

July 3

Aphelion.

In the more northern latitudes, volcanic sunsets courtesy of Sarychev's eruption back on June 12.



Alan Dyer

Is how it looked two nights ago near Gleichen, in Alberta. Lavender is what results when blue light get scattered by fine aerosols and mixes with red sunset rays. Segun a Science.

And noctilucent clouds.



Andrew Phethean

Round about 1 a.m. in Aberdeen, och!



Ian Brantingham

And in Alba, ten miles south of Banff: Dragons at play – d'ye noo see 'em?

If G*d gives you buttons, make holes.

The open window, sultry breeze, the allure of what's outside, the innocence of heights for one to whom the floor has never been far from hand or diapered bottom.

The mother. Shock, then grief. Beyond distraction. Borderless. Maenad mad. Paramedic from St. V.'s inclines toward her, sits on the same sidewalk she does, near where.

Ah well then. The child dies.

Yes. Does s(he).

But before this, the fountain's displaced, sightlines jacked into new and unbidden coigns. Pretty yes, but poison too. Manetta's serpent spring coiled into summer. And the child, where is s(he)? Pathos being deep and multiply unaccountable. Which may take the form of pavement, of harder than organic surface, yet remains immune to bottom lines.

3 coigns and a fountain.

No vantage.

Two bits.

And pavement hard as water.

Absence of spray.

Apart from ruptured hose of qi.

Fireman save my –

Caminando por la vida.

Est-ce que ce monde est sérieux?

Nay nay hombre. Baila, baila. Hay que bailar de nuevo.

Payasos sin fronteras. De verdad.

Nous sommes tous marcianos.

Red planet, red planet, what will you do now?

Venga, venga a bailar.

With bloody feet. Or is that grape juice?

Le/la _____ nouveau/nouvelle est arrivé/e.

The nine dragons theory of history.

Segun a el BBC, the US Marines vow that their massive offensive in the Taliban "heartland," intended to seize the entire lower Helmand River valley, will prove "decisive."

Codename: Operation Khanjar, or, *Strike of the Sword* in Arabic. Supuestamente.

Payasos (armados) sin fronteras. Pero no es chistoso.

Before and after the drones, send in the clowns.

Clown sandwich.

Circuses yes. And the bread is a wonder, whether it's naan, or, as on dit en Pashto, *nyan*.

Sí, hay pan en Helmand. Y muchos payasos también.

Y amapolas. Mil millones de ellas.



¿ERES TU AMAPOLA?

So who won the war, Daddy, the Greeks or the Persians?

Well, the Persians eventually. It just took a few centuries longer than they expected. And in the meantime, they'd surrendered and Alexander had pushed through to the Indus and beyond...

Write new grooves and ride them.

Long as they go.



No cottonballs today, Jim. Rather towering cumulus – a rare thing in these parts. And then come twilight:



DRAGON AT PLAY

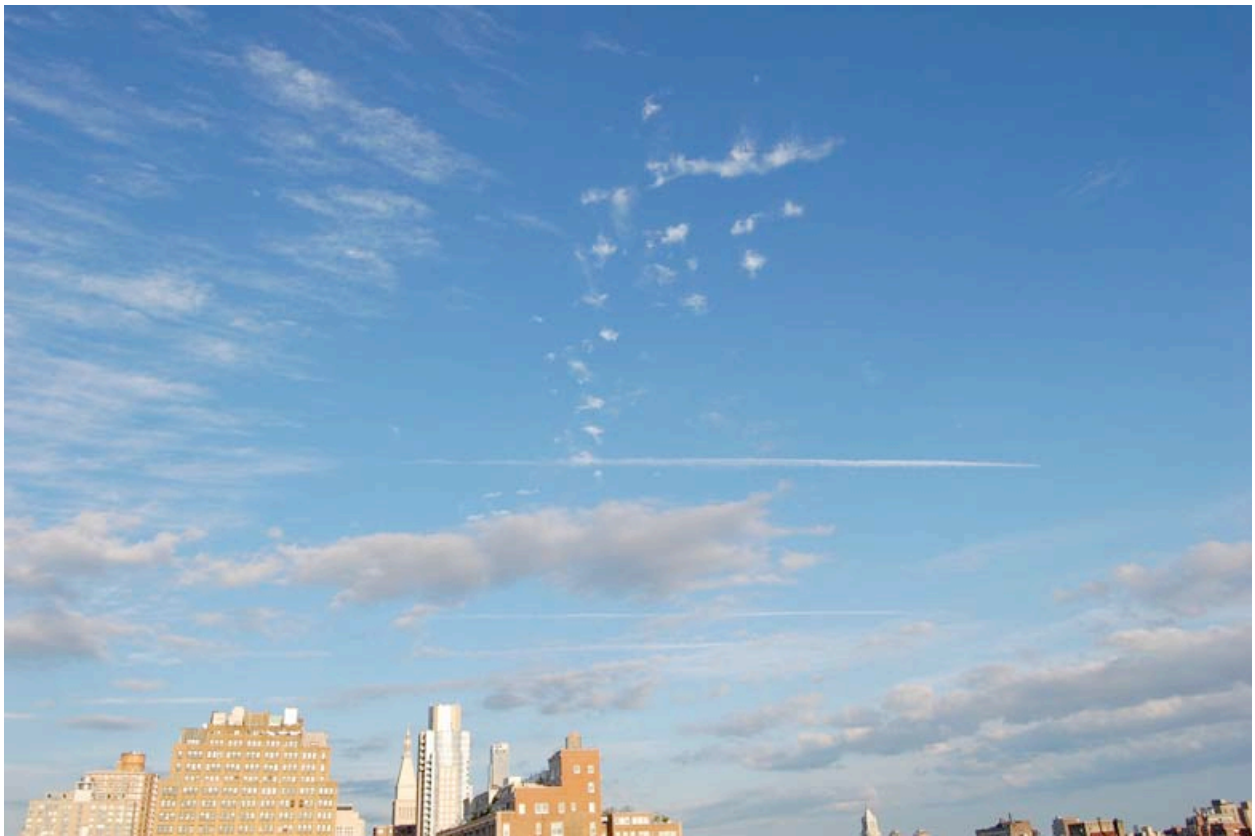
Look out below.

July 4

And in the end, the drugs you make, are equal to  or greater than  the drugs you take...

...above the snouted plain...

Brother poppy, sister mung.



Contrials and tribulations.



The shadow knows.

Oh where have you been my cross-eyed son?