Late Spring 2009



Boy w/Sled

i.

Know how boots fit. A Spanish heeled boot is long, for riding horses. A short-heeled boot we might see today is called a roper's boot.

Reliving light travel concerns for example yesterday in Chicago I met with friend Cole

It's been good of you to come home.

t on the train and said hello button it said "Hemi" and to a new Ford engine that issions but of course I don't know and in fact I just made that up as an example of untrue facts or facts that are in fact misrepresented opinions.

ii.

On our way home I ran a stoplight, drunk but not as drunk as my roommate. At the same bar I remember hitting on an older woman. At the time I wasn't sure and gave up, unsure. I'm lucky we didn't get into any trouble.

"Cryptomnesia: a process by which things are learned, forgotten and then mistaken for original inspiration when recalled."

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iv.

Sitting here in the morning two windows, one to my right the other But these are just directions to my left. relative to my position or what I see: a cup left to me by a friend who left town, again relative to here, he didn't go Another place far. much like this one, maybe a new cup but the same and the same right. The car goes left from one rectangle to the other, it appears to move through the wall, a table saw, a humming refrigerator.

v.

This theme is one of extremities, like putting the pencil tip to the paper, I find the pressure needed to induce noticeable markings or demarcations to be a pressure much like the clutch on an old _______.

vi.

"What is said is given out to suit the temperaments of the hearers." (R. Maharashi) "If a lion cold talk we would not understand him." (Wittgenstein)

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2004

Setting: A hotel room in the style of the Best Western or Holiday Inn. A queen size bed, a low dresser, and a television on top of the dresser.

A man in his 30's dressed in slacks, tennis shoes, and a polo shirt opens the hotel room door, enters with his bags, sets them down on the side of the bed closest the window, and sits down on the bed. He takes off his shoes. He looks around. He gets up and slides the window curtain apart and looks out, seeing nothing, then opens a few drawers on the dresser. Seeing nothing inside, he closes them. He sees the remote control sitting on the television and picks it up, and returns to the bed, this time propping himself up with pillows, his legs all the way on the bed. He turns on the television, broadcasting political coverage, the war in iraq, reality tv, iron chef, gray's anatomy, the red sox, animal planet, cnn, etc. and watches it. He flips through the channels. This goes on for five minutes.

He turns and picks up the phone on the nightstand. He pauses briefly to look at the information posted on the phone and dials one number.

Man: Hello. This is room two twenty-eight. I'm calling for a wake up call at six o'clock.

The man listens to the voice on the phone

Man: Great, thanks. [hangs up the phone]

He leans back, continuing to watch the television. This goes on...

1st Person in Audience: Booor-rrring

The man looks out at the audience with a confused/pained expression, then gets off the bed and leaves through the door.

The television remains on. Two minutes later, the hotel room door opens and person in a chicken costume enters, holding a silver platter on which a letter sits next to a letter opener. The chicken turns off the television and sits at the foot of the bed, opening the letter with the letter opener. He begins to read...

Voice Over: Dear chicken. I got your urgent message. I understand you.

Talking to Myself

i. Authority

My boss says, "what have you been painting today?" and I says the doors, and he says the "doors.

What time do you get here in the morning?" "Seven thirty." I says, "You know, I work hard for you all."

"Did I say that you didn't?"
"No."

"I will ask you what you have done, do you understand?" Never

what I will do.

ii. Café, Tuesday Night

Christ died, I just realized this is Christian rock.

I Called you by name (?) Before you were free

"Were not of this world" (the question mark is mine)

iii. Fable (no moral)

I asked my pants which pockets to use: "All of them, of course."

my wallet into the back pocket, thinking are you sure to them, Are you sure

you don't mind? The zipper strangely silent, denim whispers my passing hand.