

7/31 *We always did see the same  
We just felt it from a different point  
of view...*

The struggle is with “those who, having no Passions of their own because of No Intellect, Have spent their lives in Curbing and Governing other People’s.” And it entails “Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems.” Imagined William Blake two centuries past, or future, or now.

Beans, beans – wondrous beans!

So many Jack’s and Jills, Fannies and Freddie’s climbing up or down in the stalk market. And what creatures inhabit those impenetrable hedges?

Valerian root: it’s what the Pied Piper used to charm the rats. Supuestamente.

*A Robin Red breast in a Cage puts all Heaven in a Rage.*

Sang WB, the heliotrope.

“‘What,’ it will be Questioned, ‘When the Sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a Guinea?’

“‘O no, no, I see an Innumerable company of the Heavenly host crying *Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.* I question not my Corporeal or Vegetative Eye any more than I would Question a Window concerning a Sight. I look thro’ it & not with

it.”

8/1 Rama, so the *Ayodhyakanda* of the *Ramayana* tells us, restored himself to tranquility after the loss of his kingdom by contemplating Mount Citrakuta: “the peaks and rocks stand out in a thousand different shapes and shine with infinite colors – silver, purple, azure and emerald. The flanks of the mountain are green banners resplendent with gold embroidery, and the carpets of dying wild flowers are like many colored bursts of flame that do not burn.”

First anniversary of the 1-35W bridge collapse in Minneapolis.

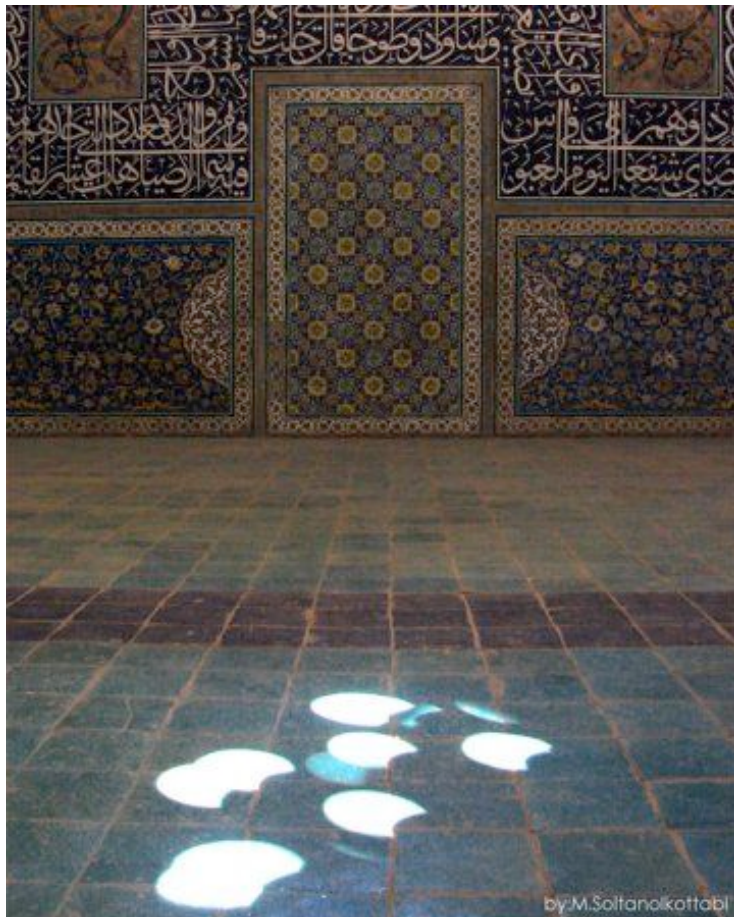
Morning Ba Gua in gentle rain.



Kim Groth

How it looked in Danemarck: this early a.m.’s total solar eclipse.

Whilst in Esfahan, sunbeams through the dome windows of the Sheikh Lutfullah mosque dappled crescent moons across the floor.



Tonight, new moon. And the winds of change keep flowing.

8/2 This particular scene began unfolding several days ago, but it's taken until this morning, on waking, for the implications to percolate through the shale of your intellect and into holy cow territory. Obama, addressing a largely white crowd in Missouri, challenged them frontally, "What they're going to try to do is make you scared of me. You know, he's not patriotic enough. He's got a funny name. You know, he doesn't look like all those other presidents on those dollar bills, you know. He's risky."

Immediately, the McCain campaign attacked him for “dealing the race card from the bottom of the deck,” and the ensuing media debate focused on the living room elephant of Obama’s negritude and the appropriateness, or not, of his having raised the issue.

True, true. But what Obama said also hit on a different level entirely. He asked people to imagine the historical greenback portrait gallery: Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, Grant, Franklin and beyond, expanding to include his own physiognomy. Well for some, no problem. For others, not in a pig’s eye. But also, he shifted the terrain from the flag, with which all candidates drape themselves, to a symbol of equal or possibly greater depth of identification for Americans: the almighty \$.

Are we ready for our currency to change definitively and irrevocably? Ready or not, it has done so and is doing now, regardless of how much longer most oil trades will continue to be consummated in sawbucks. Obama’s bringing the fate of the dollar into high relief – just now, as it’s poised on the abyss... stunning, just stunning. Perhaps unconscious and therefore the more powerful.

Ah, the everyday tactility of those little folding slips of paper.

O say can you see what’s in your pocket and in millions of others’, immured in myriad vaults and in plain view upon the counter? And all those symbols, Masonic and otherwise – ciphers and codes. Fold a twenty right and see the towers aflame. Or else topped with blooming trees. And on the front side, Hamilton, another “questionable” American of mixed race. Another outsider who burrowed nearly to the core of what was already turning empire.

Abandon chips!

Scattered across the lately mowed and dewy lawn, dozens of spider webs, like blanched and evanescent lily pads.

Climb to the summit of Blue Hill, crowned by the transmission tower. Slippery as can be from so much rain. Should be called blueberry hill – one can pick buckets of them just walking along the trail.

It's said that Blue Hill was once Blue Mountain, but that in the mid-19th century, the locals, smelling the winds of tourism, carted down tons of rock from the top, thus reducing its magnitude and presumed attraction to outsiders. Nice try.

The signifying object in these parts is the dumptruck. Ubique. The great project seems to be moving loads of the state from one place to another. Sometimes in convoys.

Don't mourn, orgasmize.

Chrestomathy.

Back-toward-New-York-blues: *Don't want to wake up in a city that won't let you sleep...*

8/3 Even at dinner on the deck, between sunset and rainbow, and spanning bridges, Portsmouth to Kittery, a tour boat chugging upriver against the tide, wake billowing up behind, God and the Devil, both inhabit the fine print.



Online later at the motel explica todo. Sunset Beach Bar is a watering hole-cum-resort located in St. Maarten, DWI, literally at the foot of the Princess Juliana International Airport runway. Bikini contests. Body shots on the bar. And an online shop in case you want to buy the teeshirt without getting flame broiled by arriving and departing KLM turbine blasts. Hot hot hot.

You used to work in a bar called The 9th Circle. Which circle is this?

8/4 Tank up at the bargain rate of \$379.9 (all taxes included – contains 10% ethanol). Insert card. *Remove card quickly. Select grade. Begin Fuelling. Receipt?*

A life prompted by beeps.

Outaheah. At a car dealership near the interstate, a row of a dozen or more brand new pickup trucks arrayed on the steep grassy slope by the highway. As though they're a cavalry brigade, charging headlong into a ditch.



Accommodations have be made.

When robot-people make love, do they have cyborgasms?

Mistaking things for things.

A new four-banger for the reconfigured world: the Chrysler Spartacus.

You blow your exit for 495 and K. suggests you detour through Concord.

Approaching via Lexington, the stone walls behind which the Minutemen crouched

betimes aiming potshots at the redcoat rank and file. They must've been minute alright to use walls this low for cover.

The Old North Bridge.

The Old Manse, Emerson waving from an upstairs window.

Walden Pond, and then a drive over the train tracks from which may have emanated the transcendental whistle Thoreau heard.

*Subdivided We...*

Pass an institutional-looking brick structure upon whose generous lawn stand two huge bushes being trimmed by several men in bright red garments. Hmm, interesting uniform for a landscaping company. "It's like *The Prisoner*" you say, then see the big white lettering on their backs: INMATE, then notice the guys in white shirts, khaki pants and smokey hats guarding them.

Gentler weather than yesterday's early moon freaky floodstorms. But occasional cells of showers until it all goes blue and towering cumulus.

You're doing fine on reentry – stop at Fairway for provisions, then down the Westside Highway, Hudson glistening, everything chill, until Trump City punches you in the eye, knocks your head sideways with its power. And then you get it: the excavations are some flagellator's gouges, never too many nor deep enough, and the high-rises, residential and otherwise, jut up like proud keloids of a scarification ritual that won't stop until the body itself stops breathing.



Welcomehome sky.

