windowless room ...

The looks of the houses; lethargic, inscrutable. A patio umbrella, closed, becomes a squid. Trees that have unburdened themselves of oranges—a small radius of oranges drying out. I have, so far, included, in my essay on Etel, the oranges we ate after dinner our first night together.

The arrow-shaped rainbow on the seat of the toilet reminds me of my father's big glasses.

An old man emerged from behind a formidable door in the wall and, with his baseball hat not quite fitting his head, pulled himself onto a new, gleaming blue bike, and pushed off.

The dead pigeon one foot to the south.

The reflection of white lights on the bald man's head suggest the place where his horns used to be—

The shadows of the readers on the wall behind them resemble hunch-backed dictators delivering the news ...

The man who rises with a look on his face that says, *This is not what I came for.*

The Bible is redundant.

A man outside the post office in a Panama hat and a t-shirt that says *FBI, Suk It*, reeks of perfume as he passes ...

I weigh less when I speak. Unless what I'm saying is stupid, then more.

When I'm silent, stone of air.

All that pain, that manifests originally as a smile ...

The environment is often a book; I abstract myself in reading. I divide myself, at least; go invisible. Do I become larger? Does my mass change?

The jacks of giants keep the ocean from surging the coast and are thrown through the air to make a sucking, martial sound.

On a deserted university campus, the smell of deep-fried fish

The illumination of negative space Pouring a substance of hybrid and subversive make-up into a form to illuminate negative space, to make a body within a body ...

They are reminders, reminders of the dark trees and flowers → a revelation of the laborers that constitute the fleeting moments of a free country-life's evolution (staggering foundation)

Sitting on the small brick patio outside K's bedroom—beneath the wooden eaves, a perfect mesquite tree, wide-reaching limbs that resemble the limbs of a tree damming a river, an elephant's tusk or a memorial to a snake. The ground is yellow with pollen. There's a green hose uncoiled in the yellow and an orange electrical cord slung over the wooden eaves keeping a festoon of small white frosted lights on throughout the mesquite tree. Mourning doves are in the trees and on the wires. The mesquite tree is reaching over the cement brick wall into the neighbor's yard. The sky is clouded light gray through the mesquite leaves and the trees are tossing with wind. I'm going to water the dead geranium... What are the bushes with white flowers becoming innumerable trees? I could let my eyes go limp upon the whole think [sic] as if I'm going to drink it. I saturated the dead geranium with water. Pretend it is going to come alive or buy a new geranium. Every so often the pool cleaner rises above the water and sucks desperately (mechanically) at the air. The most voluble trees in the wind are palms. What did Susan Sontag say about palm trees? She rated them high ...

civic performances

vs.

civic rehearsals

Book of Friends

But they are more than either situational or ecstatic intonations → they are recollections of the earth and startled, shimmering clock faces passing up on it ...

Five silver balloons loosed from a used car lot separating in the air in the exact formation of the stars in Cassiopeia.

Dreamt last night that militant shepherds were herding muddy sheep through a narrow street in a border town. We had to press ourselves against the walls of ramshackle, shooting gallery-like buildings. The shepherds were armed with large, black guns. We were entering Nebraska.

I pass by a chicken coop in an alleyway. I hear chickens, but only realize I do when I see egg shells among a mound of straw. I wonder if any are whole. A rooster. Then a cage with 2 hens. In another alleyway I admire a cactus garden. Seems composed specifically for the admiration of a single person. It is a lonesome pursuit: the admiration of a cactus garden ... suddenly everything is revealed as if washed by a high rain. There were two makeshift benches in the cactus garden, where someone could sit and stare at the cactus and grieve inwardly. An old man walking a large dog giggles lasciviously when his large dog barks at me. The man's yellow teeth. They appear from behind a white wall. A second dog barks behind the white wall. Men and women of no clear category are running suicides near Tucson Ave. I can't hide in the park, in these alleyways.

I woke up so quickly all my dreams were erased. Only a film on my teeth remained of my dreams.

A young woman in a white pick-up stops in front of an old shoeless man sprawled out in a park and shouts *Wanna salad?*

I woke up at 5:42 to take Mom to the airport. Shortly after returning home, she called to say she was sad and already lonely.

The corn is brittle.

Genius becomes ozone.

Metamorphosis of the *Moment*
Metamorphosis of the *Document*

A mourning dove becomes, in the afternoon, a mammal. It hunts without moving. Its call is a riddle and is closer than one would think.

The task of the poet is to act as steward over the metamorphosis of experience into _____.

Or we have the potential to lock history up within riddles. Our ambiguity too must be clear.

poets—being outcast and exiled by the present (time)—have more in common with the timeless substance of history than with the people with whom they, however superficially, live.

The poet is the archive. The person is the archive, but the poet (in the person) is the person who activates and makes use of it. It is more than—or can be more than—a (so-called) non-fiction poetry ...

There is something of the apocalypse in every immersive documentary poetry.

The anus (asshole) of a mourning dove resembles, from below, a small ottoman.

Poetry is not a dream.

Van Gogh's art was a *substitute* for this faith.

Leonardo's drawings of clouds

My lecture description is due tomorrow. I know what it is but I'm stalling. I want a force to exert itself as a surprise, surprisingly. L says to make it *short and to the point*. The difficulty is that there is no point. Dancing, for example. A hole might be worn into the

floor if the steps are forceful and unending, but even then the floor will be worn around the waist or the dancing will continue underground—which is the ground or the new underground.

When we walked along the wheel ruts through the jungle and into the clearing, I thought: this is the perfect place for him to kill me.

The lady pulled a long sac of small, uniform eggs from the womb of the iguana and handed the sac to us without saying a word. The iguana lay bleeding from her womb on a slab of wood beside that knife that had killed her. Her expression was indistinguishable from that of the lady

The urge to pee in a stranger's yard is strong, esp. if there's a bush in the yard made yellow by a street light overhead

(They hung his head).

Driving a large truck slowly through the curve of a dirt road beside small evergreen trees. The sensation of swinging wide, or either the truck or the trees are on a slowly spinning platform as in the window of a department store during Christmas. Movement in memories becomes partly mechanical. Our ...

Working for many hours on a poem that feels as frivolous as ludicrous Writing many pages of prose in the dark realizing the day after the pen had run out of ink.

In the poem, I begin to recount people who actually lived, then reduce them to characters It's a misappropriation of lives and ultimately throwing the book onto the roof is not the subject: it's the action hysteric out of the emotion and sound is something far greater— Why was I obsessed with roofs? Not obsessed, possessed, they stayed with me for over thirty years The bar and I shared a (general) birthday The arm slips—the memory of faling [sic] asleep in a tree.

Leaving Tucson tomorrow. The leaving feels only vaguely routine. We've left innumerable—here and elsewhere—though this leaving feels darker, less certain. We're

going to Taiwan then to commune with the States. It's that the abyss at the far end is more genuine, though the horizon appears the same, in view and in mind. And it's not that we're motivated by a dichotomy in needs: immersion vs. dispersion, or maybe it is: a hold out. We know this and have based ourselves on this, but have not been successful in establishing ourselves within some governing vision. So we exist, and our existence, even if not the same, is based on intuition.

Last night I spent three hours on a couple of stanzas of a new, perhaps self-indulgent poem. My mind was not committed enough, though it is one in which I'm putting self-knowledge and discovery to the test: what can the poem learn beyond what I have, thus far, learned? Can we foreclose upon the tedious wondering of where the words are coming from; we push thoughts through by synthesis—we live at all by synthesizing what remains after a moment is passed. Largely what is left is large ...

The ceiling fan has been spinning for two months. Two milk crates—one red, one orange—are empty at the foot of the bed. There are two gloves on the bedspread. One pillow is embroidered with a large-leaved flower and an explosively colorful flowerhead, devilish: orange, red, and, from a distance, I cannot discern between blue or green, though I blame the mustard for compromising those colors.

April 2013-May 2013

Don't touch the cloud-dweller. (Stalin's order re: Pasternak)

What if we were to go ahead and become beginners, now that much is changing? (Rilke)

Without reminders that you're here, would you be reminded that you're here.

The chimes confirm not only that you are hearing—in a soundless landscape, the mind seems to fold the ear in—but that you are: a peaceable sound, as things gathered in passing and hung above, or in, a void, that reminds you of the wind, the shore, silence after death, how could you know, the silence before the arrival of someone who frightens or saddens you, the inability to communicate, all of which confirm the bottommost elements of what you are, for in the desert, as at the bottom of a lake or ocean, it is not certain, because there is little, or no, relation. People were, once, here, or people are, anyway, here, so that the reflexive inclination is to shoot the chimes free and return all supposition to silence. Did you finish your book, Brandon?

What do I see first. The poem, the photograph, tells me. It flattens what I see, first, so I may see the forms of what I see before the thoughts that exist *out there*, for which the poem, the photograph, is an instrument of invention. The complement of forms, ocotillo culminating eight feet in the air, hanging on the understanding that its limit is fixed within itself, that it goes further and that *our* understanding of, our encounter with, ocotillo is based upon all the ocotillo we have seen, that we will see, even that we have and will not ever see ... We're listening to Christmas music, the music is culpable. The holiday has its genuine moment with the man who came riding down the drive on a horse wrapped in cold green holiday lights.

I experience how little sound is made by the movements of people, as opposed to the more illusory sense of the movements of people creating a tidal cacophony. Silences layered upon silences produce noise, and only by making them white, which is a psychosomatic trick, can we make it bearable. Many say *this* is unbearable, and only by layering silence into sound can we make not only the movements of people, but all existence, bearable.

A landscape we know first from dioramas. Photographs produce nostalgia for those first encounters, or are produced out of them.

A (The) sound of gunshots, muffled, repeated, coming up from the valley, the sound of stiff wooden boxes being hurled, blasting earth, or the earth exhaling, bluntly, from a sodden, vegetal nostril.

A book comprised of all the things I didn't say:

You become curious to know what it is like to deal with things you have not, for fear or incapability, dealt with.

Clocktower in Nogales: paused at 1:41

To be with one faceless old woman in a boat fit for one in a small mire of piss in the middle of which is an evergreen tree bedecked with red ribbons and bows, the small boat turning lethargically in the winds and when the evergreen moves. The old woman is mute, you hang your arm over the side of the boat. You neither increase nor decrease your drunkenness. It is your permanent bearing. The old woman is a book you feel need not end, but catch you up on one sentence after another, psychological, ritually observant, the book has lent its face to its content, its story. The evergreen is a slim pyramidal stack of wreaths and the red ribbons and bows are flecked with gold. The bows are ornamental flowers, carnations, poinsettia. The piss is turquoise. You turn and turn, or the small boat turns and turns, and the piss stays somehow fresh, while also turning cool, and there is two of everything, but the tree, megalithic; it sits on an island in the middle of the mire that supports only it.

An evergreen tree on the edge of a cliff overlooking the border between Nogales, Mexico and Nogales, Arizona, is an old woman, unsteady, though she carries a small child on her back, and both she and the child are featureless. A woman of memory, reminiscence.

Singing is the punctuation *and* the sentence. Pauses, inherent, between passages lacking in exposition and detail. Little can be developed in dialogue, the characters emerge through song, which are at their most pivotal and profound when solo, so the characters are detached from each other and from the governing narrative, which becomes a skeletal

support for the songs, when they come, and I hoped that they did, while listless when the narrative was left to knock its bones together. All of my *visual* memories are of the faces of those who were singing.

The recurrent vision, memory: sitting on a grassy ledge overlooking Frenchman Bay. The bay is a sensation and a void, the view has no bottom, I am in my own ear. There are paintings diagramming my body and the scene. I return there, no date, all time exists as a place, without purpose, but to sit in the grass at the edge.

I see at least two new ways into the maze ...

Two roots of (for) resurrecting the dead: constant dissatisfaction and a florid imagination.

The song is a passport. It's meaningless [sic] is turned into a message, that the song wd seem to be telling you something, have encoded within a warning. And the more frivolous the song, the more urgent the warning within it.

Coming into the bedroom late at night, L already asleep, the only light is slatted and of a waning moon resembling snow that has yet to be broken.

Primary on my mind: not the actual scenes, the objects and moments and faces I might be able to describe into a scene, but my own inability to set to any one: woman planting spinach, the dream of a house, the reduction of a life into trivialities, etc.

All the poems yet written are readymade set decorations, miniaturized to hang on the walls of the miniature house. The book is a maquette for the sculpture that is life, though which is catching up with the other?

We went for a walk and looked at trees. Helicopters are crisscrossing the thin, underlit clouds. The Chinese pistachio, the European olive. M said the olive trees looked like eucalyptus, and L said, *Eucalyptus leaves are shiny*. We ate steamed buns, ten, pork and spinach, and fried rice. L knocked the ice cubes onto the menu.

I woke up after 10. Around 5 I woke up fat and sweating and threw up in the toilet. I did that three times. The third time I was retching. Nothing came out but saliva. My stomach was a skin bag ... I've the body of a ten year old. Maybe also where the voice comes from.

As like Rembrandt, start with the gesture, then go back into the gesture to add (the) information

It's a _____ day realizing you hate your grandparents

People's recurring dreams

All the people in the book return as people on the street: strangers

Asses: more real than me.

We sleep on the floor and always have the blinds drawn. So when we go to sleep or when we wake up, we are deprived of looking out the window. We have no view of *the world* from our bed. In Maine, we saw the trees, the lake, and snow. We were greeted each morning with light and the ways of the world in the stilled arrangement of things: tree limbs, sky. Here in Tucson, we've had no view. We've been sleeping on the floor for a year. Our windows have either been too high or blinded. What does that do to us? The bed—sleep—is even more of a tomb because a view is life, continuance. Permission. I know it forecloses one freedom of being alone...

I started writing this book on my 33rd birthday. I wrote, " _____

EVEN TRANSPOSING GRANDFATHERS, as it is a book about old people, who will soon not exist, so the amalgamation multiplies their longevity in the mind as ONE ELDER against their impending extinction: THE TOTEM. CROSS-DRESSING GRANDFATHERS

The time I electrocuted myself for hours unplugging a lamp in the living room. It was a voice that interrupted the circuit and through [sic] me off the socket. P was there, I her

[sic] J's voice calling P, his name is Paul, the name of K's older brother... It was P, with mom, who walked through the front door and interrupted my execution with a VOICE, I was embarrassed, like I had been caught masturbating, [sic] I ran upstairs, I heard MY voice say I am fine but it was a simulacra of my voice like the one I hear when I am stoned, my pockets eat my hands and I feel, always, like I have to take a shit or that I've shit my pants

The time, in the days following an acid trip, I could see, clearly, with my eyes closed.

A man pushing a shopping cart half-filled with mismatched plastic shopping bags stops before the window of a coffee shop, spreads his arms wide. A girl on the other side of the window, facing directly the man and his embrace, acts as if she does not see him. Half of us pride ourselves on our ability to see everything, half on our ability to see nothing. The man wears a blue hooded sweatshirt that reads, Balboa, California. Two girls eat salads and laugh with their mouths closed. A young man looks at apartments online. A young girl across from him asks where. Brooklyn. It's my favorite thing: looking at apts. Three people share three Apple laptops. They're having a meeting. The man has a big head and close-cropped goatee. The women on either side of him both wear [sic] thin green sweater-shirts. Their meeting is over, now they are chatting. The man has a monkish haircut. The two women in green sweater-shirts are bored, but are doing their best to maintain an attitude of relaxed professionalism. The man is moving his index finger around the mouse pad of his laptop. One woman asks, *Where did you learn about all the codes for...* but before finishing the question (1) the man has already thrown himself into an answer, and (2) she has ceased caring, and wishes she were elsewhere, in the hallway between her kitchen and bathroom where the air blows. A girl in an off-white cable-knit sweater is Skyping with her friend, whose head resembles, on the computer screen, a gopher emerging from a hole in the ground.

A woman in Montana feeds carrots to her favorite horse and plays it Peter Tosh's *Greatest Hits*. *He likes reggae*, she says. *And Gatorade*.

A blond woman wearing a denim shirt says, *You have to teach the camel a trick that other people will find annoying*, then emends that to say, *that other people will laugh at*, adding, *something saucy, flirtatious*. The woman she is talking to says, *Like throwing nuts at them?* The city could be regarded as home, for some, even, if one were in the mood, and perhaps, standing on the top of a moderately-sized mountain, a beautiful home, a home where one could get nice and full and die and everyone would love them forever in death. Camels have durable lips. *I have these two camel trainers who are always playing tricks on each other*,

betting each other who can play the better trick. The women discussing camels and camel tricks and trainers are sharing a tomato basil mozzarella panini. Every bite sounds like they are biting into sheets of bubble-wrap. Then they are alone in a bamboo cage eating insects with their hands, while a young boy wearing a red bandanna over his nose and mouth and holding a thin machine gun watches over them. A bird explodes from a tree and thousands of small leaves fall onto the roof. The two women in green sweater-shirts are leaving. They've been sitting with their associate, the man, for three hours, and now, saying goodbye to him, he does not lift his gaze from his mobile device.

If there's a frog in a toilet and you sit on the toilet, the frog will jump into your ass. I once dumped a bunch of flowers in a toilet. Newlyweds dance on the roof of a bar. A man puts his hands in his pants pockets and furrows his brow when he wants to think but lacks thought and knows that he will spend the rest of his life following someone around whose face he will never see ...

the final act of adoration

a secretive (daimyo) cabal called sonno-joi, or "Revere the Emperor, Expel the Barbarian" (12)

The general idea is of a REACHING OUT when falling, even before, and as falling includes also death, the hand reaches, that is the reflex, though the hand proposes human connection: physical, communicative. We reach for the earth and for others. Often there is nothing there: no earth, no other people.

Every poet becomes accustomed to being singled out as The Poet, and so adopts, in her mind, the position, for which finding herself in a community of other poets, who have also been, at some point, singled out, is disconcerting. The Poet, in an unconscious attempt to retain the status of singularity runs as far away as he or she can in/to a place or wilderness where that status is unquestionable: the dangling one, for whom all the others, the community of individuals, becomes a dream of the past. The Poet, even in exile, is never not working, and her exile only amplifies the truth of that: no people, but the insinuation of corpses that contribute to the environment half as myth, half as compost. The Poet can be pure, as long as she survives, with or without reports sent home, either because The Poet has transmuted the writing of poetry into thought and observation, or because there has ceased to be a home to which reports could be sent. The cessation of home resides in the mind and the heart of The Poet. The world is green and dark blue in the evening. The

sun is yellow and when interacting with night, becomes green, which is the wilderness, and brown, and the sky is blue, gray, and white.

The floor beneath a painting, where the painting was painted: the expression of where it, the paint, wanted to go: like milk from a goat, it comes naturally when and how it does. A goat, for example, named Elvis.

Don't dwell too long on the dying gesture, i.e. the reaching of the hand. What is of interest is the hand is [sic] space and one's imprint on space, as well as one's imprint on a surface, the impermanence of heat. This was the last thing I added.

Somewhere within the flattened depths of nine decades comes a smile to mind ...

I have (been) for years sleeping beneath (below) the level of the window so that my vision's been genuflective and I've woken into walls ...

January 30, 11:15 pm. G died twenty-three hours ago. No one was there when she died. The doctors, nurses. No one. Mom and L had already gone back to the house. Mom called me at 12:44 in the morning. We had just gotten home; I plugged my phone in. When she was a child, my mom was ready to love and be loved. It was inborn, this readiness, her love. Her mother was proud, but depressed. Her daughter, no matter how splendid she was, could not fix it: her depression. Nor could her other three children, though by the time she had them, her sickness had already begun to calcify. A photo taken at the beach. A photo taken in the hills above the valley. I write what I remember if I cannot name it. Mom was eating ice cream last night at 9 pm. She was sitting with G in the convalescent home. G was not responsive. We were her first grandchildren. What did my mom do with her rosary? Did she see heaven? She looked out the window and smiled. My mom looked too but could not see anything. Children run from one side of the gym to the other. A man is hiding behind gymnastics mats stood up on their ends. I cried when P cried, when I heard that P cried. It was P's 60th birthday. They had removed the feeding tube from G's [sic] stomach. It wd then be a matter of time: nothing was entering into her. She could not speak but you could hear her breathing. A river in a forest, the hills rising from the river thickly forested. Long wooden boats, long slippers. P now lives alone and will until he dies... K is upset she did not have the chance to say goodbye.

This is what I want: to continue to write passages into which I can enter repeatedly until

there is no room left for me: until I have painted myself out ...

Night: when we walk above the sun

I am not in the mood for frivolities though neither am I, apparently, in the mood for gravities. I've reached no mood. It is neither equilibrium nor achievement. The space between me and the book, the infatuation that comes and goes.

Mariah Carey was in the ceiling.

Lychees will soon be good.

December 2012-March 2013