

JUNE

I'm looking at the Departures board.

You have to watch

then run

around the terminal.

I have gum

the sweet Italian couple

dropped

we were 15 minutes from London

when I noticed the gum.

I'm

curving around

small toothbrushes. I keep getting advice

And it's always a bit vague.

I took

my face. at least one sock

a pair that didn't seem to matter.

I now remember

I've left

a hat

because of

thunderstorms

it was impossible.

In the JFK terminal I canceled

my phone for summer

twelve guys in a row wear

Texas hats

backward

detail

auditory problems.

In front of a multi-faith room

“Glorious Britain.”

airport

It’s calm and spacious in the
non-geometric fields.

I really don’t know

the question.

I

can’t fully remember,

It looks like

the couple sitting

next to me on leaves

relaxed about the whole thing

At some point

made

available

details.

she didn’t want

my Italian friend . He stood

to

sign off but

Those paramedics

pushed

by the stewardess.

I

wanted to wash my face

and didn’t know if that was appropriate

I noticed

black Led Zeppelin t-shirts.

I don’t need to say

anything else

JUNE

on the balcony a pot smell.
sun's out but not
hot or vivid middle-
aged couple's shadows barely touch.
a breeze stirring
painted red and
white
laundry hanging
like skylights
at tops of lampposts.
my bag was lost, but I'll get by.
I've got to put down money right away on
this place
Just looking at
bottles to recycle and jams, I remember
life's better here. My bed's extremely firm. All morning
I worked
this desk open.
breakfast, eggs with onions and a little cheese and much needed tea,
toast, strawberries, pineapple.
Talking about
art and academia
a bit confusing.

In the *Financial Times* I kept

reading everybody's "white papers." I sensed

colored dots

in the living room. (That's the last entry. Before

that go to ones about stepping outside on the porch.)

JUNE

Mention not being able to find
keys or tape recorder,
through the door of
skulls
I am in Schöneberg
for two days one bag arrived
. My white noise machine short ed
But will improve my
self-esteem something like that
I've come to
pale yellow
buildings in Berlin
I don't know exactly how to say that. I
pass Boccacelli, where yesterday the chef was eating risotto.
~~The morning breeze stirs and refreshes me or makes me happy, awakens me.~~
the first time reentering 18 Winterfeldtstrasse I realize I live in
one of those modern courtyards next to a
nicer building.
no market
Just a patio with long benches.
people outside
walk towards me with
white hair white stockings
thick Good looking
patisseries The West always
seem exotic and green
Whatever I want to say there. more birds. Modernist
counterparts

a vacant plot of sand, thousands of ankle-high leaves
 down Eisenacher
 Alluring green all directions just another
 “new wave”
 not sure what it signifies. No dog pays attention to me.
 something in the air
 like morning in Florida
 sycamores.
 The self-conscious hipness of
 my New York life,
 Many children in eye
 patches Bike paths through parks
 It’s easy and arresting to lock eyes on
 a bike.
 Something like that: street signs almost universally
 have the right of way
 when
 I’m talking about people walking sometimes they’re just
 Kinder Try to end with:
 Already morning freshness gone. Maybe add
 When I’m talking about things I’ve noticed , like eye
 patches, upper middle-aged men with rhythm
 guitars, Play
 rhythm guitars.