06/21/2022

The big bridge in Greenbay, pulling above the tree line for a moment. Over the river with the great Bay stretching out to the east—heading north into the arc of the southern arc Upper Peninsula or due east to the Door County Penninsula. Out to Sturgeon bay and north into Wisconsin’s extended finger into the big lake. He could see Lambeau field in the distance above the treetops. He always thought of those approaching shots of Endor or Alderon or wherever from star wars when the trees covered almost everything except some sudden and surprising technological or architectural projection poked out of the tree line.

The sudden county stench being pump into the vehicle through the out to in vents. The cow pie dankness cooled crisply in the freon feed interiors of the cars cooling system. The rolling farm land. The lake just to the east though obscured by the thickness of the tree line and the general downward slop of the land to the lakeshore below.

05/20/2022

Arlan’s farm house memory of praying with his mother and his brother and asking God to come into his heart. Gave him a better life. What to make of this? What to do with this? Holding two things in your mind at the same time. Mother is a great woman, mother is a piece of shit. Trans identical. Boulder can be many things. The country is large and various. Biggest political grip—illegal immigration. Christ’s castle overlooking the Garden of the Gods. The computer is still running even when the monitor is off. Emotions come and go. Wax and wane. The tides come in, the tides come out. Photographing big sea birds off the coast in Florida. The moon is in Bozo. Is it weather or climate. And this water which is it, rain or the river in which we swim.

5/20/2022

It’s 12:34. Tapping legs. Trying to let the pain out. Myofascial release. The defunction is in there somewhere. Tom that piece of shit. I imagine punching him. Kicking him. Telling his wife what a piece of shit he was, probably still is. Anger at clueless Christian father—discredits world view—can’t approach the emotional turmoil—still a child in a way, more so as he ages. Even keel. Conscientious. Has never been hung over. Unable to really connect with kids. Eased into elderly years quite naturally.

5/20/2022

The card game. Memories of boards being flipped. Having nintendos thrown at him, basketballs being kicked at his head. Abhorring gamesmanship, or just very guarded, secretive.