

~~She paints the other~~  
~~& vice versa~~

I rode my lovely horse  
into the perfume department  
at Eaton's. ~~That~~ Looked  
exactly as you would expect  
out of place and rather the way you would imagine.  
wonderful. My horse  
was a little reluctant & I had to  
kick his sides from time to time  
with my bare heels as we passed  
the oceans of Eternity and Opium,  
~~the magnificent and beautiful line of saleswomen~~  
in white lab coats. It was lightning  
purple weather ~~and~~ & my horse  
and I were seeking shelter. had come all the way  
my horse felt it was a long way  
from Wyoming & his favorite  
field of daisies and cow skulls.  
We tried not to ~~disturb~~ anything,  
we were <sup>break</sup>  
but also we were <sup>video</sup> not abstract,  
we were not a painting or anything.  
As I said, I rode my lovely  
horse into the perfume department  
at Eaton's.

I drive the car  
while the angel heavenly voices ascend  
via Berlioz  
toward a Par + enter transparency -  
solid, maybe - a kind of glass -  
these words tap at  
politely, like <sup>engraved</sup> ~~engraved~~ <sup>refined</sup> ~~refined~~  
~~now yet too terribly desperate~~  
~~wanting into infinity~~

I drive the car  
thinking of my friend  
who also drives here  
& takes a detour  
to watch cranes assemble  
~~disperse~~ <sup>in vast quantities</sup>  
~~over the Cassan Connector~~  
~~under the scudding drifts~~  
~~of February's clouds~~

I drive the car  
& listen to James Bond's piano playing  
patch-eyed & crazy  
tango parody - Besame Mucho,  
~~the old medley standards~~  
moving like a ghost through

I drive the car  
afraid of the earthquake.  
My life doesn't seem right,  
sometimes. ~~My loves~~

