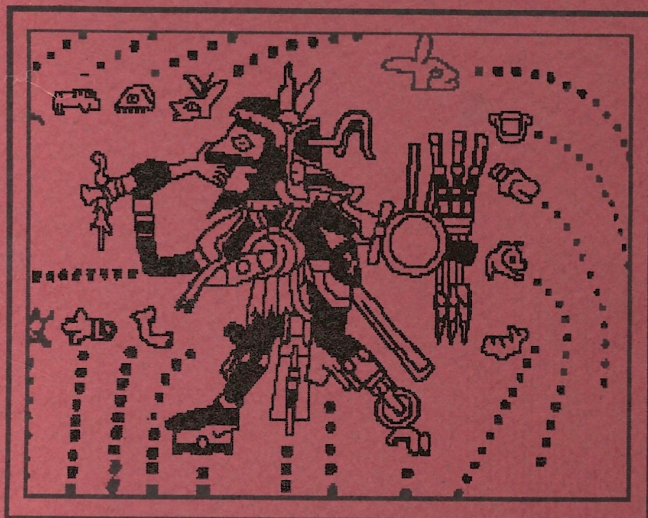


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PHENOMENOLOGICAL
JOANNE KYGER

a curriculum of the soul

PHENOMENOLOGICAL

JOANNE KYGER



THE INSTITUTE OF
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In February of 1985 I traveled with Donald Guravich and Diana Middleton-McQuaid, our neighbor in Bolinas, to the Yucatan Peninsula to visit the pyramids of antiquity and to acquaint ourselves with its contemporary culture.

My dear friend of many years, Bill McNeill, was in the hospital suffering from the last terminal stage of his illness. Bill, painter, poet, and student at Black Mountain College when Charles Olson was teaching there, knew he would not live much longer. We made an agreement that we would somehow 'meet' down there, 'between the real and the apparent.' This is a record of that journey...

February 14, 1984

Tuesday 10PM Bolinas
Looks like we're ready
And now to bed.

February 15

Just sitting down
at cafe in front of the Hotel Caribe
First time alive in evening Merida.
Cervezas on top terrace
Romantic full moon accompanied by frenzied
jack hammers
drowning out conversation.
Diana loses her bag
(with everything in it)
but finds it back by the table
We all vow to be more
Careful.

February 16

Merida is hot and muggy and full
of rushing cars. We're still trying to find
the 'right' hotel room, price and all.
300,000 inhabitants.

Our room has an overhead fan which Donald
and I bend to walk under--looks decapitating.
I make notes--5:30PM 160 pesos to the dollar.
The Mexico City newspaper says Ethel Merman
has died.

Going to Santa Lucia Park to hear
a poet lady we see 'the government' pressing
into a new white columned building next to an
old stone cathedral. Everybody is dressed in
white short sleeved shirts. We think they
look like dentists.

full Moon
thru Acacia
Merida
Music

--Santa Lucia Park

February 18

I notice a pretty girl tripping and
falling and it's Sara! with Joe. Back from
Palenque and right on time! We all go
On the Town and have two lunches and one
dinner.

February 19

The four of us meet in Progreso,
the port town on the Gulf 20 miles away,
and drink rum and fresh coconut milk on the
beach, stretching out and looking around.

Is this a good place to stay
for a while? A German man who has the well
muscled legs of a walker gives us the name
of a good hotel here, with a proprietor who
speaks English.

February 20

Note to Bill McNeill
from Miss Kids.

Me, I just sit in my place
by the newly laid shrine
on blue bandana with banana
and Monte Alban Mezcal really early
from noon now 2 o'clock chat chat.

Waiting thru purple bougainvillea
blue cloud sky windy afternoon I feel

for Bill's new birth.

My phenomenology waits.
'The wrath of Juana' and tears from colonial
times in Mexico, Juana Ines de Asbaje, the
great poet.

Born of a Spanish father and a
Creole mother in the middle 1600s near
Popocatepetl she is the first truly Mexican
poet of New Spain, blending the Old World
and the New.

In her miracle play, *The Divine
Narcissus*, she argues that the sacrifice
of the Mexican corn god, and the ritual in
which his image shaped in corn dough is
eaten, anticipates the Christian symbolism
of the death and resurrection of Christ and
the Sacrament of Communion. This idea which
favors the native Indians was a big no-no
to the Catholic Church. She struggles thru
her life with compassion and talent in
intellectual pursuits, not granted to women.

'I began studying grammar, and my eager-
ness was so intense that I cut off four or
five inches of my hair, which is a natural
adornment in women.

I measured how far it had reached before,
and made a rule that if it grew that much
again before I knew some particular thing
which I had determined to learn while it was
growing, I would have to cut it again as a
punishment for my stupidity...

for it did not seem to me reasonable that a
head should be clothed in hair and naked in
knowledge, which would have been a more be-
coming adornment.'

She becomes a nun, but runs into trouble
with her mind, 'I thought to flee from myself
but wretch that I am
I took myself with me.'

She writes many many poems, but the Bishop
tells her it's all anti-Christian vanity
and takes away her books and papers. She
dies nursing plague victims at the age of
43 on April 17, 1695.

Her poem "To A Linnet"
tells the story of this little bird who gets
eaten by a hawk for breakfast:

Sweetest linnet, mournful little wing:
scarcely had he seen the enchanted dawn
than, at the first full throttle of a tune
he discovered death, and lost his song.

February 21, Tuesday

At Uxmal, 8:30 AM, in front of the Pyramid
of the Magician.

The sky is filled
with swallows catching early morning breakfast.

Every one zoops up the impossibly steep steps
to the top and Don does too--
and now he is down again in a fine mist
of appearance.

As legend has it, this pyramid, Adivino
was constructed
by a dwarf with supernatural powers.

The temple's now inhabited by swallows, iguanas.
A black bird with scarlet-orange wing
and head markings.

At the Temple of the Phallus
Quietly 11:15 with my Japanese fan

The jungle here indeed exotic: ferns, cactus
gumbo limbo, bromeliads, mimosa, and gold
flowers on dark unleafed branches

Chac gives us some afternoon rain and we wait
in the Temple of the Turtles
And under a spreading tree.

February 23, Thursday

We are on the way to Dzibilchaltun, a very
large and very partially restored site of
approximately 20 square miles, occupied
continuously from 1000 BC until the Spanish
conquest. Dzibilchaltun means 'where there
is writing on flat rocks.'

2PM in front of the 'Temple of the Dolls'
with its most peculiar restoration which
plops in two front windows.

On a most
fortunately overcast day which shields us
from the heat. A large cenote near the
entrance continues a long way underground.
Supposedly all the large cenotes in the
Yucatan mysteriously connect up underground.

Iridescent green snakes in that scrub won't
kill you, but they'll make you very sick,
says fat American lady carrying a stick.

February 24, Friday

Reading *Serenade* by James M. Cain,
a fast moving classic, which has the famous
iguana stew recipe. And worry about my funky
wardrobe falling apart.

T-shirt on bearded gringo in Progreso:
'Kill everyone and let God figure it out.'
Skull, crossbones and green beret float under
that slogan.

February 25, Saturday

I read Olson's *Mayan Letters*
and fall asleep. We all go to a funky cantina
and have a beer and some very strange little
snacks made from intestines and beets.

Returning to the hotel we prepare for Sara's going away party, by drinking tequilla and soda water. Several hours later and about the time I am explaining the meaning of religion to Sara, Donald announces that the room is 'borracho.' His voice sounds very clear and illuminated. We are all vastly amused at our condition and carefully go out into the night for supper at The Rodeo, a small place decorated in American Cowboy style, with a big poster of Tonto.

February 26, Sunday

And everyone looks a bit wan this morning on the beach...We've moved downstairs to a normal room which doesn't look like a good idea from Bucky Fuller. I finish rereading *Mayan Letters* and muse about the Yucatan 30 years ago, when Olson was here. So much emptier, no big tours from Florida.

Sara packs and leaves for Merida. Anxious today, a little inferna, Bill McNeill?

Dreams last night were hideous nightmares in which I am evil murderer. I kill three or four people. All the negative aspects demonically crowding to the fore.

February 27, Monday

And what nightmare dreams last night again-- enough to wake me up I am so awful. All these mad, bad dreams are destroying! I must take refuge!

Returning to sleep I dream I am at Dotty and Ray's where I am using their typewriter on the bottom shelf in the kitchen as a little toilet. Dotty

has shouted at me from the dinner table about the planning commission meetings. She is very angry at me.

Talking to Ed Dorn who is speaking of brevity and directness--a nearby critic points to his cynical direction.

Small groins off Bolinas Beach. Gwenn Spangler in front of new glassed-in beach eating establishment has nervous breakdown. The Coastal Commission has obviously been paid off to allow this. White linen tablecloths. A salad is being served to an elegant black couple. 'Look how sloppy it is' she says critically, 'the watercress is falling off the plate.' The new partners, a young man and woman, are very direct and energetic. What's to become of Bolinas?

Early morning coffee, glad to be rid of dreams, followed by walk on beach to west of Progreso's mile long pier, picking up shells for Art Okamura's birthday. We see rushing clouds come in from the gulf to cover the sun and it rains while we pack to return to Merida.

February 28, Tuesday

To go to Chichen Itza. First read about in Richard Halliburton's book in Upper Darby Pennsylvania Junior High School 1940s when he jumps in the Sacrificial Pool and is knocked deaf and dumb for three days.

The first class bus is very comfortable behind the driver's seat and we cruise there in two hours.

The site was brought to world focus when visited in the early 1800s by John Stephens

and Frederick Catherwood. Edward Thompson, U.S. Consul to the Yucatan and an archaeologist, at one time was the sole owner of the entire site, reportedly bought for \$75. He does excavations there from 1895-1920 and dredges the Sacrificial Pool finding many gold objects and bones of women and children.

Sylvanus Morley and Eric Thompson convince the Carnegie Institute and the Mexican Government to restore some of the ruins from 1924-1937, labor coming from the Mayan Chamkom.

These temples were classic Mayan until about 889 and then the 'Barbaric Toltec Splendor' of the Itzas arrive to take over.

The day is very windy and cold. Thousands of tourists from all over the world unload from buses for a quick tour.

It starts to become hilarious. People with their comments in many languages. An elderly German couple: 'The pyramids in Egypt are much better.'

Constant flow up and down
Kukulcan's Pyramid
A norte blowing and Don blowing
his nose.

Like human karma chain
with U.S. help in restoring
this greatest of Mayan Toltec attractions
Teenagers of U.S. galloping
up and down on
history's past conquests.

I immediately challenge myself to El Castillo's top

And once there, weak legged, wind blowing
terrified to walk around the temple at the
top for fear I'll fall off

want immediately to descend while I can. What vertigo! Holding on to the chain, praying and trembling I descend backwards down the narrow steps, remember the human sacrifice practiced by the Itzas.

I have rubber legs for the next four days.

The Sacrificial Well is crowded with tourists.
Plunk!

We sit down at a refreshment stand and write a postcard to Gin John.

At the Platform of the Jaguars and Eagles, stone carvings of the famous eagle with heart in his talons, and jaguar with heart in his claws, and on top of the hearts, a flower.

Treading softly behind the Nunnery
In old Chichen Itza
I meet Leslie Scalapino

Blue and white flowered dress and webbed plastic shoes, she's flying with friend Tom for four days before she flies to Bard in New York for readings. I tell her to say hello to Alice Notley and Anne Waldman.

Returning to Casa Bowen we have early bed and easy fiction.

March 5, Monday

Means waiting from 1PM to 11PM hanging out in Merida until our train leaves for Palenque. Spent in the Cafe Express, the Zocalo, Hotel Caribe courtyard, Los

Alemendros the great Yucatecan restaurant,
and finally the train waiting station with
a romantic novel set in the last century
China and England with oodles of jewels and
costumes and affluence.

Our sleeping compartment, an old American
Pullman, is very self contained with sink,
toilet, undrinkable water, a nicely made
pulldown bed, and no springs! Do we ever
bounce thru the night!

March 6, Tuesday

Morning on the train,
with service of hot coffee. A herd of
white cattle, countryside thatched cottages.
Across the aisle from Bob and Andrea from
North Carolina.

Early morning dream has
Lucy Rose taking Nancy and Dotty and I on
a special ride to the Bolinas Beach in her
Volkswagon Bug-- right on to the sand.

And we board a ferry boat and arrive in North
Carolina. She's a little worried that her
charge card maybe won't cover it all, but we
are her guests over there in the river woods

black faces pressing to the window. She has
a new baby with red hair-- how did that
happen Lucy?

I try to call Bill McNeill's
mother who lives there, but remember she has
died, even tho I see her face.

--Little Villages and rolling hills
on the way to Palenque.

12:40 PM

At Palenque now, having visited
the Amazing Temple of the Foliated Cross
in all its flowering fecundity--
etched on stone in the back wall panel
is the Young Corn God.

Donald is striding around,
and blowing his nose, while I envy
his agile enjoyment
of this green mist beauty.

Well True Confessions Teenage History
No Artist, No Personality.

Proud gorgeous history
of Amnesia fat fellows

Little Releases in time-space
personal to all, I suppose, and where
are the iridescent beetles.

This afternoon the attendant
with his peaked cap at the Temple of the Sun
is studying some lessons
when the Germans shake
the lemon tree vigorously at the entrance
of the path into the jungle
So white fragrant blossoms fall
to the ground

He jumps to his feet
and blows his whistle sharply.
They wave their hands, shouting
merrily and go on in.

(I can't figure out his motives for blowing
the whistle on those loud souls.
Don't shake the trees?)

March 7, Wednesday

The great ruler Pacal is buried
in the Temple of the Inscriptions. He ruled
from 615 - 683 AD and died in his eighties.
His tomb with its grand sarcophagus was
discovered in 1956.

It is raining.
We have our straw hats
and our clear plastic capes.
We have gone
to the top of the Temple
of Inscriptions and down
to the Tomb of the Great Ruler
Pacal.

I am making a place
in the doorway of the Jaguar
Temple in the jungle.

A river runs below
the foot of this place
and the trees and vines
are deep and lush and green.

Monstera, birds nest fern,
bromeliad, ceiba tree, and an arm
thick vine reflect my attempt
to display them
in the form of this body watching
The Temple behind
my back
The room in which I sit
flashes gold
thru the satiny silver air

And the iridescent blue
Butterfly is folded
up today under umbrella leaf

The room is reflecting
Looking thru this mind
Listening, tidying up, seeing
Top rustle of leaves as big snake
Rushes down to the stream
in rain time.

Don has walked to the top of the jungle ridge
to a clearing and a little settlement of
Mayans. 'What are *you* doing here?'
'Well, I'm a Botanist.'

Seated by the side of the Count's
Temple fourteen toucans
fly by black in grey sky and

Black head, white eye band
Chestnut back, gold chest
Insect catcher

A real Meditation Temple Garden

As we get ready to board the jitney back
to town five o'clock closing time, an
American camper truck pulls up and a
pleasantly plump white haired lady
jumps out asking excitedly

'Where are we!
What's the *name* of this place!'

March 8, Thursday

Morning

Temple of the Cross

The Guardian of the Temple is a Butterfly
we call the Ambassador

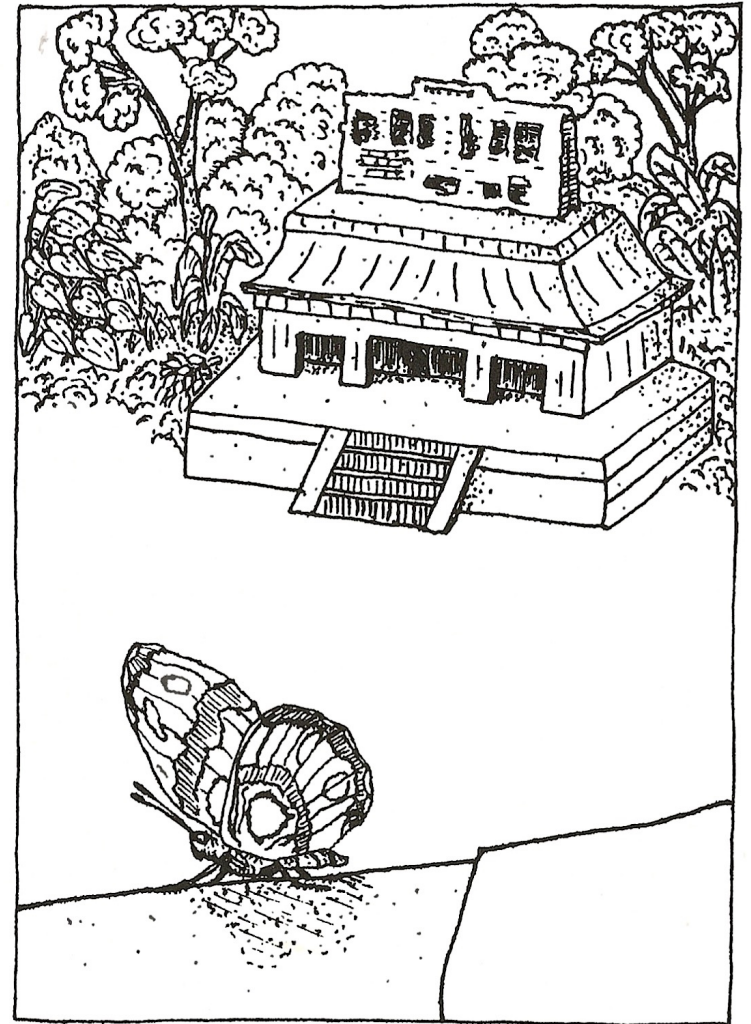
The Ambassador greets us
sits on my hand
then Don's where he stays
while Don takes several pictures
of it on his finger with
Sun Temple backdrop.
Eats a grain of sugar from sweet bun
gets its proboscis stuck and goes
sugar stoned for a while

A wonderful jeweled ornament on the light
straw hat, on the very finger
that writes this now.

The continuing embellishment
of Life in this ancient
Epitome of grace
Our eyes are blown up

Long human calls
away in the jungle
repeated over and over dying
wails, mournful,
elder

And then the Germans
come loudly taking over
the territory and enter into
the jungle path, their voices
first muted by
the trees make loud sound to cover
their unfamiliarity to
keep together a noisy
assertive bevy.



Then friend butterfly
is back in brown and red and yellow
the most beautiful guard
of this Temple.

Get in line for tickets at 9 PM. We don't
get the last of the pullman reservations
because of those 'pushy' Germans and are
content with First Class Especial.
Except that Don looks grumpy and tired
sitting on train platform in straw cowboy
hat since the train doesn't arrive until
11:30. Lucky me
with an adventure book.

March 9, Friday

Morning 6:30 AM

Coffee comes thru and we have survived the
night! This is first class *especial* and
you've *got* to have the air conditioning on,
and it's insanely *freezing*! We put every
piece of clothing with us on, and wrap
our rain plastic over us, and try to drowse
thru the night.

The rural countryside,
thatched roofs of palm, little piggies
under freight trains permanently stopped.

Dreaming about Ebbe and Don as I awake--
who have just made love to this lady--
A great and profound experience says Don.
'Nothing,' thumbs down, says Ebbe.

And so goes the world
and beautiful memories
of Palenque
living ruins
lichen growing walls
always another
turn brings
perfect vista

March 12, Monday

Wake early, have coffee, and get bus
to Chixulub, 3 miles east of Progreso on
this Yucatan coast. Mile after mile of
fancy empty beach houses. Two beautiful
wooden galleons under construction for
lagoon tours somewhere.

A few miles on
we find an empty sandy place to sit down
for a while on this hot sunny day.

She-shi Chixulub

Bright white sand
Dark blue sky
Thin band of blue
green
aqua marine
On horizon
& light green
olive stretches
Soft low waves
at our feet are white
And long white streaks
in the sky.

I bet Larry Eigner
would like it here'
and Bob Grenier
and Kathleen too for this day
at *this* beach.

Just let that gold butterfly
wing from Palenque fly away from notebook
pages down Chixulub Beach.

Walking back to town along the road,
a few peeks at lovely thatched roofed houses
tucked in coconut groves, stick fences,
white sand ground, swept all around.

Grand architectural mansions,
cement bungalows. Development on its way.

March 15, Thursday

Isla Mujeres

At Merida bus station waiting for
7 o'clock bus to Cancun. Rising at 4:10
with dreams of broken down Mexican courtyard
and building at night. Two kittens keep
getting tied up to be in front of firing
squad which consists of Duncan McNaughton
and Jon Bradley.

--Firing squad for the kitties.

Keep memory compassionate of all the
interconnections of people one has loved
and known.

March 16, Friday

At Garrafon Reef
Swimming with mask and snorkle
and fins on coral reef in clear
glass like water to see
gold and black striped fish
flit by.

We find
our own little niche of sand
and coral amid the masses of snorklers
on this tiny famous reef.

Tour boats from
Cancun empty and load up Americans for a stop
I see an avenue of 30 swimmers go by...

Charles! Use some
imagination...
Well it's hard to have imagination
when you're getting so many
first impressions

Our Lampara de Mesa
Lampshade is a conch shell

The island is littered
with caracol shell, must be
no protection for them

Little streets of toy town Isla
sand and brick
teeny boutiques, & homes with T.V.
sets and hammocks

Super torta from happy
young lady in lime green hole
in the wall.

We sit in two chairs on the empty
roof top and view the moon and town
all so close together

Very few cars on Isla Mujeres, mostly
motor bikes and bicycles.

6 PM in our Room--
Reviewing this early morning's dreams...

In Memorium for John Wieners

A beautiful inner atrium rotunda domed room
with Steuben & Art Deco glass
on tall stands in shades of green,
white walls, His favorite things
--A fitting memory, says a visitor.

In the hotel across the street
like a hymn the gringos sing
Happy Birthday Dear Karen
with its dying falls and harmonies
Happy Birthday to You.

Bill's room: Bright, Cheerful
with plants. The great Japanese
flower arrangements.
The Stud. The Ambush. The studios.
I'll be keeping care
of your memory

No, you are not free
from the memories
of others, Ted Berrigan...

Jeannie Maxey shows me a pin
of dove wings
she will copy into a design
for a book cover
for a young boy who has died--
So sad. Write something
for his book.

March 17, Saturday

The remains of the little Mayan temple
to Ixchel, moon goddess
this morning in the rain--
a dramatic perch on the southernmost
end of the island.

The taxi driver
stops on the way to pick up a knife
on the road.

Full moon rose 7:30 irregular
orange behind cloud
confused with horizon lights
becomes dramatic red gold vehicle
for Sun's reflection, rising swiftly

March 18, Sunday

Like the past two mornings we have
huevos rancheros (always different) and
coffee beside the tiny mercado of Isla.

Our last stroll along the island's
windward side, we found some sun glasses,
just fine for Don, made in Korea.

When we board
the 10 o'clock ferry for the mainland I see
Orientals, so I make Don take his glasses off,
in case they're Koreans who will say,
'What are you doing wearing my sun glasses!'

The bus to Merida hurls along the road
past the cunningly thatched Mayan houses,
with sweet little doors--walls of sticks
neatly lined up, stone or white plaster,
set in palm groves; chickens, pigs, little
gardens; and Mayan ladies in white skirts
and overblouses embroidered round the neck.

Long dark hair never cut. Rebozos always
with woven flecks of white.

Arriving in Merida all the markets
and shops are closed up tight with streets
empty of the usual busy press of people
and vendors.

Until we reach the Zocalo
with Sunday strollers and buy the English
Mexico City News. Board the bus to Progreso
and get a little plastic bubble room
at the Miral Mar -- everyone is at the Beach
today out here.

Muchos Gentes.

Diana is out visiting
on a boat nearby for dinner, leaving a note.

She gets back after eight, & I wake
up and go to her room to read
the letter from Sara saying Bill died
the Morning of March 10,
in his sleep.

Go out with the dream.
A sweet and generous gentleman.

March 19, Monday

Running parallel thoughts over
Bill's last days and ours in Palenque--
the Butterfly Guardian,
transcendental clarity

A visit to a new restaurant with glaring
florescent lights clean and hideous and we vow
never to return again.

March 21, Wednesday

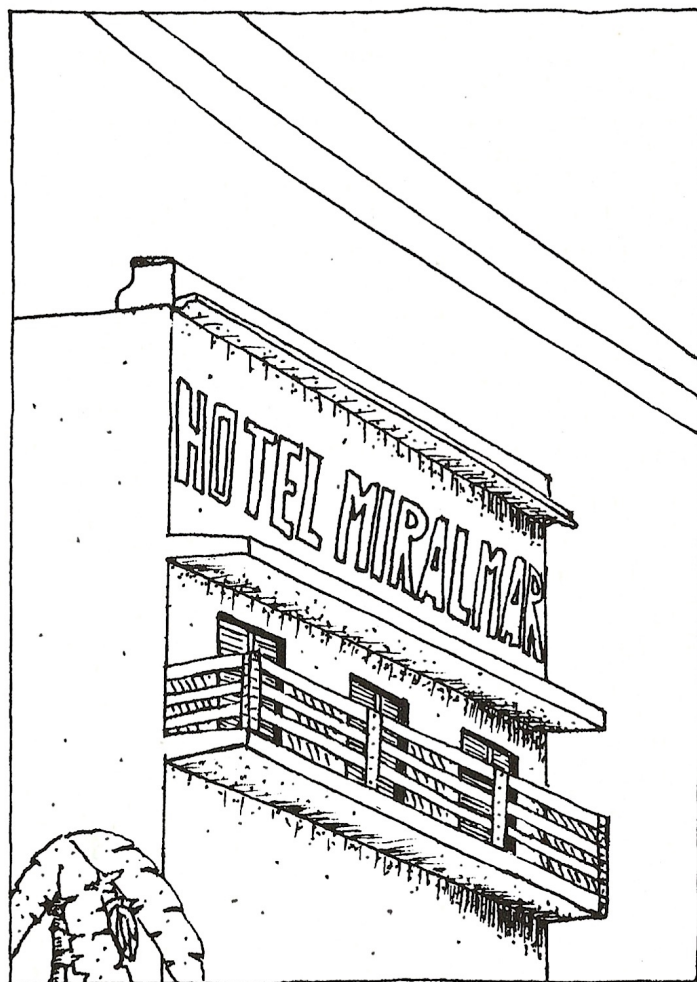
Spring Equinox
when everyone flocks
to Chichen Itza to see the royal snake
descend the huge pyramid.

Dreams have me visiting
with Nancy, and Gin John who is entertaining
Magda. And two gay ladies who run a bookstore
in their home but seem to have dropped the
poetry section. Trying to find a place to
put a small bundle of gardening tools. Leave
them in Margo Doss's Bolinas basement, where
Sandy has left his bed unmade. Sister
Margaret around there. Simone has some sort
of accident with a Mexican truck, drawing
lots of attention to herself and gets Bill
Kornblat, the Bolinas painter, to help her
translate. I must return to my car to pick
up Gin John--

And get a wonderful ride on
the back of a shining black horse behind a
handsome Mexican whom I hold on to. The
horse moves so easily. Galloping, the motion
is superb, I shift my weight slightly.

We pass emerald green fields, interspersed
with dry yellow grass fields that are to be
burned. An adjacent dry grass field might
catch fire, and the rotund mustachioed
Mexican foreman rushes over to see it doesn't
spread. Near the Olema Cemetary. We are on
the way from Pt. Reyes to Bolinas.

Marcelo, our hotel keeper, says there
are white long-haired monkeys here in the
wild jungles of the Yucatan, like Orangutangs,
called Saraguato.



Diana: 'I've fucked up again.'
Cleaning a spot on her wall it gets bigger
and bigger. 'They'll have to repaint the
entire room.'

March 24, Saturday

Swimming at Progreso Beach, the day is
hot. Cool coconuts. Top is thwacked off,
straw inserted, taken from cooler at stand
run by three little boys today.
Who never go to school?

Diana gets letter
from Shao, he can't afford to leave. Ed P.
having big party March 18 at 'Joanne's'.
Bill McNeill's funeral to be at RCA
first week April.

'I don't want to go back.
I want to go on.'

What *really* to pay attention to.

What drivel in the 8:30
pent up evening Donald reading the spy story
holds him hard as life now the rain has
stopped and there isn't much else to do.
Charles Olson line back to *Mayan Letters*,
Allen Ginsberg on the Adivino,
Bill McNeill's Red Tori,

Vermillion the gateless gate.

We lay on the Beach a long time
and swim

March 25, Sunday

They're parked in a big
semi rig across the street, no load on
the back Sunday night courtship
a hand pats the back of her brown
white bloused body, later her head
of black hair lies on the open window
ledge of the truck door; immaculate white

clad Sailors with night sticks walk by in
night patrol stroll
across the street from this table which peers
now over the balcony...

Little Yucatan parrot
on the Unicorn today a 32 foot
sailboat at Puerto Abrego's dredged out
harbor at Yucalpeten, the northern tip
of this peninsula. Bonnie and Steve
getting their boat worked on,
to sail on with their bright green
bird friend. They lost another one at
Sea, nowhere to rest when it flies
off and they find its body 20 minutes later
floating on the waves

-- big water, small bird...

March 26, Monday

See Bill McNeill

talking to Dr. John Doss last night in my
dreams, he is heavy, almost fat, but his eyes
are dark colored, like someone with hepatitis.

In good spirits he is showing a canvas
painted in two parts

of a Moon light path
across the waters in silver and gold,
from one existence into another.

He is very proud of this painting.

Adolescent futzed
the delightful fish
Don brings
to someone in shrunken
white pants, El Salvador's
election newspaper
Monday morning
coffee gringo's search
for meaning of Spanish
in between septic smells
and Yankee California dope
grown dollars
that allow the privileged
school of Mayan Yucatan
English textbook Wa Wa
brain.

A longer desire for Spanish still, to take me
down to the politics heart and tongue of
books I still pass up.

Pop! Pop in the 9 o'clock hotel door small
Alligator Leg from young boy this morning
looking to open beer bottle on inside
Volkswagon door at beach front road for
his father.

So Cool Donald quickly offers his
Swiss Army knife opener. The boy looks up
annoyed, Amazed! Thanks a lot as he flips off
the top and Pop on the wall says Otra Mas
and passes it on to us as we walk the round
cold Corona back to Room #2.

March 28, Wednesday

The heat seems almost fatal
as Panama hat and Margo Doss's tablecloth
are walked thru the noon sun where Diana
meets us at Casa Bowen table with Tequilla.
Farewells are said amid Caribe's outside
patio dinner and two senseless plastic bags
purchased for packing non-existent objects.
A little wooden violin.

March 29, Thursday

We depart via taxi,
plane up and down to Mexico City, Puerto
Vallarta, Zihuatanejo, San Francisco. Zip
thru customs and Immigration and wait
for Edward who takes us straight to Bolinas
and house as we left it.

Dream this morning has my
Mother and I having dinner. My Mother asks,
How is your little daughter, did she get
better?

No, she died. Ah! Tears fall.

Bill Brown is having fun,
driving around...

