

When I painted Frank O'Hara, Frank was standing there.

First, I painted the whole structure of his face; then  
I wiped out the face, and when the face was gone,  
it was more Frank than when the face was there.

Elaine de Kooning



#### **Badlands**

I can't see I declared at least twice before anyone listened in the family car returning east to New York through Nebraska. I was in the backseat taking photos of the quickly passing landscape with my souvenir piece of petrified wood found the day before alongside the roadway. The rock resembled my father's new Olympus and easily scratched the lenses of my brand new glasses.





just stunning <

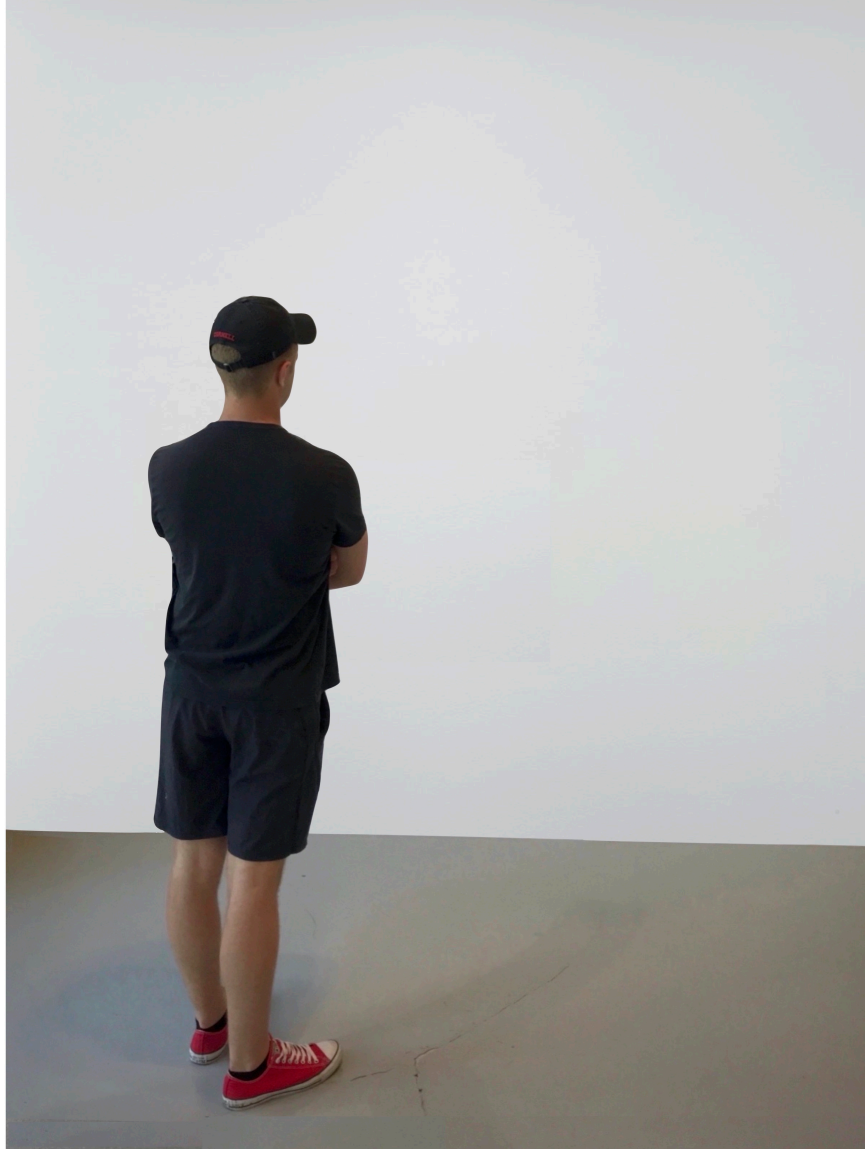
> A "rhody" my mom would call them; they grow wild, but never this big, on the Oregon coast. I tried to grow one in our helter-skelter front patch but it struggled and never belonged.

I exclaimed "Jesus Christ' when I first passed <

> I went to a wedding on the Vineyard where James Taylor got up and talked about his father saying *Jesus Christ*, especially when he saw something beautiful; but also when he hit his thumb with a hammer.







Hauser & Wirth.

## **The Goslings**

In late-May bloom the irises and soon after, the poppies. I take note;  
and walk the usual path along the eastern bend to count the young  
until halted by a red fox up from shoreline, unwilling to run off.

It is the wild that draws us near.





Mallorca.



Shower.





Bonneville Salt Flats (1971).



Before departing, I often take a photograph of Anita at the front door of the nursing home where she now lives. I will show it to her when we return.

Our time together is brief.

We stop to buy a coffee that we will share and then drive to a local park where we stay sitting in the parking lot but with a nice view of the lake. We chat and watch the people pass by and besides hearing the updates of her grandchildren, the highlight is observing the birds. Anita is amused by even their most ordinary behavior.

During the return home (just in time for her lunch), Anita grows increasingly anxious. Finally when we arrive at the entrance she is certain that she has never been here. She fears that I will leave her alone in the company of strangers.



Anita.

## **Farm Life**

The songbirds of Santa Croce impress  
but lack the exuberance of a gray catbird  
at sunrise in Ohio;

where two robins fend off a blue jay  
while trying to feed their young  
nesting under the eave;

and the lingering chill of last night  
will soon cool our coffees,  
too quickly.

He sits on the porch with his heavy book  
down near the pond;  
how beautiful this all is...

He has suffered only minor damages.  
Maybe more.  
Yes, more.

And then a slow unzipping of the tent;  
unnoticed me  
wandering to a tree.



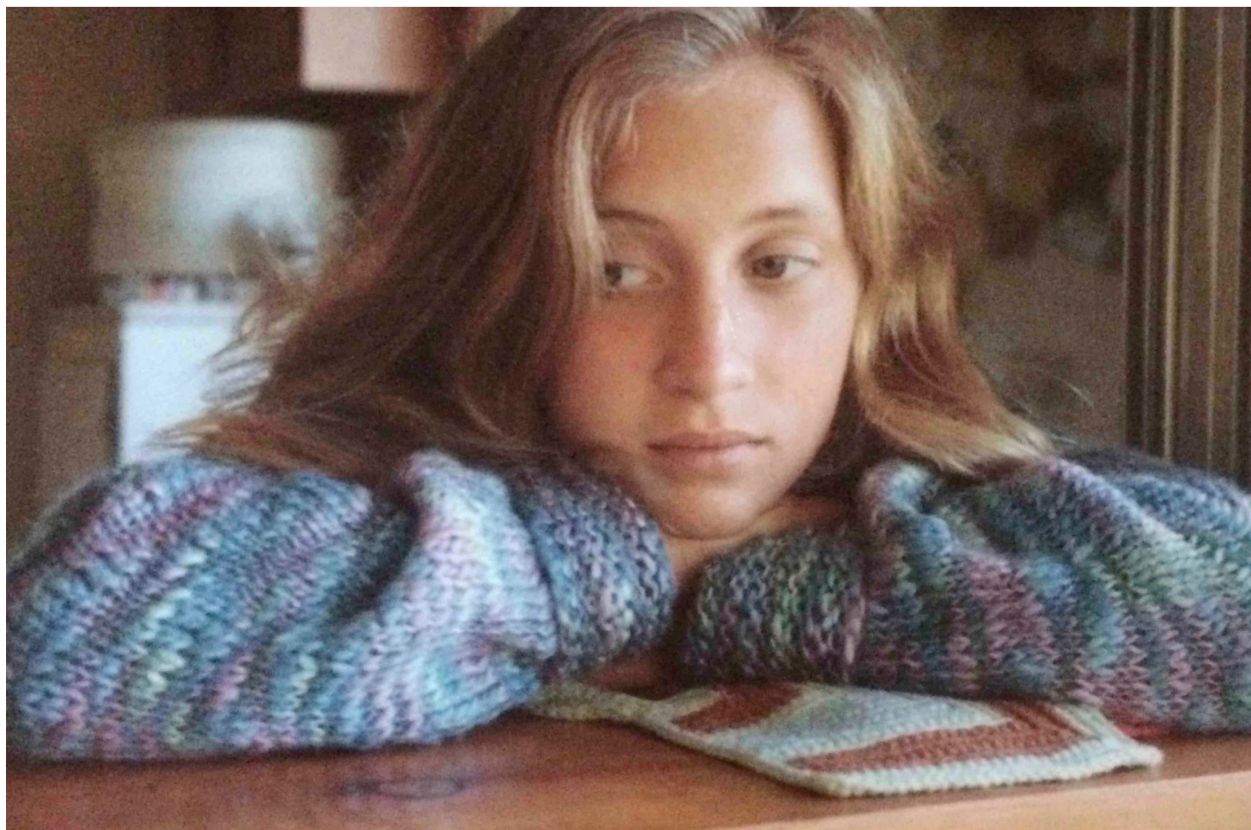


East Lagoon.

## **First Nude**

He will rise and offer to cover for the no-show model; an immodest baring to the hairiest body ever seen.

Our drawings were pretty funny.



Handmade.

## **Backpage**

03. From the series *Nature and Civilization*.

06. From the series *How a person looking at art resembles a sculpture*.

08. From the series *Teammates*. Steve took this photo, no doubt at Janet's urging.

09. From the series *Farm Life*.

14. Jackson Park in Southside Chicago (2018).

16. From the series *Farm Life*.

[Next](#)