

Three times I woke, but talked myself back to sleep ~~when the alarm went off I felt like I'd accomplished something.~~

I told him I loved him.

He kept running

silver vertical blinds catch spring light beautifully. The neighbor (on oxygen tanks) swore all morning. stretching in my outdoor shoes

A weird, baby powder scent

Chopped almonds

somehow burned my tongue. While eating, here's a Krauss quote : "The body of the subject, interacts with the word outside itself—

and desires: the world

the imperious

body can, in the grip of fantasy, be shattered." Okay I'm going to just use letters for people's names here. I'm in my Brooklyn apartment.

a piece of paint fell from the ceiling. O dumped his litter box across the bathroom. Neither D nor I touched it

On my way out, I

put on my (figure out another word for shirt) . I crossed Prospect Park thinking

"horse apples."

On the B platform, I bent and my pants split.

I felt very carefully all around my groin

not that self-conscious

On the B, a woman my age's coarse voice horse. For the first time ever, I don't know how to say this. ~~for~~

the first time ever. (Figure out how to say that.) if I didn't

read the *Times* I wouldn't know there's a recession.

I tried to keep my legs crossed plotted

to avoid standing in class (I wouldn't hand back papers, ~~instead~~ have them come up). At 49th St./Rockefeller a man

wearing a gold medal said, "After 12 o'clock you got something to worry about." On the 59th St. escalator, I wondered what people below could see. At school, I turned straight into a bathroom

stall, and ~~Stared at the floor through my pants~~

hole, something like that as I was

about to leave my office, a student came in.

after we talked, I found peanut butter all over my face At 8:50, I felt calm and quiet myself. Maybe I don't need "myself".

I tried

to grade an absent student's paper. Here are lines : "Throughout the course of one's lifetime, we are

faced with the road of life.

'decision' is defined as the process of deciding

." A student I've always liked had a fading black eye and wanted to take a credit/no-credit grade

. The custodian ~~thought we were done and~~ came in early.

On my way out ,

I see the student (switch to present tense) with the black eye again. I'll make a deal: if she turns in two of five papers, I'll give her a C. She says, nobody wants to hear about her problems.

On the 4 the woman beside me sleeps

in a handkerchief. A cute stranger's making a joke about Zizek

skinny orange lights flash between cars.

"There are two ways to get one."

I could have gone back to sleep today, but

read the paper on the toilet:

a memoir of

prolonged

interruptions

to ensure that he was well enough

to continue.”

Edgy chewed my hair as I stretched.

half a lime

on the cutting board.

Krauss :

“The ‘partial figure’—as they call the various modernist truncations

against the narrative

of the body whole.”

more

Krauss at breakfast

: “The experience of the self as a set of objects and the need to connect each

object to a network of other objects

.” I stepped into the bathroom as Edgy was pooing, apologized,

and headed back to my room.

It’s hard to

describe the panic I felt

. The park feels closer

now that it’s green. Crossing Windsor Terrace

thousands of round, dry, white leaves

along Greenwood Cemetery,

everything

breezy and spacious

like Berlin.

A Hispanic boy said, “I can’t believe I’m

fat” while his friend tried to pick a playground lock with a twig.

a bust—

An

olive-skinned man in paisley

told a stranger

the United States has 122

concentration camps fitted with crematoriums.

I stopped and asked a deli clerk to weigh my package. 0.685 lbs.

(figure out how to say that better).

~~I went to The Pie Shop to exchange dimes for quarters and they were~~

~~totally nice-~~

Outside Oak Park Pharmacy kids tied caution tape around their hats.

After walking

an hour, I noticed clotted blood on

my face

. Wrapping bananas in paper doesn’t help them ripen

(I don’t

~~know what the word would be here)~~

On my elevator up from

the laundry a woman says, “So you’re one of the newer tenants?” I have to end this entry quickly

because a radio program

comes on at 10:00.

Charlie Rose

strange all day to see

number of deaths mentioned in stories about the cyclone in Burma rise from 10,000 to 100,000.

I

take the screen out of the window

so

neighbors

don’t have to listen

with me.

I have to lay

with feet where the pillows normally go so the radio’s just behind me.

Explain all of this somehow. It’s Dave Dubal’s

Reflections from the Keyboard

I hear

sinks

below, silverware

from a different apartment, voices

so integrated into what they’re saying

when you hear them.

Constant echo of planes or traffic.

I don’t

want to say roar.

~~Maybe end with: Groaning or, I don’t want to say roar.~~

~~I’m always worried-~~

that a ring of cords encircle me.

Mostly extensions.

Before fully waking up, I lay vaguely worried my hands were
ripped
. Because of allergies I wore glasses—
feeling isolated closer to summer. I'd fallen asleep
pledging to remember: add a footnote
to every dissertation chapter. my hair
looked backwards like a rooster's. Cats ran ahead towards the kitchen, looking back
as if I feed them. I don't want to draw
attention to
toilet paper. Rosalind Krauss: "Not
surprisingly, sculpture finds itself in the middle of
reality, and
works to
smash the glass bubble of representation." I
had to clear out from the kitchen when L's cappuccino began to whistle.
More generally, a constant battle
between appreciating cuteness and
dysfunction. Around noon I began to feel my heart stall, because by the time J
gets here tomorrow (already on summer break) my own summer will seem present and irreversible.
I held our
lobby door for a lady with an umbrella. She told me she thought I'd be OK(?).
From a Fung Wah bus J said
his pants had split also. My mildly hyperextended knee kept getting worse because
I had to walk stiffly in
-split pants. At the Long Meadow's edge someone
bought it. At Prospect Park
It sounds like a real train.
Voices sang from 7th Ave. platforms but I never looked up.
"Many of the
interrupters seemed bewildered
by a gang structure no longer top-down but instead made up of
cliques." At
57th "Material Girl"
I didn't care if people saw my pants split. I came into the adjunct office to find
one of my old students caught plagiarizing. I went to get paper and when
I got back somebody else sat crying to the professor (she must like it).
Tonight I passed out evaluations, so am on the train by 9:30.
The air conditioner seems to activate far left
edges of my body. I'm hungry. A woman's
British boyfriend keeps locking eyes with me
The 6 train -across
looks empty except a woman holding her forehead.
platform smells like caramel.
This split in my crotch is now comforting. I'll have to take a
second shower.

last night
was cool, fragrant, damp. When I came out from meditating
J brought photos from our
project . Within a minute my room was covered in plastic
bags.
We left a note on my front door for J the sound guy . Bright umbrellas
lay spread in the hall. I led J around
J tested the sound as J
and I practiced
turned off the fridge. J said “fog” instead
of “fong.”
For the second recording, I spaced out. hypnotized
J recorded
the empty room We had to sit
motionless . Obie slept with ear hairs sticking straight up.
I listened to
pleasant dissonance For hours, L and D never left her bedroom.
The mail carrier looked like
a small, middle-aged, female Asian hip hopper. J took a photo—embarrassing. I thought J said
“Don’t step on that diaper.”
I walked J back to B ’s through
rain. —maybe
because it’s raining.
I stepped back out (figure out how to get rid of one of these)-after entering
our hallway—to spin my umbrella dry.
I smeared blue cheese in a book on Warhol’s photography (too boring to read
anyway)
in recent years
the network has been eroding
Even worse,
they will need
dancing,
plus a fierce craving for brownies. At 6:50
I waited for the F . I wondered if station tiles ever get replaced.
At
Jay I stepped on something crunchy but couldn’t look down. At 6:56 a flattened pizza slice
dropped in rain. Shit all over my desk at K ’s.
Then a three and a half hour gap
All fine with me, except for the last hour.
maybe I can speed up the
night so that everyone goes home and I can be alone

I kept waking up -until

10:16. K wanted to play the game where we alternate moaning.

I told K

consistent connection is a scam.

. At 11:30 K heard me growl

re "A Prison of Shame, and it's Hours

I disagree with the medical staff

on

Guantanamo,

I headed north . A banana peel

arranged in a perfect Q. a pudgy Arabic man in perfect vintage

Ghostbusters t-shirt.

At 29th , I realized I'd forgotten my ID.

. I told two security guards I left my bag

in the perfect moment and

shook my hand In the English office a woman

taking pictures with a flash.

at 7:30 I got past another guard—telling him I'd left my backpack in

the library. At 7:50 (6 & 31st) a barefoot man sang Biblical songs

To the west pink clouds blew by slowly.

Somebody gave my Whole Foods cashier five and said Remind people: no flower delivery .

On the 2 I couldn't get over one blond girl's veiny feet.

Nice to feel stirred by breeze

K's at a play. L went to a movie.

Wondering why neither

of my parents has called back . Wishing my stack didn't

include books, dissertation and newspaper together:

like

some still slight

roar Soft shadows

with silhouettes of a hundred leaves

across the courtyard.

At 8:35

I'd forgotten

about heat that comes from light.

~~Nothing~~

~~to quote~~

the bedroom/study.

felt strained

after I sat all day struggling to start

but it was fine

. The only

way I could get out on time was to leave papers scattered

For the first time

We discussed

Lush and purple

City Hall Park. K said I probably get sick

because I'm not exposed to germs. Neither of us had

stopped so as

to not interrupt

the Brooklyn Bridge

I wanted personal knowledge about

sirens

K told me

I'd missed a dog's big green poo

because of Mother's Day

while we stood waiting

at Ziggy's. Looking through glass at leaves rustle felt

OK. I was

the nearest

Nor'easter .

For dessert we split a wheat-free brownie

. I never understood why

Midtown

's bright tops always look squiggly and goofy. Ascending

out of Brooklyn, we kept waiting to warm up.

(how do I explain this?) I'm

reading

student comments

. My eyes feel

My eyes

. My feet aren't

comfortable anywhere

~~Something~~

~~like that.~~

I take a break and read the *Science Times*

: "Even the microscope

can learn,

Lots

of Animals Learn, but Smarter isn't Better,"

I came out to find Obie stretching. Edgy sniffed my water glass. As I stretched Obie wanted to lick Edgy but Edgy wanted to bat my shoelace.

Cat poo in one litter box Bright window-screen reflections on the floor. Yesterday I tasted blood when I stretched. ~~which I didn't mind.~~

“For all the expressive power of aesthetic discourse, that relationship, operating within the work, was the ultimate guarantor of its authority.” Even as I flossed, Obie rubbed his chin against my elbow.

litter problems Confusing weather, windows open Red beach towel in the courtyard . Only when did I realize I hadn't

inhaled a new letter I had to eat dinner before walking to the train.

I'll miss the cats this summer. A girl said “Wait” as the doors shut held her hand up in time to stop them. ~~and managed to exit the train~~ reluctantly toward the Franklin Ave. shuttle

I'd forgotten my all-important notebook and two pens had exploded in a pocket. I opened my teaching folder In a mirror I saw my hair's part curl upwards with a flare. At West 4th a woman boarding murmured “asshole” at the guy ahead

. At Dekalb a woman asked a ~~Polish-looking man~~ if the train would stop at Broadway Junction. He said No (ambiguously).

In the hall one student mock proposed to another. An eastern European student seemed intentionally to wear all white. ~~People quietly highlighted articles as I passed~~ on the last official day of class. It's

chilly enough to wear a hat I begin to think what grades students should get, - tainted by recent impressions

I just wait again.

On the 4 platform

with everybody staring in the direction they are reaching. A boy mouths along to emphatic words in a rap song. I'm amazed so many people wear earrings. The guy behind me keeps muttering

I can't read Rosalind Krauss anymore until I'm done with my dissertation.

I need to close down ideas with polished diction. At Chambers, a man climbs one stairwell looking back at a woman on another.

I stop in an ATM where the song “Loves Letters” comes on.

S flew back from Germany
morning.

I heard ~~him~~ this

kitchen.

L kept coming back ~~into~~ the

I filled my pitcher from the bathtub to keep things private. ~~It turns out I had my utility notebook in my backpack all along.~~

breakfast reading “Conflicting Studies on Saw Palmetto’s Effect on Prostate.”

At 12:40, I realized K was packing to
leave and my heart turned liquid (but sad this time). Outside
seven guys hauled a giant metal slab toward a balcony. People stopped to watch.

~~I am~~ stuck

I kept thinking

. I ate my peanut butter and banana sandwich on a wicker-
like bus stop bench

I like

Dancing

I felt perfect balance

I just sat for a minute laughing and
feeling euphoric. Debris

quickly stuck to my water’s surface. I ran to the New York Public Library

I sensed rain

A lady screamed

“You are the laziest, rudest librarian I’ve come across.”

on

39th St. I found a shimmering courtyard. In the third floor Languages and Literature section

I started getting

desperate

I could ~~have~~ passed out by quarter to 6. on the
ride to Williamsburg, sky

bright but opaque I realized how little I understood weather.

I always feel disembodied posing for pictures. In the
bathroom at 9:50, Curtis Mayfield with a
tambourine as I dry my hands

A couple’s reading a book together (*Ferdydurke*), leaning
on each other but not seeming to enjoy it. ~~it’s hard to look J’s mother~~
~~in the eye.~~