

8/9 Fat Man.

8/10 Armanigeddon. Di ciao, Georgio.

The Misfitto Waltz.

The parrots of Brooklyn. Wild. Green. With gray chests. Call them Monk or Quaker parrots as you like. One surmise is that their forbears escaped from a crate at JFK back in the '60s. Nowadays, certain members of the colony at Greenwood cemetery routinely buzz the park workers, uttering perfectly mimicked seagull cries.

"Man, they do that a couple times a week just to play with our minds," says Alex Joseph. "They are a crazy bunch of immigrants, those birds."

Early on the state and feds attempted to extirpate the Brooklyn colony as an "invasive species." In the midst of the massacre, the largest colony flew off and resettled near the jail at Rikers Island. But when the wildlife control SWAT team arrived on the scene, the parrots were gone. Back to Brooklyn. Had a little bird told them?

There's a colony along the Palisades and one in Pelham Park también.

Isaac Hayes, que en paz descansa.

8/11 The ultimate distribution of medals notwithstanding, the Great Olympiad of Beijing renders spectacular not so much the triumph of China, and, by extension the Orient, as the disintegrity and disintegration of the West.

Serious ragweed allergies rush up on you like a stampede. Three weeks too soon.

And then there are those things which cannot be written.

On the bus to Tenafly for M.'s funeral, numerous folks immersed in their newspapers drinking in the toxins that immunize against awareness. While the pretty, well-put-together young woman sitting next to you peruses the contents of a folder whose cover reads *We Create Unique Scents & Taste Experiences People Love*.

The bus passes through Leonia. For some reason, you keep thinking about Phil Ochs, who also killed himself, and his lyrics run at random between your ears.

...And nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady...

...I'll send you a tape from California...

...Here is a land full of power and glory,

beauty that words cannot recall.

All her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom,

glory shall rest on us all...

"I just happened to have the swim of my life at the right time." So said U.S. team relay swimmer Jason Lezak, of his burst to clinch the 4x100 freestyle by 0.08 seconds.

He had trailed Alan Bernard of the French team throughout the leg but drew up nearly even in the final strokes. At the last instant, instead of bringing his arm overhead, Lezak stretched it forward to touch the wall.

Touché!

Your head is indispensable, but it's not your center of gravity.

8/12 In praise of anxiety! It can enliven an otherwise boring life.

If god gives you basil, make caprese. Next day, pesto.

For a change, wind all day from the north. Does this mean that Mary Poppins is coming or going? Around 6 p.m. a huge downpour over midtown and east while to the south and west the sky smiles, replete with flotillas of Tiepolo clouds.

8/13 The alarm went off and broke you out of a deep sleep. But you would have been awakened soon by the guttural shouts of a madman on the street, invisible beneath the leafed-out canopy of sycamores, soon followed by the beating rotors of the evil helicopter that even now, an hour later, stands fixed in the airspace forty stories or so above what looks to be 22nd Street just east of Eighth. ¿Por qué?

Submitted for your consideration: The former Allerton Hotel, until recently one of Gotham's most notorious and longevous SRO's, now a construction zone. Located on prime Chelsea real-estate turf at the southwest corner of 22nd Street and Eighth

Avenue, the Allerton was cleared of inhabitants, gutted and, word had it, fated to reincarnate as a warren of luxury condominium apartments.



But, the winds sucked differently, and the new sign on the scaffolding says it all. For now.



Hegemony.

Hedge Money.

Head Gem Money.

And, jewel-like, the bonfire sparkles on.

The Olympics glitter too. And rapturize with action. But the Limbic, now *there's* a game that can't be beat.

Some people do the math alright, but then immediately erase the blackboard.

All writing is in, or with, dust.

Hang out the banners: *Now Rending*.

“The young soldier’s desert fatigues looked distinctly out of place on the Georgian front line facing the Russian advance. ‘I have just come from Iraq. Now I am here to drink Russian blood,’ he said with a cheery smile, encapsulating Georgian bravado against an overwhelmingly superior opponent.

“His presence was living proof that the United States has given at least some assistance to the beleaguered Georgian Government. Courtesy of the US Air Force and a

fleet of C17 transporters, about 800 Georgian soldiers were airlifted from service in Iraq to the defence of their country. In some cases the men were taken straight from the runway to the front line, easily recognisable in their sandy uniforms against the dark green of the Georgian countryside....”

Reports the *Times* of London from Gori.

Bush sends an undisclosed number of American soldiers, squadrons of aircraft, a flotilla, *and* Condoleezza, to Georgia on a “vigorous and ongoing humanitarian mission.”

Not nice, not smart, to bait Br'er Bear.

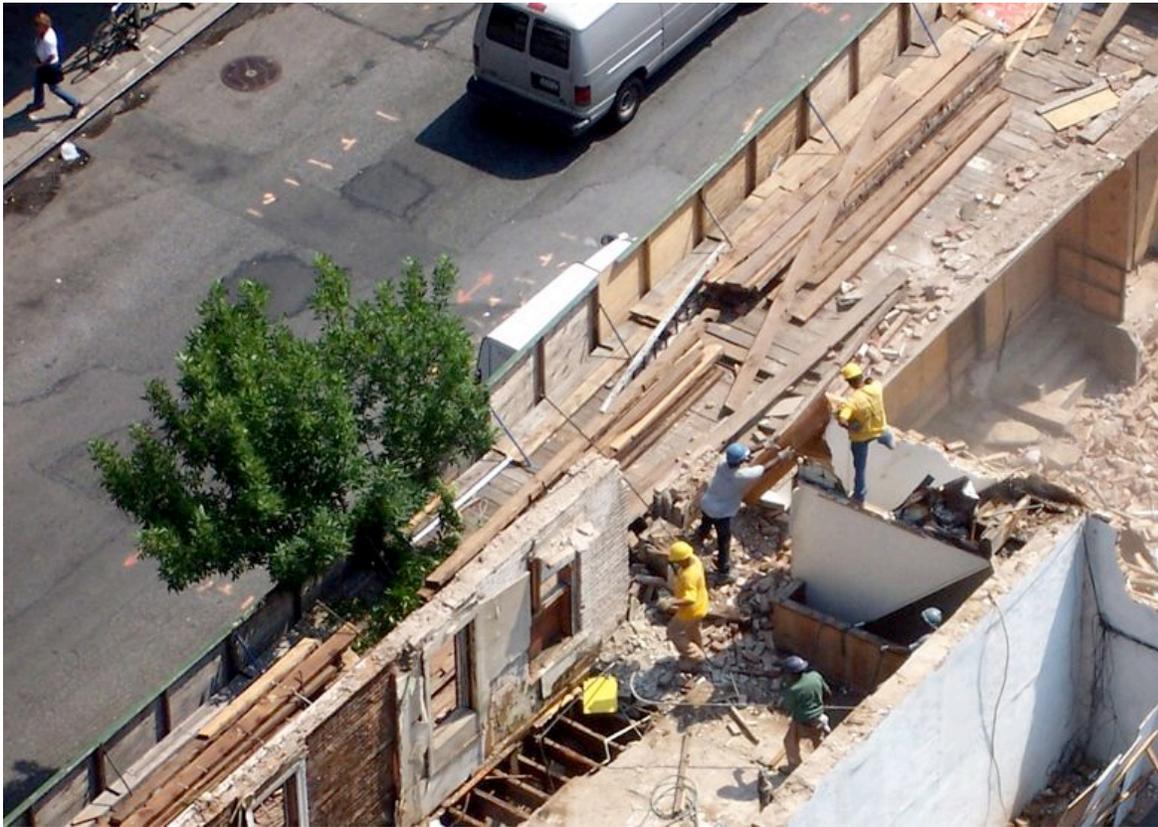
War – at every level of the world game. Awful, awful, awful.

8/14 Alive, alive and in the mo’.

The Revolution will be teleported.

Chronicle of a debt foretold.

Plank by plank, joist by joist, brick by brick, floor by floor, the last of the trio of old buildings yields to the ministrations of the demolition men. The PARK 24 HRS sign with its animated red neon arrows looms taller given the diminution of competitive verticals. Around the corner on 26th, with each tier of tumbling wall, evermore green of tree.



Rice may be a staple, but is she worth it at this price? Who'll pick up the tab for this banquet of destruction? American Express?

The old Wobbly dream perverted beyond recognition: One Big Front.

Weltseele smackdown.

Elevating downstairs you hold the door for a young maintenance man and his shopping cart full of plumbing gear. The conversation turns quickly from the longevity of brass S curves to your bicycle and bicycles of a certain era, stamped steel and '50s Chevys. At the end of the front path you mount and ride off. Turn briefly and offer a salute. "Be blessed," he calls.

Ride west on 25th toward lunch with T.C. when come headwise the words *The wot and the how*. No sooner had you thunk these than peripherally glimpsed, plastered to the newly macadamed surface, flat as a wienershnitzel mit tail, the unmistakable shape of an RROR – recently run-over-rat.

Reading entrails and contrails. What's above, how's below. I don't know's on third.

A terrible realization leaves you thunderstruck. Reeling. The meter of Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is derived from the *Theme to Gilligan's Isle*. How is it that you never grasped this before?

Scanning the Caucasian news, it dawns: Putin and Bush, these assholes, could actually get on what Khrushchev and Kennedy backed down from.

8/15 *Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee*

They're throwing knives into the tree

Two big bags of dead man's bones

Got their noses to the grindstones...

A seagull swoops over the Seminary construction site where thirty-odd men and two steamshovels are at work on...

Dr. Howard, Dr. Fine, Dr. Howard, Dr. Fine...

Scrub up for the mystery tour.

Back at home, across the street from your aerie, the demolition men have almost got it down to level ground.

Thus, just across the sidewalk from the gallantly waving tree, the last remaining doorway of 314 Eighth Avenue.



You hazard, based on a wild guess about leaf shape, that the tree might be a plum. But that seems unlikely. Email F. and ask him to swing by 26th Street and ID it.

*Oh the singer, he looks angry
At being thrown to the lions*

*And the bass player, he looks nervous
About the girls outside...*

*...Now the tea preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest...*

One Big Song.

Infinite.

How many Polish missiles does it take to screw in a nuclear holocaust?



Katie Kehrig

An as-you-wish-be-careful-what-you-wish-for sky.