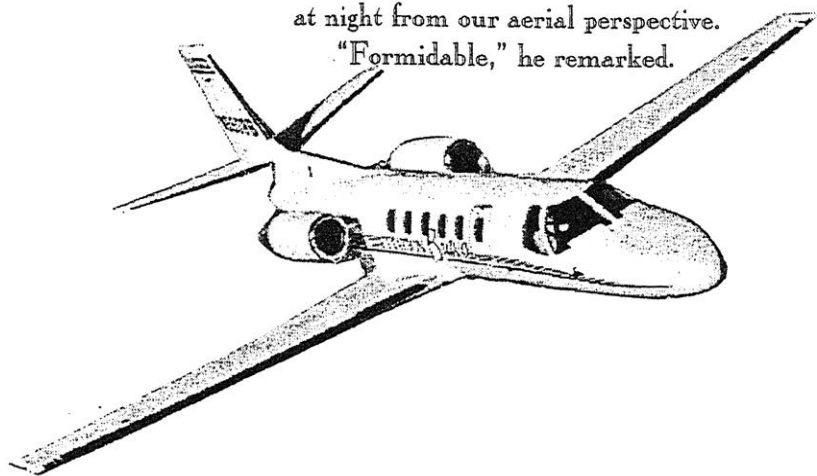


The plane took off,
and I again chatted with the passenger
seated next to me. A French-speaking man
from Africa. We caught a view of Manhattan
at night from our aerial perspective.
"Formidable," he remarked.



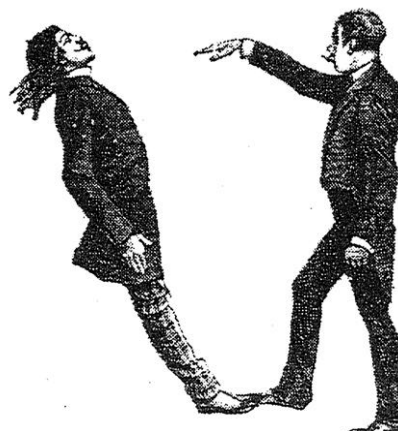
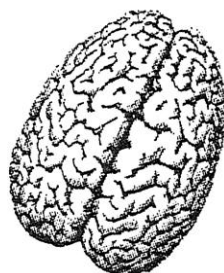
I can't remember Boyfriend 2's face.
I don't know if he is playing games with me,
if I am playing games with him,
or if there is something going on with him
and this other woman that I know and don't like.
As though I can judge such an action.



I suddenly realized that I had left
the beautiful cloche hat in the bathroom
at the airport.

This only adds to my sensation of limbo,
of being between things and fully removed.

In the back of my mind,
bombs are exploding.



Shit! I Post that nice hat.
Shit? Im going to Europe!

...

I watch that movie, about whether
Klaus Von Bulow put his wife
in a coma, with detachment.

