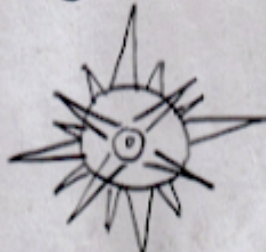


Beautiful

to

forget\*



Grace  
Frances  
Marlier

Drown your Male Babies  
hit them over the head  
throw them in the River  
make sure that they are dead

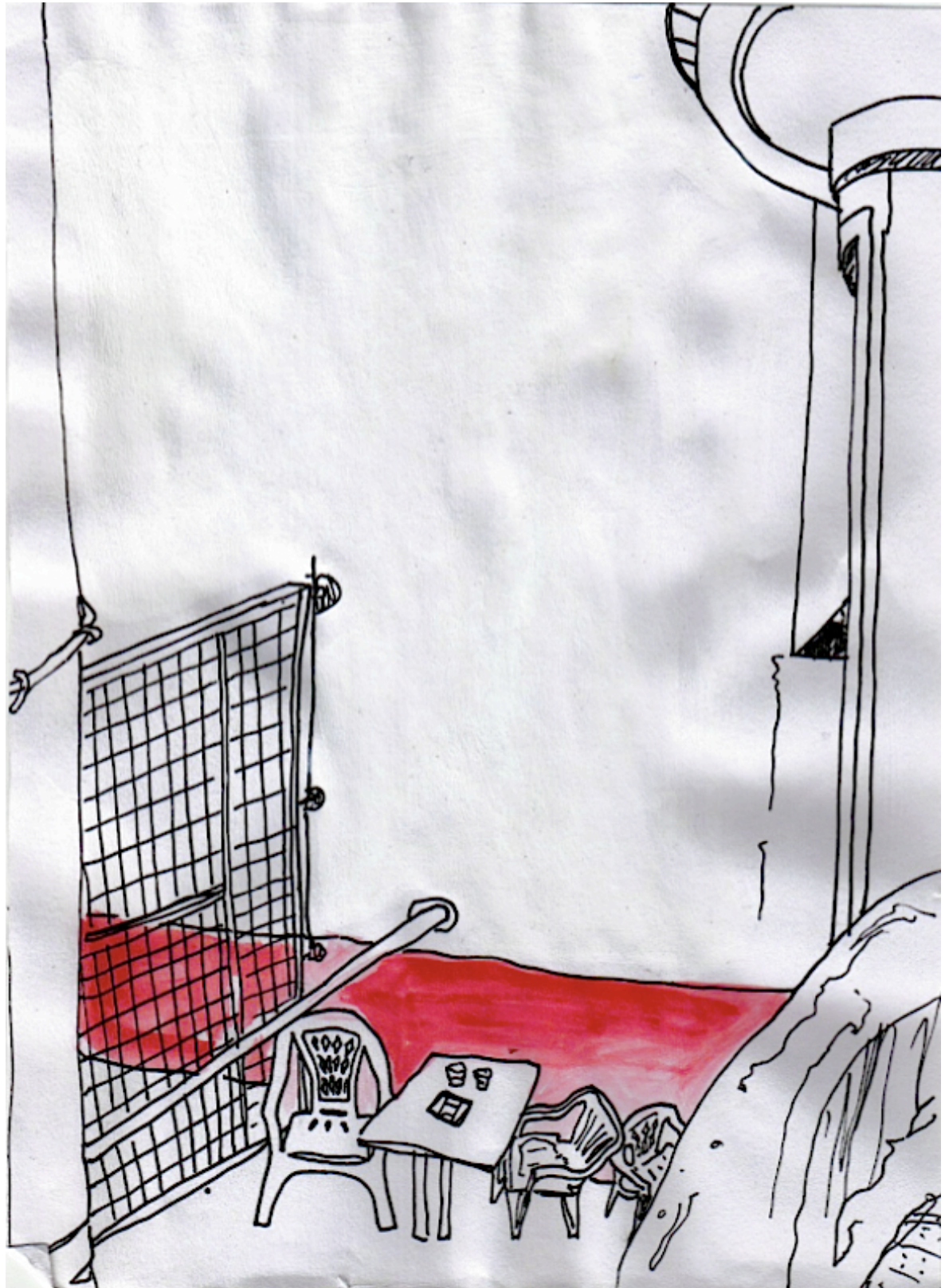
Bake your male babies  
put them in the oven  
marinate in oil  
Baby Boy Turtucken

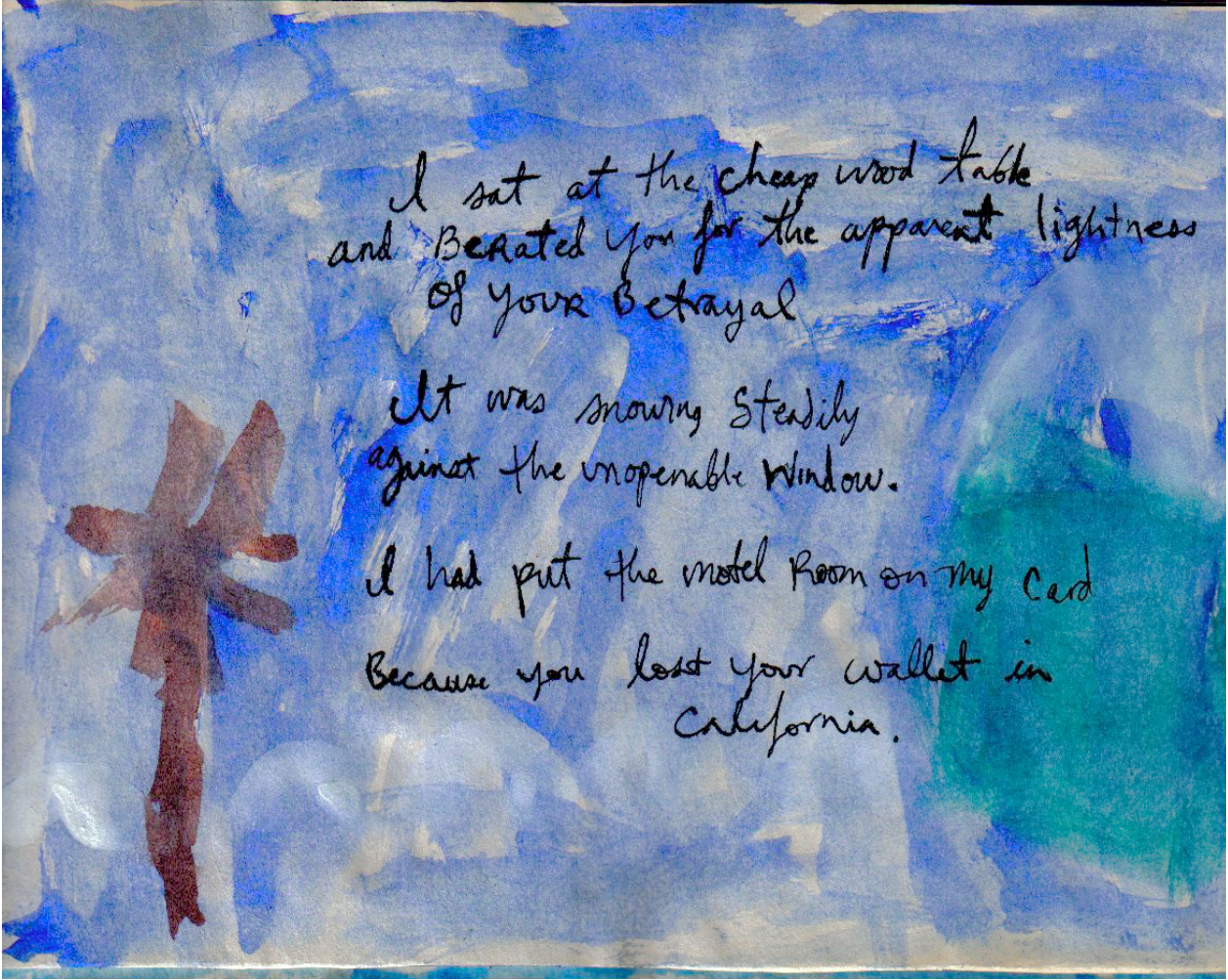


Beautiful  
to forget

(more beautiful  
still to be  
forgotten)

for Liam, James  
and James  
with love

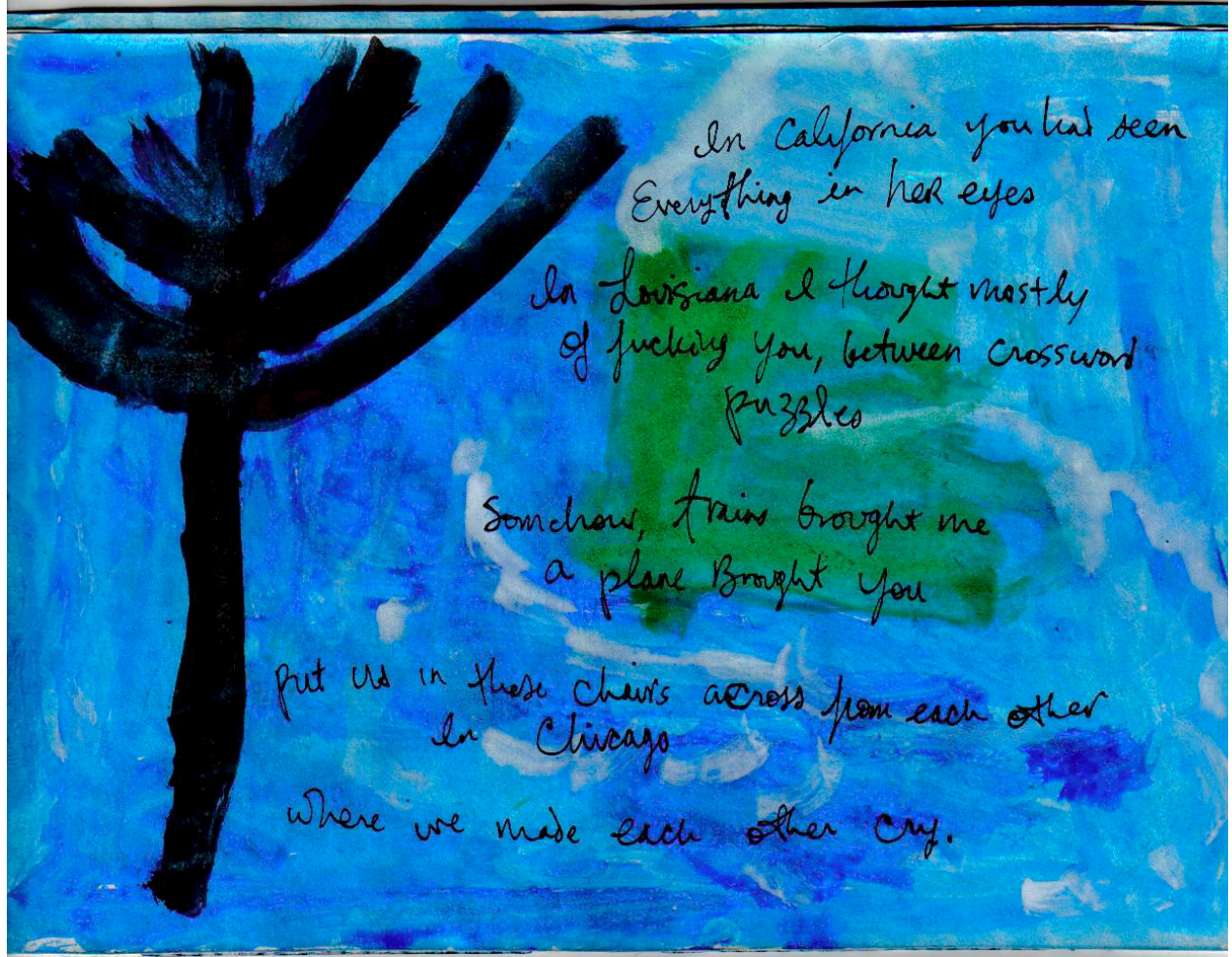


A watercolor painting of a winter scene. The background is a mix of light and dark blue washes, suggesting a snowy or overcast sky. On the left side, there is a dark brown, stylized tree with a few branches. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style in the center-right area of the painting.

I sat at the cheap wood table  
and berated you for the apparent lightness  
of your betrayal

It was snowing steadily  
against the unopenable window.

I had put the motel room on my card  
because you lost your wallet in  
California.



In California you had seen  
Everything in her eyes

In Louisiana I thought mostly  
of fucking you, between crossword  
puzzles

Somchow, trains brought me  
a plane brought you

put us in these chairs across from each other  
in Chicago

where we made each other cry.

years later on the JFK airport train  
my Claddagh Ring Right - side up for another

My Domesticity  
established

I said

"You've got  
beautiful eyes"

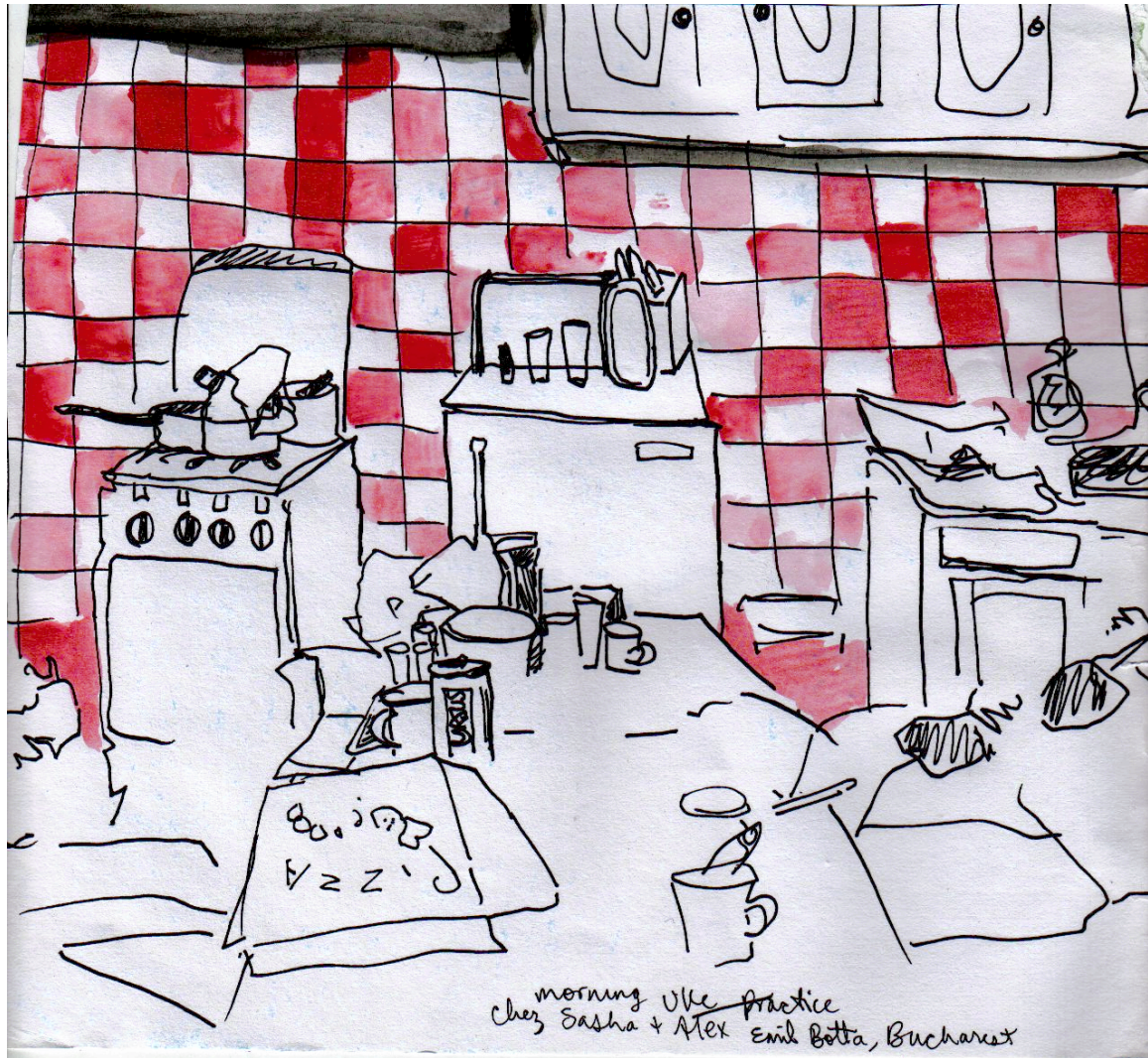
the same way you'd observe

"The Tide is Coming In" -

Incontrovertible Fact - words of someone

who sees something and says

what it is they see.



morning Uke practice  
chez Sasha + Alex Emil Botta, Bucharest













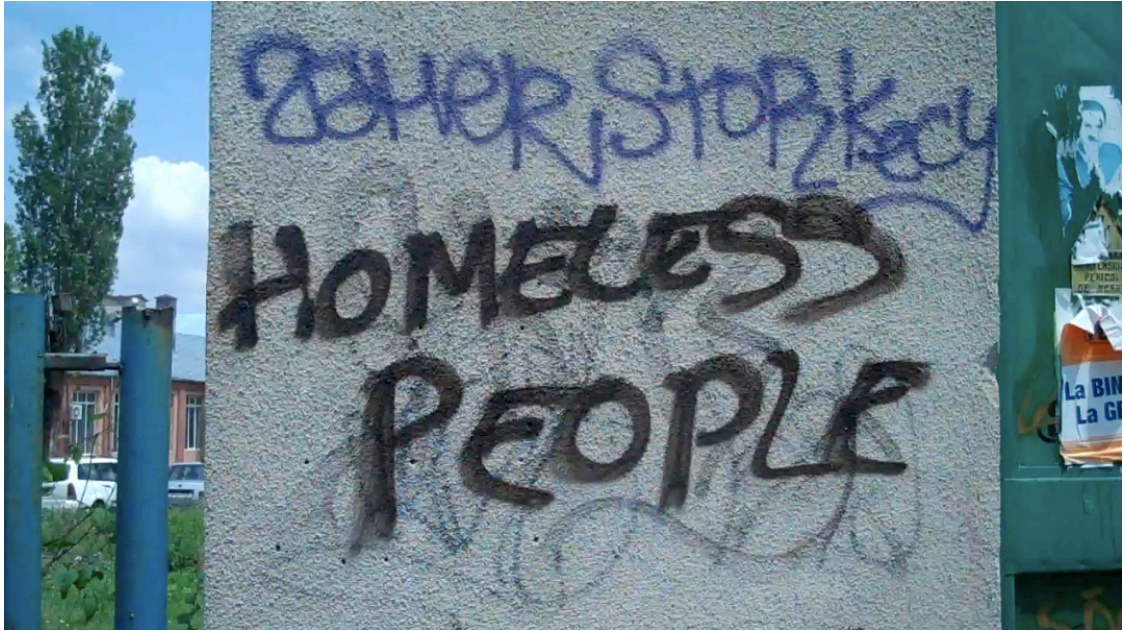






















Dupe

Independence day

July 4, 2009



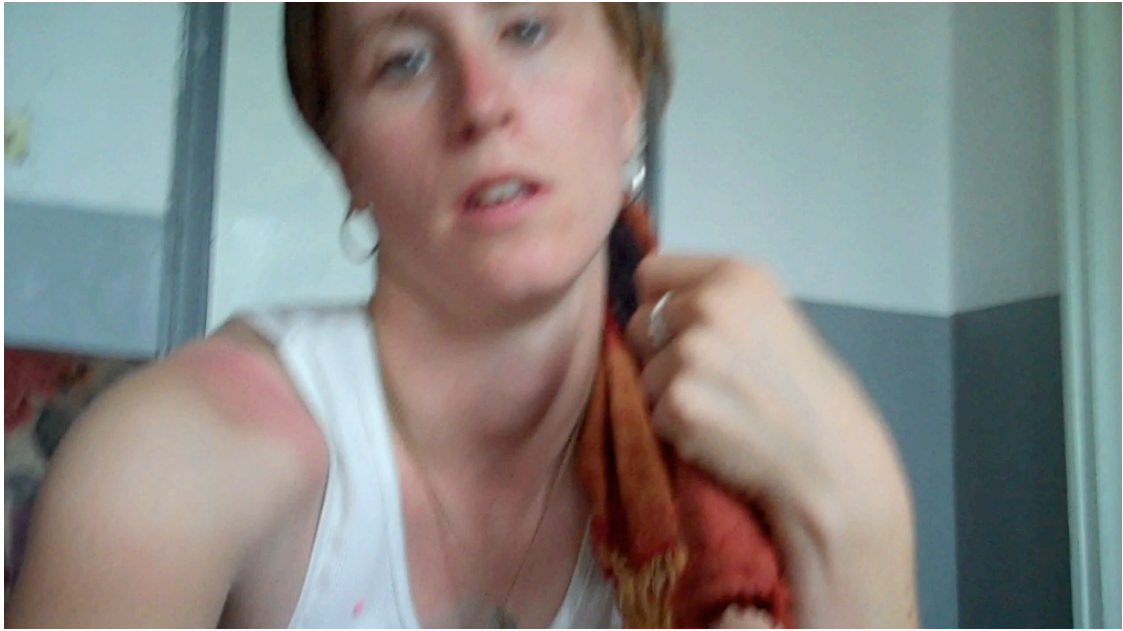
The Sauce is okay  
But it needs  
a little Salt  
oops, not that much

So declares  
The American  
Band  
abroad.



















Valley of plenty, you'll be threshed  
Irrigated, Plumbed, Refreshed

Harvest time has come  
The moon determines.

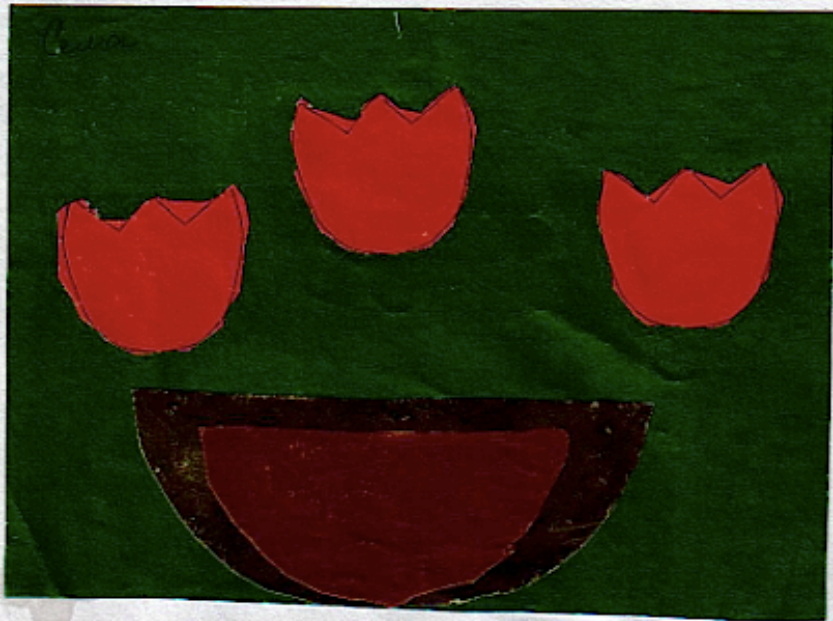
Numberless consequences follow your yield  
Sheaves cry from truckbeds for the field.  
Harvest time claimed them  
The moon wished it.

Another season dormant in the soil  
Awaits, Anticipates hand's toil

Valley of plenty  
So the Moon uses you.



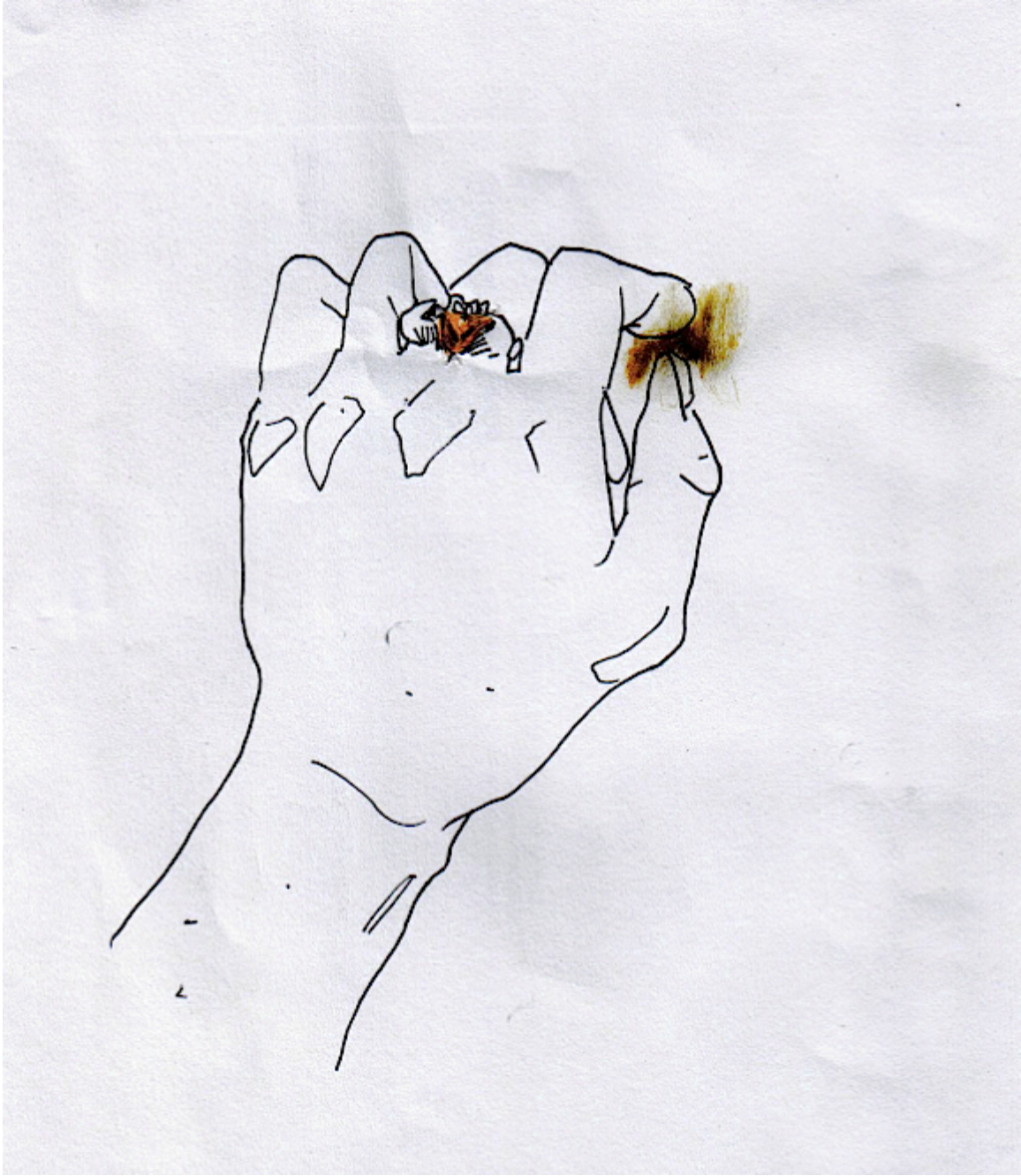




for and a half Minutes -  
Almost, two seconds less  
to look upon that braided hair.

the flipping shutters  
- time to confess -  
Your train laced -  
no more.

What fragodoccio  
to lay unkind lips  
false and tender  
- honey drips -  
on your brow.



Sofia July 6.



The Tip of a Time  
Burning Warriors  
Soul Taker

Shut The Fuck up  
This color looks good on me

I love my Boyfriend  
for you Anything

Just Shoot me



Read this while I look at your tits





























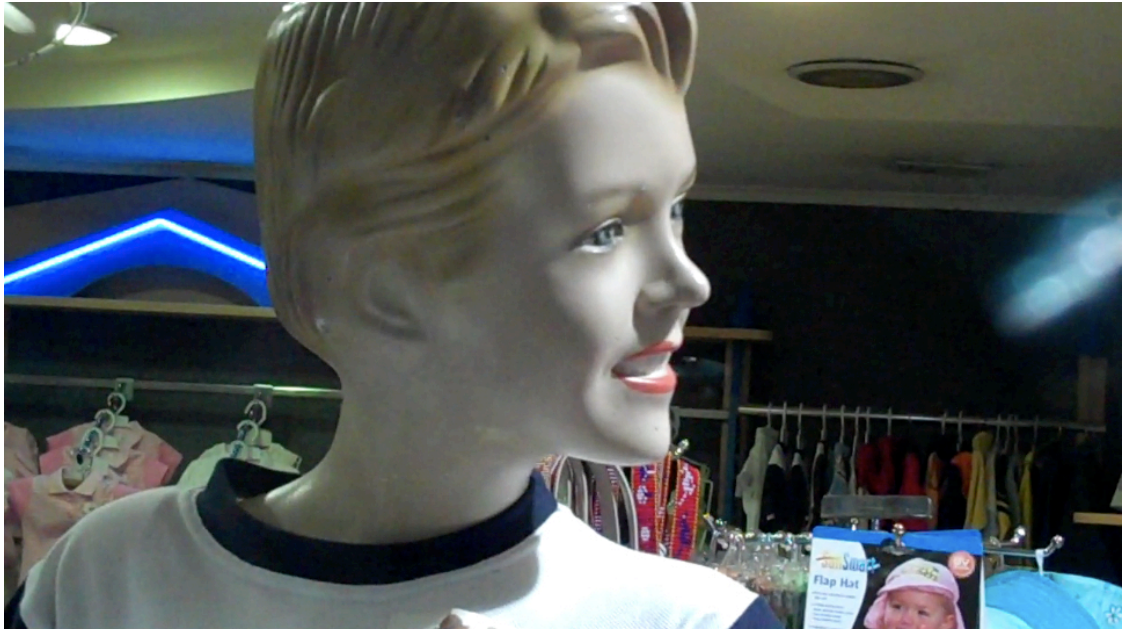




















I will never Marry  
I'll be just this all My life  
I'd rather be known as nobody  
than as somebody's wife.

I wont take a title  
I will not take a Ring  
Anonymity  
is just the thing.



I'll be skilled as a handmaid at Submission  
I'll Chop away my hands, I'll wander blind  
Arm me and I'll fight for Lord or nation  
Show me where to seek and I will Find.

When it's over bury me in Boston Town  
If it's winter, let the hole fill up with sleet  
let my soul know not the whiskey's at my head  
and the barrel of thick black porter at my feet.



Three

# BALKAN

*Wounded*



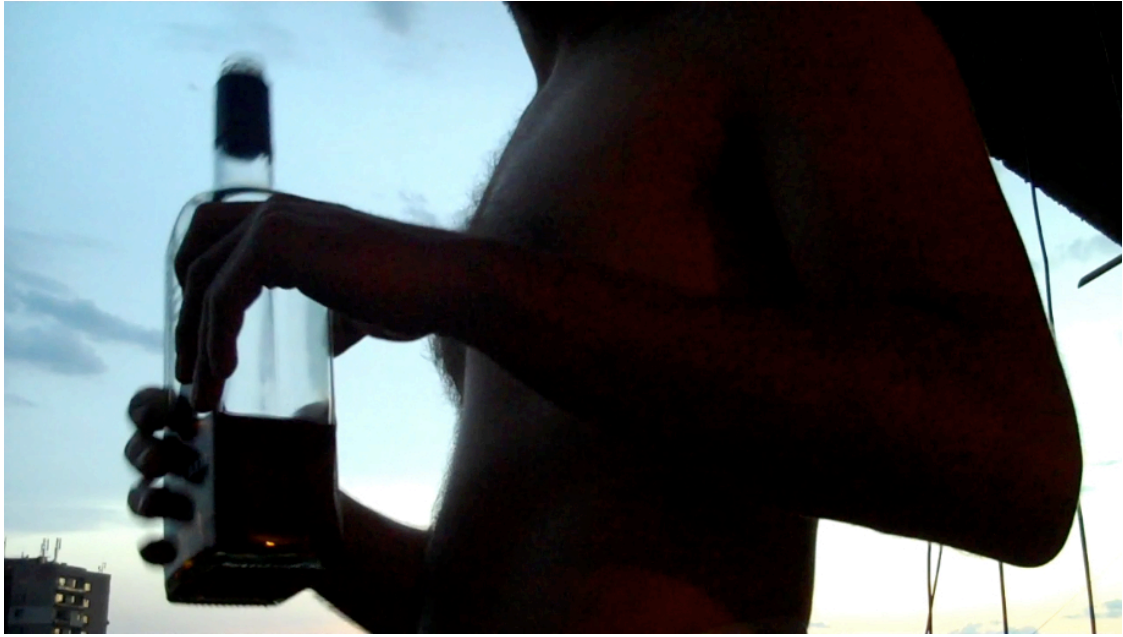
The band struck up a polonaise  
slippers and boots  
gowns and suits  
Sweet Melrose

The band played on - The Nocturne  
Smiles and frowns  
slippers and gowns

Indifferent the band -  
The waltz it played -  
- trampled youth  
- for sooth, for sooth -  
The silence that the Music made.



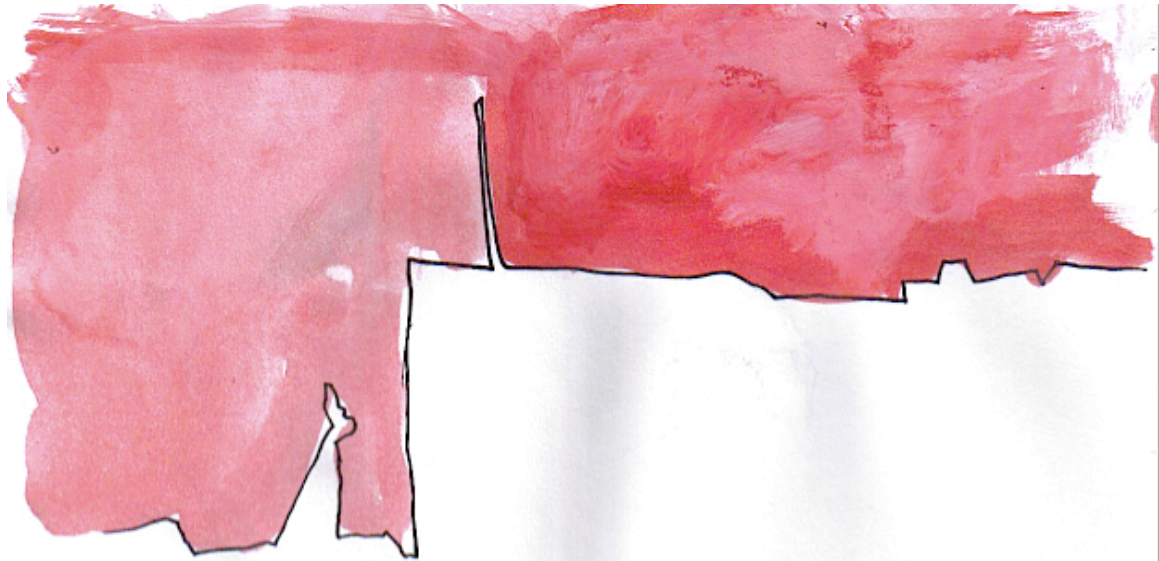


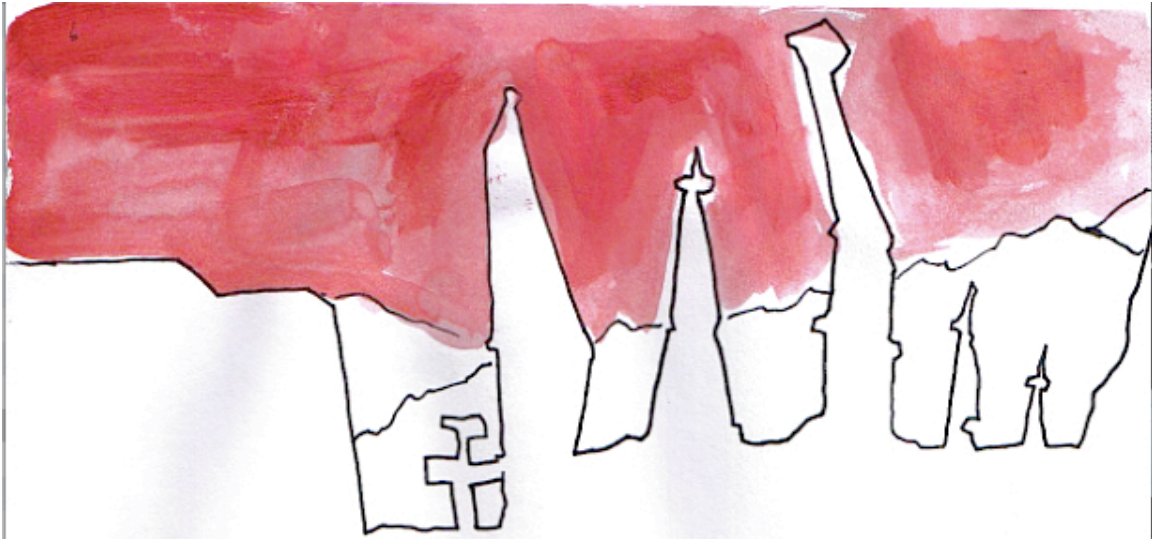












(Reverse Beyond)

Cape of Loam  
July 9.











Be still my heart  
what is this invasion? Stray dogs in the yard  
The Moon has been full for 2 weeks  
The laptop waits a Chalga Habibi  
Forgotten pictures come tumbling out of the storage room  
a giant abacus sits in the corner  
I can't seem to get any answers out of it.  
White livers, expand! contract!  
Black livers pull in! push out!



Thanks to the Rooster, for his call  
all thanks and praise to him  
only he seems to fully feel  
the urgency of the day while it is happening.

The horses of Golyano gradishite  
woken and harnessed at dawn  
pull their masters around the schoolyard  
One side, two, three, four, five  
Someone must see the American in his bedroom.

the Atlantic article says  
marriage is a sham  
everyone is unsatisfied  
so why do it?

"I took my babies to hotels in buckets  
for four years -  
why should they notice divorce?  
their father is a musician  
he is always on tour!"



one by one the girlfriends divulge  
how much they don't want to be  
who they are, be with who they're with,  
do what they do.

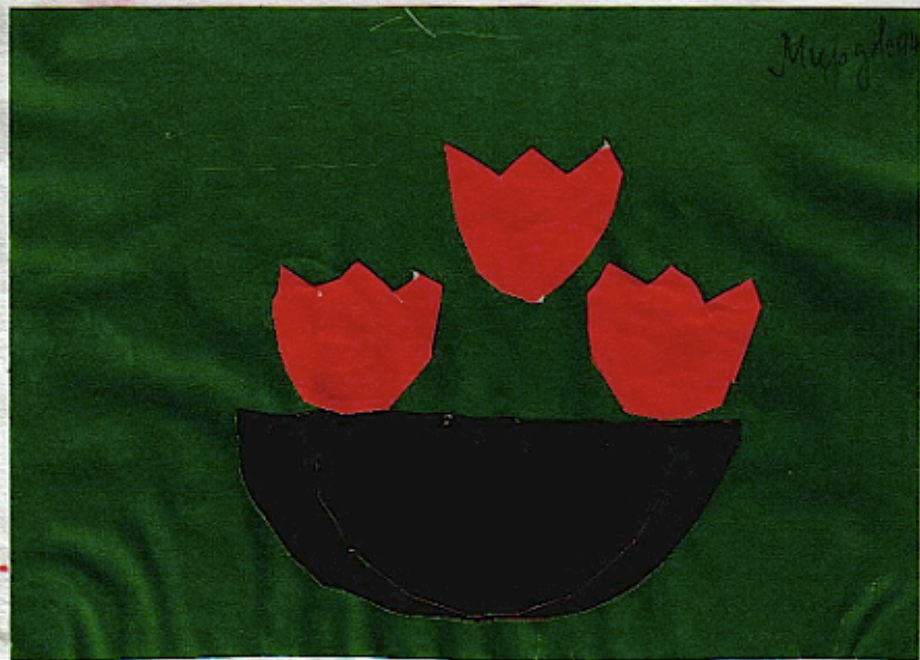
She seems to make a case for  
serial monogamy.

"Four years at a time - long enough to guide  
a child through infancy -  
The formative stages".

My friend types to me in the chatbox -  
(she is in Allston Massachusetts, I am in  
rural Bulgaria)

"our only real enemy is death"  
She said it - wrote it - to make me laugh  
& laugh (she knows me well) and agree,  
feel better, though

Enemies weren't the issue I was looking  
to discuss.



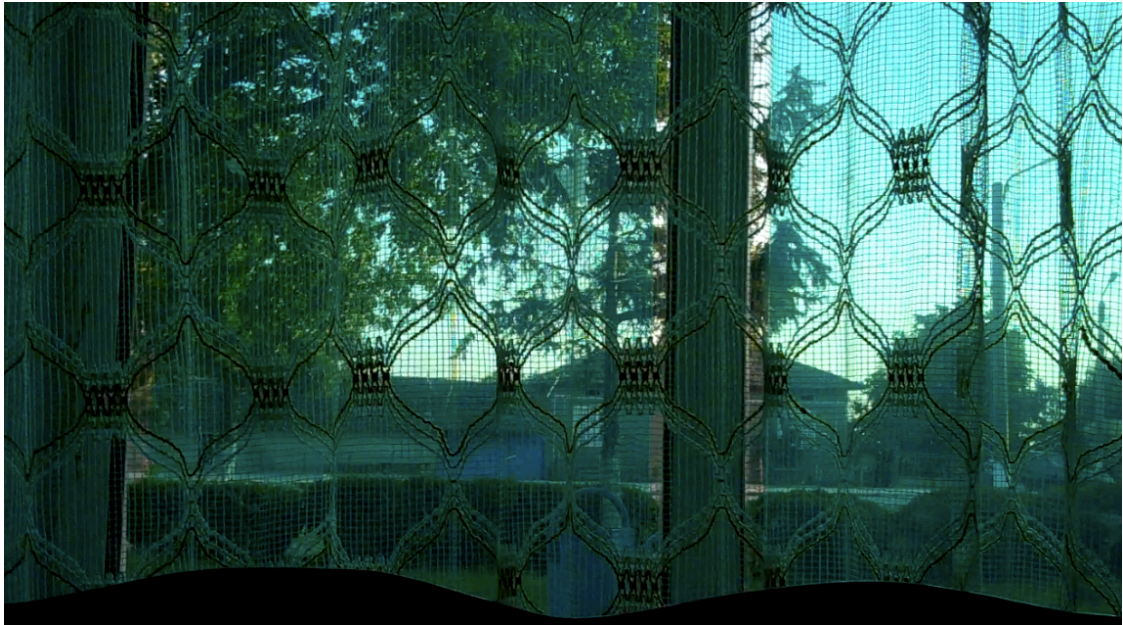


James / Simon / GG 7/16  
James











Babas cleaning the school  
 make a joyful noise -  
 Turkish Coffee, Black, Bitter,  
 Hand-ground Silt - Awake!  
 Waterless days  
 Nights of meat for dinner,  
 plastic liters of cold beer,  
 warm Rakia  
 it has been delicious,  
 though sickening  
 Live put the bones in a pot  
 Singing will make a stock  
 But for now,  
 the cold grease stands.



They call  
 this bed  
 The Taco.  
 It pulls toward  
 the center, up  
 at the edges.  
 I slept on it  
 Under a Hoise.  
 Blanket left  
 on the hallway



on orders from the Mayor  
 of golyano Grabstite -  
 He heard we were all here from the man in  
 Custodian Blues who walked through  
 Mourned a couple mornings ago -  
 stepped over us as we slept -  
 took stock of the situation so he could  
 Prepare the Town Report.

Seymour

Last Night I dreamt a Palatial Hotel  
I wandered through the Ballrooms, official Chambers  
I sought something at coordinates between unrelated Gatherings  
as if everything were Rented - temporary - the people  
almost props as well.  
I didn't belong anywhere  
But I was willing to pay.

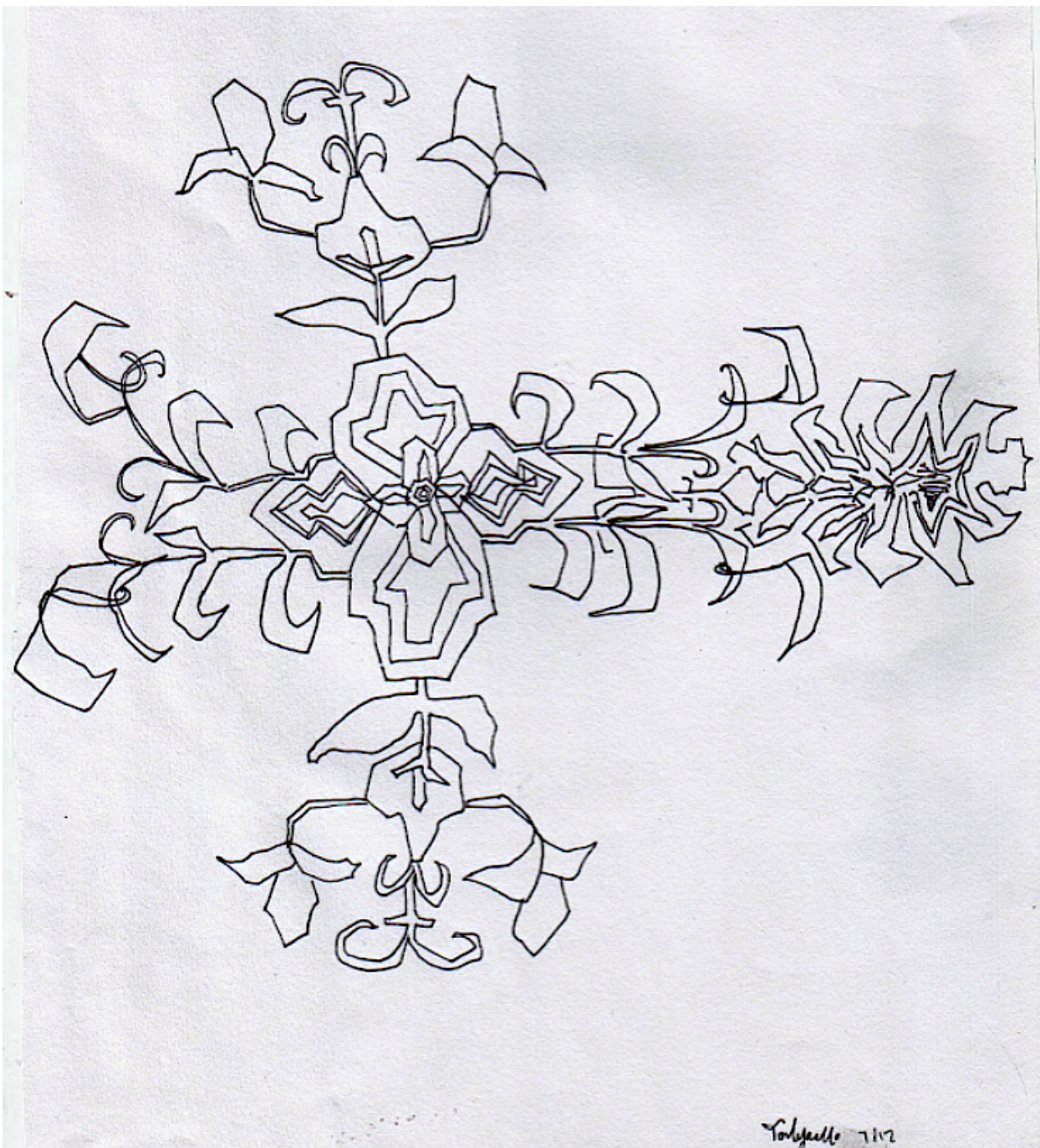


Michael O'Regan pushed me down the street  
in a wheelchair.

I was with Nick and Rebecca when I realized  
Jeremy was gone, and went into the city to find  
him sometime between midnight and dawn  
but got into a car accident instead.

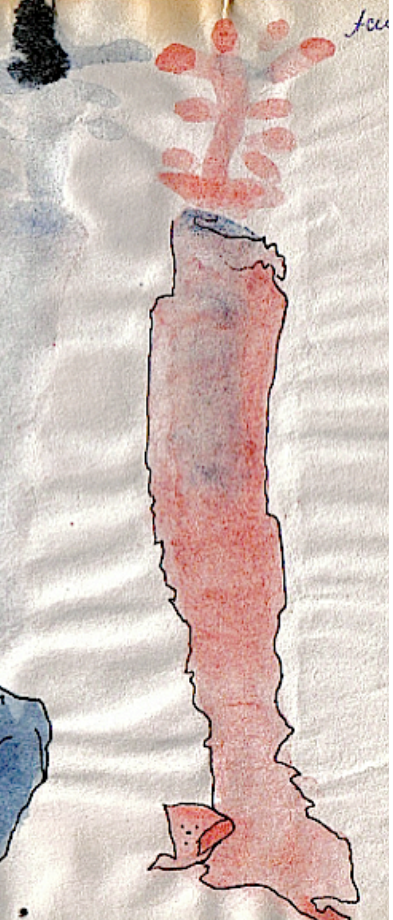


a yellow flower has appeared on Quill's tomato plant  
the dill is healthy but neglected  
another day of Filming the Shimmering Ribs of Horses  
Another day of Baseball in the Sun.

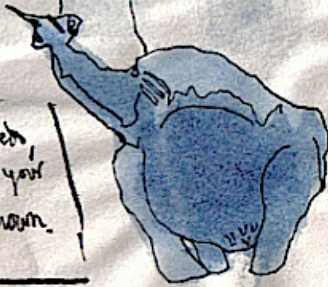


Todjanello 7/12

Extraordinary  
Donkey,  
white eyelash  
I didn't know you  
til you ripped up  
your stake  
You tore it from the turf  
You made a dash



You bucked,  
You made your  
feelings known.



acc

Now every other donkey looks like you  
But they don't seem to have a head as fitful

You are the one to break with the dullness of your Station  
You won't Succeed - You're Special because you try.

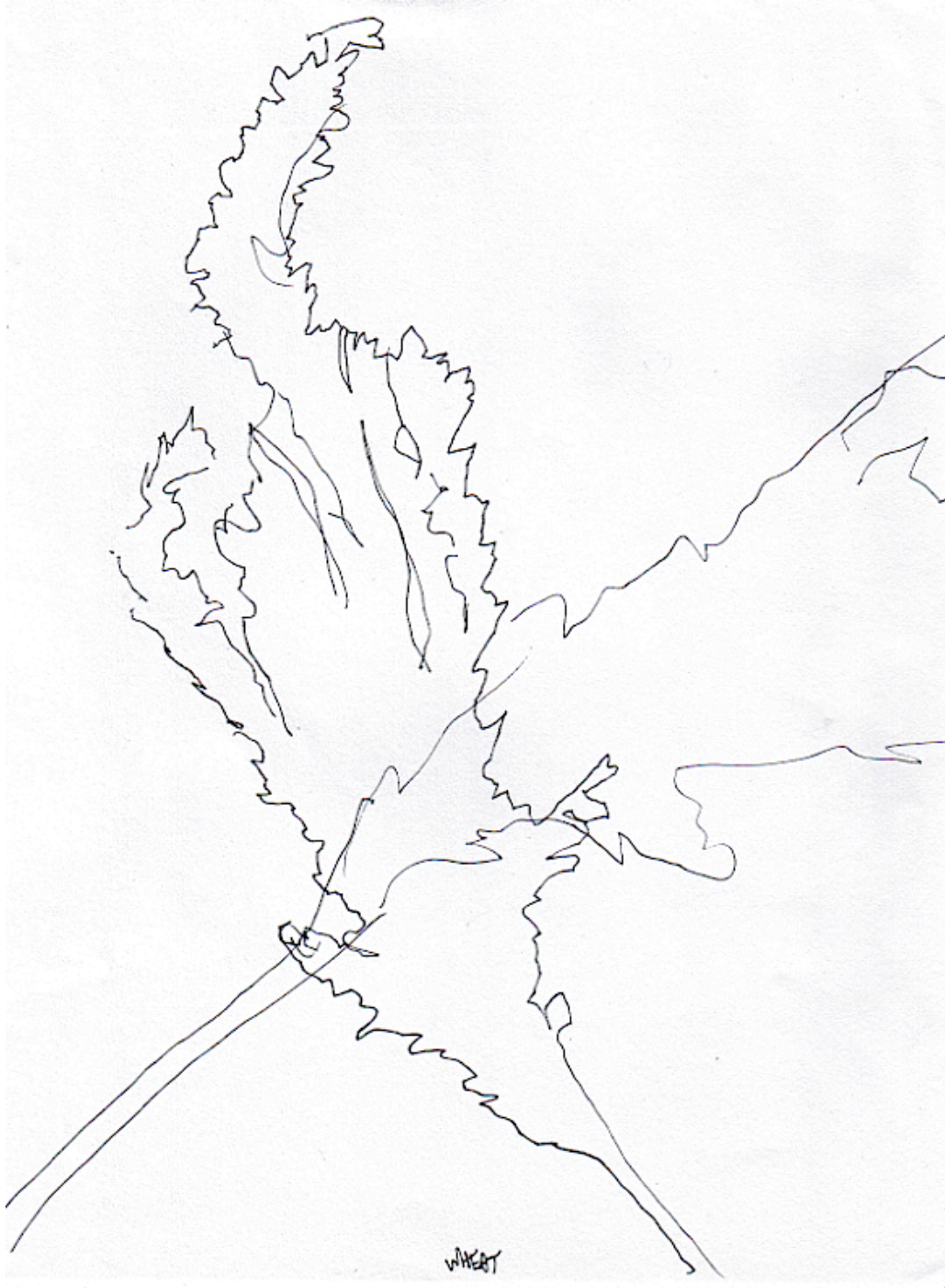


Mexico



In my next life I might marry you  
I will know you at a glance - when you turn away  
I will have a vision of a Headstrong Donkey  
that's what I'll see when I catch you for a dance  
that's what I'll see - let Rope out - when I let you  
Hate your Ribs in my Trash-stream Pastures.







Looking at mountains with  
Binoculars / Camera / Books 7/09

at long last, going to the black sea.  
The first bus was hot - we opened the windows  
and the Bulgarians didn't close them so we  
expected they would  
(drafts do harm)

it's possible the breeze made its own argument -  
(is this what 'harm' feels like?  
Really?)

the last bus comes with air conditioning -  
a button that looks like it will bring you  
a fat person in a mini-skirt  
a Chris-Topher / Jackie Chan film with no  
sound and no subtitles

(too much work to follow the plot)  
and retired french married people  
making french people noises  
in your car from behind -  
saying

'gendarme au bels'  
and 'cette pute!' about a lady  
who boarded the bus to say a  
word or two about where it  
was going.

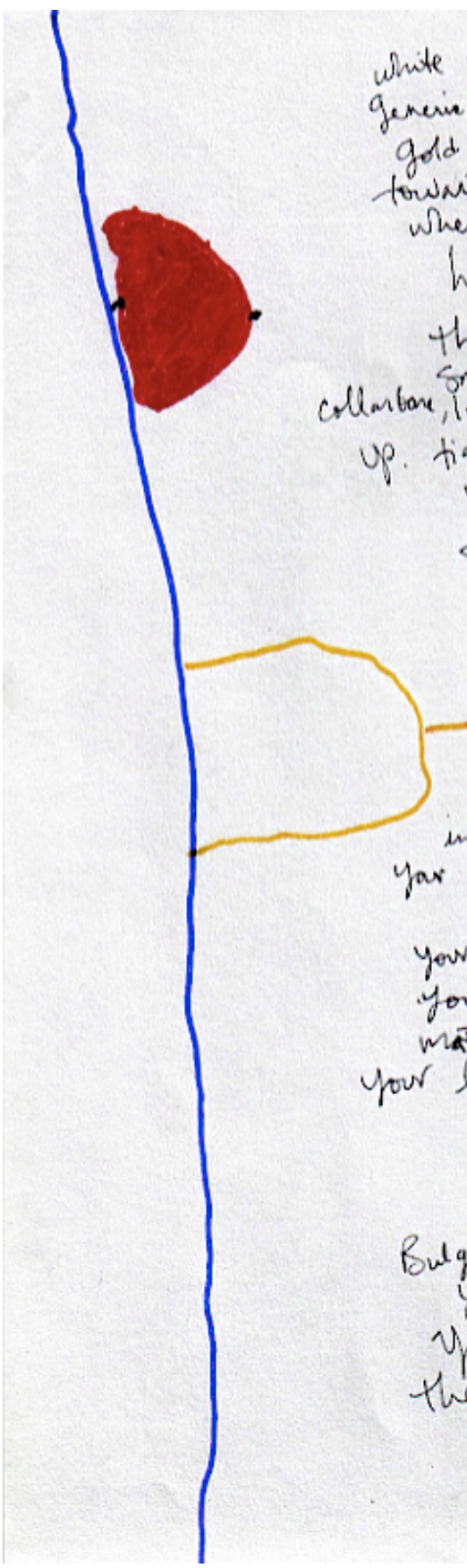


as I say  
the first half of this trip is about  
bicycle police  
the second half is about  
"that whore".

Liam laughs and falls asleep with his mouth open.

Don't





white plastic fan,  
generic floral design,  
gold inset and decorative cutouts  
towards the base where leaves converge  
where palm, long fingers, thumb  
hold, pivot from the wrist

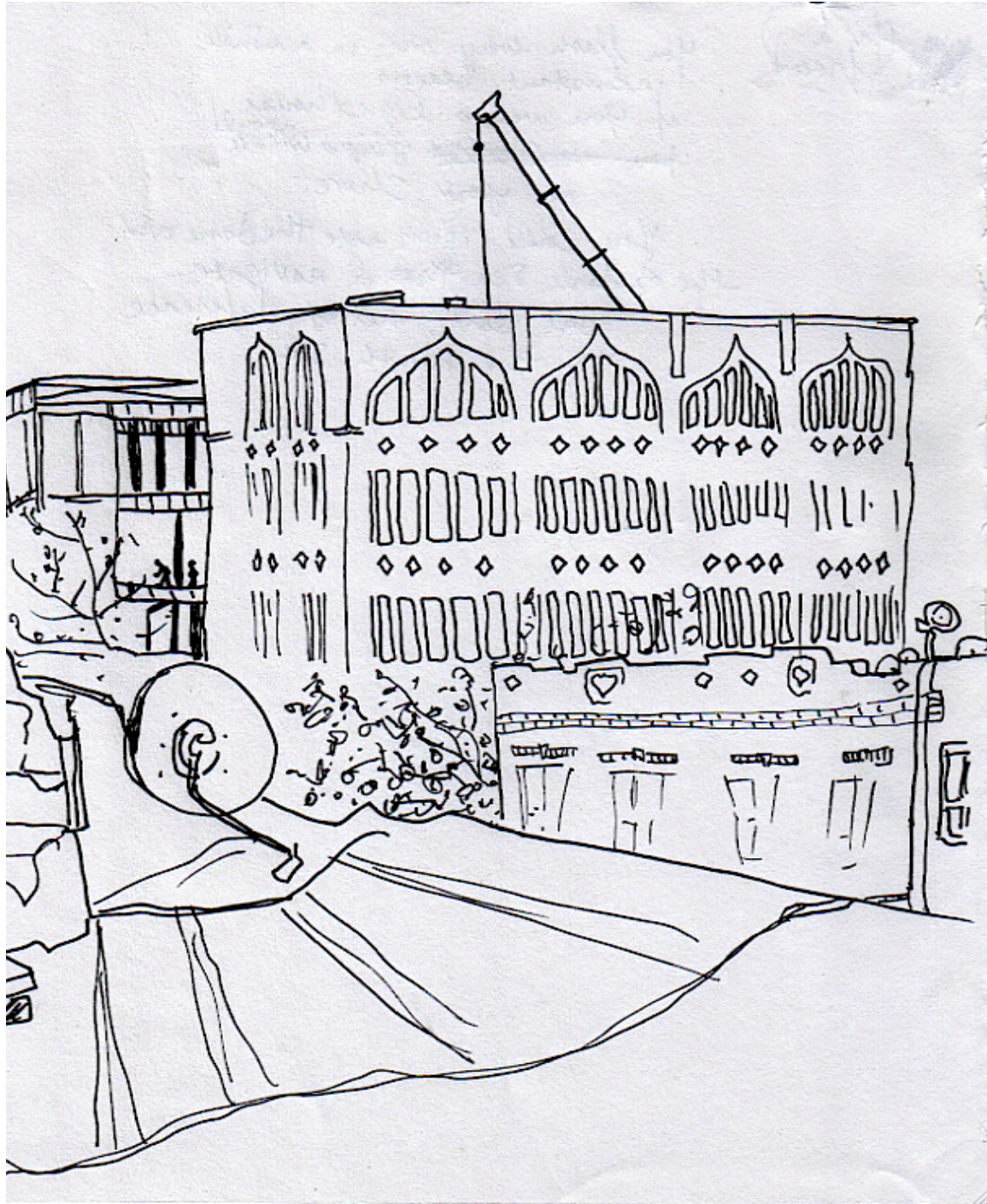
the long, bony face slight moustache,  
sandwiched Kohl up to the eyebrow-protruding  
collarbone, long neck, dances back. Pin your black hair  
up. tighten your black satin brastrap  
Your companion -  
monstrous silverhead, the  
shirt you'd expect him to be wearing -  
doesn't seem to notice  
that you are a mistress of  
gesture.

And you, Liam Golden  
in your white shorts, your bug bites,  
your handsome, hairy face, jiggling belly,  
veins hand.  
your ear matches your nose  
your eyelashes and eyelids, closed,  
match the freckled slope of your cheek below  
your lips match your bicep and the back  
of your neck.

Your knees are on their own.

Bulgaria, have you not collected  
your sunflowers yet?  
You've let them stay too long already  
they're dreaming of a blade.

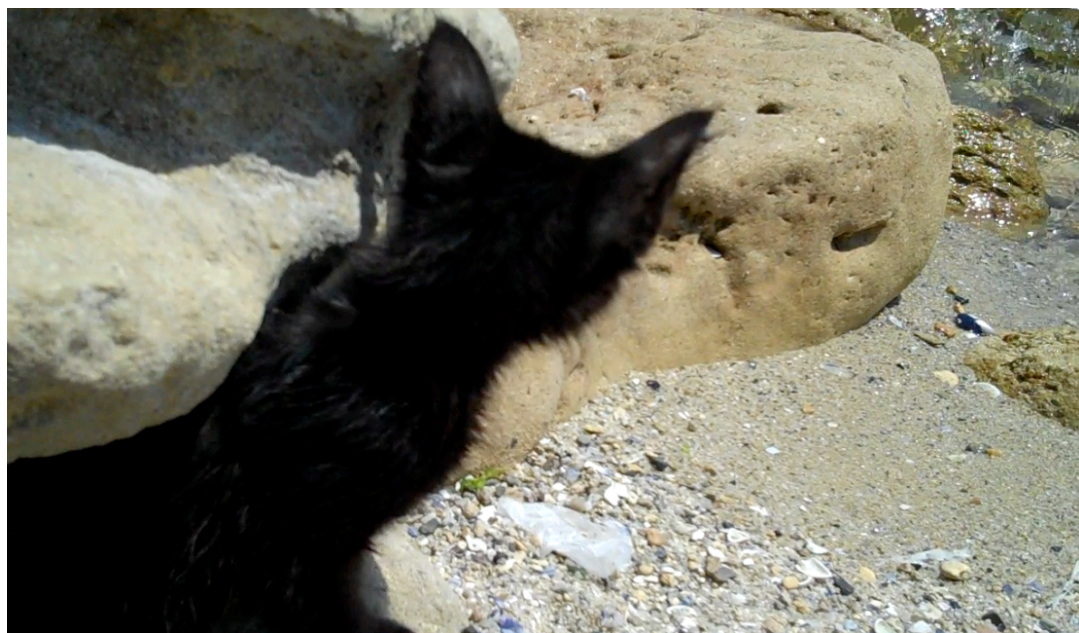
Oliver Jones







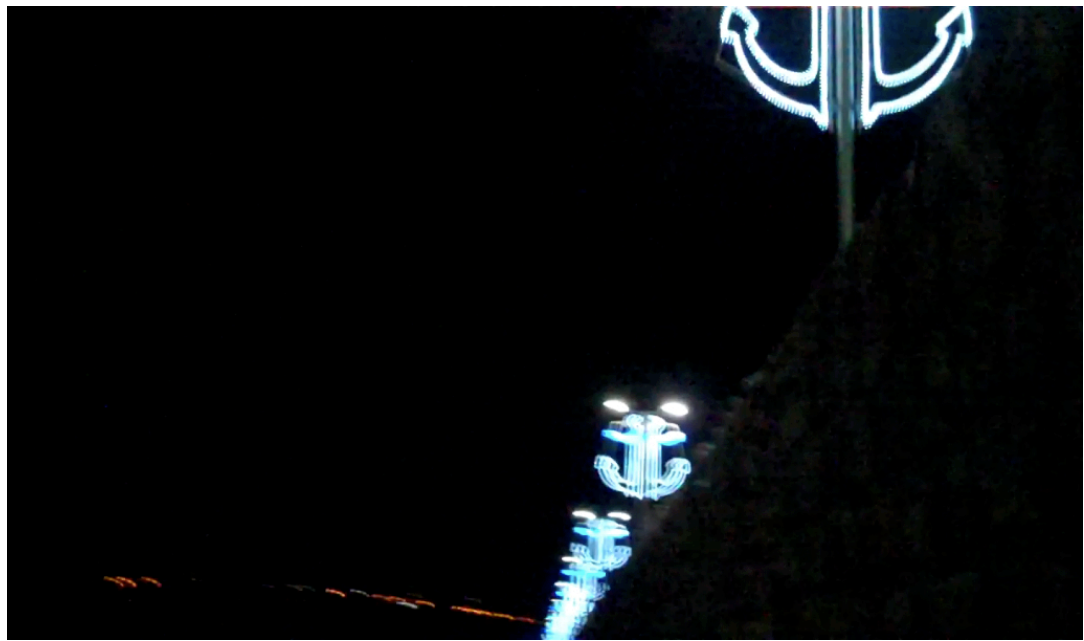








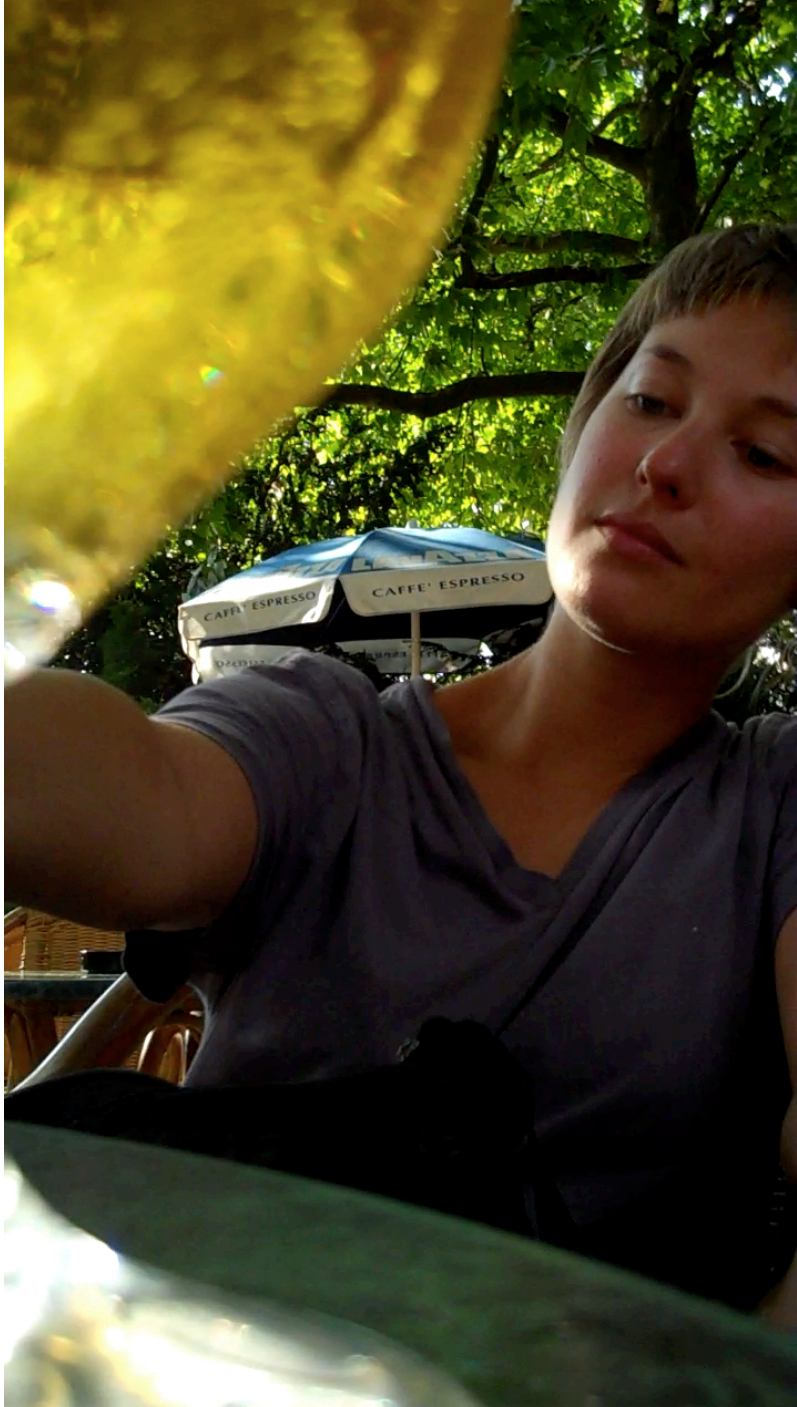




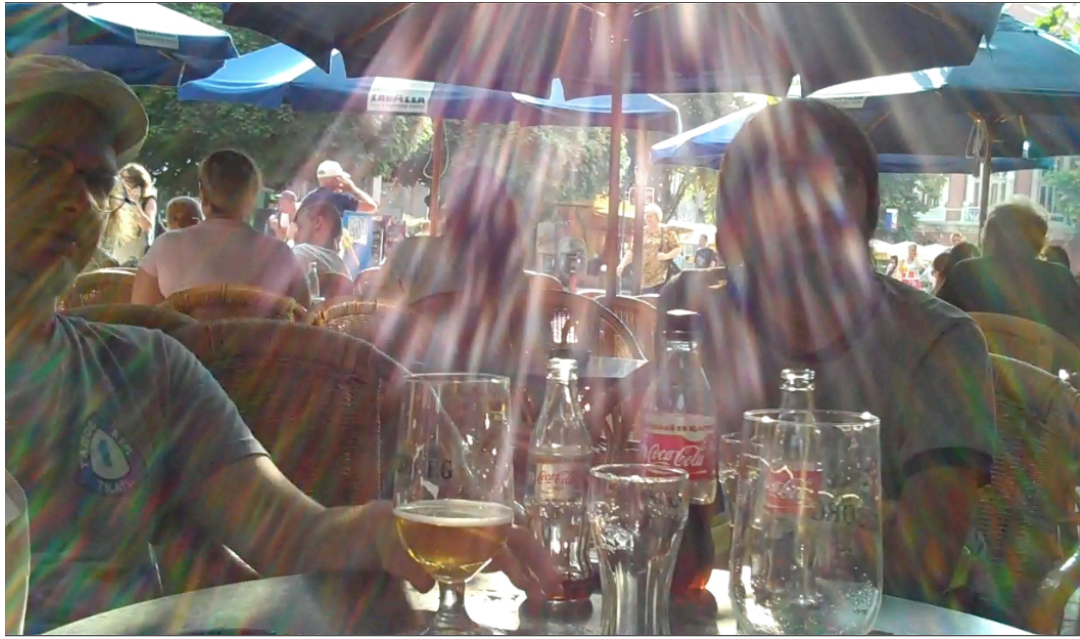








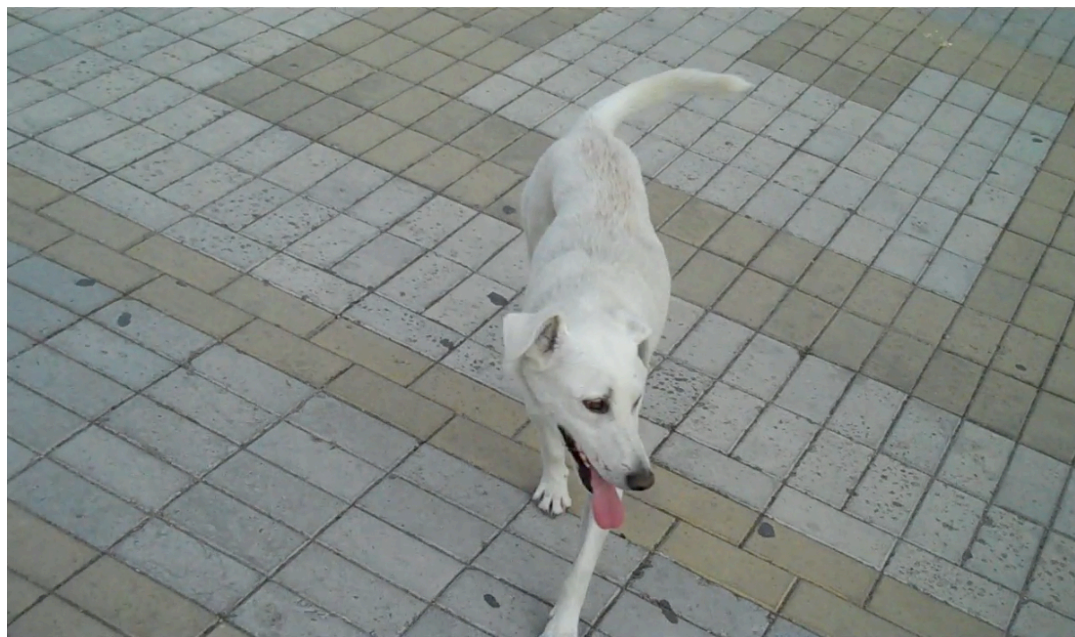












I don't remember what Weil said  
about Malice and Caprice  
just being struck by the words  
Malice and Caprice -

I do remember what she  
said about

'l'imagination Comblesse  
de Vides' -

Imagination, filler of voids  
and the penultimate importance  
of distance and detachment  
in the proper practice of love.

You should want the happiness of  
the other (the beloved other?)  
whether you are part of it or not.

I may be, once again,  
mixing up my Romi and  
my Weil.

I am the Table where  
Romi and Weil sit down  
for a chat.

They have a lot to say  
to each other, but they  
find it difficult.

Romi keeps wanting to  
say "Simone" and put  
his hand on her head in a  
gesture of acceptance - he has an  
embrace for her that he has kept for her -

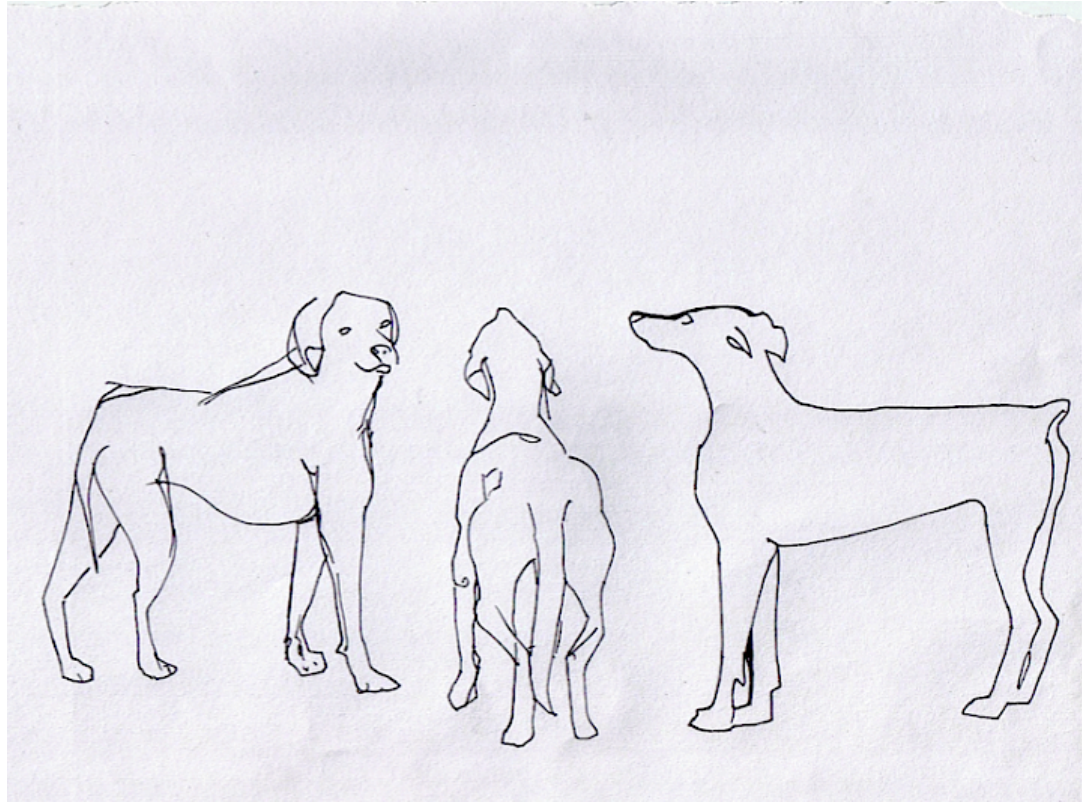
for centuries, actually.

Weil wonders if there is a  
fight she can help him with

She is curious about the Sufi way  
but fear drives her from her body  
into the fallow field of concepts.

Each one goes away from this meeting  
feeling like they missed a chance.

Muradcan



deep

the Black sea isn't black.

for the first time in my life, my Breasts are sunburned -  
that happened from lying topless on the rocks

Anton - thinks I am Romanian. My Crawl Stroke is, apparently,  
"the Bucharest style".  
Heavenous descent,  
Strenuous ascent.

Water so hot you could make tea in it, gulped from a plastic  
1-liter.

Black Kitten in the reeds, mewling  
I took you to my neck, roughly massaged you  
between your brittle shoulder blades

For a moment you thought "mother's teeth"  
you relaxed into the lift.

Kitten, you approached the sea with curiosity,  
perhaps thirst, also

Frightened by a gently breaking wave you  
scrambled to uncertain shelter.

I filmed you, reluctantly left you alone.  
a couple hours later, further down the coast  
I gave a cupful of water to one who was  
certainly your brother - the same black as you, maybe  
3-weeks old, but fawn-brown eyes, and probably  
better chances at survival, right there on the edge  
of a neighborhood, children already taking  
notice of him

The Black sea grabs you, turns you over  
a rough, indifferent sort of care

with nostrils full of brine  
enveloped by a breaking wave,

Washed in a  
stream of stones,  
thrown ashore



this is a good place  
to contemplate desire  
to shed your skin  
and to  
forget.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

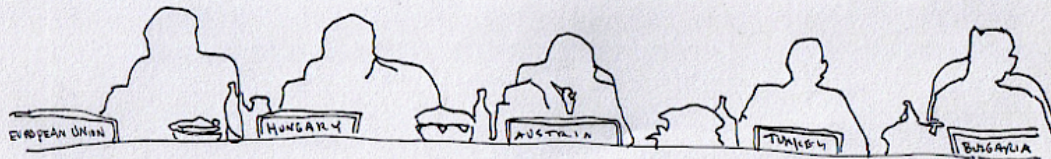
Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

Si Muero dejad el balcon abierto.

SIGNING CEREMONY OF THE NABUCCO  
INTERGOVERNMENTAL AGREEMENT  
AND  
SUMMIT MEETING  
13 JULY 2009, ANKARA



.be



Huyghebaert de la  
KBC (stânga)  
Bate palma cu primul  
Belgian Herndon  
Van Rompuy și cu  
ministrul de Finanțe  
Dier Reynders, veniți în ajutorul băncii



NU E  
CAPITALIZAREA  
GEC

COMISARUL EUROPEAN  
PENTRU CONCURENȚĂ  
Neelie Kroes



Galliano For Dior  
July 17 2009





I don't quite have piano-hands  
the book will never finish  
until the metronome will leave me be.

if the Metronomes were broken  
if time became unknown

this passage would become  
sure, free

There is no mention of Tempo  
in the tale of Odette  
only of Swan's jealousy  
his future wife, Coquette

You cannot repay imperfection  
the gift of a wrong note  
the most treasured tone in a life -  
divergence from Rote.

GM  
7-22-09

