

Something about violets Jamie said, grief support

Bitter-tasting they were, and on brie, which today I do not
Even and picked from a cemetery
And the sky was made of them
And all the stars
Were just like You should learn when to go
The One With Violets In Her Lap by Aisha Sasha John:
A manuscript
I never published
& thought
Was about sexual violence also I didn't think, listen:
I am supposed to take the laptop into the bedroom and
The lemon-wedged shaped floor cushion
From the living room Zoom studio back to its
Place beside my bed where the light
Pours in salmon
For zazen
TO EXPERIENCE SADNESS AS ITSELF, I wrote

FOUR A.M. ARUGULA

THIRTY TWO PERCENT TONIGHT

—

In a famous episode from the history of psychoanalysis, Wilfred Bion took his analysand Samuel Beckett to a talk by Carl Jung. The latter referred to a woman patient of his who felt she had never been born. Beckett turned to Bion and exclaimed: "That's me!"

—

Phytoremediation

Bracket huh

Toxic soil/ ok

And yeah

They were spicy

The labour of fire

Like house fraught langue bear

Soap vroom

Dappling or like what you would call the action of leaves

As the wind is known

Lilac, dead and diminishing perfume

I have ripped them from their branches

The permission

For me the question of curse is why

A tangled, humping cedar and dry, one of the lesions ends in a

Stump

And is that sage on velvet?

Peeling paint: are drawn people Dutch?

This is purple

And that is grey

This is lilac

And that is slate

Ultimately it is

It is separate

I was told you could right someone's name on a piece of paper and put it in the freezer

We are talking about

And all the clouds were just like little fish

You should yes

Learn when to

But how did they get crossed?

A person guides five trunks into the shape of persons roiling

Animate arcana let's talk about that dog: "I eat Dutch children"

I told Alexa I refuse to learn a single other European language least of all the goofy ones

Okay, brine. Okay three stunts I mean stumps

Speaking of grief who cut them?

And why is the tree so dry?

FYI the ace of wands and knight of swords, Jamie

—

Winnicott makes similar reference to a woman analysand “near to the end of a long analysis”: “She contains no true experiences,” he writes, “She has no past. She starts with 50 years of wasted life, but at last she feels real, and therefore she now wants to live.”

—

A teaching which Reb Zale translated into this image: “You think it is the bird which is free. Wrong: it is the flower.” And Reb Elat into this motto: “Love your ties to their last splendor, and you will be free.”

—

The last time I was flowered I got cut

I guess I have to find what is hidden pertaining to housekeeping and dance
And that I asked and asked and asked
That I went into the wilderness alone and both of you were seeing me there
And both of you were watching me in the wilderness
As a centaur it is painful to be witnessed feeding
Or wanting to eat
Or whenever I encounter my appetite
And the not knowing remains most intimate
To risk extra words in your aphorism
Beeswax oozing past an untended edge

The anthropologist vs the ethnobotanist
Which white man is more annoying

Spelling ayahuasca

He purged purple phosphorous and scorpions

Imbibe ward provide protect
And there definitely has to be a drum
There has to be, there has to be, there has to be a drum

Like how you hold your carpet
Curled into itself in a turquoise tarp
I think you could go and
You could go and look at that
What it is is that you could actually be more selfish
Until you don't have to and then you stop?

—

We decided against a curse.

In the bowl, it's Gesig's *hands*. With the seeds, it's my *hands*.

We created a *spell with plants for wakefulness and truthtelling* -- things that were common like mint and coffee were some of the ingredients as well as things a little less common.

We stuffed little handfuls of our powder under carpets in his hotel.

That's an *old cedar* that was planted by William Cornelius van Horne on his cottage island which is now a bad museum to his "legacy."

Instead, we wanted to apply a wakefulness or a truth serum to the strange buildings so they would do the talking --

"She who cannot curse, cannot cure; she who cannot hex, cannot heal."