

Power of the Pocket Journal

Those tiny pocket diaries make the year smaller.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& a year will fit in two pocket journals will fit 400 or so seventeen syllable sentences will take on myriad dream images. There will be dreams of penis heads restrained by Eddie Vedder's sutures. There will be a Big Hump Fire burning over a thousand Olympic acres and Coltrane's *My Favorite Things* not quite drowning out the sounds of a cat on the way to the shelter.

It's in the pocket
journal those Qinghai memories of toasted watermelon seeds and tsampa lessons of sugared je yogurt and the vivid detail of the thangka *Consort of Tantric Deity Who Responds According to Prayer*.

(Your puny prayers
add muscle in the
age of great velocity.)

So you date them add a *please return* hope the pages don't stick so you skip or frighten yrself with the notion of a day of no sentence. You chart your life by 'em far from the Nepali woman who stitched the latest one which carries pressed flowers from your day on the Great Wall, the day she said with amazement in her wet-the-booth Akasaka way: *We're walking on the Great Wall of China!*

You leave
the board mutinies to another bit of cloth and pixel where dreams of the odd dark meat have you chewing toughness again but being civil about it or a line overheard: *If I promise someone a blanket, I give it to them* and how Mary Summer Rain knows it's solace and you tell no one you know where the tracking device is because you don't bring your legal evidence to the futbol pitch you know when the wind blows you'll see a chicken's ass and a legitimate petition to that side of the veil makes this one sweeter with a local porter and a view of a Big Hump Fire sending its smoke signal to beckon another September pilgrim.

