

Dear Anselm,

9/09/19

I was thinking of
the squares or grids
or grids within grids
or maybe thought
patterns cross-
listed as codes
the way we are
supposed to create
some analog
version of the self
with language and
a couple clouds thrown
in the mix since
this is a landscape
made from natural
light and you are
a tree now. Maybe
it is stupid to
walk through
art so quickly
probably only looking
for a place to charge
my phone which
is sick and dying
and full of photos
of art like this
one painting made
by Alice Neel
of an adult human
holding a baby
human or maybe
the baby is holding
the adult human
in a suit and tie
the way labor
is reproduced back
and forth
unconsciously
and they look at you
like you're
supposed to be
surprised or whimsical.

10/12/19

Feeling mostly dismay
or a variety of symp-
toms, not sure
what time it is. Early.
Oh yeah hosting
a poet today. Drove him
around South Georgia
all day. Poet wrote
of small towns in
the Midwest. I write
about Plutocracy)
kind of stupidly drank
too much coffee,
then arose like the golden
phoenix. Learned of
a Marxist con-
ference going
on. Not invited (duh).
Why is this day so
long, almost un-
bearable but the poet
shouted the word
"DINGBAT!" at
lunch which was...er....
bizarre. I would read
in a pizza parlor
turned funerary
debris as I am always
rising from the dead
weight, belatedly, sure,
but who hasn't
been a symbol
crushed for its raw
material and collected
in an urn? I hope
the drive home is
long and dotted
with trees. I hope
it is only one
version of a cheap
painting and that
there will be others

11/11/19

Welcome back!
Today, my kitchen almost
caught on fire because
I spilled rice all over
the burners
and the expensive
people fired half
the faculty
at the university
where I teach so more
than likely the ship is
going under. I excused
myself from the family
to write something
for a few minutes
(this). Well, truth
be told I may be
a little drunk
and autofill already
knows my poem
which isn't freaky as
much as it is suicidal
and yet I saw the moon
today and it was mighty,
mighty pretty,
and I managed to clean
the house and even
managed to wrap some
cookies in napkins to
bring to my kids but now
I am wandering off
as I am prone to do...
I am happy for your
daughter's bat mitzvah.
You know, that's a lot
of fucking work!
Learning a new language
etc. My son will be in
middle school
in 6 months. He has
terrible stage fright
but wrote a speech
My mood right now

is polylingual
and will probably
disappear shortly
into the intrepid
street thrown from
one supremely
constructed box to
another like this
homeless man
with the backdrop
of a fashion model
in neon feathers
eating an orange
but can't live
naked with
splendor. We are
in the plastic
tunnel of air
that keeps the plane
airborne and then
there is a call
for a doctor because
there is always someone
who is going to
pass out up there.
Well, wake up!
The truth is
I probably won't
mail your MoMA
card back to you
since I am so
lazy about making
it to the post office
and always promise
everyone I'll go
but end up gutted or
strangely embarrassed
crossing the street
with no
obvious corrective.

and I hope the drive
takes a really long
time. I mean
a really long time
to get to the original.

for his class about
the world on fire—
the burnt koalas
and all of that
and delivered it today.