

Status, News Feed, Most Recent, Last

Luisa A. Igloria

All roads lead to the Duomo, so I said Come on, Come on,
but my baby doesn't want to go. I can't stop needling,
can't stop thinking of The Swell Season, of Glee, of the
dude who kept going on and on about
Earth Hour 2010 and how it's time to take action
(for real) on global warming, though he mostly has his
garden gnome head stuck in a Farmville time warp.
How sad it was to learn that more clicked on the
"If you were a dog, what breed would you be?" app, than on the
June 01 article on Louise Bourgeois' death. The sculptor's
kinetic images haunt me, her stunning "Arch of Hysteria"
lurching through space like a syllable I couldn't pronounce, those
multiple breasts on the headless sphinx, and the bronze patina
needing no explanation on the "Janus Fleuri".
O agony and ecstasy, our lot on this blue-green
planet. The clouds swirl with sadness and, on occasion,
quietude disguised as truce. Bodies sail downwind through Gaza.
Rooftops lie open to the rain in South America, so who's
sending greetings from Tortuguero with the howlers,
the caimans, the morpho butterflies?
Undo my necklace, undo the clasp of my chemise, would you?
Veer into the wind with me for as many times as
we still can, my darling. The sails have a little wind left in them.
Exciting to think that we might manage one more fierce
yodel, one more frontier crossing, one more chance to author that
zygote where, among a multitude of contacts, we found us.