

*June 13*

A great green garbage truck roars by Le G., its fuselage painted with a giant stars 'n' stripes and the billboard-sized moniker:

# SANITATION SALVAGE

Shale bank deposits.

Most frequently chanted word: *they-them*.

Whomever gets the other to say – or think – *they-them* the most times wins.

*They-them shoulda,*

*They-them oughta,*

*They-them betta,*

*Orelse...*

Dijo Groucho:

*Outside of a dog, a book is man's best.*

*Inside of a dog, its too dark to read.*

Solución: Enlighten the dog from within.

She read, caressing as she turned it, each page by flickering doglight, until her head grew so heavy that she...

A-oooooooo.

**Werewolves of London...**

Chanté Zevon.

Draw Blood.

Werewolves in the rain.

And if you want it, baby, well you can bleed on me...

*June 13*

I dream of genealogy. And she won't get back into the bottle.

Too heavy, still not ready.



The shadows know.

Play of light on a building with an inexplicably high second floor. A building that, when you moved into the neighborhood forty-five years ago, was owned by an organization called the Hellenic Society. Rays intercepted by trees, invisible on the lawn diagonally across. And somewhere, on that brick façade, are supposed to be pockmarks made when the National Guard fired a deadly fusillade at Catholic rioters trying to break up a Orangeman parade in 1871.

June 15

An olive's breadth.

I get ideas

I get a notion

I want a nice little boat

Made out of ocean...

Chanté Tom Verlaine

Incommensurable energies.

She's so fine

There's no tellin' where the money went...

Cantó Robert Palmer

What's in a name? The *Times* they are a changeling, but call himself what he may, by Jove, this fellow's texts are neither rich, nor frank.



Great Caesar's ghost!

We'll bridge that cross when we come to it.

I mean Rubicon.

Styx.

Hudson.

I mean Banquo.

*Throne of Blood.*

Big Muddy.

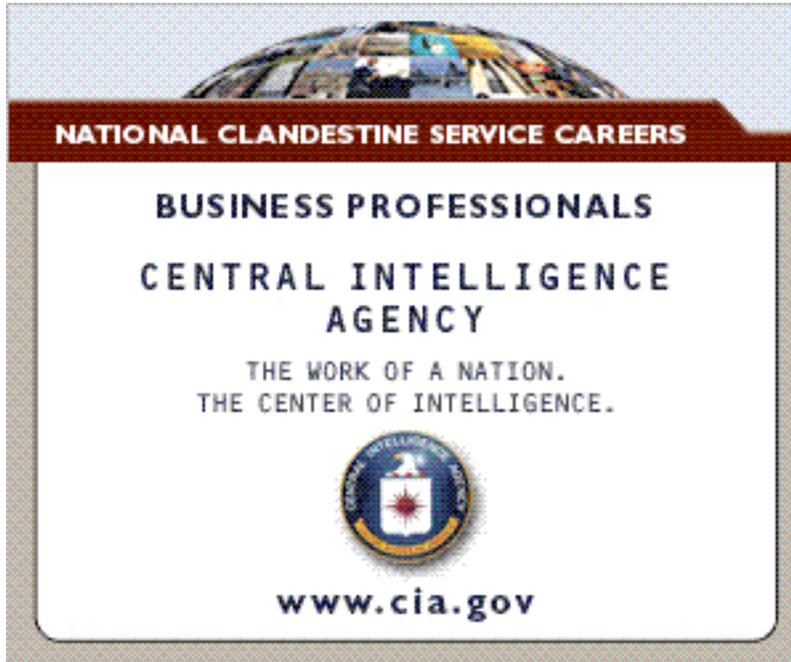
De Nile.



South. Five something in the p.m.

June 16

On the front page of the *Times*, the eye rolls effortlessly over ads for Sheraton Hotels and Tissot watches, and hits a speedbump:



positioned just beneath the market ticker, which like the east betimes, glows red, yet unlike the morning sun, plunges down.

And the lead headline, a mere two columns distant reads:

## **Recount Offer Fails to Quell Political Turmoil in Iran**

This accompanied by the already near-iconic pic of an exquisitely beautiful hijab'd young woman, flashing a V-sign amidst the pandemonium of riot.

Long ago in August, 1953, a generation before this woman and her co-up risers first saw light, a series of similarly massive protests – engineered by the CIA as part of Operation Ajax – heralded the coup d'état that overthrew Mosaddeq and ushered in the Shah. In a protracted spasm of staged, bought and paid-for unrest, three hundred contending protestors died.

In them days, the Company's Man in Teheran was a certain Kermit Roosevelt, Jr., grandson to Señor Big Stick himself and quite the puppet master in his own rite. A CIA analysis of the events, written soon after the coup, and made public only recently, makes use, for the first time, of the word that cradles, as though on an open palm, our very moment: *Blowback*.

The work of a nation. Asleep as one.  
Say goodnight Gracie.

And Bloomsday.

When we were leaving the valley, we headed off up a narrow side boreen on a whim, and followed its potholed and bumpy surface for a mile or so until we ended in the rocky yard of an old abandoned farmhouse. It was a fine afternoon so we went wandering down the old laneways which would once have led to the infield, the outfield, the river.

And, coming down to the bottom of the lane, where we could hear water running (you're never very far from a stream anywhere in Ireland), we turned the corner by the blackberry bush and what did we find?



A totally unsuspected, unknown, undiscovered, secret clapper bridge. A little one, all by itself, crossing a small stream in the middle of nowhere.

Built anything up to ten centuries ago or more ago, clapper bridges aren't uncommon in this part of Ireland, and in fact there are two well known ones within five or ten miles of this spot, but we had no idea this one was here. It certainly isn't marked on any of the ordnance survey maps and isn't listed in my archaeological reference books. It is just possible that it has escaped being recorded, being so very out of the way....

Dear little bridge...

...I wonder how many footsteps have passed over it throughout the centuries since it was first laboriously constructed? Heavy hobnailed boots going to a day's hard work; light bare feet of a girl running to a lover's tryst in the fields at evening; faltering steps of emigrants; cattle, sheep, geese being driven to market; and maybe, just maybe, in the silent dew-drenched hours before dawn, even the silver slippers of the Good People.

Writes Jo.

Animal solidarity.

*Human imagination*, wrote Margaret Meade once, *tends to treat any fit between a leader and a situation as a miracle.*

St. Patrick never having passed that way

## As Iraq runs dry, a plague of snakes is unleashed

**An unprecedented fall in the water levels of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers has left the rural population at the mercy of heat, drought – and displaced wildlife.**

Swarms of snakes are attacking people and cattle in southern Iraq as the Euphrates and Tigris rivers dry up and the reptiles lose their natural habitat among the reed beds.

"People are terrified and are leaving their homes," says Jabar Mustafa, a medical administrator, who works in a hospital in the southern province of Dhi Qar. "We knew these snakes before, but now they are coming in huge numbers. They are attacking buffalo and cattle as well as people.' Doctors in the area say six people have been killed and 13 poisoned.

In Chabaysh, a town on the Euphrates close to the southern marshland of Hawr al-Hammar, farmers have set up an overnight operations room to prevent the snakes attacking their cattle.



Desert Cobra: While it does not actively seek confrontation, it can move with lethal speed when provoked.



Alamy

The Desert Horned Viper lurks in sand, only eyes, nostrils and horns above the surface.