

We gathered on a checkered gingham blanket for a potluck picnic in the sun.

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Bloom of Anonymous June

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1

The History of Anonymity

the wipe of celebrity

vomit on a street lamp, splattered

I could still be captivated by your beauty

Leaving the next guest two eggs and a worn leather belt

I am warning you I might have to go

The time to go

2

Die Peinliche Abendmusik

Die peinliche Abendmusik setzt ohne Vorwarnung ein. Sie klingt aus offenen Fenstern und Türen - ganz plötzlich - und dringt an die Ohren der verwunderten Passant_innen. Diese harren kurz aus, lauschen ihr, versuchen sich etwas über mögliche Ursachen zusammenzureimen. Sie schauen sich gegenseitig verstohlen in die Gesichter, wenden sich rasch wieder ab: ein Lächeln, wie eine Fratze als Antwort auf etwas besonders Ekelerregendes, wird mit knirschenden Zähnen dünn gemahlen bis es verschwunden ist. Sie beeilen sich, um sich nichts von ihrer peinlichen Anrührung anzumerken lassen. Sie werden später über ihrem gekochten Spargel, ihren Taze Fasulye, aber auch über ihren Instant-Nudeln nichts über das sonderbare Ereignis verlieren. Ganz beharrlich muss gekaut werden, um die letzten Noten dieser Musik mit dem letzten Bissen zu vergessen. Des Abends ist die Musik verklungen. Ein Fuchs am Mittelweg streckt sich durch eine Öffnung in einem Maschendrahtzaun. An einer Ecke findet er etwas halbvergorenes Fallobst und einen halbgeessenen Döner. Über ihm winden sich zahllose Larven der Gespinstmotte einen Baum entlang. Ein Luftzug fährt bedächtig durch die wenigen Blätter. Wohin mit der Musik?

Hinter einem Fenster liegt eine der Passant_innen auf einer durchgelegenen Matratze und stellt sich eben diese Frage. Noch erinnert sich mensch an sie. Für wie lange? Schon findet im Hirn eine Symbiose mit einem Stück Popmusik statt; bald wird es die Musik verschlingen, nur um dann selbst unter den lebendigen Schatten einer Traumkulisse begraben zu werden.

Die Erinnerung an die peinliche Abendmusik verblasst allmählich. Sie ist von den Passant_innen völlig verdaut worden. Ihnen ist der Verdauungsprozess sehr peinlich. Sie schauen sich schon lange nicht mehr in die Gesichter. Sie haben sich aus den Augen verloren.

3

The burning wings of regret and obsession

I resonate with the burning. A feeling comes. The feeling is uncomfortable talking about itself. Especially in public. The feeling wants to universalize the experience even though it is less honest. It doesn't want it to be about itself. It knows what it needs to talk about but it wants to hide. The feeling fears public disapproval and judgement more than anything.

The feeling before it happened was modulated by an overwhelming presence of sunshine. I felt like I was in some movie about a person who lives in LA but I didn't know who that person was. I had been growing my hair since I moved to LA. It felt weird being read as femme. I thought I needed to do it when I was a nanny. I thought I had to be a discernable gender because that's what rich people wanted - normal stuff. They probably would have liked having a butch nanny more. I fantasized about the rich lesbians keeping me as their house dyke pet - spoiling me. They were really the most boring and awful even though the one let me borrow her new convertible bmw. I was in love with the city, I liked how it felt there. It felt easy but really it was hard. I lived in my car and I had three jobs. That summer I went to the beach, we hiked and rode bikes to the cemetery. I would wake up late and walk the dogs down to the river.

The most extreme part was the most boring. It was the part where she would make you coffee in the morning. Where you would touch walking down the street. It was that she was there in the morning and at night. It was how the desire kept expanding and expanding into rooms you didn't know that desire lived in and then a tiger ate you and you were in another world and it was scary but you didn't want to leave. It felt more real there. It felt sad to be so alone but it was more honest.

The cold house with the cat where we kept the oven open. There was no comfortable place to sit in that house - that was the thing that bothered me, everything was either too soft or too hard. Maybe there was something wrong with my body. It was a strange house and I remember very particularly how the light from the street cast an orange shadow on the ceiling of the bedroom. Learning to accept the weather in this place where you are always cold. Always feeling uncomfortable taking off and putting on clothes but after a year you learn to accept it. The body no longer stiffens in the wind or the blowing water or the glaring sun. The body acclimates, it happened in Phoenix too. It didn't need to happen in LA because there is no learning curve for the body there. Here, there is always wind blowing from one direction or another and it always seems to be a different direction, every time. It is a restless wind. The sun is always so bright shining in your eyes.

Some would probably say that you moved here out of convenience or that it was what you wanted but it was done with a feeling of desperation. It felt like an emptiness had swollen you and there were no options anymore. Plus you didn't have anywhere to live for so long the stress was becoming redundant. And it was \$380 dollars. An unthinkable low amount in these capitalist end times in the most expensive city in America. You ride up and down on the 5. The first day you take the bus north it is your birthday. The desert is shiny in January - it had just rained and reflective pools of water kept passing by the windows of the bus. It looked like the desert was full of little blue mirrors.

You are obsessed with the idea of egalitarianism. You wake up wrestling the idea around over and over. You are obsessed with finding other ways to be. You are an obsessive reader. You try to use your ideals to make yourself feel better but it doesn't really work like that.

Weeks before you leave you finally get an appointment with a doctor, she does an intake and decides that there are some impulse control issues. You tell her you can't control what you do. You are obsessed. You are obsessing and your mind is racing. You can't concentrate accept the impulse seeking behaviour seems to be increasing. She decides you need to talk to the psychologist. The psychologist is cute he has painted nails and he talks to you about options like St. John's Wort. You say no, you want some kind of pharmaceutical, you want to believe that magic beyond your understanding is assisting you. You have never taken medication. You start taking Prozac, you have to stop, the nightmares you have when you take it are not like your normal nightmares. You are afraid it

is turning you into someone else that you don't know so well. You don't like the other person.

You try to write and you end up writing more this year than any other year. You write anonymously for the struggle against art-washing in Boyle Heights. You live between two poles. People are being dumped out of the North, they are falling into the south and the price of everything is increasing. Butter costs more here, all groceries do. So does coffee. You are going in the other direction then most of the art weirdos, the queers of your ilk are mostly going south. You are going north.

All around you people are evicted like breathing. You hear their stories every day. It is not shocking, it is constant. All of the loss, over and over and over and over and over. People scream outside the window and it matches how you feel, angry and tired, bitter, broken. So needy, it is something that you want no one to see but it is impossible to hide. You are worried you will sit down and you won't get up. That you will stop fighting to be coherent and just succumb to a different energetic frequency. This frequency has no language it is mostly built of feelings and senses.

You decide to talk to a social worker. Everything felt the way that people decide is called "triggering" - a social worker is her job and then you are pulled into a whirlpool of self hate and crushing sadness. All the feelings that are too boring to describe for very long. Mostly they can only be stirred up in music, or if you have had that same experience. Which you might have had because it is pretty common. People lose friends. People lose houses. People lose houses, and friends, and cities. That is pretty common. Why should you be so special in your particular wallowing pond? Maybe it is a comfort - you are in the company of many others. You sit across from the social worker and remember sometimes you just need someone you don't know to confirm your presence. You talk about living in your car, spending too much money on a hotel. You tell her you can't concentrate. You are worried you are ADD and Dyslexic. She helps you make phone calls. She sits on hold with you. She sees that it is very difficult. We sit on hold for an hour with the people from Medi-cal. LA is too full. I can't get out of their system because they have too many people and nobody will cancel my account. She sits with me and it helps. The prophetic nature of the words that Katie said, she said: "you will learn what is not yours this year."

We fought a lot. We fought about regret. I said I regretted how it happened and you were upset you thought I meant that I regretted everything. We fought about who we were. We fought about our flaws. We fought about being cowards and having liberal friends. We fought about storage and time management. We fought about the right way to do things. We fought about tone and language and yelling. We fought because I said you don't help me navigate. We fought because I decided to go to Oregon to work. We fought because I decided to move to San Francisco. We fought because I want to live in michigan.

So imagine that one day you fall in love with someone who you are not supposed to fall in love with. Okay, so that was the thing. That was the dominant emotion, I am sure there are songs about it.

The worst part lately is not that people are aware that the climate collapse will happen in our lifetime, they say by 2030, so when I am sixty six. The worst part is we will be alive for it. It will happen and we will probably live longer then we would like. Considering the state of the reefs etc. In my dream I was trying to drink water but it was all salty, I would prefer not to be around when all the water is salty.

4

What Is This Thing

The heavens decided to turn my life into one big marshmallow test. If I can say no to gratification now what will be in store for me later? Your love double? There is luck and kindness all around me and I just need to register it, give it a name and praise. But before I force that softness, though, I still need to let the cold hard rejection sink in. How can I break so many hearts within such a short time and my own while I'm at it? / I brought you cherries / I brought you wine / I swam in your breath / and nibbled at the base of your spine / That's why I ask the heavens above / What is this test you've put me on

5

You are not yourself. You eat honey and you live in a house of dirt.

I checked the garden. Nothing is growing. I suppose that's because the sun is not really there anymore. Sometimes there is a faint streak of light in the sky and I remember what it used to be like. The palette of a sunset, a patch of sun across a wooden floor, the warmth. I actually miss the warmth the least.

I still have honey though. So sometimes I feel like I can taste the sunshine. Knowing that the sun had touched the flowers that the bees pollinated. That green shoots sprouted out of rich, black earth because of the sunshine. That sometimes the flowers would droop and hang because it would be too strong for days on end. Then finally a rain shower and relief.

Sometimes I eat the honey with my finger sitting on the dirt floor. It makes me think of how the sun would make things smell. Baked clay earth or the smell of the air as moisture evaporated after a shower. Or how the flowering trees would smell so sticky and sweet and sexy on those incredibly humid days.

The sun smelled different in California than in Chicago. It could make New York just absolutely stink, for days on end.

I have different kinds of honey. Blütenhonig, Waldhonig, Akazienhonig. They all tell the stories of a different time.

Time is not so important to me now. Or anyone really. It is so dark most of the time. It makes this place feel nicer though. If you can't see the dirt you can't feel it as much. Not that it is dirty, but it is made of dirt, mostly.

But yeah, time is sort of gone. Or maybe it has merged with another dimension. That of space. Time just takes up space now. There is no real

beginning or end to it. But even though time has diminished its presence I still feel its strain. Every time I finish a jar of honey I know that I am inching towards something. That even if there is no time my life has a timeline. And it is finite.

I want to die before the sky goes black. I want to be able to leave with the last crack of light. I am afraid of what will happen when we lose the light forever. It seems we can't control ourselves in the darkness. We haven't learned to look at our shadows. So we will let them take over and ruin us, everyone, everything.

When there was still light I sought out the dark corners. I tried to bring them into the light, not knowing how important that would be one day. Now. You know I once learned to really heal, like really heal almost to the point of immortality is that you have to sit and stare into your darkness. This one woman who I studied with, she couldn't move for 3 years. She sat there and looked and listened. Now she is full of vitality and life. Lightness and light. She believed in the darkness, believed in what it could illuminate. But boy does that take patience. And I don't trust others to find that strength. The darkness, once it becomes complete, will just swallow us. That sounds like some kind of prophecy like "when you see the snake swallow the antelope that means the end is nigh". An apocalypse seems soinstagram-able?

You would think that losing the sun would've had more consequences. But no, our contemporary lives were so artificial anyways there are many people who don't even remember that it happened. The brightness of the screen will never die. So what is there to worry about?

I try to eat the honey just on special occasions, but everything seems like some kind of special moment these days. Seeing the sun behind a cloud. Seeing no sun. Getting up on my own. Finding something green. A memory.

The seas miss the sun as well. They never glitter anymore. They no longer offer points or places of perspective. Now they seem more like giant vats of trouble. I don't want to find them menacing but I do.

Of course some people have been thriving in the semi-almost total darkness. But I don't know if that will last long. It didn't used to work. Creatures of the night became older faster. They were dried up and strung out. It was not a good look.

But you can be a different kind of creature of the night. One that goes out into the forest to hear the sounds of the darkness. Via sound you can know where you are better than if you were to use your eyes. And it brings out the smells. That is one nice thing about the darkness, it has actually sharpened us to our surroundings. Well that is if you have gone out to them and paid a bit of attention.

Most people are doing just fine though. They have their devices, they can project images of sunnier times on the walls around them. They can sit in fake sun lamps, or just put on a VR headset and be back in the land of the sun.

6

The fiery wings of regret and obsession

one dress, wheat with gold seams. like a cape or a carpet. taking away in the past... short term, long term.

the sun, the sweat, the wrong sunglasses, the highway. Waiting in line at the airport. Waiting to witness the wedding. Please make sure the foundations of your new house are stable. Cooperate, it's a team work! You are now one. 1.

the alarm clock that never went off, the sweat, the direct light of the tube, the high speed train. Driving up to the North. What do you do here? I am calling the police. I write down your plate number. XL56BB 75.

the rain, the darkness, the wrong shoes, the métro. Waiting in this bar. Waiting for the birthday party. I understand that you feel unwell. Don't worry and get well soon. We will meet again soon. 0.

/

Do you really want me?

Do you really need me?

why did we got onto this two-wheel? do we need to ride there?

why don't we take the train? why didn't we take the train. My leg hurts, and disappears from me. Your are so small, I dont even recognise you. ice dachte dass du ein großes Mädchen warst. Je n'ai pas dû bien comprendre. Could you repeat please another time, slower? Let me take off these pants... I do not want to cut them off. why would you do that? let's take the boat to return. we do not need to rush on the roads. This road is full of cars, private spaces, fixed ideas.

I don't regret but let's talk again about this and that in a few weeks. Would my carelesy wings have fallen down? Is that something I will regret later? what are you thinking about... enjoy that something right here right now.

You do come back some times. everyday. why do you want do that? is that making any sense to you? never mind about burning desires, I will just accept your freezing ideas.

I am not cool just ice cold.

7

A Dream

Last night I dreamed we resided in a castle, the width of which swallowed a haunted horizon. Dark hues of purple, blue and brown were stains between shreaking peaks of mountains. I had captured the storm of a century on video with precisely this view and it had gone viral. The trees and hills were literally alive. Their gnashing teeth and wild eyes, wild hair gave them away. The villagers would have run away terrified if they had also seen. But the gulf of an entire world separated them from us. This now famous castle had all the rooms and space and amenities one could wish for... except somehow there was no available bathroom, and I really needed to find one.

For this reason we found ourselves wandering the village in search of a public bathroom. Gravity sucked us into the only restaurant in town, where the line to the bathroom was almost as long as the line to enter in beyond the veranda, where nearly every table was full. A country western music artist with three names was doing a week- or perhaps even month-long residency. He was what you call famous. The waiting list was long but I overheard a host assuring a few young girls they would rise to the top in the next few days.

I think we thought we went somewhere else from there, and maybe we really did. And yet I suspect we ended up back there again in the end. What happened in between comprises mainly of the revelation of three girls. The kind of girls who wear feathers and old tires in their hair, who float out in bumper buggies with a pile of young babes suckling at their tits. Fearless, generous and invincible girls. Probably you shouldn't call them girls. They are figures of a gang, the redemption of style in a bland century. They've prepared an act to refresh as parsley on the side platter, just like so many of the other townspeople. Theirs is an act with masks and potatoes and potato sacks. The

country western man is the main act but we will never see him.

The video is transformed into an oil painting.

8

The Human Performance of Sadness

Nobody wants to see the human performance of sadness.

And it is objects, such as food and garbage and toys, that are left to carry the burden of the sad. They sing the song.

Melancholy refrain, the human is a fraud.

We give things, we give objects permission to perform the sadness we deny ourselves.

A tin tune.

But this is why the human is a fraud.

Do you distinguish between the expression of and the performance of?

There's a flower girl calling to you in the street, you hear it from your window.

9

A picture of a coast

Ting der er smukke er totalt clichébefængte, ligesom det billede. Findes den udsigt eller findes den bare i min hjerne, der samler de pixels fra min led-skærm om til et sammenhængende billede? Findes forelskelse, findes kærlighed. Tiltrækning. Jeg har aldrig prøvet det før. Men det er jo løgn. Det er forelskelsens præmis at jeg tror på at alting er helt nyt og unikt. Hvert øjeblik. Måske, ligesom med billedet, tvinger skønheden mig til at se bort fra gentagelsen, det monotone, repetitive og måske endda forudsigelige.

10

Jam

When I was little I visited my grandmothers garden in the summertime with my little brother. The trip was planned in advance to coincide with raspberry season, when the bushes in her small community garden were heavy with ripe fruit. Being city kids, it was believed we would benefit from some manual labor and outdoorsy time. One early morning, after having rubbed out noses and elbows with sunscreen, we set out for the garden, empty plastic buckets in hand. The plan was to help her cook jam afterwards. When I showed her my bounty, after several hours of work, she looked dismayed. I had picked only the berries without any bugs in them, and had discarded the rest, which were most of them. Then she told me her philosophy in life and in jam. It was presented to me in series of questions.

// What do you think the little raspberry bugs eat? // I said raspberries? // Correct. And what does the raspberry bugs taste of then? // I thought about that for a second. But then the logic was too powerful even though I knew I wanted to resist it. Raspberries? // Correct! // Grandma had been sent out to work grueling hours on a farm when she was a scrawny tween. Had survived a war. Had been left by a husband to fend for herself with 5 kids in the sixties. Had seen things and been places. Grandma knew how to make raspberry jam and I clearly had things to learn in life and jam.

The women in my family are made out of granite. Tall, solemn looking pillars of endurance and strength. When my grandmother turned 85 I saw that part of the family gathered, for probably the first time in my life. It was a huge chock to me. We were probably 45 people gathered in a small community center out in the sticks. Nearly every person present was a woman. Tall, muscular, fair-haired, resting bitch faces aplenty. The very small number of men present were pretty frail looking. Thin, hunched-over, hollow-cheeked. One was wheeled to

his seat in a wheelchair. My cousin sat close to me. I overheard his stout girlfriend tell him she was getting him another slice of cake. I don't need anot..... He never finished the sentence before she had placed the plate in front of him. Suddenly I thought about all the stories I had been told about our family history. Innumerable generations back the same pattern repeats. All the men in the family die, go to jail, lost their ways to gambling or drink, lose their minds, desert the family or suffer untimely deaths. This story had been told often and always with the focus on the plight of the poor women who had to suffer hard lives with many children without the support of their partners. But sitting in that room and observing the crushing personalities of these women suddenly shed a completely different light on the story. What if this breed of strong-jawed and bitter women had actually driven their menfolk to those desperate ends? Am I made out of the same fabric that created centuries of misery? There is undeniably a devilish streak in me. Closely connected with the intense wish to do good that has been bred into me and my kind for generations. My goodness can be lethal. It's the goodness of the disappointed. If I never get what I want, if I suffer deeply, only then can I be sure that what I gave was really love. Affection is intrinsically connected with punishment and food. *What does the raspberry bugs taste of?*

For several generations, women in my family have delivered extreme emotional abuse in impeccably kept homes. They have neglected themselves and everyone around them while fussing about meals and laundry to no end. My grandmother taught me how to make raspberry jam. She also inadvertently showed me which life choices to never make. How I will never parent or be a person. What can I do with the legacy of those bitter, beautiful women? They gave me high cheekbones and soaked me in bitterness. And really delicious jam.

11

Jam

Jam. Not a huge fan of "jam". It makes me think of "jam bands" or "contact jams", or even "getting in a jam". Basically all things I find really embarrassing. Things where people are usually trying to hard to be authentic. Jamming things. It implies force.

Or I suppose stickyness. Which is just as embarrassing really. Goopy. Insides. I mean there is something about "jamming"- which is really just improv- that can be so revealing. Beautiful too, turning something tart sweet or something sweet tart. Something gross as well-Toe jam.

Oh! but about jam. It's actually quite a personal matter. It's the whole reason why I spell my name the way I do. Maybe that is part of why I don't like the word, though. It somehow reminds me of me, but like in a parallel universe sort of way. Like if I just had spelled my name the more common way would things have been different, easier? Actually I have never had that thought until now. But, my name has caused a lot of misgendering, and I think that has left its mark on me. One that I am indeed quite pleased with. How strange, though, to understand what it is like to have your gender be wrongly assumed , but only in an abstract sense. To know that in someone's mind I have been male-bodied and how that nevertheless feels weird and strange and not entirely good. Not that I have to be gendered at all, but to have to surrender to someone's assumptions. I suppose that is part of what is frustrating. And also to feel this privilege of a) the advantages of someone thinking you are a man b) and getting to live outside my gender for a moment. Strange but wonderful. And because of that moment it kinda opens a door to forever. Sticky tricky.

Jam is like too exposed. It's too vulnerable. Too happy. Really it is. Think of all those fuckers who make Jam. Those fucking happy home makers. When I

worked on the farm I had to make a lot of jam. I thought I would never forget how, but like I totally have. We were eating so much of it they had to start rationing it. Jam turns you into a greedy motherfucker. Ha! I wonder if I am the first person to ever say such a thing. **What is the likelihood of ever saying anything for the first time.**

I like that a J can be a Y. Sometimes non-English speakers have written jam jam for yum yum, which is pretty charming. However, I hate when non-English speakers pronounce my name with a Y and not a hard J. That makes me cringe. I mean I get that it is not their fault but like Ew. Just Ew. But J's are tricky bitches.

Have you ever heard an Argentinian J? They say J because it is the way they pronounce the ll. It's a subtle J, but very nice. Maybe there is a You Tube video. I just searched for it, and you will never believe this. The woman who is doing the video tutorial has my same name (spelled diff tho). She is trying to teach people how to lose their "annoying American accent". As you might have guessed, she has the most irritating American accent ever. But like holy fuck, not only does she has my name- but I was just writing about it. Things like this have been happening all week and it's starting to freak me out.

Is it the full moon? I have to say there is something in the air. Maybe it's the wind. Ha! I didn't mean it like a joke though. There is something swirling about, getting mixed up. Maybe it is just a storm. Feels stronger though. Stickier. Slow but fast. Sweet but tart.

12

Jam

Warm sounds. Some kind of midwest feeling. Comfort.

Pet names: Honey bunny, princess boyfriend. PB, Peebs. Boy. Pumpkin. ilu.

Isa shows me a picture of her ex-girlfriend Stephanie -she says "you look like her a little you have a similarity in the mouse to nose ratio." I said "What did you call each other?" she said "Bijou and Biiij." We both look a little like witches, she seems slighter like a jewish fairy witch - I look more like a horse witch.

This past week was the queer forest gathering at ida. It used to be called something that had to do with jam, Fruit Jam?

Trying to locate - my stomach is a knot. My eyelids are hanging. I ate a bunch of weird shit today. Trying to save money. Ended up at McDonalds eating a biscuit sandwich in the rain. I forgot that I swore off fast food, for consumer political reasons. The rain was thin and fast, just falling enough to get you wet but not enough to justify any kind of serious loafing. The kind of rain some people call spittin'. It's raining again now.

Something made me think about Leila Peachtree. How we dumpstered all that fruit in Denver. We made canned peaches and boiled the apples to make pectin. We were pretty young, but still you were organizing food for hundreds of people every day. Some people have those kinds of skills. I tried to dry bananas on screens outside - the sun was so bright but it wasn't that warm they just kind of stayed mushy. I wonder if I looked as young as I felt. But I felt just alive and not really any particular age. I turned the compost over in the yard - what was that house called with all the strange little rooms like a punk

boarding house? I want to call it Pitchfork but I'm not sure. With Lotty and her daughter on the first floor and that boy with the ripped up shirt and the Jeffrey Lewis record, 12 crass songs that I kept looking for after that for years. There was an Arthur Russell record too.

They had that same record in that punk house in phoenix, where we jammed with Jordan and Arie in the basement. Why is it so hard to describe a place? It was probably a hundred degrees outside and we brought over an amp and an electric guitar I had these wolf sounds on tape and whale noises that I was playing. I think I was playing the xylophone for a while. We were all yelling until it was too oppressive and we had to retire for an iced beverage.

Jordan's car was an old volvo and the AC didn't work - it had leather seats and it was a nightmare in the heat, it magnified and compressed the heat in a terrible way. The first time we met up because I saw her add on a message board she was looking for a ride to Ida and she lived in Phoenix. She came and met me at a house willy and I were house sitting, they had a really nice garden and willy didn't know if he wanted to come to ida or maybe I didn't want to go with him in any case it was contentious. We sat under the trees outside and talked about logistics. She had a blackberry and she had a funny sense of humor. Like maybe she was laughing at you all the time. I loved Jordan. The heat was so bad we would crawl from place to place, race around in the shadows. I was sad when everyone moved out of that house.

I want to make a different kind of chronicle. The internet is insufficient.

We are trying to write something for the Boyle Heights art boycott, I am not sure how to write it what approach to take, which perspective to write it from. Stomach knots. I want to say, have you ever lost something? Have you ever lost something you didn't want to lose?

13

Jam

Mostly time spent with lists. Making lists, looking at them, crossing things off, adding things. Thinking about more lists. A table littered with lists. A bag with a list or two floating around. A list in a pocket. A list in your head.

You're up early, aren't you? There is a hum, no: so many hums. Of computer, of automobiles, of the loud inebriated youth on the street, of breathing, of business.

Sit down and create your own time. Whether glorious sparsity or suffocating excess, the only relevant distinction is in your head. The relation to things around you. Therefore do not be fooled by the dogmatic cure to the dogmatic illness.

Dogmatically ill
You know the drill
Dogmatically ill
Where is the thrill

I can relate
Sucking the gate
Silent debate
Isn't it late

You're up late, aren't you? There is a jam, no: so many jams. Of dreams, of airplanes, of the electric crickets in the marsh, of dying, of leisure. Of Carol Channing. Jam tomorrow, jam yesterday, but never ever jam today.

Never been a great fan of the word "tidy." Roughly around age ten, we took in a stray cat (if allowing to haunt the garage qualifies as taking in) and my brothers and I always had a laugh about the brand of cat litter: Tidy Cat. Pronounced "titty cat."

The word tidy is a phonic irregularity. Isn't it?

Is jam a thing that can rub you the wrong way? It's mostly people that rub you the wrong way, isn't it? Or the things that people do. Right?

Jam and duck are related.

14

The fiery wings of regret and obsession

THERE ARE WORDS I WANTED TO SAY
THEIR WINGS BEAT FURIOUSLY AT MY SIDES
AFRAID TO TAKE FLIGHT

I am misquoting myself, I am mixing up my own words. I want to say something about pressing thumbs behind my back, about iridescent wings. I am mixing up my words. They were words they were worlds. That was when I was young, and I was so old. I was so tired. I was so sad. I. Was. So.

These wings, remember that song? That moody 80s sexy song...."take these broken wings", you were supposed to learn to fly again, let yourself be free? I am misquoting again. Anyway I didn't care about the learning to fly again, I was stuck on those broken wings. Did you know that is what I used to call my dating life? Brokenwings.com. I guess I thought that was funny?

I used to call myself the Queen of the Moths as well. Partly because I lived in this wood house and there were lots of moths and I had a dusty old blanket and sometimes I would wake up and the blanket would be covered with them. Also because moths are so....sad? Talk about fiery wings of regret and obsession. A moth is really the most perfect example. Oh yeah! That is the other reason I called myself that. It was a metaphor of sorts. You know, moths. Circling the flame, burning themselves, coming back for more. I guess I wondered, or I am wondering now, if they too were just too sad and too tired to stop themselves.

Entropy? Is that what keeps us on the wrong path(s).

Anyway I don't think like this anymore.

Now when I think of firey wings of regrets and obsession it feels like a Rumi poem. Oh! This! Exaggerated! Exaltation!

Side note: I used to live in this hippy house and one night we had a dinner party and I guess we were all drunk and decided to marry ourselves and we took out this big Rumi book and each person would go and pick a random page and this poem was to be our vows to ourselves. I wish I could say more but I can't because it was many years ago now. But it happened and there is a slight thumb print of it in my mind. I like this thought, a thumb print. Like a holographic one on a passport. The impression, the impression of an actual physical manifestation. This to me feels real, what a memory should feel like.

Like how I held that note behind my back as I said goodbye to you (Your name means fire! Ha! What a coincidence). I already knew I would not give it to you- maybe that is why I thought there was this line about pressing my thumbs behind my back. Not only because I did not have the courage, but because I was a bit obsessed by this state of melancholy. Sad. And Tired. I remember my parents came to get me, to drive me back to Chicago. I made them stop for Tom Yum Gai at this place my sister liked (she liked to get the same thing). I think I was trying to be adult. Sad. And tired.

The wings were because of this one night. One of those winter nights where we ran around, probably drunk, probably bored. Thinking we were magic. There were these sculptures made from sticks or something that looked like sticks at least. They looked like birds' nests to me. We ran in and out of them. I think I tried to corner you in one, or wanted to. And then I remember looking up and finding you there, perched above me.

I am obsessed with winged creatures now, firey regrets not so much. (Thank god for that!) I am poised to become a real birder any day now. It kinda started with the eagle cam, seeing that little baby eagle grow up. He fell out of the nest and everyone was scared he wouldn't make it. It was amazing to really just watch and let "nature take its course". I have learned so much about birds from Ivo. He knows so much about so many things (swoon) Birds and bees. Ha! I never realized how funny that is. Oh Ivo!! (double swoon). I guess I have learned to fly again and be free. And set things free as well. You know the cliché. We were just talking about this. Open relationships etc. But you know it really is important, not in an, oh just let things go and let the universe take care

of it half assed sort of way- I think people misinterpret that. But because freedom is the biggest gift you can give to someone. Whether it is releasing them from your entanglement or giving them permission to "stretch their wings" (not surprising how many bird sayings we have, huh?) To give someone their freedom. Somehow as I wrote this that made me really emotional. I guess because that encompasses letting someone just be. Letting them fuck up, not take care of themselves, be an asshole- why am I only seeing the negative? I guess because I get so caught up in "justice" and fairness. There is no freedom in judgement. In rules. In firey wings of regret. In obsession.

There were times I felt free. I can imagine them. Running on a beach, sitting on top of a bus in Ecuador riding through the cloud forest. Swimming in the ocean!!! Actually anytime I am grounded in nature. The closer to the ground the better... funny, the opposite of flying really. (I've never had a flying dream). I prefer feet on the ground, digging in. Or being in the water. But that feels like home too. That doesn't feel like floating. **Away, adrift or above.**

I feel earthy with Ivo. I just realized that. Sometimes the way he puts his arm around me. It's like that smell of earth when it is freshly wet. That's sexy. It feels like deep black soil. (Fertile ground, ha!). Like the nook of a tree branch. Like a feeling I have never experienced before but wish I always had.

I am no longer afraid of the beauty. No need to press it down with arms behind my back. They reach forward now. They stretch out from my sides. It is quiet.

15

A picture of a coast

I am imagining a number of people sitting and writing. A number of people writing at this same time, staring at this same picture. A blue picture of the coast. If you let your gaze soften and relax, let your shoulders slide down your back. Allow your breathing to follow the pace of the ocean. Mimic a wave pattern. This exercise will allow you to enter the other side of the image. It is important to get your brain into a beta state and loosen your consciousness - that is the best way that I can describe how to get there. If you do this for a while you will start to notice the edges of your temples will begin to feel a little tingling. That is a very good sign. Allow your breathing to continue, let it flow in and out, at least three times. then let your temples lead you out. A portal opens up. That is all I can tell you.

A piece of highway 1 slid off earlier this month. A chunk fell and the coastline changed. People were not able to drive to Big Sur, that is all I have heard of it.

It is a strawberry moon, according to Isa. The moon is full in Sagittarius, I watched it gleaming and yellow as I walked home from work. The city where it is always possible to be cold, but not that cold. The wind was blowing in big gusts. It was cold and it felt like fall. The sky was dark black and little clouds skirted over the moon every now and then. The moon looked a particularly cold shade of yellow. Gleaming but not golden - or if gold, not a warm gold by any means.

A Sagittarius moon. The cherries are getting ripe in Northern California. I left a bowl of cherries on the kitchen table.

A man came into my work his name was Bruce Beau-something. He was looking at the LGBT SF book, I let him look at it even though it isn't out yet. He

described who all the people were to me. He is always dressed in all rainbow colors and looks like a clown. I don't understand why he dresses that way, he is very handsome. He has a dog named yoko o-yes, she is a little Chihuahua. He started telling me about an argument he got into with someone on facebook. He said: "I got into an argument because I posted about this interaction I had with a sex worker, I invited him over, he took my money and then he ran out the door." He said he was so mad. I wanted to tell him that was what happens sometimes but he was really upset. He said he flagged all the guys posts on rent man and back page. I thought about it and I didn't know what to say. The man was talking very loudly, he said his friend got mad at him and told him he should have been okay with it because he is white and the other guy was Latino. It made me sad, because I liked the guy before, but his story made me not like him as much. I said - I don't call the cops. I try to work things out without the cops. It is hard I told him. I said that sounds like what you do when a John is creepy, take the money and run. Also, why should I believe him. He sounded like he was almost stalking the guy. Okay, he took your money, get over it. Yeah, I have to say I agreed with his friends who said he was fucked up for being so mad and wanting to to call the cops. It's reparations. You know how many times Johns take advantage of sex workers because they know they can't call the police, consider it reparations.

A 79 foot blue whale washed up onto Agate beach in Bolinas a week ago, she was a young whale, she was hit by a ship.

What if sand were blue?

16

A picture of a man with cigarette

You spot him from across the room: a latter-day Keith Richards meets Querelle de Brest, leaning against a wall, a cigarette butt hanging from his mouth.

A character not unlike a school delinquent revered by Mishima or a strong and able farmhand plucking leaves of grass and feeding them to a young lamb.

Once again, you find yourself playing the part of the secret admirer, as you continue to watch him from a distance. He almost seems frozen in place, barely moving to extract another cigarette from his back pocket. You entertain the thought of ordering a drink for him - perhaps a pernod and water - surely he must be a heavy drinker? The smoke is making your eyes water, but it also conceals your rather blatant attempts at sizing up this man.

Time passes.

You glance nervously toward his side of the room, trying to come up with something half-intelligent to say to him. Your head is filled with a kind of droning white noise, the sound of your own blood.

Finally, you decide to move closer to him under the pretense of having to use the nearby bathroom. To your surprise, he smells quite heavily of perfume. *Violets*.

"Y'need some help?"

He turns to face you, revealing an elaborate chest tattoo of the Lord's Prayer.

And lead us not into temptation (...)

"No, thanks."

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory (...)

17

You are not yourself. You eat honey and you live in a house of dirt.

You feel a strange abundance, is honey always so decadent? this one felt that way, you stuck your finger into the local honey from michigan, and then stuck it into her mouth today in the kitchen. You were almost shy in front of elizabeth, self conscious of feeding your lover honey from your finger, is feeding someone always so—even after she told the story about Marie Elena dying - and the deer orgy, you were too self conscious. Or is it because she is your second mother, or is it because she is your friend?

She is your best friends mother - sometimes, in sacred theater things are very liminal, is that the right word? The boundaries blur, we have a psychic friendship.

In the labyrinth in baltimore someone fed you honey. In the rooms play, but you don't remember which room.

In *A women in time* Marge Piercey describes the cure for some ailment in her lesbian utopian society as involving someone being covered in honey and wrapped up. The most memorable things are when someone else does it for you - wraps you in honey and linen.

You did that for me once, when I lost my mind. You asked me what I needed and I said; my own room. You let me sleep in your bed and be alone for a week. I imagine too, your little house at the top of the bookstore, always a sanctuary even with the nosy neighbor and her bossy attention.

The women who spoke to the bees in the flood book, you identified with her because you have always spoken to them. They like to know what is going on.

Ask the bees, but also tell them what you are doing, if you can say it to the bees maybe it is worth doing.

You feel connected to them, the way that they have a collective consciousness is so obvious to you. You feel it in everything.

She is just saying - be gentle to me, I am very sensitive to your ways. It is always a good reminder to be more sensitive. Although the complaint wasn't fair, you can always be more sensitive.

What if you were every other person in your life? How would you treat them? You drove down geddes road and you almost drove into a ditch when you saw it. The tiny body was shocking in it's newness. A fawn by the side of the road, dead and hit by a car. You wanted to stop the car, turn it around and go back. You felt time breathing hot down your neck and kept going. You imagined all the things you should have done, skinned it and preserved it's hide. Honored it's death, and tried to make something out of the body it left behind. Trying to make sense out of senseless death. It isn't quite something that can be done retroactively.

You knew you had to drive to Elizabeths house. She doesn't use maps on her phone and you are worried she wouldn't have four it but you also knew you were supposed to go there first. She has her drum and her flute on the car. The conch shell her grandfather gave her from the florida keys. You see her in the driveway and you walk together around the house. It is so harmonious being present with each other. It is a hyper state - like butterflies communicating through antenna.

Can I just gather up the wasp nests and glue them onto some other thing that is not my house. They go through so much trouble to make them, and it does not feel right, their beautiful paper labyrinth. It alway's looked like the death star to you but George Lucas probably stole that from nature anyway.

Elizabeth and I sit by the waterfall and the pond in her backyard. we tell stories and count frogs. She say's we were married for forty four years. I think that maurice must be looking at us though the eyes of the frog, they look so attentive, like they are listening. She pulls her dress up to get sun on her knees, she has had two knee replacements. She doesn't look seventy three. We are so wrapped up in our story, our re-union. We do not notice the fawn. It has

walked down the waterfall and is standing very close. Closer than a full grown deer would ever get. She puts her hand on my arm and moves her eyes to show me. I look up, he lifts his head and lifts a leg to wipe water off his whiskers with his hoof. He drinks again and looks at us. everything is very silent and then he walks away -melting back into the forest.

I did not even tell you the part about cleaning the thresholds. Or the cardinals body we found in the middle of the road.

18

Gazing into a mirror without using the pronoun I

Mange af mine bestræbelser for tiden handler om at splitte mig selv i forskellige dele som jeg kan behandle som personer adskilt fra mit eget jeg.

19

pick up the pieces, or hope I'll pick them up too while I'm at it. It feels wasteful to stare down someone's ideas of me while I can't quite articulate it either.

The fiery wings of regret and obsession

Notice how it feels, a tightening of the throat, a small spasm of the hands and feet. Eyes go beady and brows furrow. Breaths become shorter. Fewer.

It feels too abstract to take care of my body as if it belongs to someone else. To take care of my mind. I'd much rather spiral deeper into the distracted space where I'll be cruising around the darkest corners of my mind ad infinitum. In this space, I observe bodies, shoes, emails, news cycles. All the while I clench the darkness and hold it tighter.

Now I need to give her a name, or at least a face. She is me, just a younger version, I realize. Like M when she cried and cried through the night. She cannot help it. She is desperately sad. She seems so unapproachable. Angry and aggressive. The hardest part is to be allowed to comfort her and hold her. To serve her tea. To pat her shoulder as she cries. Is there a faucet I can turn on somewhere. A floodgate to open. When it happens all I want is for it to end, for her to go away.

I caused this. Didn't I? My openness must've been mistaken for more. The teardrop. The awkward kiss that hit the space between my mouth and my ear. An arm draped around my shoulder at an uncomfortable angle. A much too long stare followed by loud swallowing. Lots of words I don't want to hear.

But why this epidemic of nervous, incapable, yet insistent men in my life all of a sudden? I have never had less of a sense of meaning and purpose. I have nothing to use as an anchor to keep me from drifting away. At the same time, I'm probably more honest with myself than I ever have been about the ways in which I'm broken, the things I want to try and heal. Something about the recklessness of my life right now must invite men who wants to be there when I

20

a dialogue between Fran and Dan

- What do you want to do this evening? Do we have any planning to do further?

- Am not here tonight. I am going on a trip with the team.

Fran and Dan talks every evening about the party they organise. The big day is in just over a month.

Scheduling together has been slightly off so far. Dan forgets when Fran is not available like Fran forgets when Dan is available.

- Sure.

- Do you have plans for when I will be away?

- How long are you going again? My time perception plays with me. But I do know we are in the evening right now.

- That is right, evening. The night then comes. Then?...

- What about the dusk? You know what it is, I am sure you know. Wait until the dusk to go, please.

An ant is seen on the table, in between them, walking side ways. Where to?

Everyone is going somewhere. It is just difficult to say the destination sometimes. Travelling light in the dark. That was what my mum was telling me.

Those streets are so dark anyway!

- Chlan comes to pick me up soon.

- Why does it have to be always a question of time?

- Chlan comes to pick me up soon. We are driving a long way together before finding the rest of the team. I am going four nights. What will you do while?

- Can I come with you? We haven't done the groceries and I cannot go to the shop. Maybe there is a place for me?

Fran puts her hands on the head and starts massaging her scalp from the tips of her fingers. There is this contact to our bodies, to the reality. The contact to remember the touch.

Dan notices a large flying insect on the ceiling. It is not attracted by the light, all the indirect lights of the kitchen. Time is flying, so does the flying animal.

Wings melting slowly in the dark.

- I still have to pack Dan. Can you just take care the food? Feed me.

- I go get something for you.

- How long will you be gone? I need to figure things out.

- Depending on the availability. Don't worry, I will be back.

Dan goes. Fran is later picked up by Chlan. Dan comes back and doesn't see Fran, does not get a chance to see Fran.

21

A Love Poem

I like thinking about a Love Poem. Especially being in love right now. But also because I try to write one to myself quite often. By stopping at a tree, or looking at a tiny snail. I used to want to fall in love with a tree, it seemed like a better idea than a person. Plus people always seemed to come and go but a tree hangs around. For a long time.

I feel like I have learned a lot from trees. Patience. Stillness. They have taught me songs that I have sung back to them.

The squirrel and I want to plant a tree together. We were meant to do it for his birthday. That is actually one of the loveliest of love poems I could ever imagine. We talked about it just the other day. He is slow to make things happen. There is something sweet about that and of course lots of things infuriating about it. I tend to notice the latter. But I do try to find my patience, the joy of the idea and the seed that is planted. Not every seedling must sprout, you know. There isn't actually enough room for everyone sometimes, or everything.

I have been reducing lately. Whittling things down to their essence? I wish that was the case. I am trying to make it romantic. But actually it is anyway. Less is more when it comes to Love. When it is really there it needs nothing but itself. It is all the other stuff that gets in the way and makes us think we need something more for it to be there. But nope, it is there nonetheless. You just have to tear through the layers of fear and insecurity and whatever else you think is there veiling it from you. Whatever it is that makes you feel like you must have to squeeze it in your palms, roll it through your fingers or it doesn't exist. But nope. it is there nonetheless. Like air, like breath. You don't worry about having enough air for your next breath do you? And so it is with Love.

There is more of it surrounding you at every moment than you could ever be aware of.

of course in a theoretical sense, you kind of have to want that kind of love. The one that spreads its universal molecules all around you. I can't guarantee that people love you. That anyone loves you at any moment. Some people probably do. Probably the ones you don't expect. Sometimes even more than the ones you do. Even though love is there it doesn't mean you don't have to activate it. Don't be a whale sucking up the plankton of love. Go out there with a big butterfly net and grab it. Dance around in it. You can always dip your bucket in the well of Love. It will never run empty so long as you are there to drink it up.

I think if I know now what I do about Love I would have saved quite some time. or energy. If you are trying to love someone I have to tell you something very important. Make sure they want to be loved. You'd be surprised how many people cannot accept love. How it apparently feels like salt in a wound. And no, sorry but no matter how much you try you can't squeeze that lemon into lemonade. It is one of the most frustrating states to be in. So words from the wise (or to the would be wise) don't waste your time. Instead turn to face the sun, find someone who wants to soak up your rays and then together turn back to the world and shine it all on everyone. Because, love is actually not yours to keep. It's not like blanket to wrap yourself in before sleep or a lap to rest your head in. I mean it is. But not just for you. Or it is for you, but not only for you. If you try to hoard it, that won't work. You can enjoy it's soft petals but share its sweet smell with the world.

Love is not always soft though. There can be a violence to love, a raise our fists in the air kind of love. Which is actually not violent at all, the fight for humanity is actually the biggest show of love there is. But it can mean violent acts of rebellion against the fallacy of love, of peace of justice. Do you know about Chesed and Gevura? You should really read about it. Funny too because it relates back to trees. The tree of life and the 10 sefirot.

I like to listen to Arabic love songs. Songs from Oum Kalthoum and Fairouz. Their voices are thick like syrup, but their poems are not so sugary sick and sweet. Or at least I like those which lean towards the melancholic. But it's also the way they will linger on a word. Oum Kalthoum was amazing at this. Sometimes just one word, she would sing just one word, each time in a

different way and in such a way that a whole crowd would be crushed. I have tapes of her where one song takes up a whole side. That one song where she just goes (in arabic) "I wish....."

but she wishes she never fell in love and while that is quite the typical love poem it is not really a good one. Love is not pain, I hate when people try to convince you of this. Not that there isn't something to be learned from heart ache, there is so much to be learned from it. To learn that you can actually feel. That your heart is a tender organ, capable of ceasing to beat, capable of losing its rhythm. I remember laughing at myself crying, thinking how beautiful it was to feel. To really feel. To know that I am capable of love, of wanting love and wanting to give love. One of the things that helped me get over A was thinking that there was something even more beautiful on its way to me. Something so beautiful that I could not even picture it or describe it. That I could not have any sense of it until it appeared. I am so glad I believed this to be true. My gift has arrived. It is a lovely gift. One so beautiful I didn't quite know how to imagine it. Yet I cannot say that it feels foreign at all. Rather it is a love that I always might have perceived around me at every minute. A faint wind of molecules passing before me, swirling in an invisible pattern.

22

A picture of a man with cigarette

Damn. Damn damn. This photo is intense. and silly. I don't have any tatoos, I usually tell people it is because I have so many freckles I already feel marked. They form constellations all over me. I also have a mark from when my brother stabbed a pencil in my arm and the tip broke off and part of it stayed in their forever. Well, ok it has faded over the decades. I never really took in just how fucked up that was of him until now. Where on earth did he have that much rage to be that violent. There is something a bit scary about him. He could always lie so well. But he is not a complete psychopath, I mean I have seen him have feelings. For not just himself, but other people too. But he can convince himself of so much, his own lies really. I have not spoken to him now in about 5 years. I can't say I really care. Which is too bad, at points in my life he was really important to me. Maybe it's not too bad.

I don't know this prayer. I mean I know parts of it from movies or whatever. This is saying grace no? I like the sound of that "saying grace". Deliver us from evil sounds so intense. But also such a necessary reminder. I bet this photo was really taboo at one time. It used to be such a taboo to have tatoos. Now you are like the laughing stock of the hipster world if you don't have one. I don't really like most tatoos, I feel like the good ones are few and far between. Why mark yourself anyway. Hasn't life already given you so many marks.

23

<https://translate.google.com/>

That 16yr old girl who was missing was found dead. She apparently killed herself. That is so fucking sad. Not that I don't think people shouldn't have the right to kill themselves, they do, but it is still really fucking sad to me. I know what it is like to want to die. But still. And those feeling are so far away now. Fuck. She left a note.

Words are meaningless. I don't believe that, although there is some truth to it as well. Words might be meaningless but their sound is not. To me sound is everything and sound formulates words, letters, in Judaism the whole world. The whole world began with a sound, a spoken letter. The alphabet itself is a universe.

Sound is there in every culture and religion. It is used for trance, for prayer, for community building. Also sounds without words, which we know to be words of prayer and binding. The Native American drums, Indian Ragas...everything that holds us together is based on sound. But we tend to trust our eyes more than our ears and that is one of our biggest mistakes.

If you ever want to know how you are really doing, what is really bothering you, listen to yourself.

Exercise 1:

1. Find a comfortable place where you can be alone and speak out loud.
2. Either standing, sitting or in movement start to speak about your problem.
3. Let your words guide you to places in your body where you feel them.
4. Touch these places, see if the pain travels as you keep speaking.
5. Keep going until you locate what is really bothering you in words and in your body.

I think we do not talk to ourselves enough. Well that is not true, we say horrible things to ourselves all the time. That would be an interesting exercise to- and exorcism of sorts. To write down all the horrible things you say to yourself in a day. Then look at this list and ask yourself what is actually true. Rip up this list and vow to never say these things to yourself again.

I got into dancing through words. I was taught words define your identity. Female. Jewish. Pretty. Fat. Whatever. Loser. Smart. Stupid. So many words I had to swallow and absorb and digest and I thought they were me. You are what you eat. But then I started moving and my identity became something more of my own. Little by little. But things were coming out, were unwinding and my own story was being told in a new language. You know moving together, mirroring movement is one of the strongest ways to build empathy. We think we know things, and then we really step into the shoes (the feet, the movements) of another and it shifts our perspective. The story of my body is just that. My rules, my interpretation of the world ends at my skin. But once you know that you can access a lot more, you can actually hear what someone else is saying. You can find its meaning in your own body. You can see if it speaks a truth to you, or allow it to show you how it is a truth to them. You don't have to take their words into your body. You can let someone have their own experience, as you observe how it touches you, whether you want it to. Or you can let it just hang out in the space between you and the other.

Understanding comes from sound and smell. Our eyes see what they want to see. Our hearing was developed out of our sense of balance. Take that in for a second. We know which way our head is from the vibrations in our ears. Not from what our eyes have to say. The first organisms did not have heads. They did not come out of the sea by looking. **We made it to land through other means.**

Dolphins can see by sonar. They feel/read your vibrations and can know exactly how big you are, how far or close you are. They can basically fucking Xray you by sound. Do they even have ears?

Exercise 2.

1. Find a place where you can be comfortable and alone. Set a timer for either 30 minutes or 1 hour.
2. Sit on stool (if your back won't hurt) feet planted firmly on the ground. Alternatively, you can stand if you think this will be more comfortable.

3. Make sure you feel the connection between your feet and what is below them, root yourself.
4. Begin bringing awareness to your breath. See what moves in your body as you breathe.
5. If you can, try to fill up on the inhale and release on the exhale. Do not try to control your breath. If this seems to be happening then let it go and do its own thing. Breathe in or out with an open mouth whenever you want to. Be as loud or as quiet as you like.
6. Keep tracking your breath, begin to listen and tune in to it. See if there are changes to how it sounds, especially if you observe it traveling to different parts of your body.
7. Remain aware of your breath. Do you only feel your breath on the inside? Can you see where your breath is going by its sound? Does the sound lead you to see what is there?
8. If you are uncomfortable, or are feeling inspired, allow yourself to move in the direction your breath is taking you. Start small. Don't forget to keep breathing.
9. When your timer goes off stay in a comfortable position for at least another minute. You can change your position to whatever you like. Preferably sitting, standing or lying with your back on the floor.
10. Observe yourself, your emotional and physical state. Honor the fact you have just spent time with yourself in one of the most intimate ways possible. Honor that you are alive and breathing. Honor whatever it is you have experienced and thank yourself for taking the time to be with yourself.
11. If you like write about or draw a picture of your experience.

We think we know who we are through words. We have a name we respond to. Titles which define us. Those of us who have lived between languages or in more than one know how fluid this all is. What means something in one language can mean something else in another. Just because words sound the same doesn't mean they are. Language is a choice. We choose our words. Some of us more carefully than others. What we don't always choose is our voice, our accent, the way words can fly out of our mouths when we don't want them to. How they can often escape our mouths when we swore they wouldn't. So maybe it is not always a choice.

Different sounds affect different parts of our bodies. Whether their vibrations go into our bones or muscles and nerves, if they go into our organs. I have

experienced time travel through sound, I have experienced an oceanic embryonic state of oneness with reality. I have seen the planes of reality separate and yet remain together at the same time. I have gone to a nowhere everywhere as my body moved through an ocean of sounds. Of a room of HAaaaaas and deep O sounds and jjjjjjjjjjjssssssss and shit happened that I had no idea could happen. I have lost hours just breathing. JUST BREATHING. And actually the weirdest thing of all is sometimes there are still words, because your brain is constantly talking. It is constantly snypasing and there are so many words that are making it do this right? Silent words, like ow. Or that is hot. Or that is my beloved. Words that make you take action. Like kiss someone for the first time, or slap someone across the face. Or kill yourself. I don't even want to know what those last words in your head must be. It is hard to imagine they come from the same place that tells you to breathe.

As I wrote that something moved down my right thigh, well not something, it was like my fascia loosening up. I got really sad and almost started tearing up as that was happening too. Something let go a little with those words that caused a sadness to escape and run down my thigh. All these words I have been writing lately have made me emotional. I mean no one told me to make it like a journal but it seems like the only thing that makes sense to me. We have so little reality around us these days. Why should words not be my own anyway. What more of a gift do I have to share. Words are for sharing. Cultures we consider to be warm, welcoming are fond of language. Of using it generously, of putting their whole body into it. Cultures we consider to be cold and reserved are quiet. Their bodies are stiff. Words can loosen us up, they are emotional, they speak a truth if we let them. You can't hide behind your words no matter the language, we know when someone is sad or angry. Sometimes the less you say the more you say. We know how to read deeper than words yet sometimes we let them tell us things we know not to be true. When we ignore the way their sounds enter our bodies, touch our skin, vibrate through a room. When we stand up to protest we are really saying we no longer will accept these lies. Lies people have tried to enter into our bodies, our human sphere. No body, nobody is incapable of the hearing, feeling of Truth. Somethings never have to be translated.

Sound is our universal language. It is the alphabet of our lives. Even if you don't know the Hebrew prayers it is said if you just recite the alphabet you are praying all the same. The kabbalists know how to time travel, leave their bodies, cast spells through words. I mean witches too.. but these ancient

sounds are something else. They hold secrets, secret truths as a matter of fact.
About god, about creation.

Time is up.

24

The Wind Chimes of Summer Camp

"Why does the world need summer camps?"

"I don't know. So parents can fuck in peace?"

"Oh geez, you're being awfully crass. It was an innocent enough question. Honestly, I never really got the point of sending your kids to Lake Tomahawk or whatever."

"You never been to one?"

"No, I *haven't*. Well, I guess this one time it really was in the cards, but I just started bawling my eyes out until mom and pops didn't have a choice but to let it go. I stayed in all summer and played games on my NES."

"You must have been very popular."

"Oh well, there are more important things than popularity. Ice cream, for instance. Ice cream is definitely more important."

"It wasn't all bad. I remember sitting around a campfire ... making s'mores."

"S'mores are also more important than being popular."

"You might have a point there. What if you had to plan a summer camp? Would you just have 'em all play video games?"

"Hm, I guess not. I just don't like being forced to go hiking, sleep in a bunk and try to make friends with people I'll probably never meet again. I'm not cut out for that sort of stuff."

"Not the outdoorsy type, huh?"

"C'mon, don't tell me you're all gung-ho about spending your precious free time out in the woods with a bunch of hormonal lunatics."

"C'mon, Debbie Downer. You gotta fix your attitude."

"That's exactly-"

"Yeah, I know. I know. I was joking. Calm down."

"I am calm!"

"Sure, you are. Low blood sugar?"

"Are you serious?!"

"Alrighty then. Someone's a little bit tetchy today."
"Why do I even bother talking to you. You're clearly out to get my goat."
"Not exactly. You have any sheep? Or a nice antelope?"
"..."
"Do you?"
"I happen to be fresh out. Come back next week, I might be able to offer you some mongooses."
"Snappy. I like it. Only took you about ten minutes."
"Aaand you don't know how to count. Anyway, I really should be going. Like, far away from here. From this exact location that you happen to be in, specifically."
"Suit yourself, buddy. Your NES is waiting for you. You better hurry before a wild PS4 bursts through a window and the poor thing gets mauled."
"..."

25

A picture of a coast

Fog is the blanket. Fog is the blanket. Guess where the jetty. The cave. The salty smell and the cool mist. I will raise you your levee if you spare me the deck. Side B cushions the foam of headphones during a game of Uno. The road is serpentine in beams of light in the mist, in the cool mist window cracked, heater on.

The mode of transportation in memory is driving. The mode of transportation in eternity is walking, but they are steps that evade dreams or memory. Bikes exist in the fields of high grass and tightly packed dirt in the sun. I wear a straw hat. Eyelids are heavy. Precious is sleeping. Massive are the waves. You've taken your meds or you haven't taken them. Layers of clothing, each of us treads the sand and rocks and shallow pools, collecting shells, stones.

Letting go of the wrong apologies, the ocean takes them from you. The false regrets and small and mean obsessions, she takes them from you, restoring nakedness to the treasure, the collection, the memory of an object, purified. It belongs to everyone now.

There is nothing anxious in these cliffs. The wet and green creeps calm. You have skipped school or called in sick to work.

Hesitation is the opposite of currency.

26

A picture of a man with cigarette

top driver,
driver of strong mind,
on the street
moving leg in strong body,
pouring over
throughway,
going rose,
driving inside

you're a
loose control,
down in july,
skipping mirror,
twinning
big color

like a
stilled church
touching back

maybe your
past life was a
philodendron,
lassoing glass,
throats stayed,
behaved like
the secret lives of sea lilies
and feather stars,
hovering over
soft life,
knowing
there
is enough air

this pain
is untouchable,
like a slow

hallucination
of southern
terminus,
a vertical
migration
of floating
fortresses,
bathed in
beautiful secret

27

The Fiery Wings of Regret and Obsession

The sweet baby sock, the heirloom lace, the door double locked, years of work erased, something sweet that touches the neck, innocence, a song and dance, a smell that tells but you walk straight in regardless, whatever I failed to give you that you deserved or needed, whatever you gave me that I took for granted or lost, the treasures that I gave away, the treasures that were taken from me, my naïve investments, excitement before the circus, finally my turn, who you thought was your friend, who you forgot was your friend, how will you make peace, how will you make due, what doesn't belong to you, the world on loan, the world a gift. Selfishness. Taking everything. Scheming. Distrust. Wanting to get away. Refuge.

Which ties can you cut without bleeding out. if only crying helped. If I could wake you up and make love to you and all the haunts could disappear. In search of the carefree. In search of gratitude and the light heart. Dear Lord please lift this burden from my heart. Please take this wheel out of my hands. Please help me to do right, to unlearn the scam of survival now that bread is sent by post. My clumsy fingers. Thankyou God for my fingers. Thankyou for my neighbors. Please help me to see them. Please help me to know what I can give. That I do not complain. That I rediscover my muscle. That I am worthy of this excessive bounty that confronts me.

Who or what did the world teach you to take care of?

28

An Old Friend Let Go

An old friend let go of my hand while I was still asleep.

I conjure up an image of myself wearing an almost comical frown, my limp body failing to command itself to reach out to you, other body: less limp, more tense, more awake.

I dreamed of a swimming pool -- no, a public hall, an echo chamber that had all these muted voices, fragments of conversations just swimming in the air. Bare concrete walls covered in condensation that, on closer inspection, resembled drops of oil rather than water.

For me to remember this at all, you must have left not too long before the onset of this particular dream. I might have failed to react accordingly, but by upsetting the balance of the weight of our bodies pressing down on the mattress, my conscious mind must have briefly jumped into gear. This is what I believe.

29

I am always dreaming. Even when I'm awake.

A girl told me the way to end a dream was to finish something, so I wrote this on a napkin and put it up on the dashboard of my van, so that it would remind me, maybe help me to break out of wherever I was stuck. At least I think that is what she said. Most things I can't remember. They're just gone.

Occasionally smells and sounds, as you know, will bring you back to places or the idea of places. Is there any way to know you were really there and that it wasn't just a dream?

30

The Alarm

There is an alarm that goes off.

Not again, you think.

Instinct is fight or flight. You enter the rhythm of the silhouettes on the horizon, up and down and across, they fall, they get up again, they are young.

The wind blows white flowers in the grass, blows right into your face when you look away. Just in looking away you begin to feel bliss. The word that comes into your head is "free."

I am not a boxer.

I am not a boxer.

31

The Longest Day of the Year

Today didn't feel like the longest day of the year, although this week has been trudging on. They all have lately. What is that?

I'm having fun though. I think. Did you ever hate every minute of something you love? I think I do that a lot. I mean loving every minute of something you hate is like too obvious, we all do that. Right?

But like I have been so nervous lately. I think it's birthdays and one year anniversaries and hating every minute of things I love. But not hating the people I love. Well sometimes, in my head.

It's dark already. I've been all over this goddamn town. My skin is dry.

Things are different lately. They are absolutely the same but something is dissolving inside of me. Maybe that is it. Something like Truth and pain. Dissolving but not in an acid battery eating my insides kind of way. More like... an evaporation of the liquid kind.

I got a cavity filled yesterday. I could hear the dentist talking about what a bad cavity it was and how she was kinda surprised. Actually it came out way more obnoxious than what I wrote. Then she told me "wir haben echt Mühe gegeben" as if I should fucking high-five her for doing a good job on my tooth. Anyway I should have realized what a horrible cavity it was, my tooth was fucking black. LOL.

I felt like I should have stayed out later today. I kind of wanted to, but I also was hungry and wanting to chill. I've also realized lately just how damn sensitive I am. To everything, but energies in particular. It is almost crippling. Going

outside can just be so overwhelming. People are just the worst. No, really. I mean just awful for the most part. And really loud. Really loud. Anyway I can still do it, I power through and try to find some quiet. The trees help. Thank god for trees. But yeah, things are just vibrating very high these days and it's really easy for me to get swept away in the buzz. I hate when I feel spun out. I do so well when I am grounded and eating right. I can be so happy and radiant, pulsing. Not the heady, nervous and anxious version who hates every minute of things she loves.

I got really mad about my sister. Every time I would talk about it I would get so emotional and it was so obvious even though the words I were saying were attempting to convince otherwise. So I laughed. And went for a swim.

My eyes are closing. I made tea that I still have not drunk. I do that all the time. Is hating every minute of things I love some sort of self-torture. Like not drinking the tea I made or going to sleep when my eyes say it's time? Do I even love myself? Do I hate myself? It is really hard to tell the difference. Almost as hard as determining what gives me energy and what restores my energy. Do some people just know this stuff. Does anyone walk around with a clear idea of themselves, a clear picture of their desires?

I guess if you are enlightened you don't have to worry about those last two questions. But does that even count? Is that like cheating? LOL.

All of a sudden Mongolia popped in my head.

I've decided to drink this tea.

I guess sometimes I am just waiting for it to cool down, but then forget to drink it. But maybe I should be taking the time out. To cup it in my hands and take in its warmth. Ew. I hate when people do that, the cupping thing. Like when you see women in a coffee commercial. OMG the other most grossest thing is that weird fetish of a woman in a man's white shirt cupping a hot cup of coffee. WTF. Who even comes up with this bullshit? And what kind of fantasy is that? The woman in the man's work shirt, like you got to "relax" after a "hard-day's work" with a "beautiful woman" and then she stayed over and makes you coffee in the morning. Guys are gross. When I wrote about thank god for trees I wanted to write "And lesbians" but then felt weird about it. But now I don't. Thank fucking god for lesbians. For women who can live outside of the infinite male ego loop. I mean that is sadly not true, but at least a tiny bit. At least somewhat? Fucking men. I am saying that now mostly because of my two inept

bosses and my asshole father. They all just popped in my head, but there are more. I mean of course there are not horrible male bodied people. MEN though as a concept are horrible. If I had a hammer... I'd hammer in the mooooooring, I hammer in the evening, all over this land. I'd hammer out the danger ..I 'd hammer out the ?? Basically what I am trying to say is I try to fucking smash the patriarchy at every and any chance I get.

I'm tired. When do I ever get to not feel tired again. Will that ever happen? I actually slept really well in Italy. I passed out almost every night, no like really passed out. We also did walk or cycle like 30-50 km a day. That'll do it. I kinda wish my longest night of the year was just that, the longest sleep I could get. But anyway it's the longest day.

I had this horrible dream last week. I was sitting outside at this bench table- having a meeting or something- and it was by a river. All of a sudden a crocodile came out of the water and snatched up this old woman really quickly and swallowed her whole. I was like WHOA. Then shortly after a hippo came out of the water and did the same thing, but this time I think a really fat or mobility challenged woman was eaten. I remember thinking oh well there is nothing that could have been done. Later I read about dreaming about crocodiles and hippos and what is said was a bit uncanny. I would write it all down but it's kind of too much and I can't exactly remember.

My hands are so dry right now it feels so weird to use them. I have to remedy this situation.

That was amazing. I haven't put on lotion in so long and I felt like I could hear my skin slurping it up. Like how I imagine a plant when it's being watered. I also didn't have any clothes on so I put some leggings on. Lately I have been naked so much. It was fun to hang out at the lake naked. Just the two of us. Well the two of us and a lake full of strangers. But it was so nice. I mean there were moments I felt self-conscious, but not many. It just felt good. Not exactly natural- I mean nakedness is rather new to me in a public sense. Sometimes I see girls with perfect bodies though.....and it doesn't exactly bum me out but I am just hyper aware of their bodies. It's a weird thing to want to look different. I mean it is a sad thing, I am not saying I want to look different, it is just interesting to think about. We have ideas if we look one way things will be different for us, like we can change our lives by changing things about appearance. Which is also obviously very true. But I mean the small things,

getting a mole removed. A nose job. Dying our hair. These details we take on to take on the whole. The Kardashians. I just wonder what your sense of self is once you do these sorts of things. Again not big picture. But plastic surgery things. I mean I get some people see themselves more after because they are finally the self they want to be. But that is just that. Is the self we want to be us? Are we just trying to create a different self ? And do we ever really escape seeing ourselves in the old way? I kind of don't think so.

There is a kernel that will always remain, that you can never ever get that close to, or close enough to. It's like the sun, or the center of the earth. We know it's there even though we cannot touch it or really look at it. But it's there, sustaining us all the same. Why do we spend so much time hating every minute of the things we love?

I need to close my eyes and turn off the light. Our world is falling apart. It's as if we hate every minute of the things we love. So many of us want to fight against ourselves. Aren't they tired?

32

The History of Anonymity

I like that women could use anonymity to be something other. Gender is a curse. Well I suppose gender is a blessing and society is the curse. It can really suck to be a woman.

To not be anonymous is also a beautiful thing. To be seen, to be heard, to be respected at the same time. That takes taking on an identity. Wearing it and displaying it for all to see. Sometimes when I feel like I really see me it feels so weird and uncomfortable. Sometimes after these intense yoga weekends I would feel so skinless at the end and it was so raw and scary. It is hard to like yourself , the real deal true self. Well maybe not for everyone, but for me for sure. Maybe that is why I am not offended by suicide.

I often wonder what it would be like to love yourself completely. These people who grow up in such loving and supportive families. What on earth does that feel like. To have been installed a sense of worth and security. Holy shit. To not have had to fight through the layers, to cut off these ties with your teeth. I feel jealous just writing that. and then I go to this place where I feel really self righteous about having battled.

This might seem off topic but I really hate when women actively try to act sexy and then get mad about when men look at them. Like is that sexual harrasment? You literally are walking around sticking out your body parts. Is this so unconscious that they really think it is coming from nowhere, this attention? I am surprised by how little sympathy I often have.

33

<https://translate.google.com/>

I was worried. But. I never worried about that. I never worried that you would never speak to me again. I never worried you would never be my friend again. I was worried about the wrong things. I was worried you would be upset or sad. But I wasn't worried that you would lose your mind.

Last Monday was the worst. In a year that has been the worst. The most uncomfortable house meeting to date. Maybe I just didn't know these people. Maybe I was just cagey. Maybe they were. It was bad, it was bad for reasons nobody acknowledged. I feel like there is still more to talk about.

If I think it is important to say the hard thing. The hard uncomfortable thing. What would that be? About that? About this? What is going on now? Isa was worried that I spaced out and didn't go to therapy. The truth was, I don't have that much time to myself. I was enjoying it. I was enjoying taking time. I have to work harder in it. What do I have to prove? Why don't I have any time alone? Am I don't it on purpose.

Are those called spray roses? They are so delicate - the white pink. The soft petal looks like it is fake, it is so smooth. I wanted to paint a painting for Isa, a shore - that would function like a window. In our room with no windows. Beverly said, an image of a forest can function like an open window in a room. It can have the same effect psychologically.

I don't even know what to say about it anymore. It hurts. She probably hurts too - she gets to feel wronged though, I bet it is a comfort. It is not worse to feel like you wronged someone or feel like someone feels like you wronged them. But there is no resting on it. It is a rocky ledge and there is no rest. There is no window, there is no painting of a river. there is no river. Where is the river in

this situation. I wanted to be the river and instead I was the rock. I changed the flow. And now there is no place to rest. I will retreat eventually I can feel it. There must be a change. Not because I think it will solve anything but I think I need a solitary journey.

What about when you actually have to sacrifice. What does this Sagittarius moon ask for? If I feel like I have been wronged by her, how does she feel like she has been wronged by me.

What does anyone want here. Take a lot of breathes and try to make every interaction as free and loving as possible nourish rebellion, sedition, sabotage, and trust.

How do you like to resolve conflict? How do you resolve conflict? What is a deal breaker in this house? What do you need to know? What do you need? Where is my dog? Why won't my thoughts rest -what is wrong with me? Why can't I calm down. Why can;t I focus? Why can't I decide.

I can't talk about it because I feel guilty. What is the hard true thing that needs to be said? In this situation? Or the other one? I wanted something different. Pay attention to people. Don't pick up the phone when you are talking about something serious. Make time for the things you care about. Are we going to see Mat and Mel soon? When? Can they come to house dinner tomorrow? How come other people don't invite people over for house dinner? Invite people after?

34

Hard vs. Wrong

This is hard. I'm not giving up. This hurts. I'm tired. I'll show you what failure looks like. It's not soft. It's hard. How many people line up each morning? How many things have you forgotten?

35

Hard vs. Wrong / An Old Friend Let Go

Yesterday I lost the ring. I noticed while stepping down the stairs leading to the U-Bahn.

36

the music business

Business is what you do to keep yourself busy. Business is all that you concern yourself with and that concerns you.

/Business thrives by way of profit. Business without profit is a failed business.

I have a business. I am a business owner. I am here to acquire a business license. It's none of your business. I'm making it my business. What a sad business.

37

A Day in the Life of a Musician

Åh så stor en del af det her er at lade mig selv være ked af det. Det er så mærkeligt at jeg kan have dette her tilsyneladende bundløse sorg indeni. Hvorfor er jeg så god til at smøre et smil ovenpå det? Jeg kan endda jonglere det grimme mens jeg samtidig lader som om det hele er godt. Forleden da jeg så N og grinede imens jeg fortalte ham om alle de værste ting ved mit liv. Men når det kommer til stykket kan jeg slet ikke klare min egen svaghed. Jeg vil have den pakket væk for alt i verden. Det absurde er at den del af mig hun er så nærværende hver dag. Hun vil så gerne ses. I drømmen i nat var jeg hendes mor. Hun græd og var bange, men jeg ville bare have hende med til det sted vi skulle hen, jeg havde ingen tålmodighed. Det var et perfekt billede, tror jeg, både på reelle oplevelser jeg havde i barndommen, men også på hvordan jeg sidder og prøver at arbejde ved dette her skrivebord i dag.

Jeg skal tænke tilbage bare for en uge siden da jeg så k og hun græd i haven bag morgenstedet og solen stod lavt på himmelen og lyste igennem træernes blade og de flotteste skygger dansede henover hendes ansigt imens hun græd over sin ensomhed og usikkerhed.

Det er mærkeligt at livet lige præcis har valgt at udstyre mig med det jeg har brug for for at hele de her sår lige nu. De her banale praktiske ting er simpelthen bare så smukke når jeg kigger på dem. Hvordan kan jeg så tackle at skabe de bedst mulige arbejdsrutiner, hvor jeg samtidig husker at det ikke kan være og ikke skal prøve at være perfekt?

38

A Love Poem

A Higher Love
Hug the ass o give me a chance
I confused love with romance\
I don't need a chance
I need a change
The road is long
Romance is dead
Love is in the air

39

A Day in the Life of a Musician

I wake up in the morning. I open my eyes. I see who is there. A joy fills my heart.

No music. I've made myself dumb to music, or what is called music. I can't belong to music and it can't belong to me so instead a moment may come during the day when we find ourselves sitting side by side one another, with a longing in our hearts. We can't belong to each other, we do not presume to behave otherwise.

The rain is almost always a relief. Today it is a great relief. A summer rain. But somewhere else. Maybe another time. Your hair is longer. I cannot tell if you are younger or if you are older.

I wake up. I brush my teeth. I make a tea. I hear the sirens and the bells. I hear nothing. God sings a song one day, when I am a witness. The rest I will forget.

40

Die Peinliche Abendmusik

The walls and ceilings lined with burlap sacks, coffee bags, the intentional “found” or shabby ceiling boarded up, a bright and beating sun, safe from, the rows of neon lights above the ceiling, impersonating. We don’t speak English but the barista speaks English to us. The perfect leaves in the foam of cappuccino.

I remember when. I remember I remember when I lost my mind. There was something so simple about those days. Every moment had an echo and so much space. Someone sings this strumming a guitar sitting at a campfire. A million songs are spared and yet a million songs are played or rather slayed on the skewer of café house, house party, garden party, unplugged, intimate, miller, vegan, The United States of America, Europe, the World, Canada,...

Dad’s guitar playing was a phase, not the embarrassing type. If you pick up a guitar and never put it down, the generalization won’t hold. It’s the way that you do it and not what you do.

In the drawing room. Jane Austen. Singing lessons. Will you serenade your guests or will your guests serenade you?

With leaves like hair, another chapter unfolds. You wander from moment to moment after all the cafés and houses and fields and highways and discos have shut their doors. It’s a dry morning. Captive and fooled versus the fresh and the free. If only your ideas were not the same songs covered by acoustic guitars and the virgin Kate Winslet.

Failing to have reached the heart of the matter, we ride toward sunrise.

41

A Day in the Life of a Musician

I have no child. Someone does and she must feed it, at least three times a day. The most tiring job I ever had was when I was a nanny. There is an emotional cost that does not always factor into other work. Care work takes an emotional toll that is beyond the physical. Nursing, hospice, people who work with elders all know this. Teachers know this. My roommate has a one and a half year old. It was born the week that I came to SF to look at the room in this house. One way of measuring time in this space is to observe Ronan -her growth is the timeline of my presence in the here.

When my grandpa died it was out of the blue. He fell in his hot tub at the community pool in Sun City, AZ. I was the only relative nearby. It was christmas, I was in town visiting with my partner’s family. I drove to the hospital and met my grandfather’s second wife Gladys there. later, it was understood that he had a heart attack which led to his fall. His fall injured his brain so that he never fully regained consciousness. It was some how fitting, a dramatic death. He was a giant, a bear of a man. He was not weak, he did not look like he was in his eighties. I kept worrying about the ring with the green stones on his thumb. On the second day in the hospital they said we should take it off because his hands might swell and then it would be too late. He fought in the hospital his hands grasped and struck out at everything around him, they had to put his wrists into cuffs and cuff them to the sides of the bed. The catheter was full of blood.

It was hard for my mom, she didn’t want to come. It was harder for the older children to grow up with their tyrant of a father. My mother was the oldest and they never got along. He was abusive, she didn’t have any privacy, he would come into the bathroom when her or her sister were taking a shower. She raised her younger siblings. She told me she wasn’t coming, she had to be there for Kirsti’s birth. I said, I am buying you a plane ticket. She had to make

her peace with the old man, I knew she had to see him die otherwise she might think he was still after her.

I meant to write about labor. Something about what Silvia Federicci might say. How capitalism was birthed by control of the reproductive power, and definition of sexual dominion of women. Control of the women's body was the germinal act of capitalism. labor and labor, it is not a coincidence that the same word means two different things. Or does it?

Gnossienne No. 4 - I want to write about my cousin Jacob but I am not sure where to start.

Isa brought home roses and ferns from her work -she is clipping off the stems to make a bouquet. We got into a fight about classical music -she was upset because I didn't go to therapy and then she said Classical music is coercive. I love classical music. I used to play the classical station very loud while driving home from work in Santa Monica. I would sit in traffic in the heat with my windows down if I was going so slow I could hear it. Isa is drinking her strawberry milkshake and looking at her phone.

Early Works - Robert de Leeuw - Gnossiennes, etc.

You can hear all the strange buzzing noises, in my ears, in the speakers. I am thinking about how I have to do the laundry, the check hit on time and I need to go to the grocery store.

My Uncle got a call from a German lawyer. My cousin Jacob died at the age of 96 in Pittsburgh, he was one of only a few of my grandfathers extended family who survived the holocaust. He was from a small town in Poland called tchikachin, I know how to say it but I don't know how to spell it and I can't find it on a map. My cousin Jacob spoke German and hid on a German potato farm during the war. That is all I know. The lawyer said that jacob owned a building in Leipzig - he owed 8,000 euros in back taxes on it and it was going to be auctioned. I told them not to do it. I told them how I had lived in Germany and I had many friends in Leipzig. I told them I wanted to see it. It is a warehouse with a corrugated metal roof, there is a whole in the roof and trees all around. I am not sure why but I want to see Jacob's building.

That happened yesterday, I found out about the building. I went to a house meeting where we discussed racism and abuse. Three house members are planning on moving out. I went to my garden and watered the chard.

42

The Wind Chimes of Summer Camp

This banner features eleven people jumping, mid-jump, a sunny summer day in sprinklers, sprayed by jets and mist of the sprinklers, nine pre-teen children and two female counselors round about twenty.

The ocean and the redwoods. Starfish, bunkbeds. Maturity and remorse, betrayal, entertainment, selfishness, banana slugs, rain, oatmeal, a beached sea lion, rotting in the sand.

What good can I do to make the wrong I have done?

OR

What good can I do to feel right?

OR

What good can I do?

An essay, a marathon, hot air,

The letters I wrote to myself sitting on a rock in the foothills. The self that watched over my shoulder, whispering dreams of marriage.

The hikes. The bug in the eye. The canteen of water. The sleeping bag. The camp where everyone bears their testimony in the end.

Maybe it is the middle of the road. The halfway point. The halfway house. Now is the time to leave things behind. Many things behind. Start fresh. Start new. But to leave things you need to go.

In order to peel, the surface must be disrupted. Which house is it?

Who is there? Who did you leave cold?

Sleeping under the stars. Cooking eggs in the bacon grease. Someone caught

a fish. Someone is whittling a stick.

The canoes. Learning to paddle. The levees. Carrying the canoes.

The eternal hour. The blink of an eye.

Where are the friends you made at camp?

When will we go camping?

Endurance, allegiance, ears hang low, peanut butter and jelly, bringing home a baby bumble bee, on top of old smokey, Kentucky fried chicken and a pizza hut, Heaven or Las Vegas in the snow.

43

The Wind Chimes of Summer Camp

I went to summer camp. Overnight camp was a nightmare. There must have been parts I liked because I went for a few years. It was a Jewish camp, we had to wear white on Friday nights and say the prayer before eating and maybe some other kind of religious stuff. I liked the Shabbat. I think camp was torture though, so buggy and so much bullshit. I liked the activities but kids were mean. You could never manage to do the right thing. I wish kids could feel free from so much peer bullshit, so much mommy and daddy don't love me so I am an asshole kind of stuff. So much I am so fucking rich you poor piece of shit stuff.

Calamine lotion, that puke pink. Sums it all up.

This music is amazing. and hilarious that it's calming Aqua vibes have me going on a curse-word rant. But actually that feels more real to me. I hate when people think peace or wholeness doesn't include violence. There is always a violence taking place.

Omg rain sticks. How unbelievably delightful! It feels like injecting opiates into your veins. Minus the warmth. I got caught in the rain this morning on my bike. It pretty much sucked. Also because I felt like I knew that was going to happen and didn't listen to my intuition. Story of my life.

This music is so good. It's totally putting me to sleep, I feel very relaxed. However, I am work right now so not the best to get me through the last of these fucking hours. I just remembered when I used to take morphine how much it would make me swear. It would like give me temporary tics or something. I remember being at Emily's and getting in a fight with her about watching the Westminster Dog Show vs Little House on the Prairie. I think I

wanted to see those "fucking beagles", but maybe I didn't. Sometimes we would get really high and then go to this 24 hr fitness -which neither of us belonged to- and go use their hot tub at like 5 or 6 am. It is probably a terrible idea to use a hot tub when you are on so many drugs. One time I remember when I woke up the next day I was surprised I hadn't been dead. One time I kind of put myself in a coma because I took 8 Alleve at once. I had really bad period cramps.

44

any justification for time travel

I, delinquent, uninspired, or otherwise inspired. That means inspired somewhere else. Somewhere else than where I am seen. To be seen is the root of evil. Light is the answer and so I shed a tear if I am able to feel, on this situation. Only time will tell what I can feel. Feeling is memory, a memory. Uh, sudden weight, sudden drowsiness. What do you want to buy me?

Writing when I'm sleeping and writing while I eat. Writing all the time.

A new tattoo.

alone. free. escaped. unseen. covered.

head to toes let go of guilt.

let go of things, of memories.

become the japanese.

embrace and abandon the precious.

45

The longest day of the year.

I like getting older. Every year I learn more. I feel like I am getting better at it. I like being better at living. I am getting better at telling time. I am getting better at being on time. I am getting better at knowing when the holidays are. I am getting better at knowing the seasons. I am getting better at knowing how to talk about me feelings.

It is not necessarily that anything has become easier (it hasn't). I have much more to do. I have had different feelings that have been unwelcome. I have felt like crossing myself out more often this year than other years. It is not that it is easier, but I feel more in control. I feel more. I am healing from emotional abuse and things are changing and I can cry and I feel more. I would rather feel. I would rather feel than not feel.

Getting older suits me. As a capricorn, I am drawn to things that have aged. Things that have survived. Things with stories. Rocks. Earth. I heard from a person I had recently met, she said, did you know that top soil is a non-renewable resource. We can't make more soil. Whats here is whats here. If we poison it, that's it. This is all we've got. In terms of soil.

Trying to sort all things. Trying to sort things out. Trying to organize things which are impossible to organize. Organizers. That couple I met, they tried to organize me into al-anon and it made sense. I wanted to go. They were good organizers but I was also ready to turn.

I am in bed. I am in Elizabeth's bed. Also known as isa. Is today the longest day? I feel like time has been moving faster and faster. As I age. Things are quickening.

I feel in spaces. I place my feelings into the things and spaces around me. I know many people must do this. A moth walks in a circle on the screen of the window. It is dark outside. There is a faint buzzing and a small cricket layer. A little chirping. It sounds like many different types of insects that are blending together to make a white noise insect sound. Do they make this sound during the day? We just don't hear it the same because of the light.

Isa is lying next to me in a light blue terrycloth robe. She has been getting sick. She is tan from the sun. She is tan from working outside in SF, not from being here at the beach, we have only been here three days. She says she doesn't want to move again. She has moved 12 times this year. I try to tell her not to worry, we will take it easy and we won't push to much. But moving is moving. At 8am I will go to get the truck, we will drive it back here and load in furniture and things for michigan. I don't think there will be that much to do. We will have to decide if she wants to take all the books. We have to take apart the bookshelf and load it in. We will have to load in the love seat and the circular table. We will have to load in her little chair. We will have to take apart Emi and Eamons bed and bring that too. I think that is it. Unless she wants to bring her boxes. She said we should bring the kitchen stuff. I think we should bring that and any art supplies she wants to bring. Paper and rolls of anything. Bring the green dresser from her upstairs room? Bring the toaster oven? Bring a dollhouse for Kirsti's kids.

46

A picture of a coast

oh. Just looking at this photo makes me sad. Or nostalgic? No it's sad. It makes me miss California. I mean I always miss California, it made me remember that I miss California. It is not necessarily sad to miss things. But this is sad. It has been 8 years and the sadness hasn't subsided.

The first year that I was in Berlin I dreamed of bike rides in San Francisco all the time. Of riding to the ocean. Of China Beach. Of the bridge, of the view across the bay. Of seeing the porpoises (which would always scare me at first because I thought they were sharks).

I started watching that TV show the OC- that's how fucking much I missed California- and now the opening song makes my heartbreak if I hear it, or even just think about it. I just wrote heartbrake, which is kinda funny because that is actually more of the feeling for me. Not that my heart breaks apart or in two, but it just stops. It just stops. Heartbrake.

I once rode my bicycle from SF to the border of Mexico. Those were some of the best 2 weeks of my life. I love California. I love it deeply, with my whole body inside and out. I guess that is how some people feel about their homeland. I could never get that emotional about the US, but California for sure. The land speaks to me in a way no other has. I mean I love Lake Michigan and Chicago, but not the way I fell for California. It's kinda everything to me. Which clearly begs the question of why am I not there.

Why am I not there?

Well there are the obvious reasons.. and then there are no reasons. Except for that I am not.

47

Gazing into a mirror without using the pronoun I

"O what a world, what a world! Who would of thought that a good little girl like you could destroy my beautiful wickedness?"

They teared up at the pulpit while reciting this quote.

Strike that.

Reciting this quote, they teared up at the pulpit. They felt a swell of pride, or achievement, or approval, or satisfaction at the approval of others. They could hear their voice and see themselves, at the restaurant, on the train, in view of others.

In view of others.

48

Hard vs. Wrong / An Old Friend Let Go

I have no idea what the first thing means, or either really. I feel weird trying to make this writing up, I feel like the porthole has closed and I should just let it remain so.

Letting an old friend go has been in my head a lot lately. I think this might have been just the time that Karl killed himself. I felt kinda bad/weird that I don't know the date for sure, but then I thought why remember such a date anyway. Ever since I wrote about him the other day he has been floating around my mind. Haunting it really. I was in such a bad mood for days, not only because of him, but then this one night as I tried to sleep, the most terrible thing happened. Oh, now I know what triggered it as well- learning about that 16yr old who killed herself- anyway that and having written about what those last words/thoughts must have been to convince you to do such a thing. And mostly why when, well what I experienced as layed in my bed and tried to sleep was feeling that gun to my head. I shit you not, there was this real perception of that and just the most god awful feelings ever. That is has been done. And that he would want to do it. And.

Anyway.... The other day during Yoga, this was towards the end of the bad mood, I had this revelation. About wanting to be special. About wanting to be someone's favorite. Favorite Aunt or Sister or Student. It made me think about why I was feeling frustrated with and why missing Karl was such a big deal. We were definitely special to one another - at some points more than others- but to lose that- someone who you were special to -and who was special to you- but really you know our ego thing is so strong, that it is sad to lose someone, him, for that too. One of the things I still have from him is a note he left me after dumpster diving and leaving food on my doorstep. It was so sweet, so pure... don't eat the parts that are moldy.

Ugh enough about that. Life's a bitch and then you die. Life's a beach and then you die. Life is and then you die.

I don't want to die. I mean I am fine with dying, I just would prefer not to do it anytime soon. I keep reading about people who seem to die young, it kinda scares me. Like I don't want just another 15 years, I want decades, multiple decades. I want a house on the seaside. I want a garden. I want to finally live my fucking life. Youth is wasted on the young. Life is wasted on the living. The universal principle which is really holding us all together is irony. Fucking irony. Isn't that ironic, don't you think?

49

The Fiery Wings of Regret and Obsession

The fiery wings of regret and obsession

sound relentlessly,

set to the groove of a hummingbird's ever-beating heart.

50

Jam

How long will I pretend? A kind of assimilation. Does someone notice? Does something smell? A sweetness. So hard to let go. So very hard. A dream to disappear. Guilt and fear. Release.

51

<https://translate.google.com/>

Mermelada. ¿Cuánto tiempo voy a fingir? Una especie de asimilación. ¿Alguien se da cuenta? ¿Hay algo que huele? Una dulzura. Tan difícil de dejar ir. Muy difícil. Un sueño para desaparecer. Culpa y miedo. Lanzamiento.

51

Die Peinliche Abendmusik

Is "die Peinliche Abendmusik" a thing? Like a real thing, an official thing? Anyway it can't matter too much.

It makes me think of theater. Like Shakespeare. And how it used to be that you could actually make real commentary anonymously. But now people use their anonymity to just be assholes. To mask themselves and say "what they really feel". Not that I totally believe that, there is another layer to all that. It goes deep and takes a long time to get there. It is painful. I hated those bitches in my Ausbildung who would talk about breakthroughs like bouquets of flowers. Breakthroughs were staring down a hole dug to hell. What else could they really be?

52

You are not yourself. You eat honey and you live in a house of dirt.

Dirt and sweat embedded in the fibers of a white and pale blue light cotton weave button up shirt, long sleeve --- and nearby the roaring rapids. The air is heavy, thick and hot but now there is a tunnel, also heavy, cool undercurrent of air. The warm goaty smell of the shirt blows away in the wind.

Tucking his hair behind his ear and shifting his eyes from the dusty leaved plant on the bathroom floor to the tiled balcony, littered with unopened mail and unread newspapers, warped and faded from the sun and rain. The ice cubes in his glass of water have a taste. They taste like freezer. They crumble brittle between his teeth.

The roare of joye of some newe, celebrations of youthe.

Whisper in your ear.

I heard your stomach growling.

Soariness of an apple or pear, or banana.

This is the dull pain in your heart

The wheel! Wheeeeeeeee!