

In Cajonville, California
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er: One morning in the summer of 1992: I was driving my daughter Rachel through 98⁰ Southern California: Golden State: Dead beige: Dead brown: Dead tan: Dead ochre grass: Miles from nowhere: South of Los Angeles: To a no green version of the entrance to King Kong's exclusive jungle on Skull Island: We came: Vertical telephone poles crossed with profuse 2 X 14 wood beams: Prison Guards: Munching power lunch: Tastes Grate: Less Killing: Dressed in Dread Nation: [Germo Britz] Tropical: Nineteenth century uniforms: Bearing teleopic sight elephant rifles: The guards sit on top of massed telephone pole towers on either side of the King Kong gates in fake grass roof: Africa Screams gazebos: We paid \$58 for the privilege of driving our car: Windows must be closed: Through the massive gates: Along a grapes of wrath turtle: 50's deodorant: Dry: Cadillac desert dirt road winding past: High Unwashed Giraffe Legs: Starved Wildebeest Ribs: Mangy Rhino Skin flour: Gray Zig Zagged Zebras: Klumpgalumphing Šlo Mo Gazelles: Gray No refraction Peacocks: Assorted Snoro Boro Mongoose: Various Desert Rat: Churchills: Rommels: Redgraves: Glubbs: Eliots Al Orans: Montées: And then: Five: Half Dead: Downer shot up: Threadbare: Flat Foot Floodgy: With No Floy Floy: Kludgey Lions: Lying flat in the dirt: Struggling to raise their tear and dust crusted eyelids up out of their own shit and piss to look up at our car: Gasping: Boooooorn Dead: Each creature had an ear with a mad hatter price tag riveted kindly into it by compassionate animal moneymakers: Somehow this dust laden: Wild African Safari reminded me of Los Angeles: 1992: The Glamour Of The Chopped Face: The Sleep Of The Crowd Brain: The Sleeper Must Be Fakened: Cut: Nevr do wat you lik to do: Cut: Do wat you supposed to do: Cut: Cut: An wit utters: Cut: If use wants to do your own ting writze poitry or sumting: Action: But not the Los Angeles of 1949: Los Angeles was beautiful in the summer of 1949: Pretty girls on roller skates bearing burgers and milk shakes to your \$250 army surplus jeep new with the windshield leveled to a table flat: The movie studios actually had one and one half real actors in them: Always the studio heads: The 30s machine waxed paper marble still gleamed on set floors: Far brighter than fake pitch flame dancing o'er cheaper n than Byzantium psychitzzy power lunch s quawk: La Brea Tar Pit was just a tar pit with a plain log fence across it on the side of the road: Orange trees everywhere: The air was crystal clear: At night searchlights proclaimed: Super: Market: Opening: High in the major motion picture palace star sky: Looking down from any hill: One million diamonds shined: But all the hills were fallen breast red utions: Dirt roaded to the top: Bulldozed flat at the highest: Awaiting: Pure Crap Homes: And the canyons already crawled sprawl: In 1949 LA still had some small palmy beauty: Now: In 1992 it was Newark: New Jersey: Goes to The Sign Of The Dr o ss: Detergent hose cleaned palm trees on a dead river: On a living mind sewer: Under a vacuum cleaner bag sky: Air like white elephant fart: Later: As I lazed the late: I watched my little sun kissed daughter Rachel endlessly practicing standing on her head underwater: Hundreds of times: Beyond perfection: In the pool of our hotel in Pasadena: I held a pen and paper in case I thought of anything to write: The idea: Write a taste of each year of your life like wine tasting: Flashed: Ran on little proto lemur fingers into: Through: And out: The quiet clearing of my mind: I wrote notes of 1938: The Cookie Lady: 1942: Frankenstein And Family: 1952: Night Panic Shrimp Boat In The Gulf: 1976: Hafiz: the wonder cat: Perhaps a few more: I folded the paper and put it back in my back pocket: Up silent plumbing winding into wind: Line from my mind cellar began to flow mine: Tastes: Sugar to brine: New tastes for old: Dead breath spilled word wine: