

January 15

This is I feel very
still. Calm storm
The world is crisis
Infected with . The threat
so close. So senseless. I don't
understand race carries
frustration anger. It is
sad—pitiful—absurd-- --nonsensical—
wasteful
Something terrible in
order . on all levels
And so it must be
In to we
must confront / go through the pain .
I had an experience last week that I
was going to die. To die
wave of consciousness
my being—telling me .
it's time
I'm
strong and willing. Although a bit fearful.

January 18

War broke out 2 days ago. In the late
afternoon, around 5:30, I heard the news
while I overwhelmed
with Adrian's chances
are considerably weakened.
I don't understand .
The past days I've so
paralyzed. Hard to
sleep at night—wondering
My
child. I've been trying to yet
paralyzed that
that for me to do
The media is running rampant. Creating
so much fear and anxiety all
of us—we take it to the streets
It's as though

the whole world has gone mad
Adrian
Bring him home safe

world
everyone to go through
pain move beyond
learn?

January 21
5:10pm Atlanta

A wave has in the last
7 days. I sit here in my --it
brings so many memories --sometimes
I think I'm looking through one of those nickel
movie where the film speeds
by you're turning the crank—
and you can stop it look—
really look—closely. It's my mother's bedroom—
house – smell – chaos. Clothes
the mirror above the dresser
finger smudges that it's hard to make out
a reflection. Her
made out of plastic. There is a lack of
respect for . They just don't matter—
Are unimportant I guess. She is
essence of my mother. I feel as though
in time. Maybe this
is why I feel among the
I've grown away . Indeed I'm
the rest. But it is a one.
This was—IS my . I used to
for many . How strange.
How . I feel for Carol so much.
Her loss is something I don't know if I could
in her calm . She has
always been that way. Able to stay calm
always—even through the death of one of
the most precious . She has
who her. She
is to them. I don't know if I could
say the same thing for myself.

march 18th 5:30

It snows outside. Small flakes thick
to fog. I walk this morning
Dianne we might
There is something walking
a park like this.
Awoke sounds voices on the radio.
Bosnia is burning. I didn't catch it . Only
that fires. What does
have? I do not understand.
I don't feel do. I don't know
Do.

December 7th

Floating in water
Face slightly not there
Face almost not there
Buried the sea
Time travel and is
Barely
Barely it's there
Sounds
Everyone around
No sounds
Finds hot water
To the water
Young man
Floats her
And wondering
She's a concrete sea
Amniotic glass
Timeless time
Carried back
Don't stop the float
The sound of muffled nothing
Drain plugged ear drums
And you try to make sense of something that you can't make sense of.
Young man floats and
And reappears he tries
He tries he drink
You in

April 1st

I close my eyes and see him
there. Long thick hair. Honey blond
did he call it?

Close my eyes
and touch his lips so
as to get lost in the bearded chin.

picture that he my
Kisses my lips. Takes my hand into
his. Makes my
awkward I feel I breathe him in
uncertain

and yet
something is in the silence between the
words.

He travels in and out of my mind like
a
behind my eyes. And a
memory of a finger gently down my
while I long for touch

January 22nd

The threat of war
I'm a bit more grounded – I think
a lot to do about my fear

I can listen a bit more without

Yesterday captured men –
Made me feel I don't understand.
Why do it? Blood and
shed. so much blood and tears.
I said goodbye to this assuring
her. Each day begins
with if it
Tired of I wish we could
possibly tomorrow My and I
my Gina
She's been in my mouth
knows it pretty well.

July 1

I am exactly . I am .
I did not mean
The corridor was round and
. The faces with so many going
around and corridor.
. I did not mean to leave you there.
The doctor said I should.
I have to go home soon.
It won't be you will see.
The faces pass by in their rolling
wheel chairs. They go around and
the round corridor.
Let me step into . I
must. . You must not see
that flow for you.
. I did not
They said it would be .
Cold water on my face feels good.
I turn I see you
in you . Next to the
aviary. Aren't you glad I found
birds mom? I know you love

November 29,

Some something
set off the trigger that
M does something that brings a memory of .
And times when M does
He becomes . The way he his
snoring is identical. Motion, word,
manner is I'm . I run away.
I don't want to , so I go somewhere
to be alone. His The way he
there with his crossed his
And his in protection
of his penis. Holding his penis. So
I can that he's not
Two distinct
people. I would to that
is in this world is
like me. It's so to me to be

even are not exactly
They are with different different
Is it that I really have
For to be .

You are like my , I can't
it. Gives me the
Well, I'm not and I wish
you'd stop saying that. I can't help
feeling like this. I
I could who
you are. Above my and
see the in . I think
that you say me
That off this feeling
? Tell me about it --
It's to me that I

December 6

When of and
, I see myself and He was always
looking away and I always . ALWAYS
I remember he took me to the
downtown. It was the sword . We
took the train and I remember how awkward
I . He read the newspaper.
A word . And I stared out at the
clothes lines and thought about
. Did they feel as ? It
was almost like he was doing this because
It was just as
this photograph. I had been angry at him.
I was uncomfortable with my . I wanted
to go home. I hated the , I hated
the smell of , I hated filth
of the buildings , I hated him
for making . And I don't know why
he did. He hated it as much as I did.

