

VII.

## **To Be In A Time Of War**

To say nothing, do nothing, mark time, to bend, to straighten up, to blame oneself, to stand, to go toward the window, to change one's mind in the process, to return to one's chair, to stand again, to go to the bathroom, to close the door, to then open the door, to go to the kitchen, to not eat nor drink, to return to the table, to be bored, to take a few steps on the rug, to come close to the chimney, to look at it, to find it dull, to turn left until the main door, to come back to the room, to hesitate, to go on, just a bit, a trifle, to stop, to pull the right side of the curtain, then the other side, to stare at the wall.

To look at the watch, the clock, the alarm clock, to listen to the ticking, to think about it to look again, to go to the tap, to open the refrigerator, to close it, to open the door, to feel the cold, to close the door, to feel hungry, to wait, to wait for - dinner time, to go to the kitchen, to reopen the fridge, to take out the cheese, to open the drawer, to take out a knife, to carry the cheese and enter the dining room, to rest the plate on the table, to lay the table for one, to sit down, to cut the cheese in four servings, to take a bite, to introduce the cheese in the ; mouth, to chew and swallow, to forget to swallow, to day-dream, to chew again, to go back to the kitchen, to wipe one's mouth, to wash one's hands , to dry them, to put the cheese back into the refrigerator, to close that door, to let go of the day.

To listen to the radio, to put it off, to walk a bit, to think, to give up thinking, to look for the key, to wonder, to do nothing, to regret the passing of time, to find a solution, to want to go to the beach, to tell that the sun is coming down, to hurry, to go down with the key, to open the car's door, to sit, to pull in the door, put in the key, turn it on, heat the engine, to listen, to make sure nobody's around, to pull back, to go ahead, to turn right, then left, to drive straight on, to follow the road, to take many curbs, to drive down the coast, look at the ocean, to admire it, to feel happy, to go up the hill, to reach the other side, then go straight, to stop, to make sure that the ocean has not disappeared, to feel lucky, to stop the engine, to open the door, to exit, to close the door, to look straight ahead, to appreciate the breeze, to advance into the waves.

To wake up, to stretch, to get out of bed, to dress, to stagger towards the window, to be ecstatic about the garden's beauty, to observe the quality of the light, to distinguish the roses from the hyacinths, to wonder if it rained in the night, to establish contact with the mountain, to notice its color, to see if the clouds are moving, to stop, to go to the kitchen, to grind some coffee, to lit the gas, to heat water, hear it boiling, to make the coffee, to put off the gas, to pour the coffee, to decide to have some milk with it, to bring out the bottle, to pour the milk in the aluminum pan, to heat it, to be careful, to pour, to mix the coffee with the milk, to feel the heat, to bring the cup to one's mouth, to drink, to drink again, to face the day's chores, to stand and go to the kitchen, to come back and put the radio on, to bring the volume up, to hear that the war against Iraq has started.

To get more and more impatient, to be hungry, to bite one's nails, to wear a jacket, to open the door, walk down the hill, to look at the Bay, see boats, notice a big sailboat, to go on walking, to be breathless, to turn left, then right, to enter the Sushi-Ran, to wait, to look at the waitress, to call her, to rest one's elbows on the table, to pull them back when the tea arrives, to order, to eat, to drink, to use chopsticks, to be through, to wipe one's mouth with the napkin, to read the bill, to count, to pay, to thank graciously, to exit, to start the road uphill.

To rise early, to hurry down to the driveway, to look for the paper, take it out from its yellow bag, to read on the front-page WAR, to notice that WAR takes half a page, to feel a shiver down the spine, to tell that that's it, to know that they dared, that they jumped the line, to read that Baghdad is being bombed, to envision a rain of fire, to hear the noise, to be heart-broken, to stare at the trees, to go up slowly while reading, to come back to the front-page, read WAR again, to look at the word as if it were a spider, to feel paralyzed, to look for help within oneself, to know helplessness, to pick up the phone, to give up, to get dressed, to look through the windows, to suffer from the day's beauty, to hate to death the authors of such crimes, to realize that it's useless to think, to pick up the purse, to go down the stairs, to see people smashed to a pulp, to say yes indeed the day is beautiful, not to know anything, to go on walking, to take notice of people's indifference towards each other.

To have lunch. To ask for some beer. To give one's order. To drink, eat, and pay. To leave. To reach home. To find the key. To enter. To wait. To think about the war. To glance at the watch. To put on the news. To listen to the poison distilled by the military correspondents. To get a headache. To eat dry biscuits. To put the radio back on. To hear bombs falling on Baghdad. To listen to ambulances. To go out on the deck. To look at the lengthening shadows on the grass. To count a few dead flies on the pane. To go to the table and look at the mail. To feel discouraged. To drink some water. To not understand the wind. To wonder if the human race is not in chaos. To wish to blow

up the planet. To admire those who are marching against the war.

To hear a war from far-away. For others; to bomb, eliminate a country, blow-up a civilization, destroy the living. To exit from one idea to enter another. To go. To cross the Golden Gate. To enter San Francisco. To stop at the light. To enjoy the luminosity of the green. To be on Market Street. To see too many policemen. To be told to keep going. To see young men being arrested at the end of the march. To measure tension in the air. To seek Valencia. To go all the way to Connecticut St. and park the car. To enter through the gate of CCAC. To sit in a room which is dark. To listen to a poet, then to another, speak about a time gone.

To stop at the gas-station and fill up the tank. To go uphill, peek at Mount Tamalpais. To take a rest, breathe, contemplate. To find a path and walk on wet grounds. To enjoy the enormous variety of the shades of green on the mountain. To raise one's eyes to the sky and bring them back on the horizon to compare the different greys of the sky. To try to speak to the clouds. To say yes, it's impossible. To linger on the mystery of communication, to bemoan its absence. To say it's okay, then not to believe oneself. To think of the morning news, to be horrified. To despise. To hate. To empty one's head of overflowing emotions. To regret that evil exists. To blame oneself for the existence of evil. To want to forget about it and not be capable of so doing. To wrap oneself with death.

To turn the page without moving into a new life. To put on the radio. To listen and receive much poison on one's face. To curse the hour, the fire, the deluge and hell. To lose patience. To lynch misfortune. To prevent the trajectory of inner defeat from reaching the centre. To resist. To stand up. To raise the volume. To learn that the marches against the war are growing in number. To admit that human nature is multifaceted. To know that war is everywhere. To admit that some do win. To drink some water. To turn in circles. To pretend that one is not spent out. To believe it. To pretend. To discuss with one's heart. To talk to it. To quiet it down, if possible. To curse the savagery of the technologically powered new crusades. To remain in doubt. To come out of it in triumph.

To run down for the Sunday paper. To read: "Target: Baghdad." Back to the radio, hear about the American dissidents. Hear that the Blacks are overwhelmingly against the war, that the Iraqis are resisting. Do some cleaning. To put up with an inner rage. To admit the evidence of evil, the existence of pain. To not be capable of finding, within, one's source of energy. Feel gratitude for those who protest although knowing that they are moved by their own moral sense. Take risks, that's what they do. To think that the Arab states feel uncertain, to say the least. To find the radio unbearable.

To wait for the reaction, the vengeance. To be thirsty, hot, then to feel cold. To invade the body, says evil. To speak of evil. To make a phone call. Not to tell all that one thinks. Not to think about all one knows. To hang up. To pick up the bottle of Correctol and start erasing memories. Not to be hungry but to eat, nevertheless. To satisfy other needs by eating. To feel disgusted. To count the dead of either side. To come back to the radio while congratulating oneself of not possessing a T.V. set. To listen to the Egyptian, Turkish, Jordanian, Syrian and Iraqi reporters on the radio. To feel worn out.

To admire the light, bless the spring. To bring down the garbage, close the lid. On the way up, to look at the bluebells, smell the verbena and the sage. Once in the living-room, hear and weigh the silence. To suffer from the disaster. To do nothing. To think about history then reject that thought. To align some books on the shelf, and throw away quite a few. To pick up a magazine, to throw it back into its basket. To find a forgotten translation of Parmenides. To read a few sentences, discovering his impatience. To intend to read him later, but there's no "later" at this moment. To consider the present time as sheer lead.

To put things in order. To find a 1975 diary. To read at random: "Back from Damascus." To read, further: "Sunday the 12th. Mawakef meeting." To leave the notebook on the table. Turn the radio on KPFA. To absorb the news like a bitter drink. To create terror, that's war. To wallow in cruelty, conquest. To burn. To kill. To torture. To humiliate: that's war, again and again. To try to break the iron circle. To go downtown, at least, to park on Caledonia. To walk all the way to the Valhalla, along the water. Measure the mast of an extraordinarily beautiful sailboat with one's incredulous eyes. Admire the black hull and its thinness. Compare the lightness of the sailboat to the government's moral thickness. To admit that there's nothing that one can do.

To bring down a military plane over Afghanistan. To welcome the sun. To water the plants. To roll back the hose. To unroll it again. To go on watering. To place the hose next to the wall. To displace shadows while displacing oneself. To go back to the typewriter. To worry about the ribbon, to wonder if it needs to be replaced by a new one. To control the desire for sherbets. To breathe painfully. To keep one's anger low key, sweep away one's worries. To take off the shoes and wear other ones, and enjoy the result. To see what time it is. To uncork the inkpots. To read "Mont—Blanc" on the label. To fear for the ink to evaporate. To carefully close the inkpot. To glance at the watch and realize that it's time for the (bad) news. To put up with it.

To read on the calendar that Lynn Kirby is coming for lunch. To discuss the atrocities committed by the British and the Americans in Iraq. To hear her say that war is an atrocity, point. To speak about astronauts and Space. To discuss the possibility of a collaboration. To bring on the table roast beef and salad. To mix the salad. To look at the mountain. To later bring down the night over the mountain. To guess its presence through the night. To affirm love, look through the void, measure its depth. To wonder if it is permissible that some eat bio-foods while other die of hunger. To imagine the war in Iraq. To intimately know how ferocious invading armies ate. To try not to die of hatred. To hold one's head between one's hands. To press on. To close one's eyes. To have difficulty breathing.

To destroy Baghdad is the order of the day. To hear the soundtrack of the war. To be stunned by the spring's colored beauty. To have coffee at Da Vino. To shake and sweat at the sight of a woman who is a walking skeleton helped to a car. To buy cornbread at the Real Food Store. To feel guilty when thinking of hunger. To be back. To admire the garden's incredible beauty. To go up and store the bread. To put the radio on. To find the official hypocrisy untenable. To repeat that they are war criminals. To feel a lead like fatigue all the way down the body. To be desperate. To know the absoluteness of the war. To still believe that the future will escape the diabolical schemes of the enemy.

To extinguish the light in the eyes of those who love the world, to threaten life itself, to impose death, that's war. To pour blood in the Euphrates and kill the inhabitants of the Tigris's banks. To displace hills. To wipe out an open market. To make it impossible to get married, to sleep, to get up one morning in Bassorah, while they do it over there, in Mexico. To meddle with Arab destiny. To anticipate their death, dealing and wheeling. To pray to the ancient gods. Not to despair about the past. Not to forget. To be sure that some day, no one knows when, justice will prevail. To know that the world will take revenge for having been fooled. To keep knowing that there are mysteries and secrets.

To dream of deserts, to count the cactuses and all venomous plants.

To yearn for spectacular suns. To raise one arm, then, the other. To follow the uninterrupted flow of news and reach an unbearable level of sadness. To pretend that one is okay because of the hunger in the stomach. To not eat or keep time. To pick up the notebook, then put it back on the shelf. To live with the knowledge that the Americans, the English, their allies, want the people of Iraq, the children, the men of Iraq, to be destroyed. To compare what's going on with what has always been going on. To hang on straw. To be disoriented. To be running and standing still, in the dark, on the deck. To read the map of the sky. To mark out the stars.

To spot the Pleiades. To remember Babylon. To spread blackness on one's heart. To come in, to close the door. To wait for the slightest noise. To put an end to a long day. To go to sleep.

To do as if things mattered. To look calm, polite, when Ghaza under siege and when a blackish tide slowly engulfs the Palestinians. How not to die of rage? To project on the screen World War I, then World War II while expecting the Third one. To scare the innocent, by following the Israeli way of spreading terror. To make a phone call to Paris. To tell Walid that things are alright. To lie. To admit that the weather is noncommittal, beautifully. To feel indifference toward a spring suddenly heating up. To choose which shirt to wear. To fill one's mind with the apprehension of the Sunday paper there, at the door.

To read a lot of trash mixing the blood of war with business's stench. To root out any happiness. To go out, and down, and on the road. To hesitate; to go on, and ahead, and back, and up the stairs, and in one's room. On the way, to notice that the mountain is still there. To lie and sleep, deeply, heavily. To reproduce night's sleep. To wake up, look through the window at green water, from the Bay to the mountain, and return to one's self. To remember that war is devastating Iraq. To feel pain.

To walk toward the chimney, stand there, return to the table, sit and uncork the inkpot. Bring the cork back to its place. To follow a shadow's edge. To raise one arm in order to create a shadow. Not to define its color. To be puzzled by its nature. To mentally cover distances and not decide if they are on earth or in space. To hear steps. Prick up one's ears. To wait. To put uncertainty to rest. To evacuate the brain from any sort of presence. To get rid of that guilt while doubt starts to creep in again. To fix one's eyes on the painting. To get lost in the painting. To make coffee. To pour it but forget to drink it. To drink it cooled down, throw the rest. To get upset. To say the hell with it the hell with it. To wait for the mail while thinking who cares?

To go to the dentist early morning then drive back and come home. To lie down, waiting for the news at noon. To have a headache. To be impatient. To vomit the war. To greet the fog with joy, with tears. To find tenderness in stones. To greet Sarah Miles, with tea, with cakes. To miss the news. To chat. To say goodbye. To start a valise. To forget the war. To never stop thinking about it. To ignore the beauty of the day. To water the garden. To slobber with disgust. To notice the porcelain blue of the sky. To follow a cloud. To encounter other blues. To come back to Earth. To fly over hills. To feel the breeze. To read an invisible line which says that in Baghdad people die ferociously. To face the mind's emptiness.

To fly heavily like a crow. To hear the wind. To ply with branches.  
To blow one's tree into the wild olive tree. To read Heraclitus. To  
call him "the obscure", because his thinking happens within the  
questioning of clarity. To read Heidegger, soon. To be informed,  
by a phone call, that Turkey is stirring over Iraq. To witness the  
execution of Iraq. To force the Arabs to move backward. To be moved  
by the beauty of Rhea Galanake's poem. Not to feel in good shape.  
To be getting old, to fight anxiety. To think about the trip. To  
visualize oneself at the airport. To start counting the days. To  
yawn. To look through the window. To measure the extent of one's  
sadness, while denying its power. To look for the latter with no  
avail.

To rise in the middle of a feeling of discouragement. To make coffee.  
To warm some milk. To take vitamins. To wait for the storm. To listen  
to the news and let one believe that things, later, will be  
much better. To find little energy in the body or in the mind.  
To distill thoughts like one does alcohol, a drop at a time.  
To remember green plantations, red earth, black faces, white tears.  
To recall that nothing seems to have changed. To face a profound  
weariness. To stop the flow of these defeatist considerations.  
To keep quiet.

To land in New York. To pick up the baggage, climb in a taxi,  
cross a bridge, drive into the red sun, enter the city, stop at  
90th street, take the elevator, leave the valise on the floor,  
lie on the bed, stare at the ceiling, forget it all. To go to the  
Saigon Grill a few hours later was a pleasure: to order eggplant  
and rice, to pay, to go back to a deep sleep. To feel in the morning  
the hostility of humid weather, to wonder why the trees are  
still without leaves, to follow the branches all the way to their  
tips, to realize how, high the surrounding buildings can be., to  
start counting the wall's bricks.

To sneeze out the pollution. To rub the soot off the mirror. To  
cough and spit. To buy the New York Times and find it disgusting.  
To look at pictures glorifying war. To be appalled by the number of  
civilian casualties. To feel ashamed of feeling so comfortable in  
the apartment. To feel tired of living. To betray one's thoughts.  
To have a drink and too much food. To love beer, and the Park. To  
plan a trip to the Metropolitan. To decide to walk through the  
Park while . . .

To call California. To submit to much disinformation. To bring  
the bottle close, to drink Evian. To be embarrassed that Bassorah's  
inhabitants are dying of thirst under the returning British. To die  
of thirst is for the natives. To die, is for others. To inform

the living that they aren't yet dead. To hear in children's voices their future death. To dim the light, with restlessness. To go to the kitchen for no reason. To sit in the dark. To welcome dark thoughts. To loosen the squeeze around one's heart. To empty one's veins of all forms of love. To find oneself inanimate. To be immured.

To sneak through the hours. To fall into prostration. To get lost in questioning. To close all avenues. To let dusk fall or, rather, shadows climb. To lit the lamps. To avoid the news. To wash one's hands. To dry them carefully. To shake one's head and everything inside it. To breathe with difficulty. To not worry, but be bored. To reach a state of parallel awareness. To go to the window just to make sure that it's very sad outside, like in Baghdad, under the bombs. To wonder why one is so placid. To be accused, by the angel, of being so ready for compromise. To foresee no personal action. To remember that it will snow, unusually. To dread the evening. To go to Steve Lacey's concert.

To anticipate trouble. To go down Second Avenue, exit on 10th Street, enter the "Barracuda" and sit in front of fish-and-chips. To eat in a hurry. To enter St Mark's Church, buy a ticket. To listen to a clarinet player. To recognize Douglas Dunn against the screen on which his dancers become shadows. To applaud Steve Lacey. To be worried about the bandage around his head, his swollen cheek. To realize that his tempo has slightly slowed down and that his music is somehow crying. To take off one's heavy jacket in the over-heated room. To let Steve's music invade the place. To use the program sheet as a fan. To hear the pounding of Baghdad in the music's tissue. To wonder if Nouri will stay alive through this war. To come back totally to the music. To find it barbaric, ecstatic. To mix the soprano-sax with the dancers. To mix the dance with the deep-seated knowledge that things have gone wrong.

To wake in the morning in a snow storm. To be surprised that it's happening in April. To remember the flowering cherry trees from former springs. To drink the coffee while it's still hot. To go out in the cold and buy the paper. To put on new shoes. To hurry back and throw the paper into its corner. To contemplate the snow-fall under its silver sky. To compare a tree to a Christmas tree. To go out again, this time for lunch at "Edgard's". To order their salad with smoked salmon. To pour oil and vinegar. To call the waitress who comes and pours coffee. To find that the coffee is black, like the world.

To desire strongly to be in Baghdad, in defiance of the war. To taunt danger. To know that the end is near. To hallucinate. To see the amputated like vases set on shelves. To hear shouts and press one's hand



on one's ears. To shout. To answer the phone which inadvertently stops the nightmare. To make tea. To find out that the water is tepid and the hour is sour. To thank the sky for having stopped the snow. To think of Beirut, dream of Palestine, miss Baghdad, be reminded of the impossibility to be ever totally where one is. To despise History as taught, but love Greece, anyway, always. To need the celebration of courage. In the single room to put off the light. To look at the spreading evening is inescapable.

To speak of angels according to oneself and according to Rilke. To evoke Malte Laurids Brigge. To remember one's adolescence and fear the distance. To suffer. To still love those one has loved. To discover that one has really loved. To wonder if remembering things past in open air is less painful than this imprisonment. To have a bad taste in the mouth. To bite one's nails. To have pain at Iraq. To revolt against the torture to which it is being submitted. To have stiff joints and lumbago. To cross the day like an acclimated ghost. To lose sight of any reason to be.

Not to underestimate mathematical functions. To expect them to reestablish some direction for thinking, for exploding dormant certitudes. To chase despair away while knowing the futility of such an endeavor. To gaze in wonder at cruelty. To interrupt some invisible process. To greet friends. To hear them coughing. To say that we eradicated small sicknesses and kept the big ones. To project the interior image of Baghdad. To remember the 1976 trip. To spend days in Baghdad, in dream, in remembrance. To be shot back to New York, in a daze. To drink water to push down a bufferin. To be swelling. To look at nowhere, in prostration. To renounce both hope and surrender. To edge toward nothingness.

To search one's memory for the past's residues. To indulge in insomnia. To snow on the reservoir. To scrutinize the sky, fly from branch to branch, cut through air a passage to tall buildings, in a pink morning. To go and buy the paper where some reporter affirms that to bomb Guernica, Rotterdam, Baghdad or New York ends up being as many crimes of war . . . To hear the phone ring, to look at the snow, to meditate on cruelty while there's noise in the corridor. To smell the neighbor's cuisine. To be obsessed by food as a substitute for . . . what? To catch a glimpse of one's childhood.

To transform matter into spirit. To cross the threshold. To abolish all signs, then go after them. To decode the future. To rust. To wonder how to digest defeat instead of vomiting it in the middle of the night, and go back to one's bed and pull the covers. To try to be convinced that New York is an interesting place. To throw a disillusioned regard on the courtyard, to call that a garden! To be exasperated and leave for the Park. To try to avoid little pools of melted snow. To stand under a tree and try to count spots of snow on its trunk. To admire light-yellow broom trees.

To follow a trail. To slow down, returning to 90th Street. To enter left, then right, push the button in the elevator, fetch the key, enter . . . enter a void.

To sweep the living-room in order to disperse all the clattering angels. To think of California which is receding. To be bored. To fling a vision, into the air, of Baghdad disappeared. To lose energy on anger. To encapsulate the present. To be agitated in order not to be more restless. To give way to the body's floodgates. To observe intensely the pictures of Iraqi corpses lying on their land. To wish the end of everything, oneself and others. To return to those images and transform them into icons. To pray.

To move forward into parading indifference. To bury one's feelings. To feel relief at the hairdresser. To stroll. To clean out some memories and allow death to manifest itself. To project the movie of things that just happened, let bitterness invade the soul. To fight regrets and lose the battle. To know that when it's nighttime here it's early morning in Baghdad. To think of Badr Shaker al Sayyab. To descend into his tomb to inform him that Bassorah is being destroyed. To wash blood off its people's faces. To leave Badr to his sleep. To fly back to New York the indifferent, the wounded. To remember Innana's poems. To call Babylon's gods. To wish that they join the fight, and know that that won't happen. To foresee vengeance in death.

To face the iridescent inner chaos. To start a grey day. To lose the limit between the self and its environment. Buy two newspapers in order to double the horror. To reach the bottom of horror. Turn distances into a tunnel. Receive a package. Read Bobby's letter predicting world-wide cataclysm. Believe him. To enter Time's movement. To walk around the block. To remove wet shoes. To watch one's heart-beats. To give up writing the letter, give up everything. To need some sleep. To swallow the pill. To wait for Ruth and Annea. To let the body do the thinking about the war.

To buzz with fatigue. To dream (almost) of canals and planted fields. To climb mountains, but it's not true. To be glued to the ground. To hurt because they are hurting. To bury the living-dead. To lower one's mask. To clean the bath-tub with disgust. To feel guilty and blame it on the war. To be puzzled by the enormity of what is happening. To live in a kind of luxury, avoid the idea that it could be different. To wait for the end of that which will not end.

To lift the great song again but then see that Saadi Youssef has not received his entry visa, To believe that democracy has become a charade. To rest has become useless. To prevent light from reaching the spirit. To warm one's resentment. To wish a non ambiguous farewell to presidential palaces. To collapse. To hear steps. To go to the door, let a friend in. To speak of the weather then slide to war news. To find them bloody and monotonous. To fail to bring one's attention to something else. To insist on violence's bestiality. To say goodbye to the friend. To err in a closed space. To alter one's perceptions by pain's sovereignty.

To ask death to be accountable. To hope that the Tigris will not slow down.

To measure the mirrors' depth, drain their blood and fill them with water. To drown in them, to render one's glance uninhabitable. To enter a heavily destroyed city of Baghdad. Read on the calendar: April 9, 2003. To look at Iraqis brought to their knees, scrutinize their faces, admire their resilience. To dream and then return to a heart-wrenching reality. To participate in New-York's vague apprehension. To spend an hour at the café. To enter Baghdad and destroy some more houses, raise more dust. To ignore everything about it. To show arrogance, brutality and turn people into beasts for the slaughter-house. To wish that conquerors be buried in sand.

To program chaos, to make sure that it will be a killer, to prevent a country from being managed decently: that's the day's politics. To pervert language, pervert the children's eyes, corrupt and destroy, that's the new order. To distribute evil with specially built machines. In New York, wait for the rain to stop, there, rain bombs over Baghdad. To define sadness and dissect it in an anatomy course. To catch the flu. To prepare lunch, then go out to the garbage doom. Go out and contemplate Broadway running down all the way out to the ocean. To buy and buy and return home.

To destroy both the inner and the outer wall. To inhabit the city which has been conquered by murder. To add ruins over ruins. To be jealous of Babylon. To spray hatred on its corpses as well as on the living. To burn live matter. To water the palm trees with fire; that's a barbarian's job. To diagnose madness in those who exterminate Iraq. Not to forget the British in this. Not to forget, ever. To swear by the mountain and its height that nothing will ever be forgotten. To brand the brain's skin with Inanna's name, to call her to life. To bring her to resurrection. To revive the belief in metempsychosis. Not to love. To sleep in order to stay late at night. To discover that the infinitive is a delusion. To lose one's footing.

To walk to the Hudson River. To cross many green lights. To see the sun go down and leave a band of light over the river. To remember the scene as it was, and still is. To wonder subsequently at how the mind created the mind created the notion of time when the place did not move. To understand, suddenly, with the suddenness of this same light, that time came out from the triangular confrontation of a place already visited, with the feeling of being actually in it, and with the realization that things aged, and changes occurred in our own body. Memory allows that realization, and the interaction of all these elements with each other creates in our mind the notion — and therefore, the nature — of Time.

To keep a distance from desire. Not to give up but wait. To exist in doubt, in dark rooms, in the spirit's blackness. To leave, turn left, cross the avenue, enter a supermarket, buy Greek cheese made in Wisconsin . . . linger in front of meat and pineapple, pay the cheese at the counter, exit, notice that the Twin Towers are missing, try to think of something else . . . To be home.

To keep a benevolent look. To complain about noise. To cry over the sack of Baghdad's archeological museum. To feel pain. To bury love. To spit bitterness. To brush one's teeth. To be sure that the day will look like yesterday. To keep being surprised by the reporters' insensitivity. To throw the paper. To remember the different wars that wove one's life. To look in one's brain- at English soldiers walking in Beirut. Not to reach them, because they will remain images. To wash one's hands, dry them. To take a pill. To stare at the curtains. To not sleep during the day.

To dread phone calls. To turn in circles. To watch light's effect on a painting. To think that the tree has grown. Follow sun spots over it. To look through it, and discover a gigantic glass wall. To bring one's glance back the way one brings a boat back to harbor. To compare the ivy to reptiles. To see mirrors. To kill the desire to go out. To count one's days from one morning paper to the next. To feel imprisoned. To forget the world's age but remember one's own. To live off sorrow. To be incapable of laughter.

To wait for the unknown. Not to know that Baghdad's Library has been destroyed. To resent the new Barbarians. To bleed for each book. To never be able to read one of those books. To plunge into one's veins. To hide into one's brain. To preside over the loss. To observe real endings. To wipe tears. To discover inner tears which turn into wounds. To explore new diseases. To immerse oneself in loss. To wallow in dead civilizations, to become one. To bump into the dead. To vomit one's stomach and spit out the heart. To amputate one's head. To agonize on Baghdad's soil. To invoke heat as a weapon. To drink with Michael McClure the blood turned into wine of the Arabs.

To push aside fear. To draw back the curtains. To decide that it's the same. To choose between absolute sorrow, sorrow with no respite, and death. To breathe soot, and uncertainty. To put off all lights and project mental images on the wall. To start a battle to the end. To shift-the battle to the next generation. To be aware of the inherent futility of any action. To get out of the house, of the self. To start in the morning the long wait for the

night. To make truth explode, to make countries explode. To feel impatient in front of nothingness. To wash one's hands and brush one's teeth.

To notice that mirrors shine during the night and that the mail is waiting to be answered. To worry about the war being waged so far away, so secretly. To already think of the next war. To hammer one's anguish on oneself. To bring about a bird's world in one's imagination. To gaze at the Hudson River through one's eyelashes. To spit pollution. To drive through a green light. To avoid an accident. To become an object. To become the object that that object protects. To hang on nothing. To live with no desires.

To try to be distracted by poetry, by trees. To see the trees grow, in a hurry. To appear and disappear. To take refuge from bestial conquest in false shelters. To chase the refugee, to flush him out of his new refuge. To lodge a bullet in the head and the back of a Palestinian. To add Iraqis to the - - butchery. To paint big canvases with blood then take a night train, then a plane. To disembark in Paris. To pick up the telephone, dial a number for Beirut. To hear the friend say that a Palestinian newsman has been cold-bloodedly shot by some earnest monotheist. To wonder on the necessity of God. To brush the problem aside. To think of Cassandra. To remember the Hammurabi Code. To sink in fat. To look at the narrow and long road which leads the world to the slaughter-house.

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