

6/8 The dream of the great commodifying god is to have his children know nothing, nothing in their bones. To be utterly hollow. It suffices for every generation to be a little more empty than the last. Eventually, perfection.

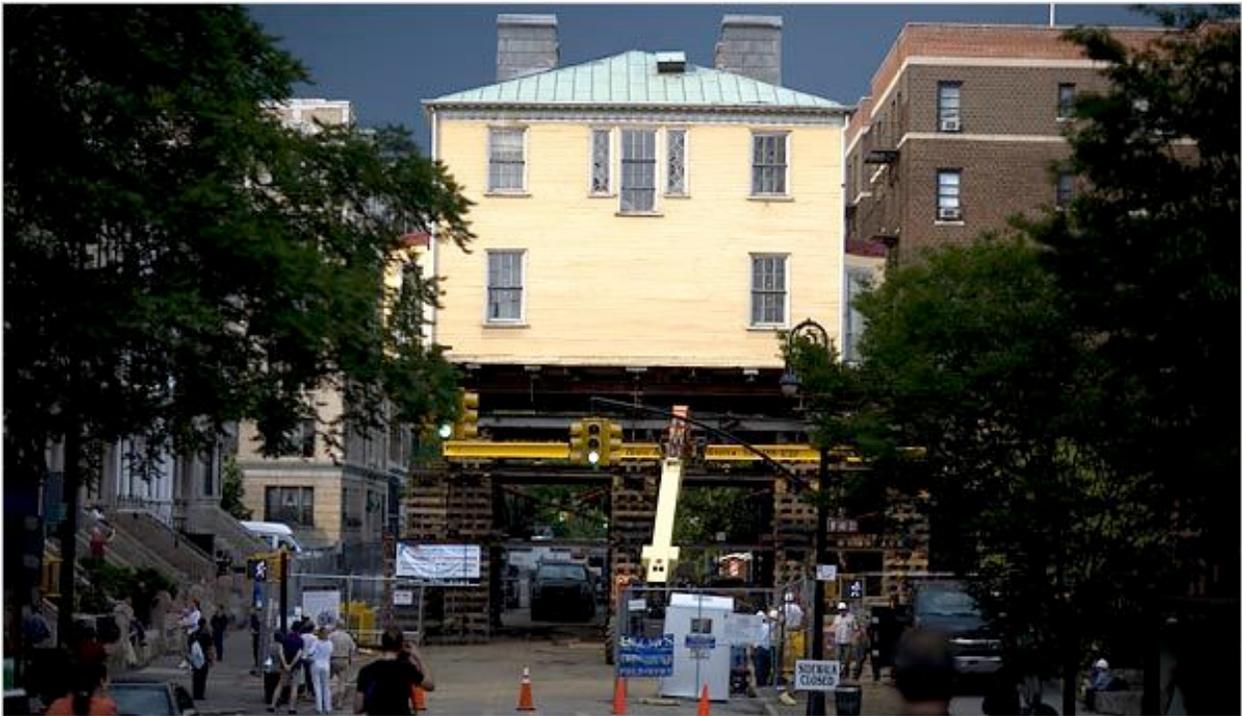
God guard me from the thoughts men think

In the mind alone;

He that sings a lasting song

Thinks in a marrow-bone...

Chanté Yeats.



David W. Dunlap/The New York Times

Moving day yesterday for Hamilton's Grange, from Convent Avenue between 141st and 142nd, around the corner, to its new home in St. Nicholas Park. Sandwiched between an apartment building and a brownstone church, all 298 tons of Alex's old country home had first (last week) to be elevated via jacks onto a growing matrix of railroad ties, then moved into the street, clearing the roof of the church loggia that stood in the way.

Entrusted with the task, a Bernville, PA company named Wolfe, owned and staffed by a Mennonite denomination – the Church of the Brethren – folks who would have been called Anabaptists back in the old country a few centuries ago. Ubiquitously displayed on all the Wolf company equipment, the slogan: "For all your structural moving needs."

And lo, the structure moved, now descended onto multiple rollers, its superstructure cinched together with chains, down a six degree slope and a hard right turn to where it halted only a few yards from its new foundation form. Some time this week, the cement will be poured and then, probably next weekend, the Grange will rise again, but only slightly, to be set down on its new substructure. At the age of 206.

You and K. tripped uptown late morning in *la canicule* and observed the scene from a terrace adjacent to the City College Engineering building that overlooks St. Nicholas Park. On the shaded slope below, under a billowing white canopy, a Brethren picnic, perhaps thirty families in all, come up to celebrate this triumph of transport, and hobnobbing with the folk in their plain dress, you spotted Harlem's own Charlie Rangel, dark-suited and seeming very much full of easy charm and a kind of grace.



All this you feel and recognize today. But yesterday, every kind of sorrowful, angry and excoriating force visited you from within, and your bodymind went into a spasm of disconnect. Friday night you'd read of the direct Israeli threat to bomb Iran with U.S. backing, then put that together with the news of the firing of two Air Force top brass, allegedly for certain infractions and incompetencies, but really because they might have, like the church loggia, stood in the way of something that needed to be moved. And reading the dispatches you'd thought, "it's on rollers now." A metaphor. And then, however affirming the beauty of the engineering scheme, to witness the movement of a living house on wheels...

You know the footprints all lead back to your own father – to the shame, the lack of grace you still feel, however illogically, for being unable to stop him, particularly fueled as he was by demon rum. No need for elevation. He'd just move through you. No getting out of the way.

There's stuff in your marrow-bone too, that, given the right combination of circumstances, congeals into a glue and for whatever amount of time, refuses to disperse, blockades the flow of all refreshment. When bone becomes mood, the voice of the turtle mutes, and green figs wither and the vine leaf shoots retract. There is no "arise," until, somehow, your bones shake themselves and find a gait with which to clatter on.

Toward whatever future in which the blinders, however temporarily, turn translucent: Obama is not progressive. He is attractive. It's a huge confusion, driven as ever by earnest wishes.

6/9 Superconjunction: today, from where we stand planetwise, Venus appears to be engulfed by the sun as, says science, her orbit carries her behind it. Or does she sublimate into the heat, and emerge newly tempered, on the other side?

Nous sommes tous Humpty Dumpty.

6/10 Saturday last, Big Brown – a horse whose name and apparent invincibility launched a gazillion-dollar UPS promo campaign – imploded on the track, while Da’ Tara, a sleek little 38-1 longshot that none of the experts had even expected to show beat the field by five lengths. Next morning in the *Times*, William C. Rhoden told it this way:

“He blew away the field at the Kentucky Derby. He made the Preakness field look like circus ponies. But on the day that would solidify his legacy and give racing a respite from intense scrutiny, Big Brown crumbled. He crumbled so badly that one could legitimately wonder whether he was nothing but a chemical horse, a paper tiger propped up – and propelled – by steroids. After three months of dominance, Big Brown became the first Triple Crown hopeful to finish dead last at the Belmont Stakes. His jockey, Kent Desormeaux, said that heading into the final turn, when he called on Big Brown to give him that special reserve, he realized, ‘I had no horse.’

“The racing public has the right to ask: Did he ever have a super horse?

“On Friday, the trainer Rick Dutrow told reporters that he had not given Big Brown a shot of the anabolic steroid Winstrol since before the Kentucky Derby and would not use it Saturday at the Belmont.

“Earlier, Dutrow admitted that he gave Big Brown and all his other horses

shots of Winstrol on the 15th of each month. He said he did not know what it did....”

Forgive them, for...

Like the horse Marlowe’s Faustus charms, and then when the fool he’s sold it to tries to ride across a stream – against the Doctor’s stern injunctions – poof! the horse turns into a bale of hay and the poor fool nearly drowns.

Alchemical horse.

Today tomatoes fulfill their nightshade potential, except this time they serve as carries for a form of salmonella.

Your life lived in defiance of gravitas. And yet, somehow, your horse remains a horse. Your stick remains a stick.

Chemical horse. Paper tiger. Who’s the fool now.

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie

Martin said to his man, who’s the fool, now

Martin said to his man, fill thou the cup and I the can

Thou hast well drunken man, who’s the fool now

I saw the man in the moon, fie, man, fie

I saw the man in the moon, who's the fool, now

I saw the man in the moon, clouting of St. Peter's shoon

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now

I saw the goose ring the hog, fie, man, fie

I saw the goose ring the hog, who's the fool, now

I saw the goose ring the hog, saw the snail bite the dog

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now.

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie

Martin said to his man, who's the fool, now

Martin said to his man, fill thou the cup and I the can

Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now

I saw the hare chase the hound, fie, man, fie

I saw the hare chase the hound, who's the fool, now

I saw the hare chase the hound, twenty miles above the ground

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool, now

I saw a flea heave a tree, fie, man, fie

I saw a flea heave a tree, who's the fool now

I saw a flea heave a tree, twenty miles out to sea

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw the mouse chase the cat, fie, man, fie

I saw the mouse chase the cat, who's the fool now

I saw the mouse chase the cat, saw the cheese eat the rat

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

I saw a maid milk a bull, fie, man, fie

I saw a maid milk a bull, who's the fool now

I saw a maid milk a bull, at every pull a bucket full

Thou hast well drunken, man, who's the fool now

Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie

Martin said to his man, who's the fool, now

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can

Thou hast well drunken man, who's the fool now.

And it's all going fast now. Faster than the swiftest horse.

Beaky launched last night to a packed house on the third day of *la canicule*.

You'd arrived to find the doors flung open to the Ninth Avenue exhaust. Both air conditioners down. Le G.'s a schvitz, Beaky's a fricassee, but amazingly, the room's attention focuses for duration of three whole stories. After the reading, you step outside into the gathering dark. Two identical garbage trucks come barreling down the avenue, one a cab's length ahead of the other. So gobsmacked by the sight you don't read the lettering on their sides as they hurtle past, the rear one pulling even with the

leader. Same logo though. Drag racing. Neck and neck down to 17th where they vanish, chromatically melt into the umbra. Still, echoes of amazing roar.

Ça roule, baby, ça roule.

The Wreck of the Ole '97 – whoa, Nellie!

Heat wave's over, at least for now. Round about 9:45, a cold front sweeps in from the southwest, like a humongous elephant displacing a merely gigantic one. Amidst the thunderclaps and car alarms you can hear, somewhere in the night, the sound of really big banks eating littler ones – the unmistakable grinding of bones. Change you can believe in.