A person in a santa suit next to a christmas tree

Description automatically generated with low confidence

08/23/2021

Nourishing.

Apologize for foisting my manuscript on you. I was a little out of my mind. But as I have been trying to get out of my mind for a long time, I am not sorrow to have reached that state, but I am sorrow for the raw nerve awkwardness that I have been radiating—it has been something of a skiin molting ceremony. Something of a purge. An ecstatic release and pronouncement. A Trumpet call to break the pregnant silence. An alleyway kvetch I rot gut bellow to the alleyway before finally shuffling back inside for a facewash and a long overdue shave.

You wake to realize that

You lead with love, but are led by lies

Wake the body, wake the mind

Connect that which has been disconnected

The automobile, the football, the atomic bomb,

the convenience of power,

the convenience of the convenience store.

Lost amidst a massing crowd

Is the vastness of space

still accessible within you?

sensitivity: “a sense of being somehow, somewhere connected with the other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is a norm” Nabokov (afterward to Lolita).

Thank you for Santa Claus visits and friendship to betsy and Esme and Helena.

Jinn and Dave thank you for all the love and attention that you have given to Esme, I am so humbled by the extended family of good people who have shown love and kindness to our daughters.

Ellen Palmer- preschool teacher and poet

Bari Zaki- bookmaker and calligrapher

Grandma Birkey- lover of books and enthusiastic reader

Anna Bahow- theater director and writer

David and Marie- visual artists

Theaster Gates, William Byrd, David Schulter? Jinn Brownin Lee, Caulee and Aaron, Russian Filmmaker that William Byrd was a scholar on.

Could follow a lot of the David and Marie material.

Emerson.

Trump definitions

Helena bit

Quotes about the girls

Something about betsy

Something about their friend Byrd

Russia and Byrd? Is the filmmaker reference in Boym???

Joseph Brodsky???

The Nabokov quote about the mode of art…

Something about Nostalgia and Trump