

*July 5*

As the stomach turns.

Dubbuk stops here.

No matter how it looks, we mostly stumble along, baying at the moon.

Le boucanier stops here.

I say hello, and you say hallu...

...sin naciones.

## *Divina Libertad*

*Vivir sin ti, es vivir muriendo...*

Segun a Manu Chao.

Chicken mushroom and berry expedition to Prospect Park with K and V. Find the latter, along with plenty of green edibles – including chickweed, which, according to V, he once used to cure himself of a back spasm. Someone recommended brewing a chickweed tea, but he went to his garden and ate two handfuls raw...



It's those li'l guys toward the center.

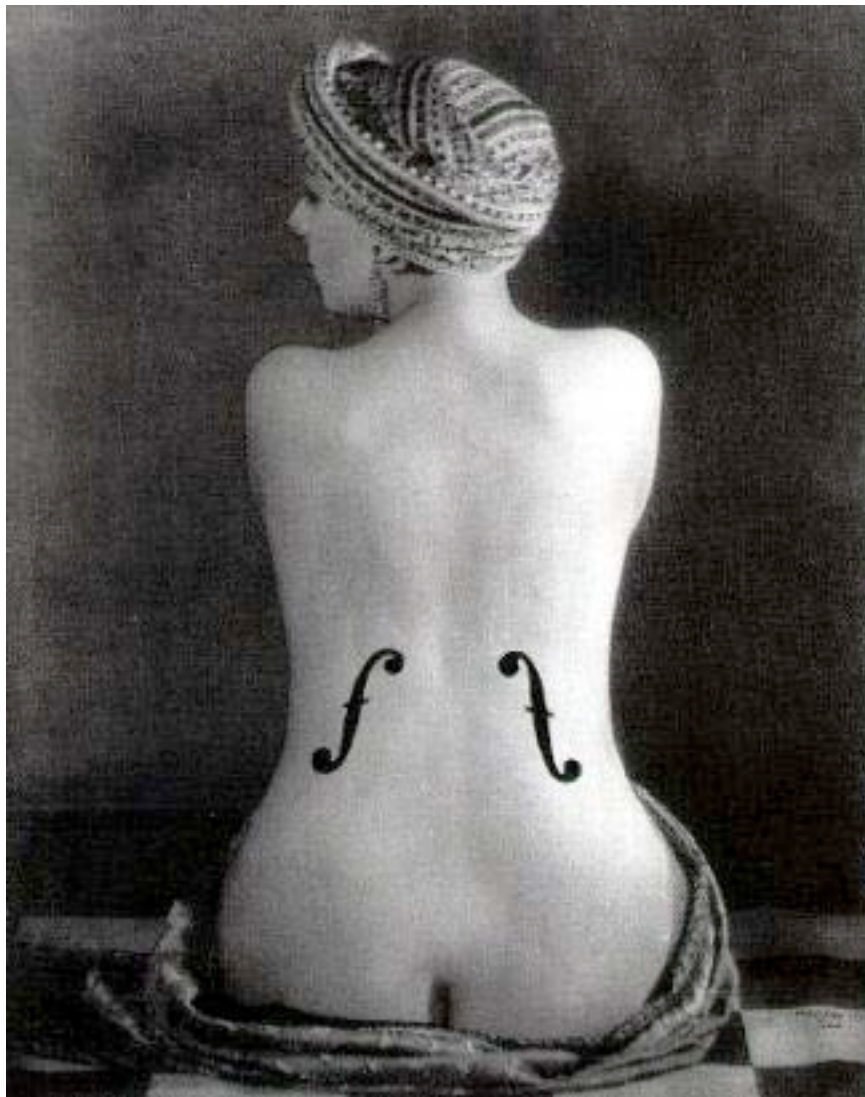




The foraging party crosses a meadow and young woman stands up as you pass. How extraordinary – a young body not obviously marked or pierced. Hardly has the thought coalesced when she turns to reveal a back tattooed as though she's been perforated with *f*-holes. Behold: Viola de gambas à la Manny Radnitzky. Almost. Black bra strap cutting horizontally short-circuits the full effect – but still...

Man-o-Mana...

Met-o-Meta...



*July 6*

Man of the world, man of the woods...

The ninety-three-year-old fog of Robert S. McNamara lifts off the earth and dissipates in the summer air. Where, O where, oh whiz kid, will you condense now. And into whose unfortunate bodysoul will your vapor be reborn? Must it be?

And the band played *Waltzing Matilda*...

Language big, Eric small.

*July 7*

Farzad Zamanfar

For the third day in a row, and by virtue of who know what extraordinary coincidence, a sand and dust storm engulfs Tehran and other parts of Iran – one result

of which is that the sun turns blue. According to science, this happens when the storm contains many particles about 1 micron (a millionth of a meter) in diameter. This being, supuestamente, just the right size to make the cloud of dust act as a blue filter.



Mohamad Soltanolkottabi took this picture near the Si-O-Se Pol, *33 Arches*, bridge over the Zayandeh River in Esfahan – fabled city of eleven bridges



Storms of this sort cloud the night sky too, so after the blue sun sets, certain Persians may be look up to see a full blue moon as well.

And tonight on this continent, Buck moon. Thunder Moon, Hay moon.

Heaven, *Qian*, over Mountain, *Gen*. Yin expands, yang retreats. Even within full summer, the first breath of winter. Cicadas and crickets serenade the night.

Manna the world.



Let a hundred brooms...

Atlas hugs.

And like the subway posters say:

***Please be aware, not all disabilities are visible...***

Note to self: Initiate petition to rename Manhattan as *Wrong Island*.

Such is the press in the uptown A train rushhourtime that you're almost chest to chest with a fellow half a head taller, affable looking, a bit chubby and carrying on his cheeks an indecisive beard. At the first easing of the jampack, you pull back a bit to read his teeshirt, white letters on blue, the whole set on against a graphic blow-up NYPD shield:

**The Person Wearing This Shirt  
Is A Police Officer.  
Lie Flat on Your Back And  
Do Everything The Nice Officer  
Tells You To Do.**

Up and out onto the street at Columbus Circle. From amidst the pedestrian mélange emerges a youngish woman sufficiently formosa in both quantity and manner as to have time traveled forward from long-forgotten cover of Hustler. Her poured-on red tee's emblazoned with a message in white, lariat-style letters. Can you decode the text, metamorphosed as it is, by such wild orogeny? Ah:

*Plays Well  
With Cowboys*



If G\*d gives you wonders, let's scroll...

Fail on, O empire, fail on.

