

July 8

And what creature is it – rough, smooth, scaly, sleek, dry, normal, or oily – that slouches hither and thither to an indifferent drum?

Got species?

Is it specie yet?

Wolf in cheap clothing?

If frogs had wings, their asses wouldn't bounce In theory...

The slave age.

Snail of wonders, where will you slide now?

Takeout coffee from the local bagel place on which the molded plastic sip top lid features a raised drinking spout that creates the sense of sucking on a rigid cow's udder. Like a toddler's sippy cup. Too weird. Remove the top, discard, and walk on, carefully.



July 9

Cienfuegos.

Milfuegos.

Who's that yonder Dresden black?

Redlight greenlight.

The sidewalks in the street
The concrete and the clay beneath my feet
Begins to crumble
But love will never die...



Valerio Mezanotti for The New York Times

CHRISTIAN DIOR Visible underthings were flaunted in John Galliano's couture collection. Here, a silk skirt sans bodice.

What's so funny bout peace, love and understanding?...

Ach, der visible unterzing itzelf!

Billion fuegos. ¿Y donde están los bomberos?

¿Y tu corazón?

Ladies and germs, this is an uptown low kill train making all low kill stops...

Bing bong watch the closing doors. The next and last stop on this E train will be the World Betrayed Center.

Upside la cabaza.

El mundo es un pan(uelo).

In the night sky to the east, a waxing gibbous moon, and just a jot to the right, a pinpoint of Jupiter, bright as anything.

July 10

La tierra prometida que viene por su *proprio motu*.

The theme is freedom.

Stretch out the limbs of empathy, the walls are coming down.

If G*d gives you cheese, make fondu.

Pero ¿quien se ha comido mí queso?

Striving toward plenitude.

Fizzy logic.

Y plenas. Sonado con panderettas y guiros, y la voz, cantando...

Under things.

And above, noctilucent clouds.

And the *Times* publishes, to coincide with Obama's visit to Ghana, an op-ed by the soi-dissant Bono:

Rebranding Africa

Most wondrous such a choice of word, considering the brands seared upon the objective flesh of millions ripped out of Africa, kan ya makan. Before anyone knew from orange shades.

Language, she move in mysterious ways, don't she Mr. Hewson, suh?

U2, Brute, U2.

Blossoms compete with the moon in luminosity

A hundred of them merge and make me suspect that snow has fragrance.

Worldly men vie in boasting fine colors,

Do not call for hand-scooped water to rinse off the pink adornment.

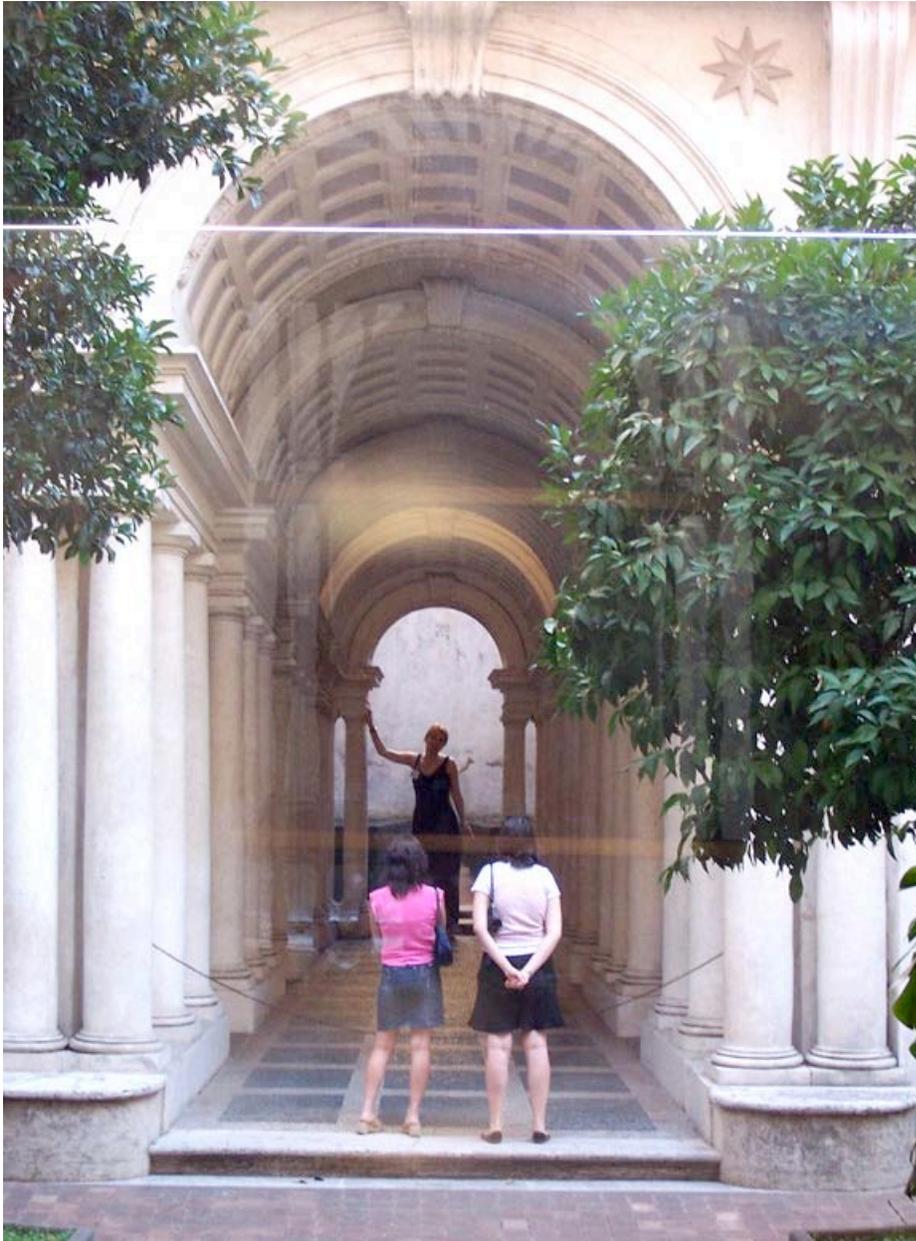
So wrote Nanzhuang Jushou of the Wintry Plum, in black ink and pale color upon a hanging scroll back seven hundred revolutions or so.

July 11, present year

Plein été ha llegado. Pues abra la fenêtra.

July 11, 2005

Palazzo Spada, Rome.



Borromini or not, much depends on your perspective.

July 12

Ajila min shetan.

Pommes d'amour, pommes d'amour. On vende ici – gratis!

The handscroll, which gestures toward the infinite.

Three good terns deserve another.

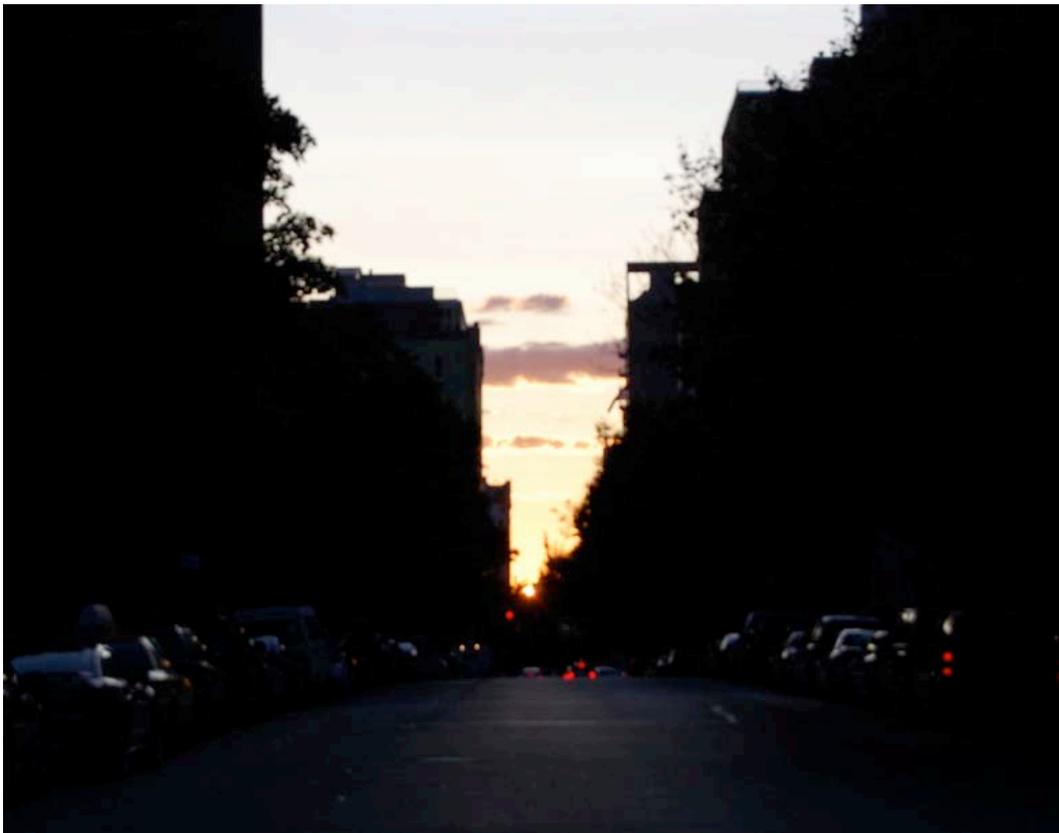


As the Staten Island ferry docks, you see it. The world's creepiest building. A dementor tower.

What's the propensity, Kenneth?



8:17. Manhattan solstice take 2 looking east.



8:29. West.

Whilst in Kloetinge, The Netherlands:



Jan Koeman

Noctilucent clouds. Ice crystals in the upper atmosphere, supuestamente.

And Boudou, saved from...

Cette chose incontournable.

UTOPIA OR FLIP

RUBBLE OR NOTHING

Subjoin, subjoin and come with me.