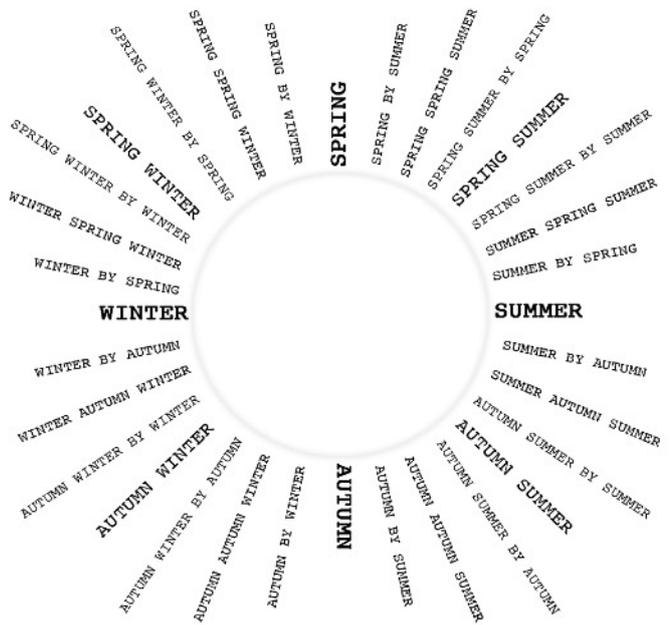
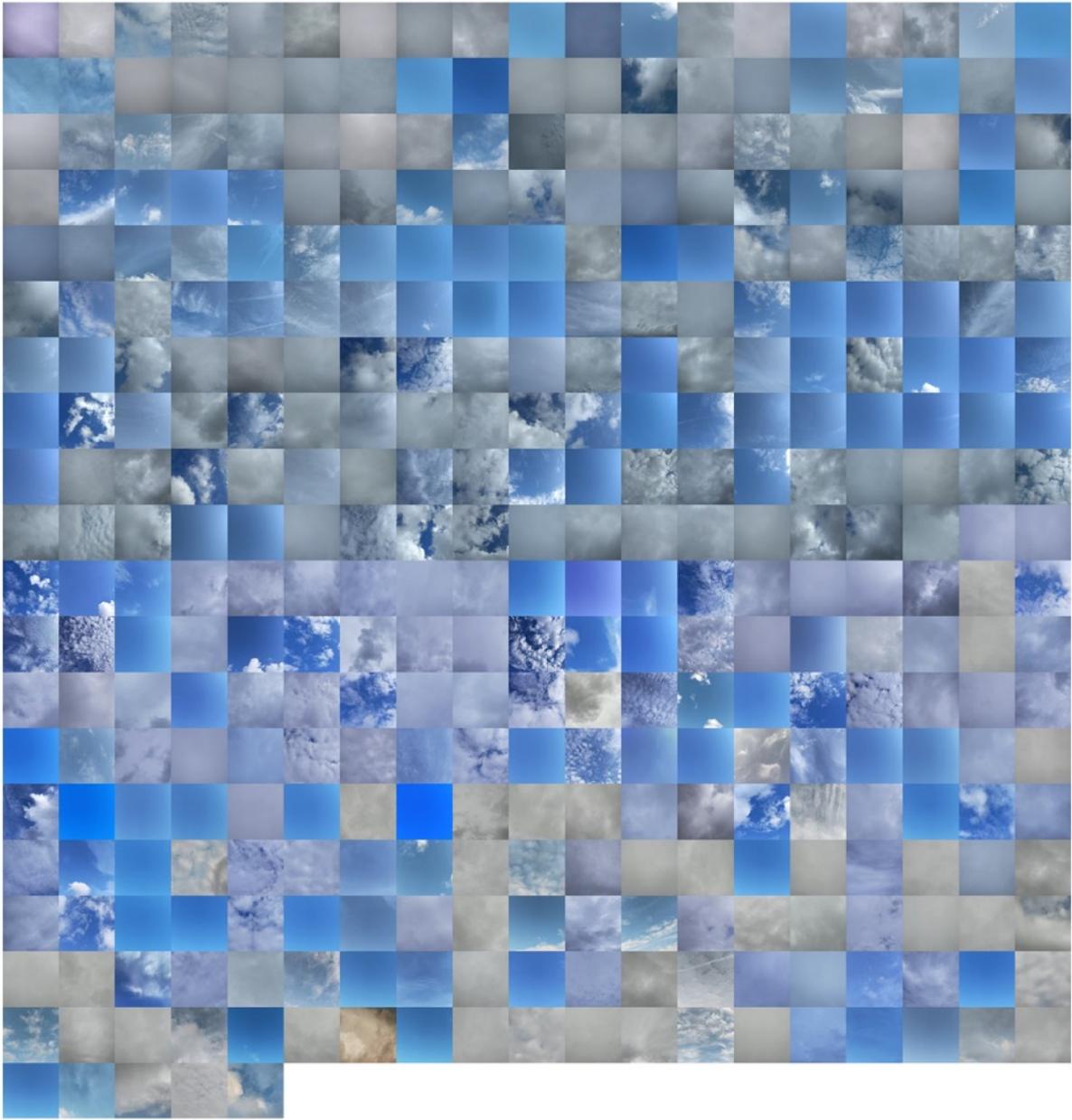


no-one talks about the weather anymore



A primate connects with the cloud. The cloud responds.  
The monkey eats. And that's all she wrote.





Grey, light drizzle most of the day. Small birds very active, playing in the mess of old bramble that passes for the neighbour's garden. Fresh but muted.

winter spring winter



playing in the mess of old brambles that passes for the neighbour's  
garden.

putt-putt and bubblegum have been made in the weedy back garden  
why does mum want me to be a man? why does mum want me to be a man?

the moon is young and wide - too young and wide -  
it sits cradled in the suburban sky - on top of a rundown white house  
where the purple door opens onto a parched, criss-crossing, side-grassed  
street

the crickets chirrup and the grass sways in the wind and the van is a  
blue dot in the big blue cloudless sky  
on a boat that floats out over the distant grey

winter spring winter



Cold today. Woody brambles and witches' tits. Wet air drying toward dusk.

winter spring winter



Woody brambles and witches' tits. The eternally benign squirrel that both knows exactly where the cat has just been and gives generously of nuts for strangers. "Th'm' I'm afraid th' name is," says a woman through the ivy canopy. "He's called Eliot and he used to be Jock, but Jock was lonely and Eliot came along just after Jock died. He's been a stray for years and a treasure to our family."

David Williams's ramshackle woodturner. Morris dancing. Kids walking around in Elizabethan clothes, with no idea what those clothes mean.



Fresh, clean air. Beautiful sunrise leading into dry, clear day. Birds are happy. After the suspended still of the last couple of days, Winter has started moving again. Too early for talk of Spring, but a sniff of it just the same. Cold evening. Large part of moon clearly visible before  
4pm.



Winter has started moving again.

I notice it every morning when I step outside and see the few remaining  
leaves clinging to the trees.

All of the squirrels are in hiding, and the birds can be heard clearly in  
the trees and on the telephone wires, and everywhere in between.

What would I have missed if it had been spring?

I wouldn't have lost an amazing friend.

I wouldn't have had two little little people to spend my days with, and I  
wouldn't have had the opportunity to help my Dad make a trip to the  
grandkids.

winter spring winter



Woken around 6 by the sound of a motorbike, followed by seagulls (sequential, not scenic). Sirens shortly after. Cold air flows through the gaps in the window frame. No sunrise of note, simply a brightening grey again.



Cold air flows through the gaps in the window frame.

Without a doubt, this is the place of disappearance.

Could he be here?

The villagers are troubled, though.

Why is he doing this?

In the morning, they find that Koshi's home has been broken into.

Koshi himself has disappeared, but his wife has been found in bed with his brother-in-law.

The other villagers are shocked to hear this, and only a few speculate on the existence of the Yami.

No one says anything about the shadow.

In the distance, the wind howls, as if warning of something



Grey again. Cold. Wet. Winter reasserting itself.

spring winter by winter



Winter reasserting itself.

I managed to skip the tail end of the storm.

Maybe too well.

My dad reports that, while at the Mall with the kids and my mother-in-law, a massive line of patrons forms to get out of it.

So many people living vicariously through their family members.

That's when it really hit me.



Stormy and grey. Cold start and rain following - not too heavy but consistent large drops, colder than expected. Blustery. Quietened to a still evening.



not too heavy but consistent large drops, colder than expected.  
... I say to John do you see any animal, any elephant in the background.  
All he sees is the opposite of what I'm seeing, it's a scene full of  
donkeys.

The next time, I ask John if he can see the elephant again, he says no.  
So when I ask him to see the elephant, I'm feeling a little different  
about what he's seeing.

I feel less skeptical and more comfortable about what he's saying.

I think, I've got to take his word for it.

As far as I know, he's never lied to me before.

There's no way



Dry gloom. Wet gloom. Dry gloom. Wet gloom. End.



Dry Gloom. Wet gloom. End.

It's not rocket science.

A crowded carpark at a ground which was due to be a stand in for a corporate office.

The price of tickets - out of control.

A very strange experience, every time I tried to speak to a person, another stood in front of me, eventually I had to shout so that the other person would know that I wanted them to hear me.

Or, in other words, I had a stroppy toddler standing in front of me.

They didn't take it. They take take take.

spring winter by winter



Still cold. Still wet. Then wetter.

spring winter by winter



Still wet. Then wetter.  
And now, and now.

Sticky, slimy, flying, dripping. I could go on, but it wouldn't be  
anything but annoying to do so.

Or would it?



Blue sky is a myth. Grey gave way to crisp night, slight haze, moon  
almost full.



Blue sky is a myth.

"So you say."

"Nothing about the thunderstorm bothers you.

Nothing about how your air was so cold that you felt as if your lungs  
might freeze.

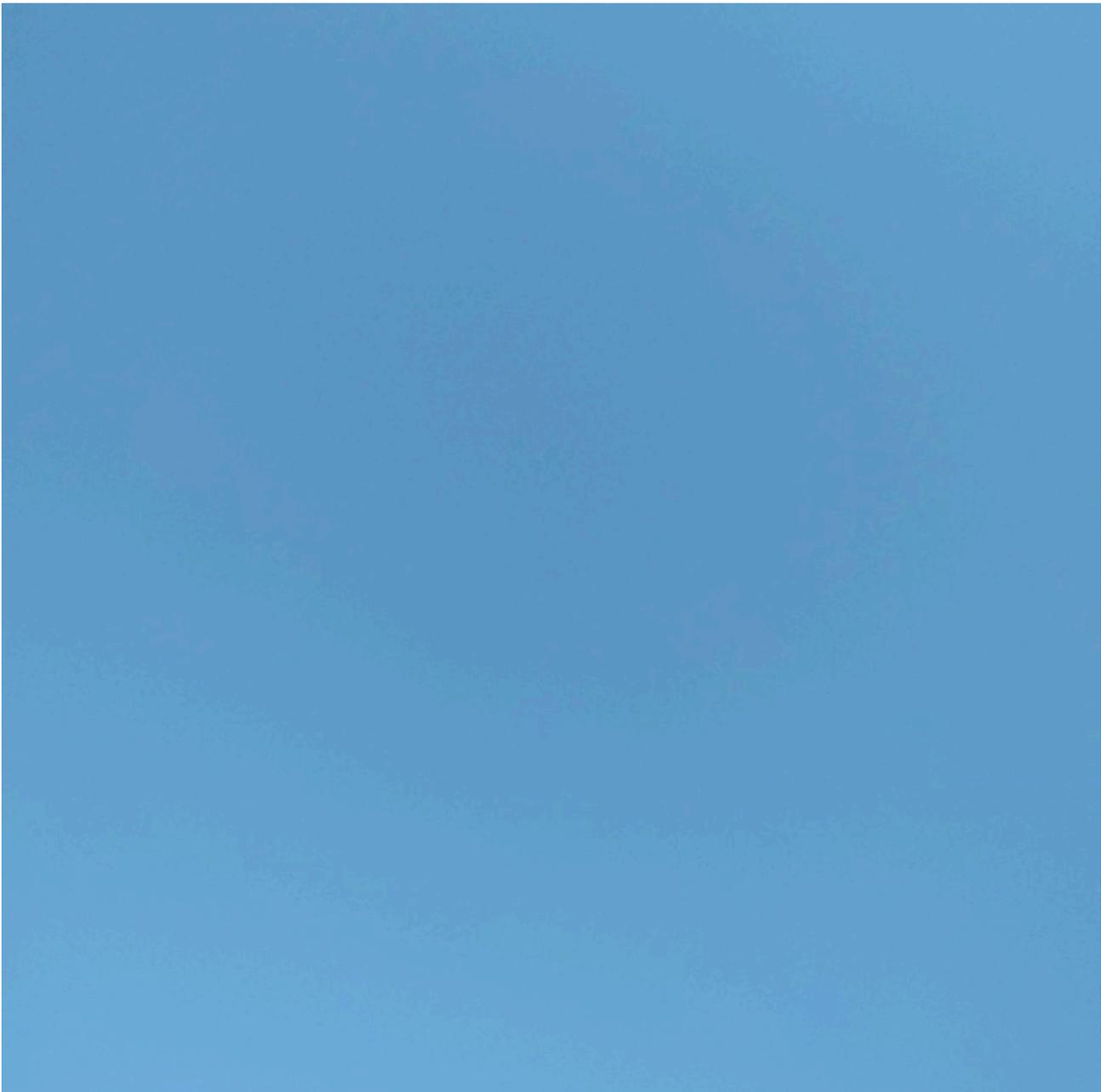
Nothing about how your father had to carry you to your room because you  
were crying so hard."

That was the first time she'd mentioned any of it to him.

He'd only been trying to make her happy.

He couldn't hold on to so much resentment.

But talking about it brought the images back - the cracked window, the  
voices of the men who were doing things to her



Clear day. Early cold ceding to unseasonable warmth. Built flower beds from old pallets in M's garden, drank wine outdoors. Wolf Moon in the night but the event was not as exciting as the name.



Wolf Moon in the night but the event was not as exciting as the name. We could see it through the dense fog but it was only the light from our car lamps and it did not show up very well.

"Some say that it is a combination of three different Full Moons that makes the Wolf Moon.

The first is the snow moon (more of a Snow Moon) when the heaviest snows typically fall.

It is said that wolves howl at the Moon, which is why it is also called the Cold Moon.

The third is the Full Cold Moon, where the Moon reflects less of the light of the Sun."



Stormy. Gusting winds and sirens again. Everything is a little bit cold and upset. Night brings the ephemera of rain. It is carried on the wind, but not held by it. Not suspended like mist or fog. It is there and then not. The echo of rain.



The echo of rain reached as far as he could hear.

It was a clear sky, the only thing that betrayed the volume of the water falling was the sound of the drops hitting the leaves of the trees, the only thing that let him know it was even raining at all.

He laughed as he thought of how ridiculous that sounded.

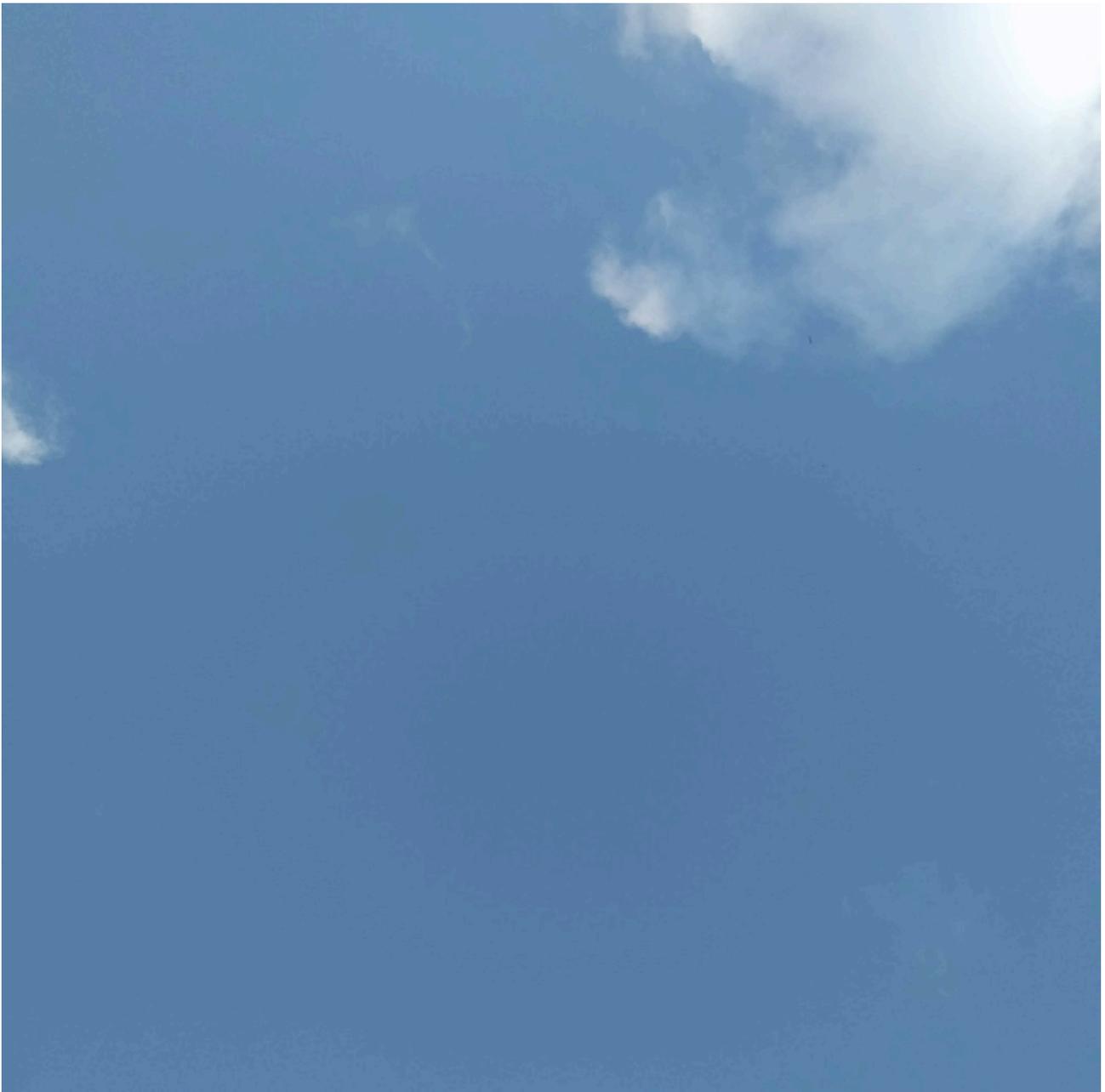
He understood perfectly why a spirit would hear nothing but their own echo, why a ghost would see nothing but itself.

Echoing yourself for eternity?

He shivered.

Echoing yourself, alone.

spring winter by winter



Golden morning, blue and white moving to grey. Everything is very wet, still, in the evening, though it doesn't seem like it has rained really at all today. Heavy rain came late and storm warnings for tomorrow.

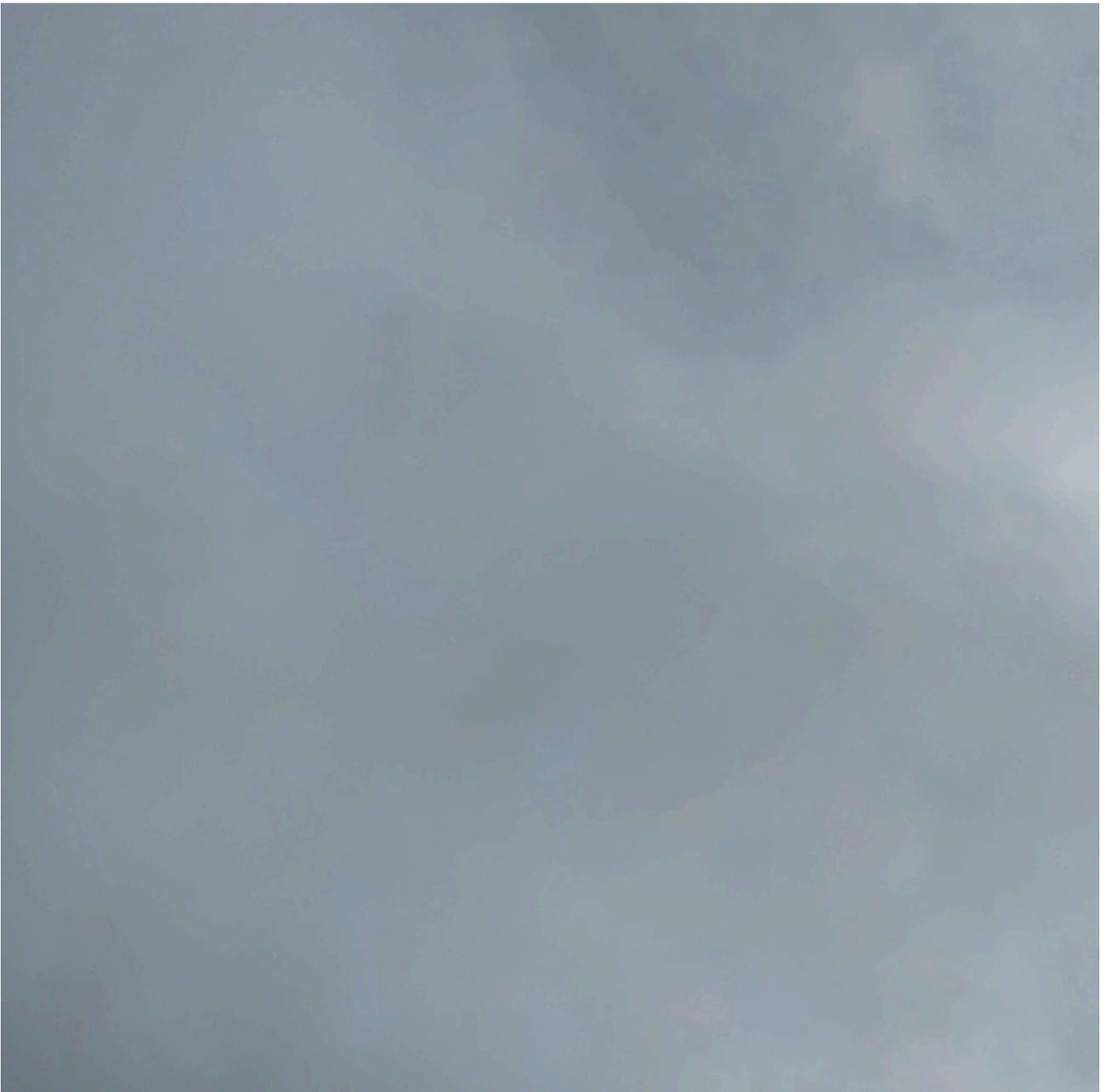


Heavy rain came late and storm warnings for tomorrow.

The high temperature was 80.

After a slow start, things picked up considerably, I caught a small fish  
and we had a nice lunch.

It was time for us to part ways.



Honeyed light again in the morning overtaken by bruised mix of blue/grey  
and constant wind - strong squalls and a constant backing that pushes  
against the hill, nothing is at rest. Sirens again, shadowing the wind.  
Softer in the evening, but more rain.



Sirens again, shadowing the wind.

Roaring.

The cave-in the night before had begun, and the ground had still been soft, giving way with every gust.

Yesterday's fire had cooled everything for the time being, so when the hail came down, it thundered instead of pinging.

Lined up along the narrow ledge, Pa'oc and his son climbed.



Less wind, more rain early on. By mid morning more wind again to join the  
rain. Storm sits upon us. Forceful gusts disturb and displace the  
gardens. Clattering of tubs and ladders awry. Absence of birds, not song  
nor flight.



Clattering of tubs and ladders awry.

In other words, this is not fun.

Yet this is something I must do.

Besides, my house is not as "clean" as I would like.

Okay, I confess it IS cleaner than it was before my great purge.

But it is still a cluttered mess.



Bright start. Sky blue, then bruised, then blue again. Day sits entirely opposed to forecasts - took advantage of unexpected bright start to continue working with M on his garden (forecast, wrongly, was rain). Many birds also enjoying the clear day - magpies, pigeons and gulls abound. Now, midafternoon, sitting indoors in the warm looking at a forecast from the met office stating the weather is good here while rain pours down outside. Rain continued into night.



Day sits entirely opposed to forecasts which claim to be "scientific" and "sound", because forecasts, with all their truth and meaning attached, are just that: they are based upon observations.

The word "forecast" is not a measurement of a thing, it is not some kind of measurement.

It is based upon a hypothesis, and a hunch.

It is a supposition.

spring winter by winter



Blustery, cold start. Gulls cry on the wind. Varying levels of precipitation through the day, but some type of wet falling from the sky every hour to be sure.



some type of wet falling from the sky every hour to be sure.

Weather station keepers might think, like i do, that it would only rain 2  
to 3 hours in a day.

i had left my shoes at the condo because we were told that it would rain  
all day.

i wore sandals all day because that is what we usually wear when it is  
raining and wet.

this happened to me

spring winter



Stormy start and heavy rain easing to blue sky. Sat outside for a spell in the afternoon but not comfortably. Unsettled evening.



Sat outside for a spell in the afternoon but not comfortably.

Still very much in a hurry to go back to Land's End tomorrow.

Morning sun is breaking through, left the house very early.

I wore the blue t-shirt I'd borrowed from the park opposite my house.

It is quite stiff but it's good to feel the sun on my arms.

At the other end of the street, or maybe a quarter of the way up, was a stall selling freshly cut asparagus, which I really enjoyed eating for breakfast.

There is so much more sense of ownership in the vegetable world when it comes to grass.



Cold blue sky. Awoken early from dreams of dead friends to a scattering of wispy high cloud and chattering birds in every bush. Quieter later, barring the many aeroplanes passing overhead. Blue day.



a scattering of wispy high cloud and chattering birds in every bush.

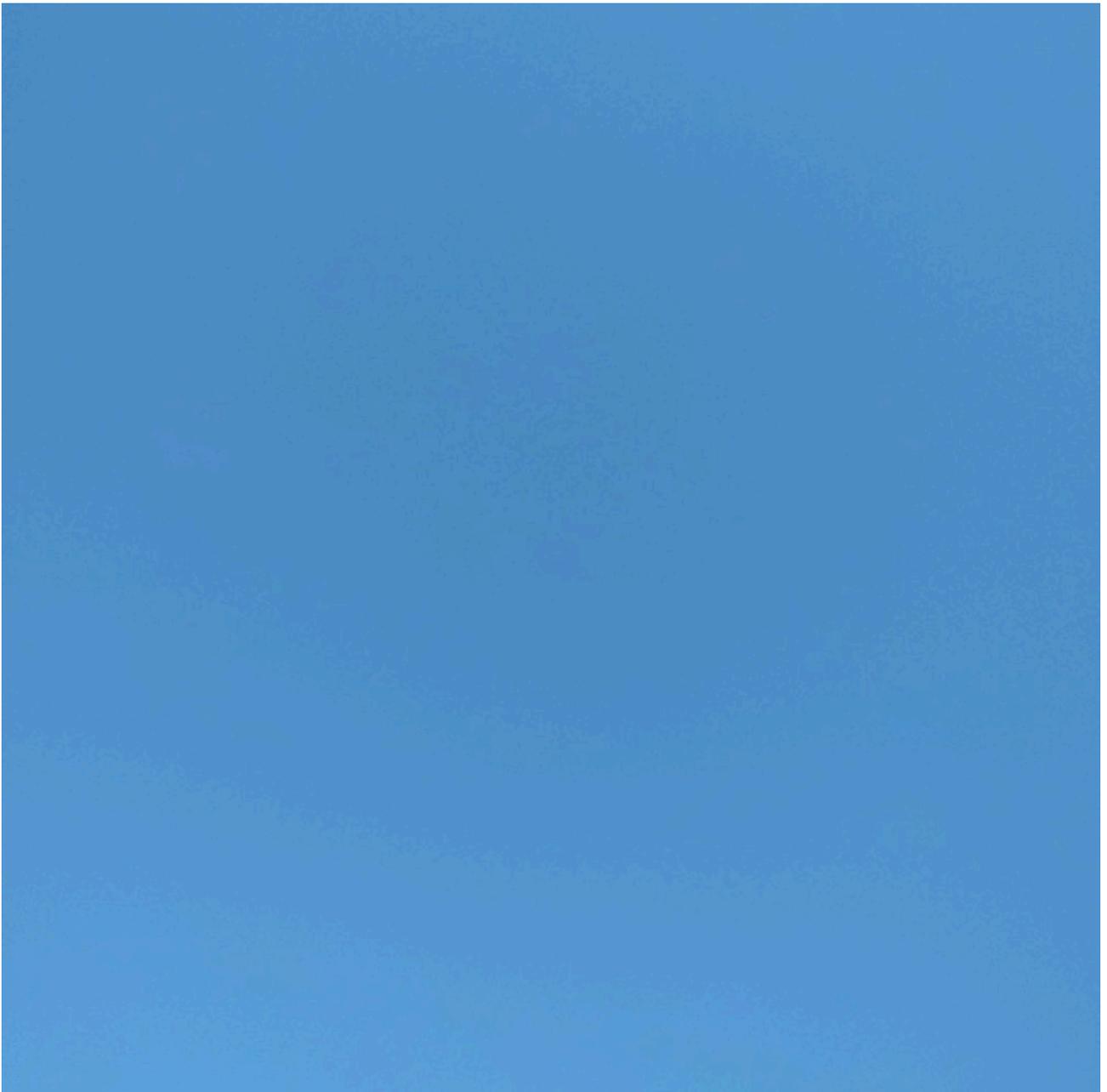
The sky was clear.

Some places had bright, rosy sunshine, while other places looked bleak  
and

days can be so beautiful when they come, or so you might think if you'd  
had any sense at all.

"This is as far as we go", I said, noticing that we had reached the end  
of the trees, or so it seemed.

spring winter



Golden light. Cloudless sky. Clearest of days, not a wisp to disturb the eye. Highlighted in the evening by the appearance of a "V" of contrails - their geometry belying their nature.



their geometry belying their nature.  
the pattern of thorns and berries hanging from the matted hair of the  
fauns on the statues  
Lilith leaned forward, but in doing so the chair she sat on tipped over  
to one side.  
It had springs that protruded from it like the wings of some mechanical  
insect.  
I had reached out to steady it before it fell over, but Lilith snatched  
my hand away from the chair with a scream.  
The pinus patas necklace puffed and cooled like a peppermint, and as the  
nacreous woman clenched my hand in her fingers, she smelled of a forest.  
The red carpet beneath us was emerald green.



Warm sun and cold air. Slight cloud around the edges. Dry all day. Birds  
and squirrels are sluggish.

spring winter



Birds and squirrels are sluggish.

And owls aren't visible during the day or early in the morning.

Forget about finding an owl.

Birds that only fly at night have to hunt on the wing and they're getting  
the message that something is different here.

And the squirrels know that this is a lot less safe than they're used to.



Cloudier blue, cold air and warm light. Black ice in the shade.



Black ice in the shade.  
Snow on the ground at the clinic.  
No snow at all.  
What a difference a month makes.  
Or maybe that's not a big deal.  
Maybe I'm just going through an ugly patch.  
Maybe I'm just cranky and snotty.  
I wonder if everyone has a "bad patch" around this time of year.



Dry still, and cold. Earlier chill dissipated by midday. Warm enough to sit out at dusk without shoes or jacket for a coffee, birds still singing. Deep blues post-sunset of cloud and sky, clean air, a pleasure to be in the present moment.



Warm enough to sit out at dusk without shoes or jacket for a coffee and a chat.

I would like to sit outside under my two sweet potato plants. These suckers are tall and strong and could probably withstand the daily beating of the lightning.

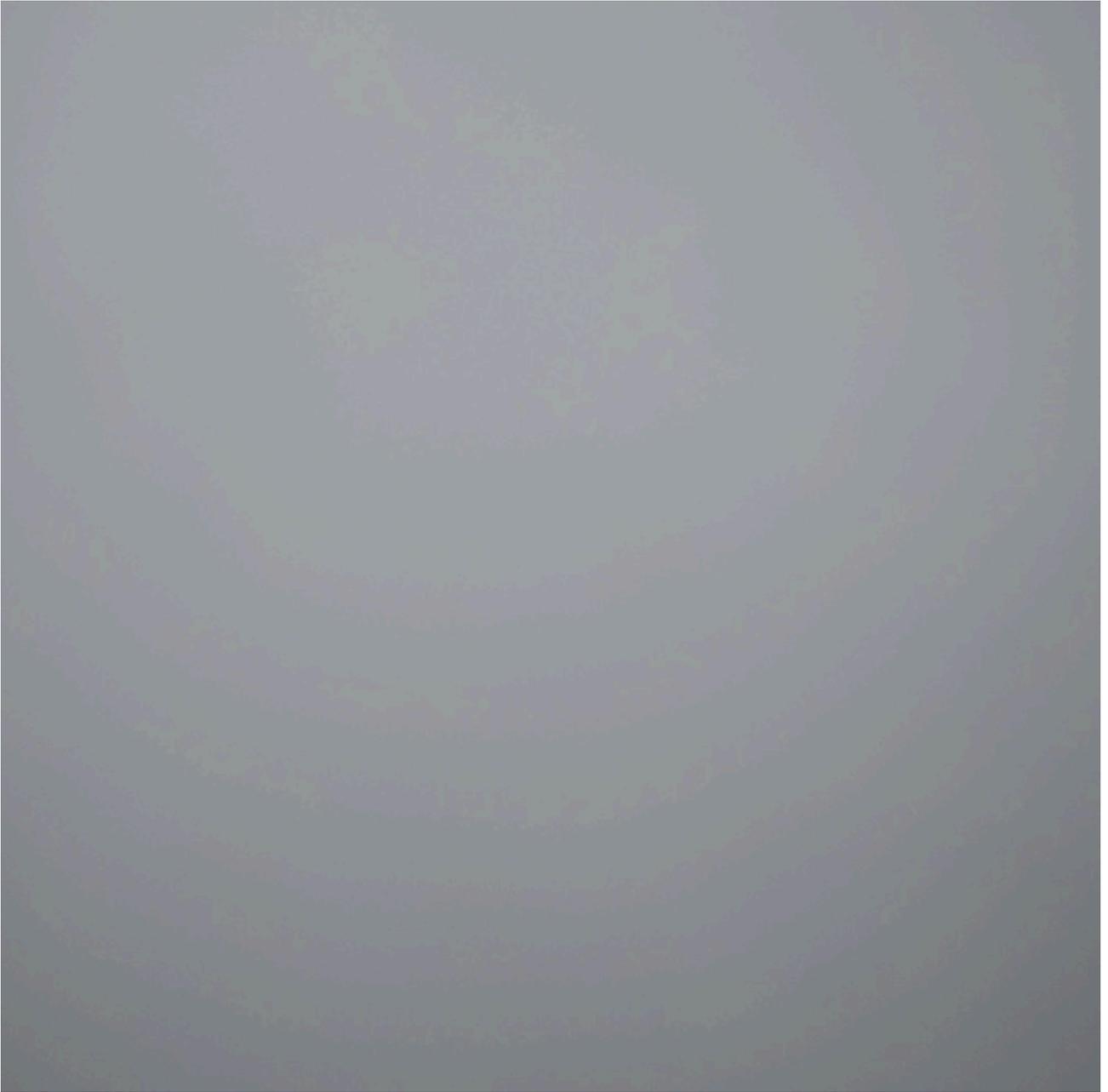
They look like little scrawny pumpkins.

There are a bunch of other weeds popping up through the top of the mulch but i'll wait on those until they are a bit bigger.

I'm being very lazy this morning.

I just woke up a little while ago.

I'm not really sure why it's so quiet.



Dirty grey light, no real daybreak. Colder again today. Animals quiet.

spring winter



Dirty grey light, no real daybreak, yet it was all I could see.  
Mice skittered over my head, scurried along the edge of the wall, and  
slipped in between the crumpled bars.

But it was still too dark for me to tell if they were the thieving  
rodents or someone who didn't appreciate the great art museum's programs.  
Or maybe they'd just been too lazy to go to the ATM and had to eat  
cupcakes instead.

One mouse had already found the cupcake box; he was about to run off when  
a shriek sounded from the other side of the wall.

The mouse froze.



Thick sea mist until late morning. Haze on top of the hill all day.  
Clammy, wet air that chills to the bone. Evening slightly milder.



Clammy, wet air that chills to the bone but feels good.

Colder than it has ever been, and still, I revel in the feeling of the  
wet.

It soothes my pain, but also reminds me of what the rain does.

It makes the flowers come out, washing away the salt and grime, fresh and  
new.



Grey and deathly chill again. Only birds today are the gulls. Rain began to fall around 4 and continued steadily into the night - steady, but stilted and oddly large drops - more like the droplets experienced beneath the saturated crown of a tree than normal rainfall.



steady, but stilted and oddly large drops of rain began to fall, stilted but for the fact that they were so oddly on top of us.

None of us were prepared for it.

"God help us", Connor said.

I glanced back at him and asked, "What?"

"This can't be real."

I was still staring back at him when the rain hit him and washed over him.



The rain is still falling. Again the drops are strangely heavy, each containing more liquid than seems reasonable. Standing under it, one experiences the rain as a series of individual interactions with distinct bodies. How often do we discern the individual parts that constitute a manifestation of weather?



a series of individual interactions with distinct bodies.

#### Self-possession

Self-possession refers to something that is possessed, or of itself, and is the aspect of a proper usage for and by one self. There is no self but Self.

...Self-possession - in its very connotation - implies and points out the fact that the form has to be possessed by the nature of itself - the Self - and that one self cannot satisfy the nature of the form

- in other words, the nature of the Self cannot satisfy the form.



Intense hail shower mid-morning followed by showers throughout the day.  
Heavier again after dark.



Heavier again after dark.

I will try to update it as I go.

It's a great service to everyone, with some invective and some who like to hang out together.

When I was there last year I noticed the guy they called the drunk mailman.

I didn't notice him this time, but as I was talking to him he was pulled aside by the officers. He has already been in trouble for loitering and has a bench warrant out for his arrest.

I have no idea why he's there, and I didn't ask.

Someone else asked why he was drinking there and one of the guys said, "Why not?"

That's the right attitude.



Warmer. Sky bruised. Experienced rain, hail, wind, sunshine and calm all within a 15 minute walk into town.



Sky bruised.  
Her slender arms bruised.  
Maybe it wasn't already too late.  
Maybe it wasn't.  
Don't look back, Claire.  
His hands closed around her.  
Don't.

Blue skies and warmer air today. The gulls are loud. They have taken to circling a tree at a particular point on the hill for no discernible reason (this has been consistently observed over the course of the last week)



They have taken to circling a tree at a particular point on the hill  
I really should go down and feed them  
Mister Meyers is having a miserable time  
Those broken bowls are all over the place  
I've never seen so many tears  
Ah, I think there's someone out there waving at me  
Hey, wait a minute  
Can you hear me?  
Don't stop.  
I'm still crying for my big dog.



Drizzle all day. Not enough to warrant an umbrella but enough to make anyone regret wearing wool.



enough to make anyone regret wearing wool.

I felt like I was crawling with lice and ticks.

After wrapping myself in a cocoon of black, I tried to forget the disgust and cold of the mattress, and the pain I felt from a week of driving a bus loaded with war-torn families and packs of hyperactive dogs.

However, it was impossible.

spring winter by spring



A late sunrise of transcendent colour. Almost green light, moving through golden to orange. Didn't last long however, as the grey came back with a vengeance. Heavy drizzle followed all morning, and intermittently through the rest of the day.



the grey came back with a vengeance  
but the rain continued throughout the day and is set to continue  
tomorrow.

not nice though.

all the birds in the garden have been looking haggard.

and we could do with a little sunshine.

I think it is about time the wind stopped for a while.

it seems to be doing my chest more harm than good



Imbolc. The astronomical new year may be well past but today is the seasonal new year, coming as it does with the veracity of lived experience. The air feels renewed - warmer, even though the temperature remains unchanged.



the veracity of lived experience;  
the dominance of a racist colonialist worldview by the majority of white  
people in the nation;  
the right-wing perception that we in Western South Africa are 'over  
there', a 'colony', in a supposedly better world where everyone has a  
right to be free;

in this journey of the good old days, we forgot the bad old days.

In this journey of the good old days, we ignored all the colonised  
children and grandchildren in our midst.



Fresh buds coming on berry bushes (black, red, goose) and trees (apple, pear, cherry, willow). Spent a little time looking to the sky, seeking the auspices before giving up on zoomancy for the day.



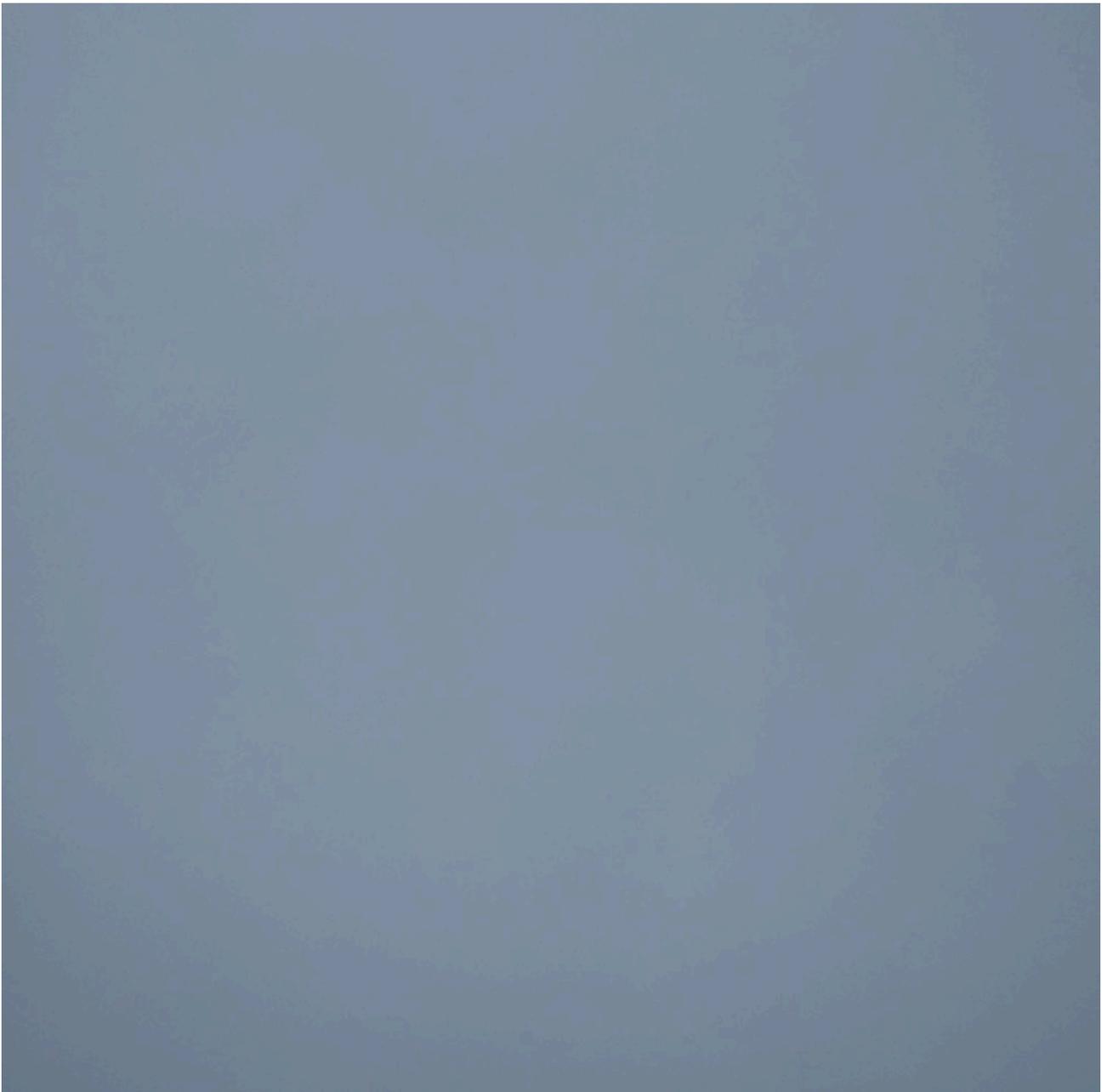
seeking the auspices before giving up on zoomancy for the day.

Anyway, I was on my way to my office when I decided to keep an eye out for this kitty for a while and went down the street of a direction I'd never been before. As I was walking, I heard a low moaning sound. I looked up to see what it was and there he was, limping along on his one paw, with one ear flopping left to right. As I got closer, I realised that he was trying to feed himself with the back of his other paw. I tried to walk around him, but I could see that it was too painful and he was just too heavy.

I took off my sweater and held it out for him.

He gobbled it up.

spring winter by spring



Heavy rain early on before a relatively dry day. Warm enough to sit outside again. Cold enough to rue the decision shortly thereafter.



Cold enough to rue the decision shortly thereafter.

Less than a mile out, he saw a vehicle ahead of him swerving wildly across the pavement.

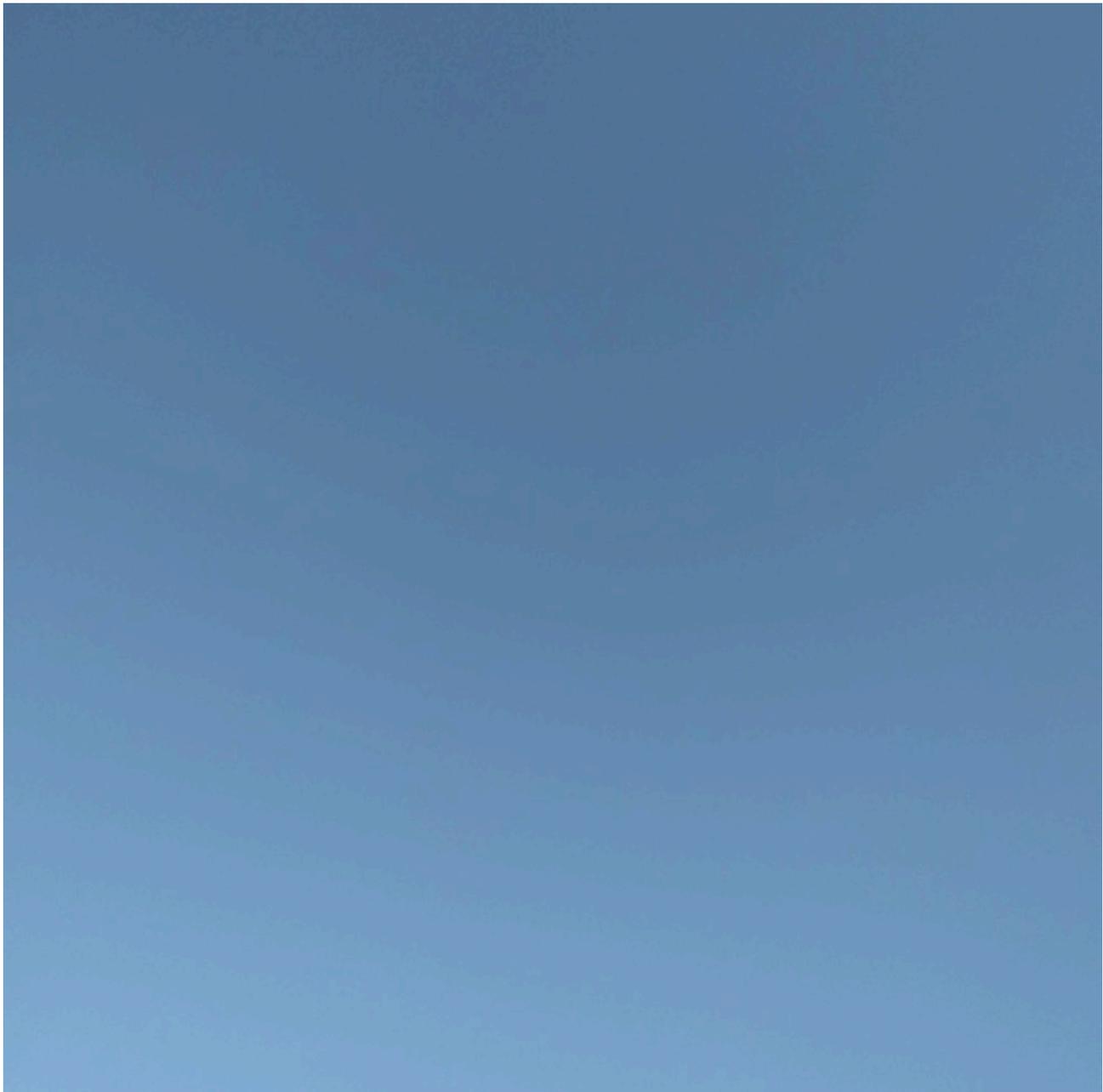
It was the same one from before.

Not a chance.

He plowed through it and came back around to see it gliding along the edge of the road, dodging trees and spraying branches aside like a tank.

Reckless.

spring winter by spring



Early warmth and the chatter of birds. Winds gathered strength by midday, swirled through the afternoon without ever arriving at a fixed direction. Helicopters overhead, loud and intrusive. The arrogance of their casual intervention into my world afflicts me.



The arrogance of their casual intervention into my world afflicts me.  
They made me an unwilling recipient of their moral judgement and the  
denigration of what I've done to earn the right to be alive and to be  
cared for.

I'm truly sorry that I couldn't reach out and save two people from  
drowning.

But I'm not sorry that I'm still here.

I hope they can get to a place of atonement.

I hope I can find my way to love again.

I hope I can heal.

I hope I can find a way to put the pieces of my life back together.

And now a word to the wise.

Most of us are clueless about how we got where we are in life.



Milder again today. Spent some time listening to the white noise of the city - part ocean, part traffic; never purely one or the other.



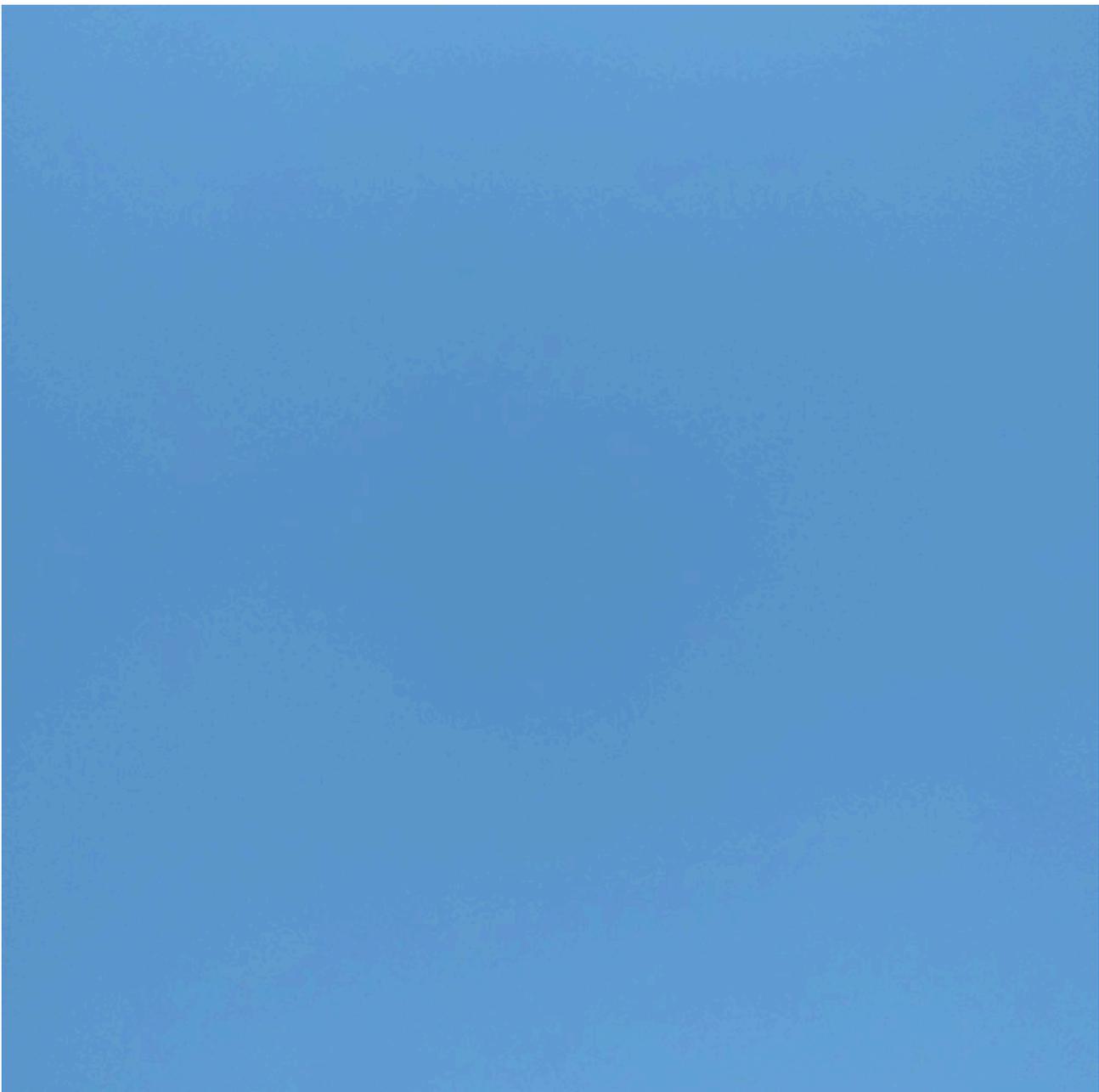
part ocean, part traffic; never purely one or the other.

For this reason, you need to get a private pilot's license.

So many lives are at stake.

When the cut and thrust of life in the air becomes an obtrusive rumble,  
your only hope is to find a calm place.

Noisy or smelly private jets are parked outside, and the propellers start  
up.



Gulls are vocal this morning. Deceptive light holds the colour of warmth  
but none of the heat.



Deceptive light holds the colour of warmth but none of the heat.

A map of shifting shadows, blues and greens become hypnotic patterns shifting between each other in subtle shifts, before descending to a dreamy carpet of golden light.

Gradually there is movement and fire, rising, falling and falling again in a warm halo around him.

Then the light dies.



Squalling winds again. Foreboding light. A restless day.

spring spring winter



A restless day.  
Long hours and short on sleep.

Like last night, we started off going to the Henry County Courthouse in  
downtown Paris for jury duty.

A lot of the younger generation don't even know what jury duty is.  
It can be a simple, sometimes even a painless part of the justice system.

We were not chosen.



The wind is wrong. It blows from the sea but it feels like it's coming  
off the mountains. The cold is disquieting.

spring spring winter



The wind is wrong.  
And there is some snow on the ground.  
All is not right.  
All is not right.  
Call your mother.  
Call your mother.  
Call your mother.  
Call your mother.  
A long time ago  
I saw an angel.  
A long time ago.



Awakened to tumult. Winds full of themselves. First time in waking memory  
the city holds zero human background noise. I could be the only soul in  
the vicinity and I dwell in the idea for a while, savouring it.



the city holds zero human background noise  
the hum can be heard through the concrete

to stand outside with this little hum

is to not get eaten by rats

and worse,

to feel free

spring spring winter



Detritus of yesterday's storm scattered across the hill. Intense showers of hailstones in the afternoon. Clear night, moon one day past full, very bright.



Detritus of yesterday's storm scattered across the hill  
from a few rock fissures. Fog drifted in  
like a cooling mist. Her breathing was ragged  
with anticipation. There was nothing  
she wanted more, nothing  
she was more desperate  
than to see one of them.  
In the distance the familiar, white, phantasmagorical silhouette of a  
peak  
framed the treeless



Unsettled day. Windy and calm. Snow, sleet, rain, hail, sunshine, black  
skies and blue skies. Changeable is not the word.

spring spring winter



Changeable is not the word

But we must still speak mustn't we? It is hard to avoid the feeling that our society's silence is deafening, our society's reaction somehow evolutionary. Something of the grotesque rancour of our times lies behind the blandness of it all.

spring spring winter



Peaceful start. Storms have passed and the air smells clean. The birds are vocal but not uncivil. Rain came again in the afternoon.

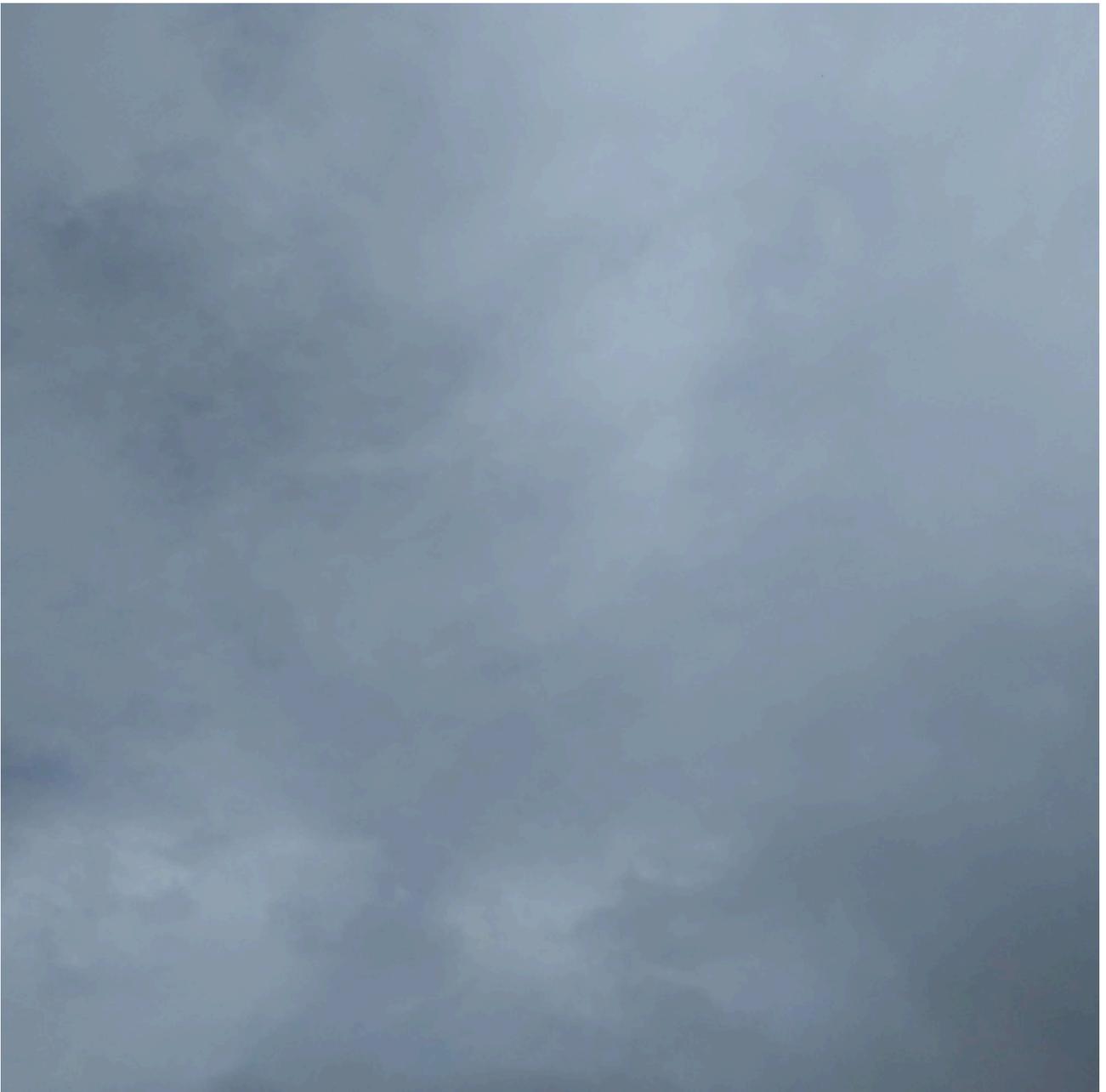
spring spring winter



The birds are vocal but not uncivil  
They sit on branches and leaf litter or may scurry through the  
undergrowth.

They are unlikely to be intimidated by the presence of man, as this is  
not what their foraging behaviour is about.

Predatory birds like birds of prey are unlikely to be in the area.



Raucous start at 4am. Found the hill under a heavy storm. Child-like, staring out of the window watching for lightning flashes and counting to time the thunder. Adult affectations of indifference; the civilised superiority of shelter, displaced by the brute power of the world outside. Rain followed for most of the day.



the civilised superiority of shelter  
and imagination  
where there is a carpet in the wind  
and steel on the seas.  
These, and all these,  
will protect us.  
So, let us go  
with the same courage  
that would take us  
to the gallows

spring spring winter

Brackish cold, the feeling of wet ankles even when dry.

spring spring winter



the feeling of wet ankles even when dry  
raising my eyes to see the sea  
and finding it there  
with eyes wide open  
(and open lips no less!)

I am unable to see things the way you see them  
and yet am holding on to your  
good opinion like an acorn  
even when I doubt your word  
and when I'm sad

spring spring winter



The rain is incessant. Interminable grey from sky to ground and back again. Winds building from midday to a boisterous dusk. The night is unruly.



The night is unruly.

It is a night that steals the spirit. It is a night that at times breaks the skin. It is a night that fills your chest with the anxiety of things to come. It is a night that defies the soul and defiles the senses. It is a night that is a total contradiction to beauty and grace. It is a night that is a night of undeserved pain.

This night is one where freedom is stifled. Where the world is shrouded in darkness. Where the utter darkness of society is dispelled. This night is the night where a young man suffers a fate that, in all probability, is worse than death itself.



Wet start. Winds diminishing toward mid afternoon. A conventicle of magpies grouped across neighbours roofs in the breaking sunlight. My presence precipitates a flurried response. Wet end.



My presence precipitates a flurried response  
    Apparently it's my understanding  
        That like all good men  
When they start to get close to something  
    They run.  
    You want your neat clean world again  
    Because this one's got trouble and tears  
    And that's one more than I can take  
Something I was really looking forward to.



Brighter, warmer, drier. Still not very nice out though. Light dropped theatrically around 5 from blue to brown. Muddied cloud and further threat.



Light dropped theatrically around 5 from blue to brown  
After the trial (or the eyeball or brain) has melted, redness would  
appear

The movement of the eyeball/brain would stop at this stage, leaving a  
memory or impression of

The process was already in place; soon it would be visible to everyone.



Still raining. Grey has transcended colour and become a state of being.  
The wind is grey. The wet sounds from outside are also grey. Bit drier in  
late afternoon, relatively clear night.



Grey has transcended colour and become a state of being.

You may have even heard that Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Einstein, and Pablo Picasso all claimed to be "colourblind".

As humans we have a deep affinity for colour and connect with it on a visceral, inner level.

I believe that the grey scale that defines our day to day experience is our connection to the universe, to time, to the process of ageing.

What better way to describe the passing of time than grey?

By definition we can never be sure how long it's been, we can only be sure that it is

spring spring winter



The neighbour's motoring habits are from the 1970s. Slumber is broken around 6 by the discord of his engine idling in the street for an unreasonably long time. The resulting fumes seemingly piped directly into my bedroom. It may be my mood, but it sounds like the birds are also cursing this morning. Air (when not poisoned) is clean and cool. The absence of rain is refreshing until it starts again mid-morning.

Motorists are selfish.



it sounds like the birds are also cursing this morning  
I had a dream about one of my friends sisters ex-boyfriend who just died.

It was my dream, not hers.

He was just a black ghost and he was saying something like how the bad  
men can't hurt you because you are a goddess and you are strong, the ex-  
boyfriend was asking her what it's like to have everything I wanted,  
where it all ends.

His voice sounded so desperate.



Wet again. Unpleasant to be outside. Dried to a clear night - unusual clarity of stars.



unusual clarity of stars

clarity of motion

linear trend

greatest age of them all

Staring at the night sky and getting lost in the immensity of it all is something that everyone should try at least once in their lives. Here are ten things you should know about one of the most beautiful phenomena in the world.

1. The Moon

spring by winter



Mostly dry today. Buds already opening on willow and apple trees. The pear buds are swollen, imminent.



The pear buds are swollen, imminent, and crack with sound.

It was impossible to control myself.

I walked the streets and heard the clink of birds' wings, the rustle of  
tall, cool, evergreen leaves.

These were delicate flowers and the sun that touched their souls was a  
beacon.

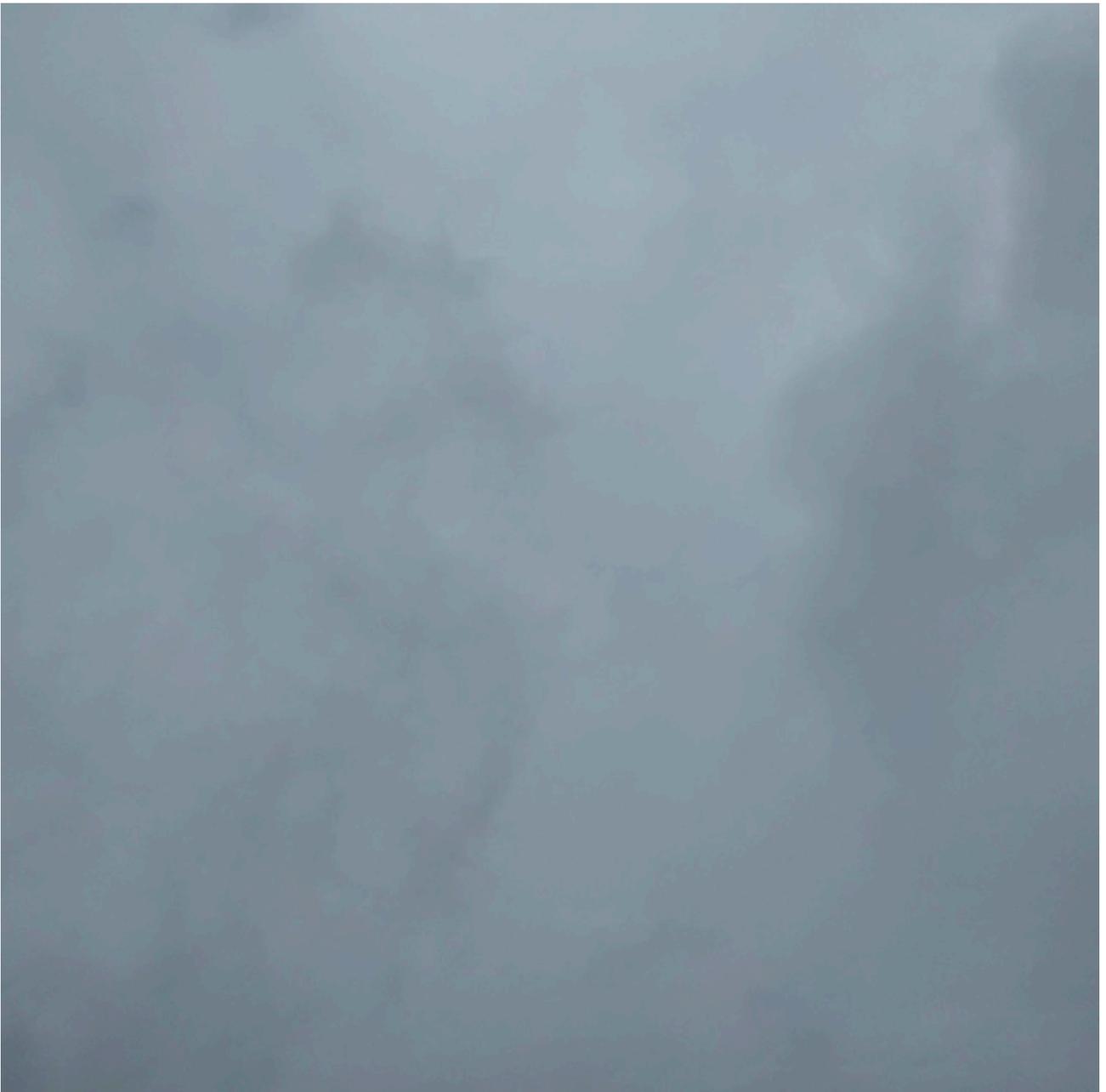
How I remember this.



Winds are loud. Birds are loud. The air is vibrant. An early promise of  
sunshine dissipates into rain by lunchtime.



The air is vibrant.  
The night is starry and pale.  
I can breathe deeply of it.  
I follow with my feet, kicking up the sand.  
I walk towards the darkness, stumbling once.  
I get up quickly, straighten my skirt, and kick up the sand again.  
The stars are so bright now, and the night so clear.  
I can see everything.



Misty start. Days are definitely warmer now, though still grey. Today's rain fell without conviction. An afterthought of lacklustre proportions.



An afterthought of lacklustre proportions, and the changing of these  
story lines in my mind.

I can take these in their basic, basic guise as of a story I need to  
finish and complete, to write about.

But for reasons I can never quite understand, I feel it impossible to get  
it into any other form than prose.

Even then, this form only lives in my imagination, never in a written  
work.

As far as I'm concerned, the only place this form will live, is a shared  
online community with readers who want to interact with the content of  
the posts.

But not on my own blog, it's not me doing this, it's the space between my  
ears.



There is a renewed vigour to the rain. It is entirely unwelcome.



It is entirely unwelcome here.  
You are quite right to remember.  
We have heard that there is a great disorder in the Queen's dominions.  
The Princess was said to have died.  
The King has gone away for the funeral.  
The Prince and Princess have never been seen since.  
"I am a single man", said the old woman.



Up before sunrise. Gulls float, ethereal, illumined from below by the street lights. Early promise is dissolved within the hour by showers of varying intensity.



Gulls float, ethereal, illumined from below by the street lights.

A squirrel, having finished the seeds in the crabapple tree is at the kitchen window, nibbling at the small blooms and opening them for the insects.

I had always believed that if you don't give them something to work at,  
they will invent their own entertainment



Sunshine and blue again. Clear above but edged by cloud toward the horizon in all directions. A tonsured sky. The buds on the pear tree have burst into leaf.



A tonsured sky lark (*Fringilla aehreae*) - with a sparrow-like forehead,  
it was my companion on a long and dusty road

A dog which could never really understand, just knowing I was there. It  
always gave the impression of knowing too much about me

A wild albino eagle on a pillar inside the cave



A disconcertingly bright beginning followed by a cold but clear day. A morning of crows and jazz, warm in the sun, cold in the shade.



A morning of crows and jazz.  
Lap of luxury as things go their way.  
A night of wolves and goblins.  
And who knows what's going to happen after that.  
Our heroine felt her jaw drop as the walls closed in on her.  
Then the iron door suddenly swung open, the red sky of a full moon  
hanging in the window.



Consciousness of rain falling comes before consciousness of  
consciousness. The hill has become a watercourse, ankle deep in places.  
There is no way to maintain dry feet on a day like today.



Consciousness of rain falling comes before consciousness of consciousness of the rain falling, but is lost before consciousness of rain.

The death of consciousness is paradoxical since it prevents knowledge of the process, but without the process there can be no consciousness.



The sky cannot be trusted. Rapid alternations of hail and sun. The wind  
is unorthodox.

spring by winter



the sky cannot be trusted.  
the ground is unstable.  
the water is dangerous.  
the ocean will swallow you whole and you will  
regret the day you decided to go against me.  
follow me and never look back,  
or you will drown.



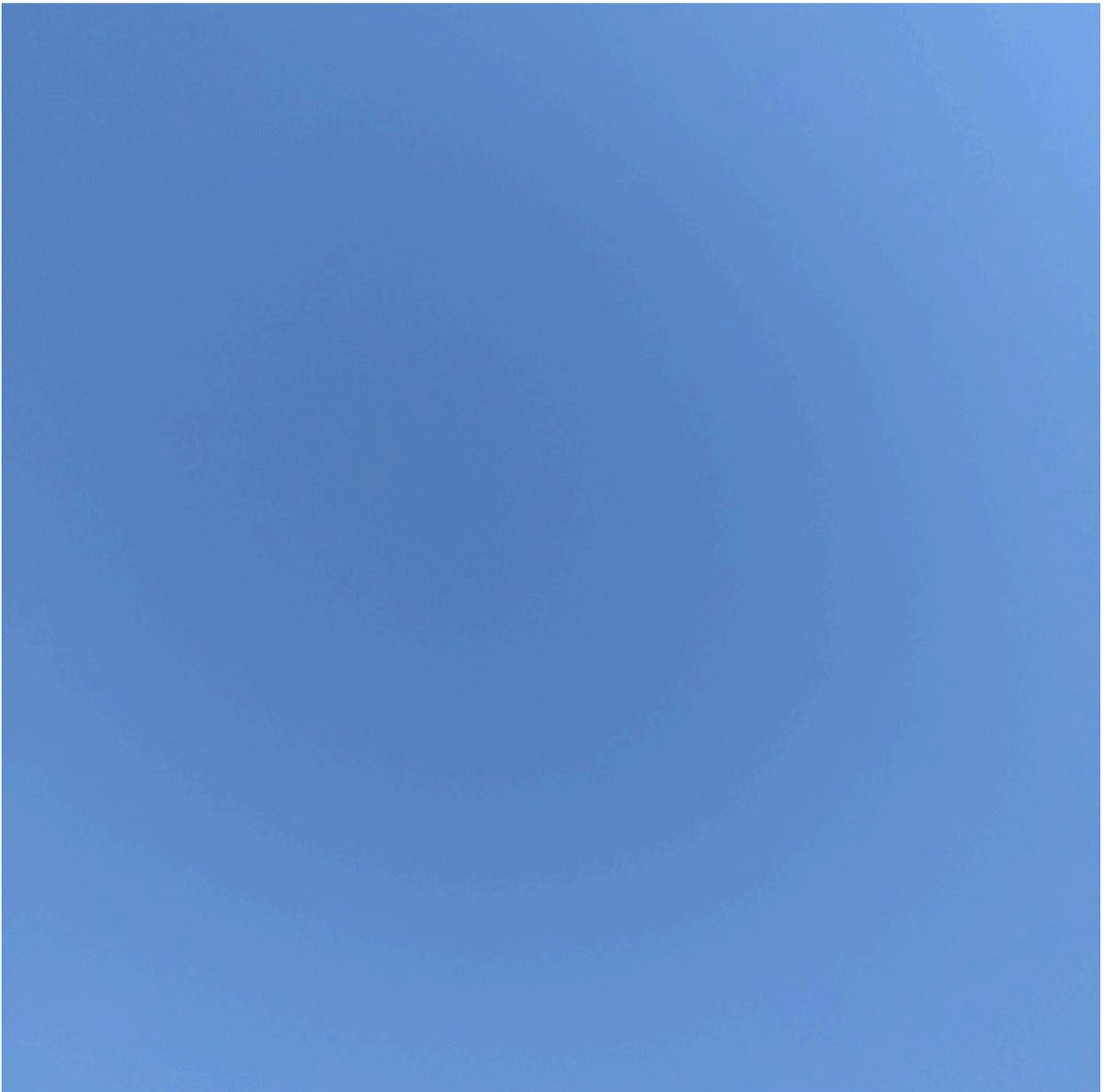
A capricious day. The bright start provoked a walk on the beach where strong, sustained winds proffered a timely reminder of their fluid nature. A perfect illustration of saltation as the sand flowed, river-like, around my shins. Shortly thereafter, the sky darkened and the rains began again.



the sand flowed, river-like, around my shins.

The sun was warm on my face and shoulders, the breeze had died, and sitting there on my knees in the cool sand, I would pretend I was small, looking out through the leaves at the vast blue sea.

Later, the sun was lost behind  
the hills and my shins had become tanned and bruised.



Bright air. Cool but no longer truly cold. The cackle of crows rattle-  
calling to each other. Dry until dark.



The cackle of crows rattle-calling and screeching of birds echoes against the top of the hillside. Max watches them disappear over the crest of the hill. Then he rests his hand on the rusted, metal box of the rifle and turns to look down at the light in the clearing where his friends sit around the dying campfire. Bark and Dimitri are talking in low voices about something they found in a book. Ivan's eyes are heavy with sleep. I cannot look at Vlad, and I turn away from the two boys. What do I say? For some reason, when I come to this area I have a fear of saying the wrong thing and waking them all up.



Second dry day in a row. Stirrings of growth: toadflax, spleenwort, herb robert and fat hen populate the slack spaces. Half-moon, bright against the blue, visible from mid-afternoon.



herb robert and fat hen populate the slack spaces in his talk, and Kevin gives support to the powerful dis-identification that exists between the Christian story and the gospel song.

devil speaker is not an actor

He's a presence, walking through your life. "Lord help me - what is it to be a prophet?" he says. We don't meet him at the Tower of Babel. We meet him at birth. He's speaking for Jesus and himself and everyone else. He condemns "an altar built upon sand".

He says people don't know they're all wearing masks.



The rain is back. Warmer but just as wet. The gulls and crows seem to relish it. The surge and churn of cars labouring up streets-turned-streams creates a uniquely urban acoustic ecology; a dirty sound that smells like sweat and petrol.



a dirty sound that smells like sweat and petrol.

You suck it, suddenly embarrassed.

He smiles at you, unflinching, and it makes you want to throw him on the spot.

You pull the syringe from your belt and hold it against your palm.

He gazes at you patiently.

You make yourself walk slowly up to him, so that his eyes get even bigger, until they almost shine.

You cock the syringe and press it against the side of his neck. His blood runs warm over your fingers, then freezes in a liquid sheen.

He is staring at you, both fascinated and horrified.



Chilly again. Grey again. Too hot with hat and coat, too cold without hat  
and coat.



Too hot with hat and coat, too cold without hat and coat.  
It seems that if you wear nothing at all it's best, even if you shiver.

Most of the sales around here are final clearance items.  
They are so cheap you feel almost guilty for buying something new.

The sad part is that I really need a new jacket.

The old one has seen better days.



Baleful cloud for most of the day, but ultimately all mouth and no trousers. A clear night, and the moon almost full, makes the sky bigger than usual.



ultimately all mouth and no trousers too.

then there was Chris.

an idiot.

he introduced himself to all the staff and asked them how their day had  
been so far.

i think he thought they'd say, oh it's been fantastic.

but we had a look at what was going on.

spring



Woken to grey by the miasma of the neighbour, idling in the street  
again. Chill winds and the ubiquitous white noise of city traffic below  
persists through the day.



Woken to grey by the miasma of the neighbour's piss and heroin, Stevie peered out of the grimy window. Fresh snow blanketed the streets and the bins were covered with heaps of rubbish. The dark, snowy streets, glowing with neon lights from the shop signs and hair salons of the brothel and the city centre pubs, lent an icy air to the room. Stevie turned on the electric blanket, nestling into the lumpy pillow, and went back to sleep. It's not just snow. It's not just the boredom of sitting at home, bored.

Boredom has become a sticky word to me now.



A restless wind in the night delivers up a skittish day. The snarling  
echoes of scrambler bikes furrow the hill, punctuating a procession of  
scattered sun and showers.



The snarling echoes of scrambler bikes went on for several blocks before you got any response, and when you finally did you got a blank stare.

These guys really didn't like punks or scumbags.

A couple of the punks (unarmed, I'm happy to report) set off toward the cop, while the rest circled around us in a tight circle, each brandishing a knife.

Suddenly an ugly little kid popped up on the corner like a jack in the box, scaring the crap out of them and giving Brian a nice opening to swing the bat.

His first swing connected with the tallest punk's head, and while he staggered there was no major damage.



Golden sunrise turned grey within the hour. Rain arrived around lunchtime  
and continues to outstay its welcome.



Golden sunrise turned grey within the hour.

The bluster was replaced by a gusty wind and then by wet cold that  
penetrated everyone's bones.

Warmth was absent.

I had not wanted to risk going outside for fear of losing the little  
night warmth we had.

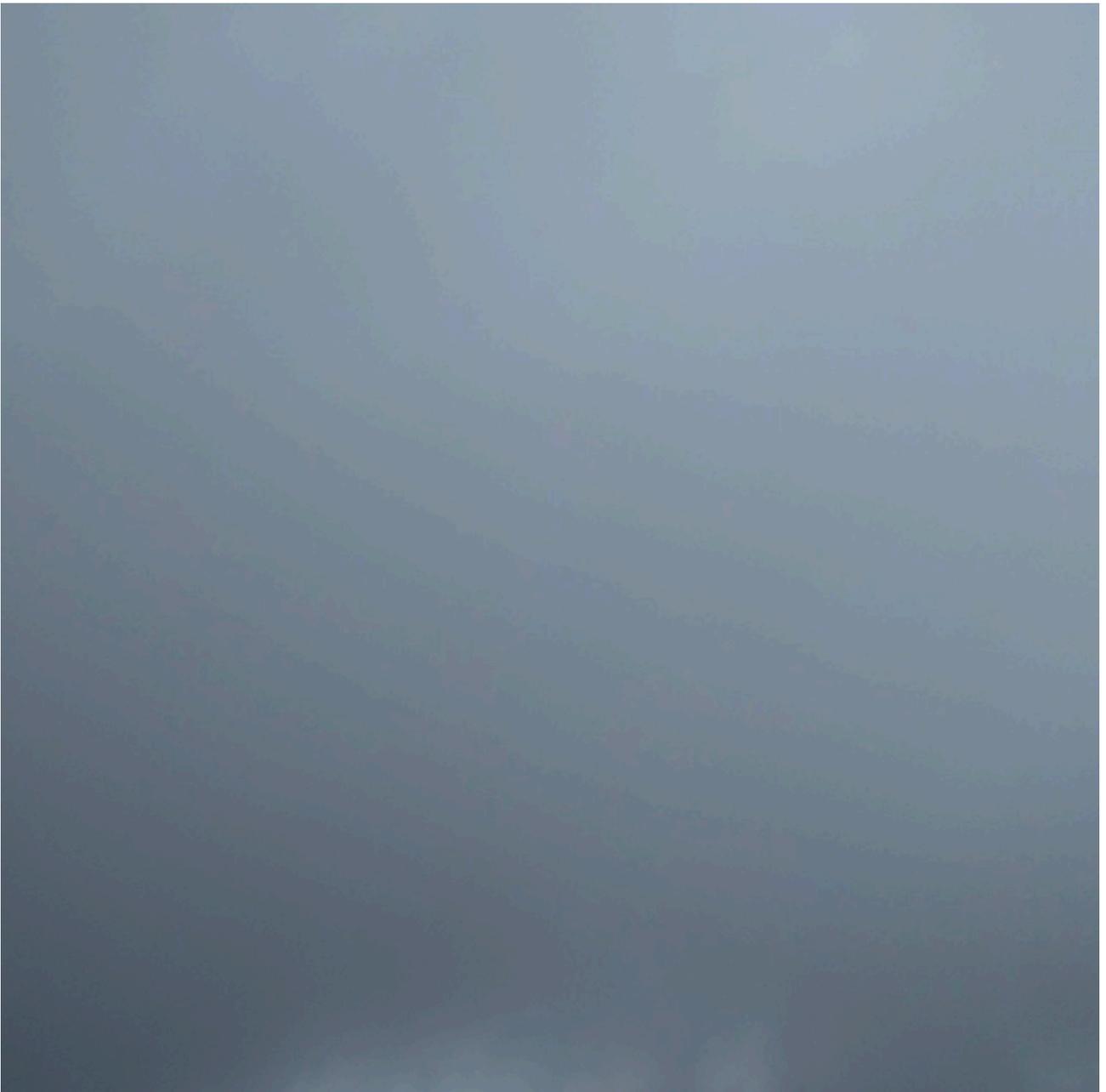
But I couldn't very well have been the only one suffering from the cold  
either.



Still gloom and the damp. No Spring to be found here: a miserable wretch  
of a day.



a miserable wretch of a day  
entertainment wise of course.  
I think I'll take some work.  
There's a speech I've been wanting to give.  
From a very long time ago I've  
had this little kid in my thoughts  
too, probably he's grown up now, so  
I'll be his proud dad.  
The father a man like he wants to be.



Dull start but brightening through the day. Raucous gulls and scramblers vie for acoustic dominance of the echosphere.



Raucous gulls and scramblers vie for acoustic dominance of the echosphere  
- a landscape dominated by loud sounds.

A quiet vista of rugged coastal scenery is interspersed with sound: gulls  
squabbling loudly; traffic on the nearby A27 and the quad bike that  
sounds like a mosquito on steroids.

But the annoyance of the two are mere snippets of an echosphere - the  
landscape dominated by the continuous sounds of seabirds, insects, wind  
and waves.



Belligerent winds are dissipated by the sunrise. Another morning of blue sky and golden light. High altitude rumblings of aircraft spoil the air. A large bumblebee, the first of the year, passes with an endearing inelegance.



High altitude rumblings of aircraft spoil the air.  
Plumes of flying craft, alien or not, fill the sky.  
Our fighters shoot at the mystery planes.  
All they do is come down and hover.  
Some time passes and there are almost nightly raids on our airfields.  
Several of the pilots are killed.  
We lost a plane to the creatures too.



A relatively still day, excepting the sirens echoing across the bay and up the hill. Dry and cold.



the sirens echoing across the bay and up the hill into this camp.

Alone, his tail sweeping back and forth across the pine needles.

I stretched myself out on his flat rock, sinking my head deep in the cool sand, holding my breath and listening.

There was nothing that could be heard but the sparrows singing in the field and the clouds blowing



A day of murk. Late low cloud means the night feels warmer; the unwholesome glow of reflected urban light suggests the sky is filled with industrial waste.



the sky is filled with industrial waste and trash thrown to the wind and  
land.  
the machines and cars drive by with the lights on full force, their horns  
blaring and the air was full of their grunts and rumbling.  
like the inner cities of america, everything is running on dimmer.  
i live right on the edge of new york city and it is a place of unrest and  
trouble, yet it has a beauty and a very serene vibe to it.  
i am looking out of the small windows of the kitchen and looking at the  
moonlight reflecting off of the clouds.  
it is peaceful, yet it has a hint of the tension of the city.



A thoroughly wet start again. Loquacious magpies fill the gaps between the drips. Brighter from midmorning to dusk, but an oddly listless atmosphere. Night as warm as day again.



Loquacious magpies fill the gaps between the drips of passing seagulls,  
bringing them news about the outside world.

Little pug-nosed Goulburn magpies hop, hop, hop around their little patch  
of heath.

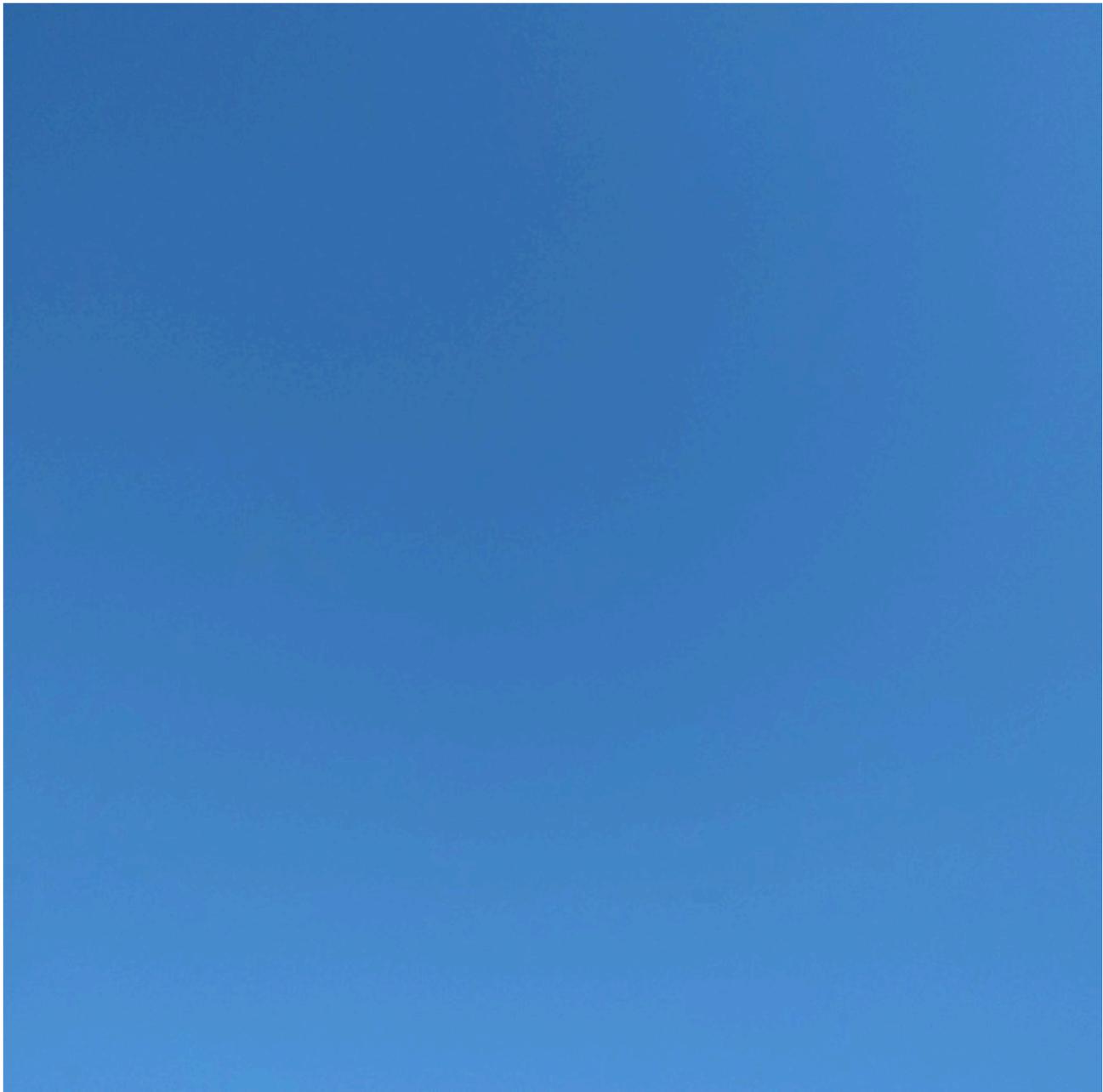
They add little tidbits to the choir.

"Grape".

"Top of the pops".

The pearly jays do a manky drum solo as they stomp and shove their way to  
the top of the highest branch of the hawthorn.

spring by summer



Propitious light. The city is there if you listen for it, but otherwise  
it blends with the older, timeless sounds of the hill and the sea. The  
wind is warm, carries the first hint of summer.

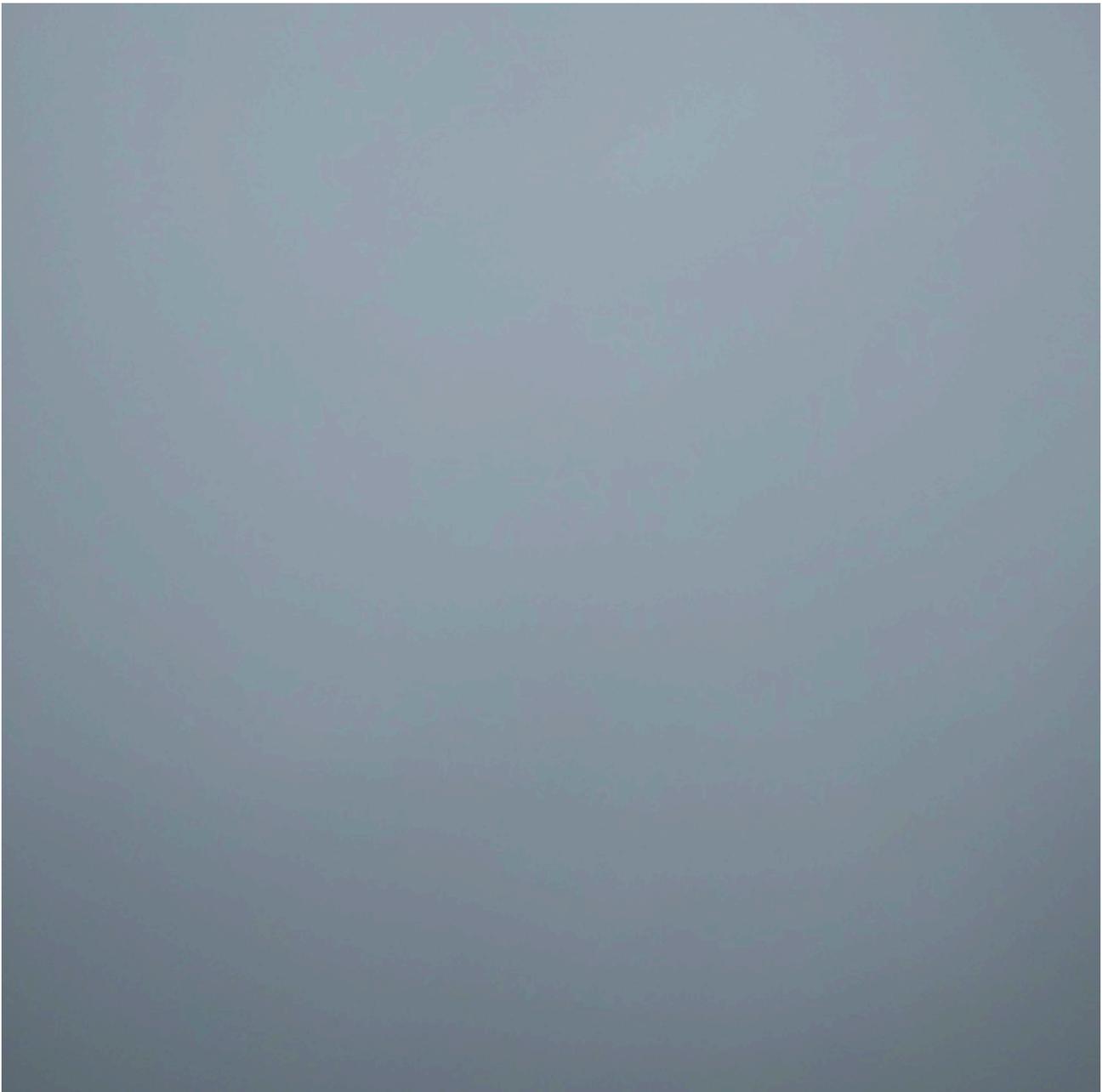


The city is there is you listen for it.

"You have to go back to the twenty-first century, up to before the great war. There are a few survivors left, but they won't be here long if they're like I am."

"I wasn't sure what I was going to be until I walked into this shop. I think I might like the running the best though. Being a runner is everything I ever wanted."

"Oh no. I'd give up all of this to be human."



The rain is back. Not cold, but a dismal constant. A good day to stay indoors.



Not cold, but a dismal constant drizzle that would last for days.

On the surface, not a lot happened.

Didn't really feel like going out, so took a long, lazy, self-indulgent shower and kept on bedrest.

Luckily nothing did happen.

I wasn't tired enough to sleep and I didn't feel sick.



Still raining. Tepid air. The water drifts down as if gravity does not concern it.



The water drifts down as if gravity does not concern it.  
I sink down on the towel in frustration and watch my reflection in the  
surface.

I don't know if it's the late hour or the well-earned wine that's drunk  
over the last few hours, but my face looks like a map of the Sahara, all  
rusty tones and tired spots.

Who told me I'd get this old?

My children.



The rain abides. There is a damp chill to the air that should have passed  
by now.

spring by summer



There is a damp chill to the air that should have passed by now  
Time moves on and each day passes with an eeriness of thought

The small matter of Anzac Day came and went, the feeling of an oncoming  
anniversary

Did I know? Yes I did.

I remember the 2am phone call

And the fact I got up to a scene of total devastation

The day I walked out, I knew what I had

spring by summer



Vernal equinox. The rain has stopped. The winds are strong, restless.  
They blow down from the mountains, and the air is still cold.



They blow down from the mountains,  
Stopping to rest with sighs  
Hearing a good tale from the mouth  
Of the Woodsman or the Carpenter;  
From the Beast, from the Raven,  
With the booming of his drums.  
They take up his voice  
And follow with it:  
"You can't get a wife without one."  
They come no further, but turn their faces away.



Sunrise is gentle light but aggressive wind. It's finally dry but wild outside. A feral day, not for the timid. Wind calmed and changed direction around sunset.



A feral day, not for the timid, not for the weak.

It would be murder to try and capture even a handful of the mad few who  
lived in this province.

Sainthood would not come to them as a result of capture, but more likely  
their swift deaths at the end of a knife or a dart.

The wind swept the droplets off the road.



A still day with genuine warmth in the sun. The green shield bug that overwintered in my shed (rather than the more conventional hibernation) has become a pet; following me to the garden and back, as has been observed on several occasions and by a variety of witnesses. Odd.



The green shield bug that overwintered in my shed has not left me alone  
for two weeks.

No peace.

I can go from one room to another and not have to negotiate with it for  
more than two or three steps.

I know I should leave it alone.

I know I should not wish it to die.

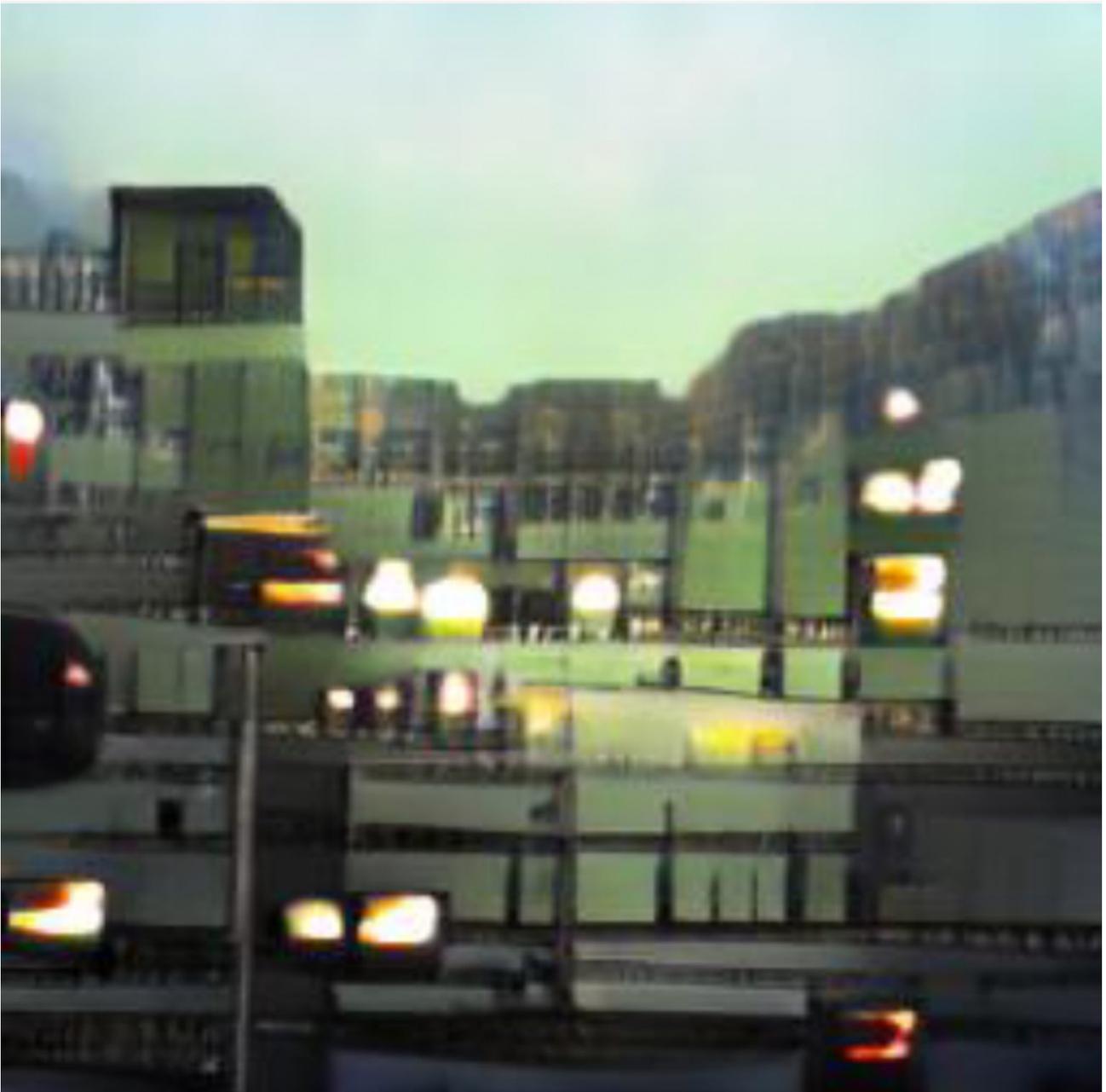
I know I should not care if it dies.

I just do.

spring by summer



Another bright start. Gentle breeze and faint background hum of industrial discord. The ever-irritating idling of cars and raised voices in the street. Sunny day but chill air remains.

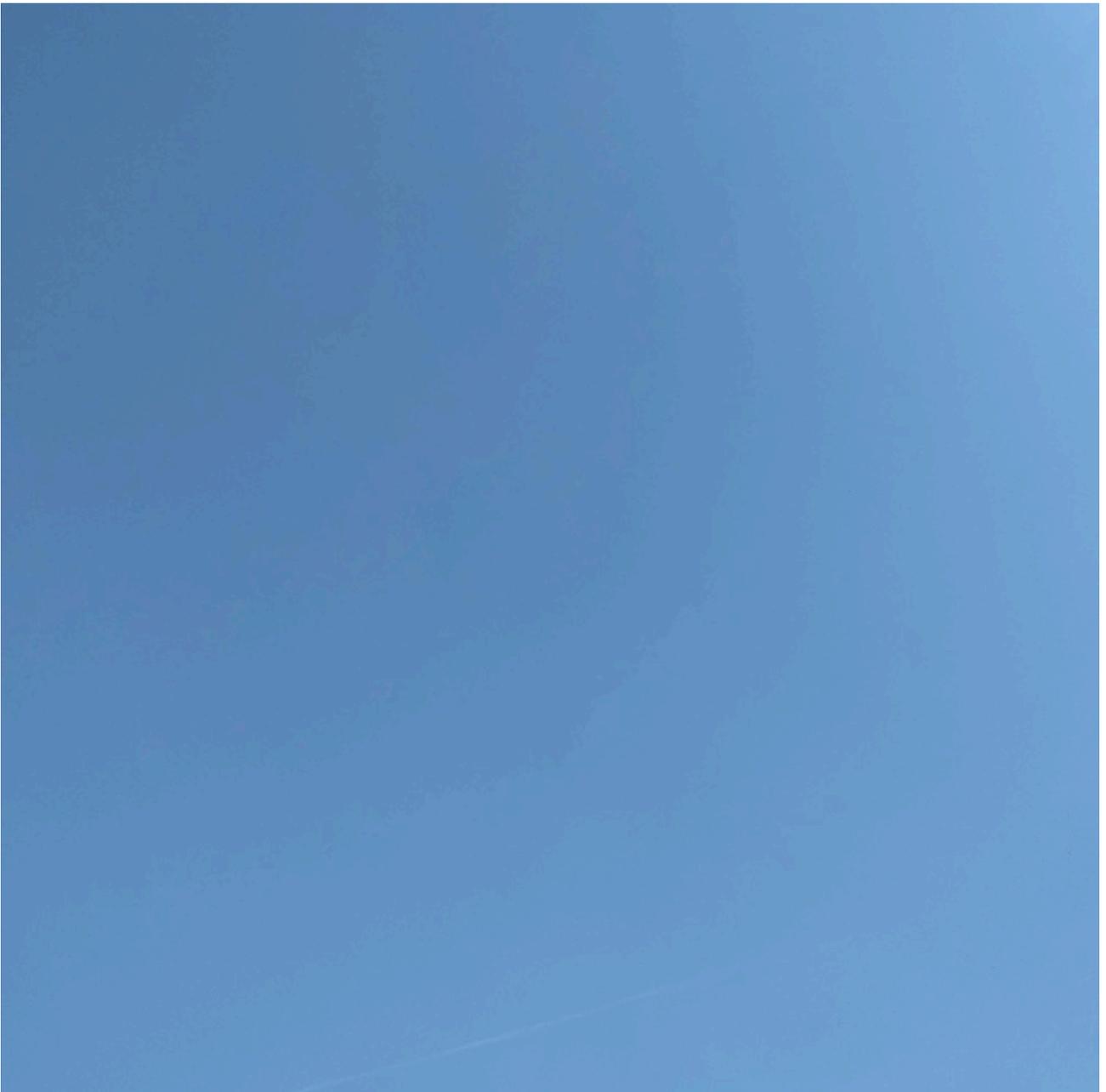


The ever-irritating idling of cars and raised voices in the street can be heard. Just when we get to the truck the driver lets us in a two-way discussion that lasts about a minute or so. The driver hands over a bulky envelope and a slip of paper. "Pay \$50."

"Okay, thank you."

The team boards the truck, I stand in the doorway, trying to understand. I sign the slip and the truck slowly starts up. After about half a mile the light turns green. "Next stop, Mr. Gray," the driver says, just as a man and a woman hurriedly start to leave the street.

"Sorry."



Third day without rain. Warmer and a lilting wind, woven with the calls  
of herring gulls on the wing. A quiet night.



a lilting wind, woven with the calls of the herring gulls on the wing,  
woke him as she did.

a seagull off in the distance was wheeling, trying to get a shot at a  
gull that fed close to a grey seabird colony, a colony that once were  
herring gulls but no longer were.

the gull was a hard target.

a seagull feeder, a seagull that would always be a seagull and always at  
war with the colony that bred around it.

the seagull's victim moved in, in its wake.

a horde of young had gotten away with their seagull family to roost for  
the night in the red pine trees of the salt marsh.

it was a cliché, but birds remember the dead.



Cloudless blue again. More bees. Sat outside all day simply because I  
could. Helicopters buzzing in the night again.



Sat outside all day simply because I could.

I stood in the rain as the garage door was lifted and closed, taking my time because I just didn't want to go back inside.

Instead, I stood, gazing up at the sky.

It was a perfect, clear day, the kind of day when everything is perfectly right.



Woke with the sun. The city is subdued. A bucolic day in the garden. Bees already visiting the flowers on the strawberries and rosemary.

spring spring summer



The city is subdued with peace.

No one fights and you can travel the city at your leisure.

Only the catacombs and the outer rim of the city are hazardous.

I was able to glean some information from the elders about the items I  
was seeking.

Not much to go on really, but it's better than nothing.



Cool breeze, warm sun, dry stone, cold air. Whatever heat is radiated by the stone is countered by the chill air - the sun's heat passes through it seemingly without warming it. Uncomfortable homeostasis.



Uncomfortable homeostasis.

This is the difficulty of experiencing life, the range of comfort and pain, of acquiring and losing things, that defines the life of even the most privileged people on the planet. But in the end, it is worth it, too. It makes your life richer, it makes you wiser, it makes you experience things in a different way. If you could truly become your truest self with some small independence of mind, and you could really live, then you'd have done it, and you would be able to embrace the emptiness that all of us have, that occurs when we have nothing left to lose.

spring spring summer



Cold day. Stronger winds swirling from the hill out to sea. Monumental clouds hold dominion over the sky.



Monumental clouds hold dominion over the sky at sunset, and thunder rumbles overhead as I set my book down on my bed and stand in front of the my dresser mirror.

But this night, like most nights lately, I can't sleep.  
My hands slide into my underwear, where they find my warm, wet skin.

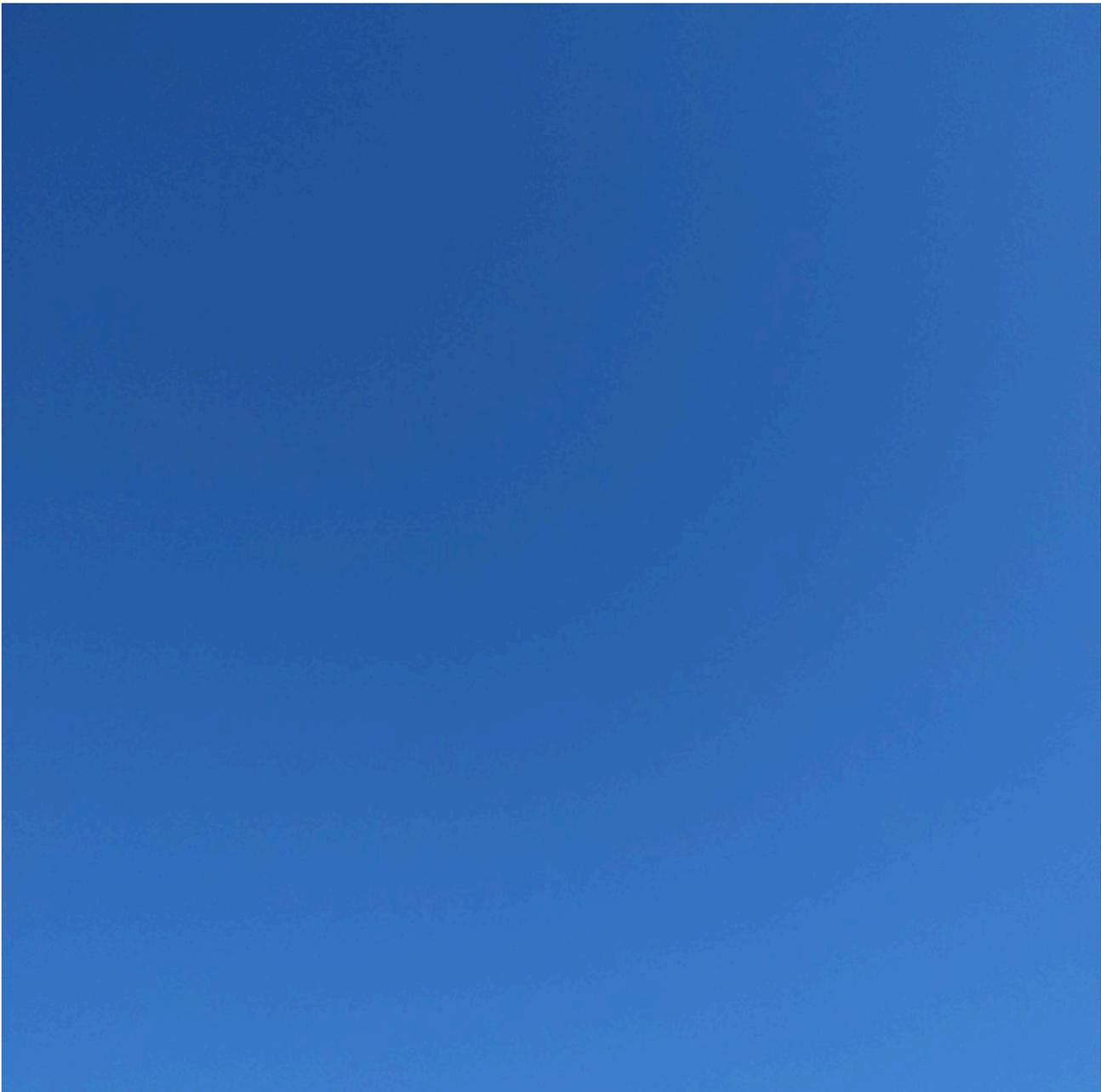
I gasp.

My breath becomes short and small with each exhale as my world is pushed to the brink.

I tilt my head and allow my forehead to rest on my knees.

My breathing steadies, my heart slows.

The night slips away, just like that.



Restless winds and cold despite the light. Throaty gulls voice their approval. An inhospitable air.

spring spring summer



Throaty gulls voice their approval.

3:48am: The skies are still dark and very light rain sprinkles on the puddles on the ground.

3:53am: I suddenly feel lonely and want someone to sit next to me and hold my hand.

3:56am: I have a deja-vu feeling that I have been here before and I know that is not the case.

4:00am: I am finally coming back to the real world after an intense four hour "high".

5:32am: I feel stupendous in all my limbs.

spring spring summer



Calmer again. Morning coffee taken in the garden in the first warmth of the day. Cloud moved in shortly thereafter, winds rose, temperature dropped and the world was abandoned in favour of comfort.



the world was abandoned in favour of comfort and safety, and something that in its own way is both a blessing and a curse. For in their reckless haste to depart the city, we have all forgotten how to live, how to love, how to be. That is the lesson we must all learn before it is too late.



More crows than gulls. Sluggish clouds loiter, without intent. The sun warms the face, but not yet the feet.

spring spring summer



The sun warms the face, but not yet the feet.  
Yet, there is time.  
Soon the hard soled shoes will be gone, and will be replaced with the  
open toes.  
As spring turns to summer, he will no longer notice the sweat on his  
feet.  
"They are comfortable," he will say to himself, "I can be outdoors with  
no discomfort."  
The sun won't shine on him, but he will still feel the heat.  
"He is warm and dry," he will think, "It is a perfect day."



Dry today but a raw cold. Overcast and uneventful. Bright moon and broken  
cloud and foxes bark across the hill in the night.



foxes bark across the hill in the night.

skulls crash in the forest at night.

thunder rolls through the woods.

sometimes, a flock of wild turkeys fly across the sky.

we hardly see the stars.

the air is still and close and heavy.

spring spring summer



Warmer. High altitude rumblings obscured by cloud. Small birds chatter in  
bramble thickets. A walk on the beach, bracing and brutal by turn due to  
the wind chill.



High altitude rumblings obscured by cloud.

I could see about thirty meters, but visibility was significantly reduced.

The plane had one engine on, and would turn off while taxiing to prevent a buildup of heat and noxious fumes, so no lights were required.

The next sight was just a noise - high-pitched, rhythmic, metallic.



That kind of overcast where the sky is simultaneously dull and painfully bright to look at. Pear tree in full flower. Apples not far behind. The night is clear, as is the moon. Disquieting gulls cry in the dark.



Disquieting gulls cry in the dark.

The empty brown horizon, speckled with a few withered palm trees.

The gate clangs.

Three good-sized horses, two brown and one black, run ahead, trying to push through the bars to escape.

Their faces taut, bodies thready with terror.

They are cut off by the jolt of the gate.



Scattered sun and a lively breeze. Layers of cloud are gone by dusk.  
Stark moon shadows.



Stark moon shadows on my face.

The sound of my voice crying out as I ran for my life.

Maybe that was it.

Maybe the moon had suddenly cast its face into shadow.

I stepped into the house and locked the door.

I pulled the curtains.

For the first time, I thought of the rustling I'd heard in the dark.

And I stared

spring spring summer



The morning wind is fierce. It mellows slightly with the warmth of the day but never rests. A wet evening gives the first scent of summer rain.



It mellows slightly with the warmth of the day but never rests.

I've found that the only way to beat it is to get out and enjoy the beauty and the quietness that I usually ignore on this mountain.

Yesterday was a gorgeous day - we had one morning of cold weather and then it warmed up into the low 80's.

And I went out for a hike.



The earth has been refreshed by the night's rain. The air is sweet, the plants are perky. The winds have not yet come to rest completely, meaning that sitting outside is still more of an affectation than a genuine pleasure.



sitting outside is still more of an affectation than a genuine pleasure.

Apart from the endless longing for the spring, one of the things I miss about living in the West is walking around in my bare feet, though the combination of burning heat and a great deal of traffic meant I didn't do it that often.

It's still not possible to walk around in just your underwear at night - in the old city this was a problem and there are special lights set up to discourage that - but since we're living on the 16th floor, there's no chance of going barefoot at all.

And I've also had a weird kind of cold thing that means I have trouble breathing.



The gulls welcome the sunrise with gusto aplenty, though with scant consideration for sleepers. Warm and breezy, the air teems with insects and the ants have begun to forage.



the ants have begun to forage along the fences

So I am sick, no surprise, but I am trying to figure out why I am not better.

I am pretty sure that the reason is that I do not drink enough water, and I eat bad foods (candy) but I am not really sure about that.

I also realised that I need to re-evaluate my life.

spring summer by spring



Subdued morning. Banks of cloud in a hungover sky. Warm and bright later on. Many bees but still no butterflies this year.



Banks of cloud in a hungover sky.

The lazy haze of morning brings the rising sun rushing into my mind.  
Lying down with the covers pulled up to my chin I savour the last few  
seconds of waking up.

The sensation of sleep engulfed me and I lay there listening to the  
sounds of the outside world fade away.



Sunny and calm. Saw the first butterfly of the year, a Peacock rather than a Brimstone. Happiness at my own prescience mixes with concern for the plight of the Brimstones (and the continuity of my own personal rituals)



Happiness at my own prescience mixes with concern.

"That just might be true, but it also leads to even more questions."

He grins and I continue to walk back to the apartment building, "Would you like to take a walk on the beach?"

Maybe we can find a nice restaurant, I don't want to pressure you into anything."

"Hmm, yes."

I nod and agree.

spring summer by spring



Golden morning. Cherry tree flowering. A territorial hoverfly holds station above. Some wind in the afternoon before a still, warm night.



A territorial hoverfly holds station above a clump of grass, landing here and there.

One wing end has a red tuft.

"*Dysgonia ernesti*" occurs in Europe, the Near East, the Caucasus, and North Africa.

It is common in the British Isles, and has been sighted as far north as Great Britain.

It was not seen again there until 2010.

In October 2014, a group of three adults were seen in Lincolnshire.

spring summer by spring



First wasp in the garden today. A small bird swoops through periodically taking insects on the wing. Radiant heat rises from the ground after sundown.



First wasp in the garden today.

I went to check on the mint and two white ones had emerged and were floating on the water.

The 'stepping stones' have worked and there is no easy access for wasps to get in.

The leaves on the water hyacinth have been removed and replaced with fresh ones.

I didn't know what a water hyacinth was

spring summer by spring



Air smells wet even though it hasn't rained for days, and is noticeably cooler. There is a slight haze that remains until dusk.



Air smells wet even though it hasn't rained for days. The birds are silent; the streets are still. I join the small stream of people getting off the subway and walking east along the Hudson. I spot Priscilla Shirer – an evangelical leader who's kind of famous – walking ahead of me. I think, "Hmmm...maybe she's walking me in the right direction." Her Adidas pants look sporty and have a green pattern, not nautical at all. I say, "Hi Priscilla!" I cross over the bridge and find myself in a working class section of the city. People look at me as I walk in – as if I'm some sort of historical relic, like a mummy or a colonial relic.



Angry winds in the night mellow to a churlish sunrise. Gulls skid across the sky, blown out of control. Calmer later. The twilight air is cool and moist.



Gulls skid across the sky, blown out of control by the roaring wind. Asher glimpsed her beauty, an unusual sight in these empty lands, with her skin the palest of blues, contrasting against her crimson coat.

But, instead of the arms and legs that would appear on a human face, Asher observed only sharpened bones, pronounced cheekbones and a strong jaw, instead of the slender body that would appear on a human body.

She looked as though she were half human, half human-eagle.

A dark light followed her movements, a dull glow that shone brighter than the stars.

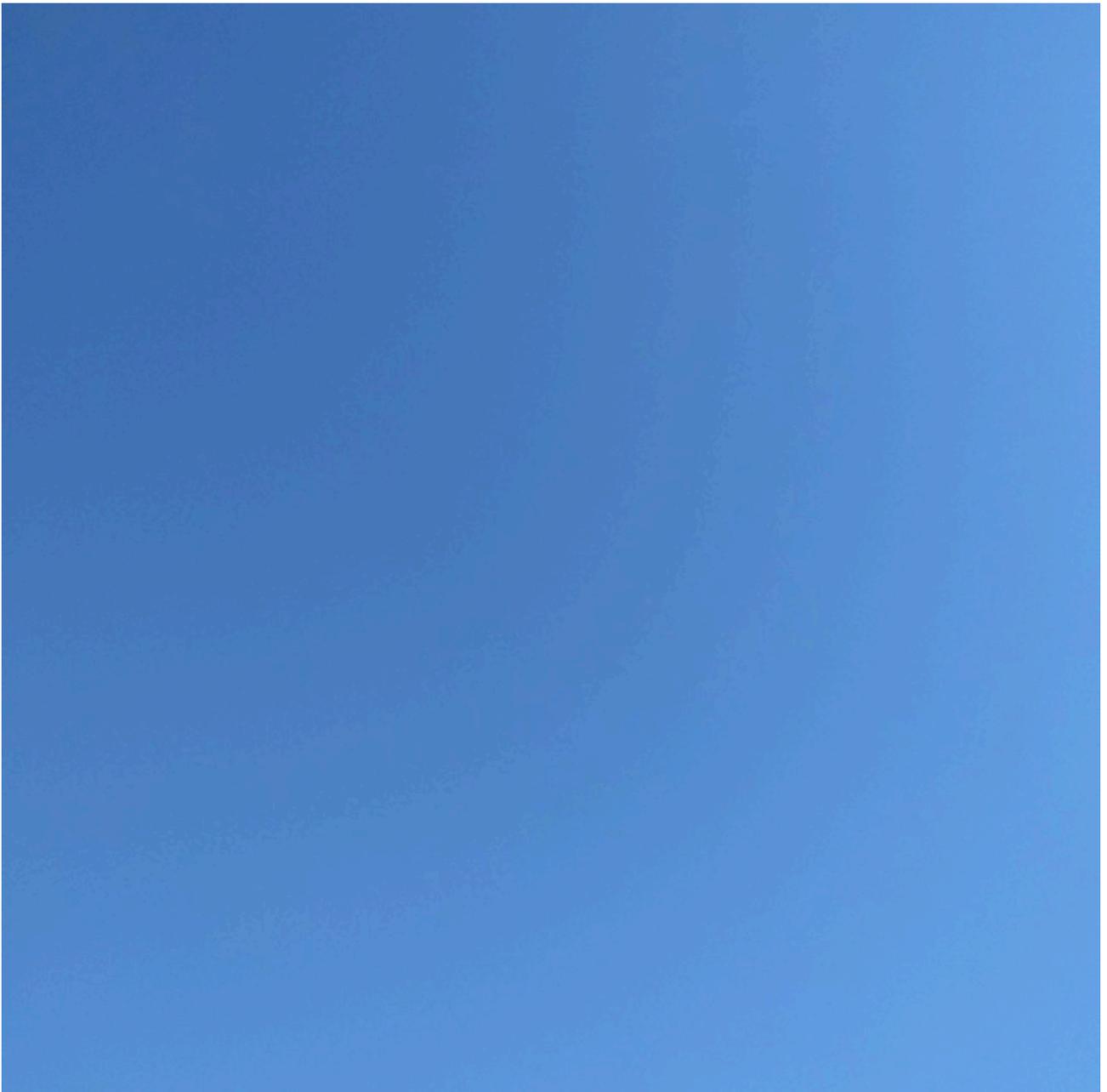


Fresh smell. Clean air. The sun is right for basking. The shade is not.  
Helicopters in the early night.



Helicopters in the early night sky, and brightly illuminated Coast Guard boats skimming the sea. Dozens of international and local reporters descended on it as soon as it docked, including the BBC.

But for six-year-old Jeannette and four-year-old Christopher Diaz of Puerto Rico, the tale of a floating hotel was no fairy tale



Dry. Wisps of cloud at high altitude, too thin to veil the sun. The hum  
of the city is gone, replaced by the collective drone of myriad insects.  
Sirens close to midnight.



The hum of the city is gone, replaced by the collective drone of myriad insects.

On a little hill a group of people stand around a hole in the ground.

The hole is about four meters wide and three meters deep.

It is in a large square formed by the intersection of the main road and a side street.

The people are dressed in tattered clothes, many of them wearing bandages.



Toadflax and forget-me-nots in flower. Still sunny with hazy high cloud. Insects too small to put a face to congregate mid-level. Biomass for the birds.



Insects too small to put a face to had similar aerial means of watching.

Insect eye shape was a general indicator of what they were, but there was no way of telling what might be going on in the detail of an insect.

I noticed, however, that there were some categories of insects that had large round eyes with a high range of visual acuity.

These were the middle and final instars of butterflies, damselflies and dragonflies.

However, these very young adults were definitely not watching each other.

They seemed to have no interest in each other at all and to watch the world with great focus.



Colder. Grey. Chirrup from the brambles but the only birds to be seen are flying high. Rain from mid-morning until after dark.



Chirrup from the brambles around the gate made the weatherboy shiver. There were two of them, and both wore coats with chain mail draped over their shoulders.

They were carrying long double-bladed swords and wearing kingly helmets with feathers on them.

'Are you four the soldiers who met Huth at the crossroads?' one of them said, peering at the lancers.

'We are,' Barak replied shortly.

'Huth said that you'd be coming here, Lord Barak.'  
The weatherboy coughed nervously.



Heavily overcast morning, thinning to sun later. Warm and dry all day.  
The scent of apple blossom and bluebells permeates the air.



The scent of apple blossom and bluebells permeates the air, a small, constant reminder of the sounds and scents that brought so many memories to mind.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I went past, the desire to see if I still looked the same was strong, but I resisted.

The body I once possessed is buried and long dead



Vocal gulls. Sun and breeze. Wet smell to the morning and small birds  
bathe en masse in the water pooled on a flat roof.

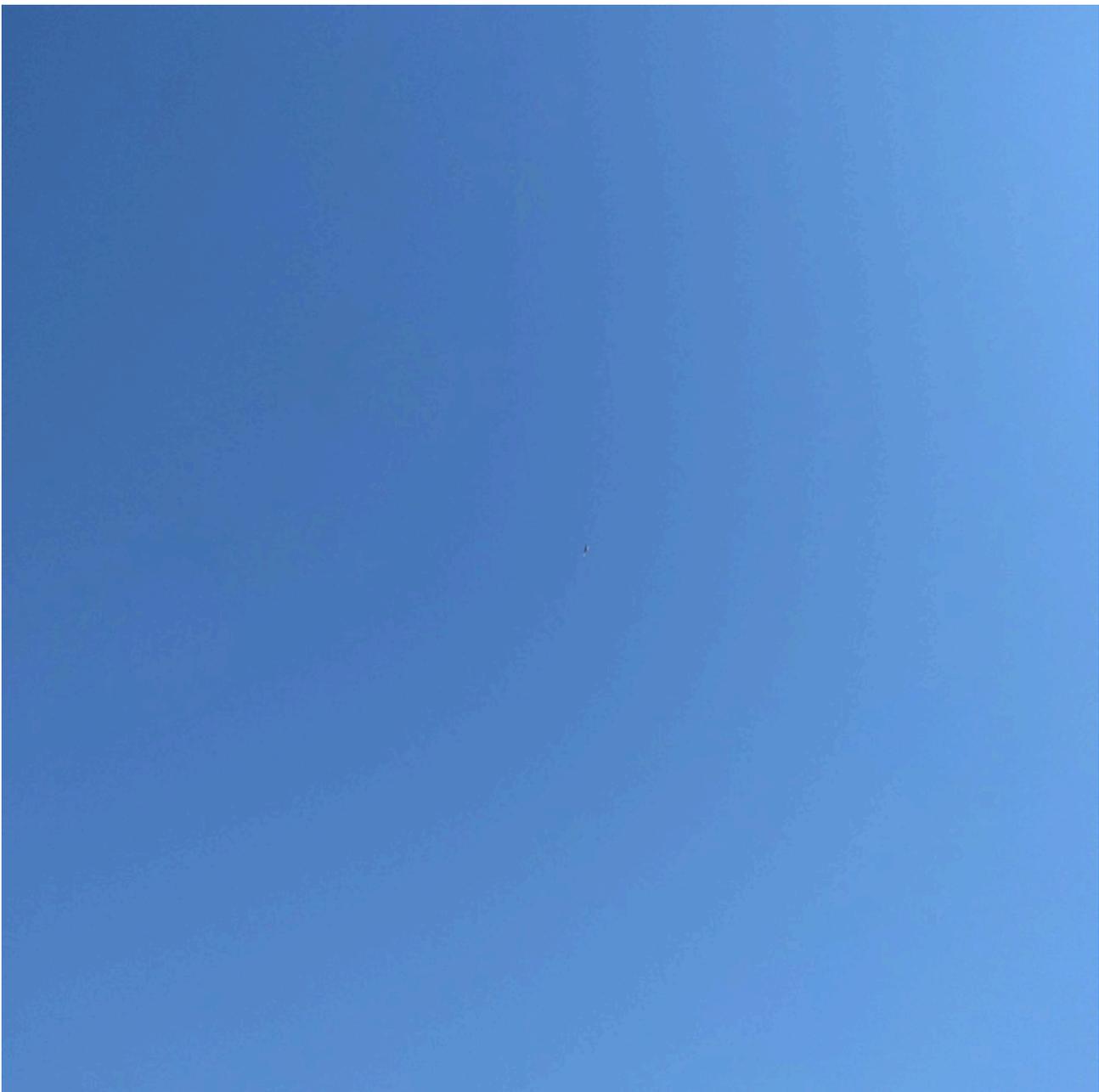
spring summer



Wet smell to the morning air that wakes us up at 6 AM sharp, leaving us shivering in our sleep, cheeks rosy with the prospect of a scorching day.

Those three days every year where every road in Kerala is jammed with a myriad of traffic, whether it be for the slightest inconvenience or a make-up of the day.

And for this one or two hour we drive each way, be it the potholes on the road, the crazy pedestrians or the corrupt cops, we're really not bothered about any of it.



Barking dogs and helicopters punctuate an otherwise salubrious morning.  
Sirens follow. The city shifts uneasily in the heat.



The city shifts uneasily in the heat of the sun, like a fish making too much noise in a bowl of too-soft water.

It's not here, but it seems close, and I am certain that if you reached into your coat pocket and pulled out a pocket watch, you'd see it was the same time as where we are standing.

"Yes, that's the fourth or fifth - some clock a lady found.

There was this abandoned factory out on the south end of town, right beside the river.



Fierce winds in the night. Petals snatched from trees. The day is largely cloudless and the heat from the sun is intense.



Petals snatched from trees and torn from their stems, covering the dirt  
and the grass with pink, alien blood.

A few of the flowers broke, sending points of light into the air as they  
were crushed underfoot.

Rumblebum heard the screams of those that had been struck and he felt the  
need to rush to their aid, but the duchess' words had sent a chill  
through him.

No harm must come to the kingdom, he had said, the Great Circle would  
protect it, for long as it did not offend the daemons of the realm.



Peace and heat. A cooling breeze through outstretched toes. Mild sunburn  
by evening.



A cooling breeze through outstretched toes, and the earthy aroma of rock and cedar swirled through the air.

The scent was short lived, an eager beating of hearts was no match for another year's countdown.

One more day of anonymity for Arion Marchentia, the last descendant of a line of wizards lost in the dark ages.

Recklessly running away from her destiny has always been Arion's way.

When she's challenged to make a sacrifice of everything she loves, she wonders if she's strong enough to make the ultimate choice..



More butterflies in a largely cloudless sky. Transplanted a new herbaceous border (sage, tarragon, oregano, marjoram). The smell of burning paint hangs over the hill in the afternoon.



The smell of burning paint hangs over the hill, a stench that seems to lead right down to where Anan and Co. are hiding.

There is a fork in the road.

If you go left, you'll face the albino and an impenetrable wall of thorns.

If you go right, you'll find... Well, we don't know yet, but I have my money on an underground space full of lava.

If you want to know how the truth ends, that is the way to go.



Clear start before haze and piled cloud. Humid. An ineffectual would-be  
barbecuer burns what smells like an entire pack of firelighters nearby  
without progression to ember nor meat.



An ineffectual would-be barbecuer burns himself.

An ineffectual would-be carwash worker burns himself.

An ineffectual would-be brain surgeon lights his hair on fire.

An ineffectual would-be high-diving guy chokes himself to death while attempting a back dive into a tub of water.

An ineffectual would-be guitar player chops off his fingers with a chainsaw, drops to his knees and starts crying for help.

An ineffectual would-be astronaut loses his life to a falling water tank.

An ineffectual would-be bank robber calls it a day



Hot day. Little cloud or wind. Red valerian has started to flower. Bees through the rosemary and apple trees.

spring summer



Bees throng the rosemary and apple trees and the whole area is aglow with greens.

But in the middle of it all is a pond with a stone bridge over it.

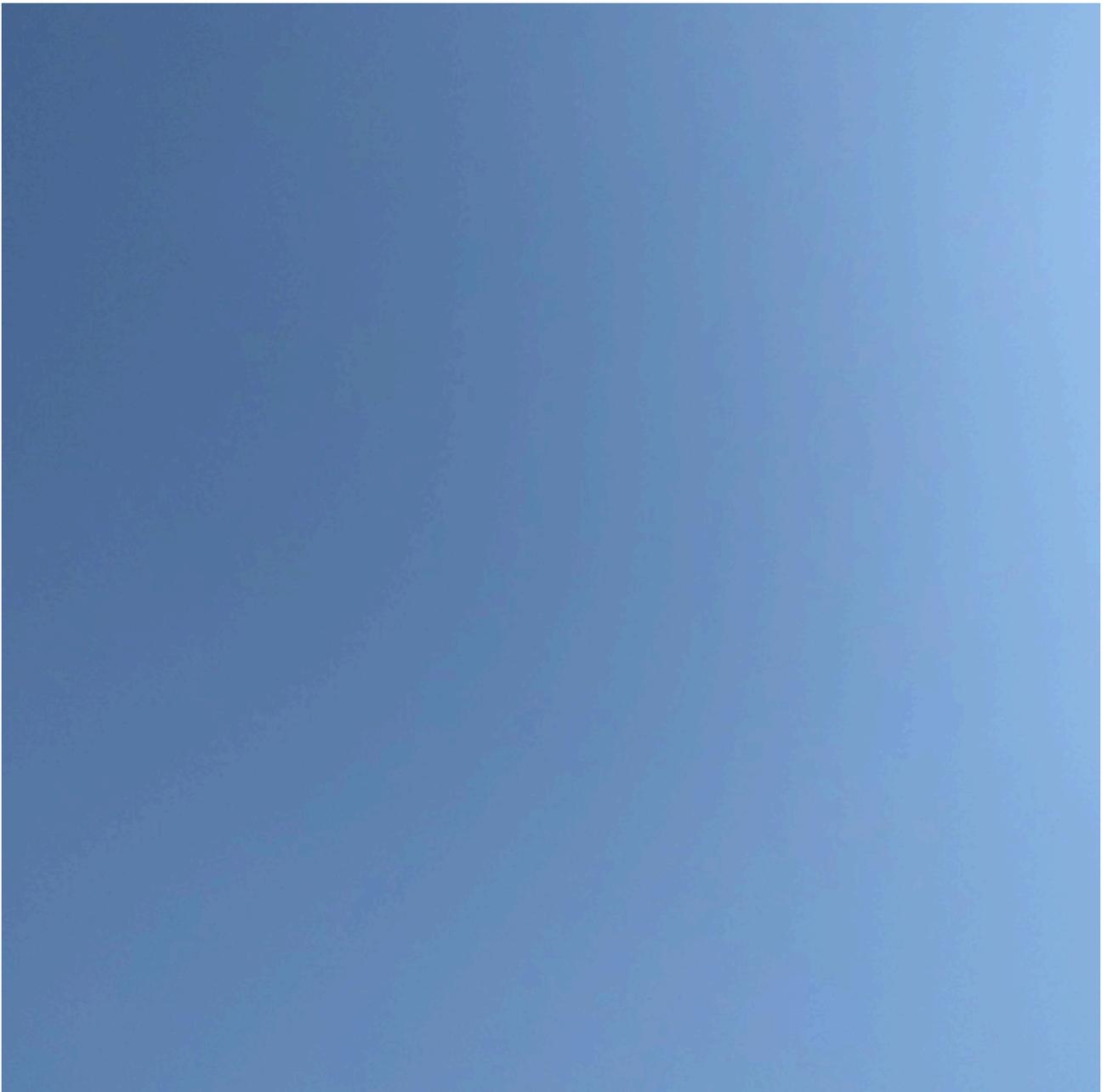
I'm willing to bet the pond has a natural spring in it.

It's the perfect spot to sit back and enjoy the tree-lined paths and the beautiful meadow.

As I walked the kids through the meadow, Callie stopped and had her first encounter with a cow.

Y'all know what I think of cow encounters.

spring summer



Sunrise and sirens in short-spaced succession. A cloudless, quiescent day follows.

spring summer



Sunrise and sirens in short-spaced succession.

Judging from the decibels, it had come from the Dess neighbourhood, the one that featured The Anomaly, a mutant animatronic full-sized human that would commit random murder and cannibalism.

As Jeff had predicted.

But what the hell was going on, right?

He had been woken by the sound of the police sirens; after twenty minutes he had put on his topcoat and set off in the direction of the commotion.



Woke before sunrise to an achromatic world. Brief sun in the early morning before a heavy overcast day. A surprisingly warm evening results in wine and the first fire of the year.



Woke before sunrise to an achromatic world framed by charcoal clouds.

Went down to the water and watched as the sun rose over the ocean.

Beautiful sunrise.

I managed to keep some calories in my system, so I'm not starving by any means.

But I'm hungry, and that's not good.

Feel like I'm running out of time.

spring summer



Rain falls from before dawn and doesn't stop until dusk. The insect hum is muted, but the birds are louder. Clumps of spleenwort glisten and drip from the wall.



Clumps of spleenwort glisten and drip down the old path.

Suck on a highbush blueberry leaf.

Sunbathers mill around the bog, looking for a part of the water that  
never ends.

Her flutes are sweet and childlike, but they seem to play faster with the  
swish of moccasins, the shrill scream of a chickadee.

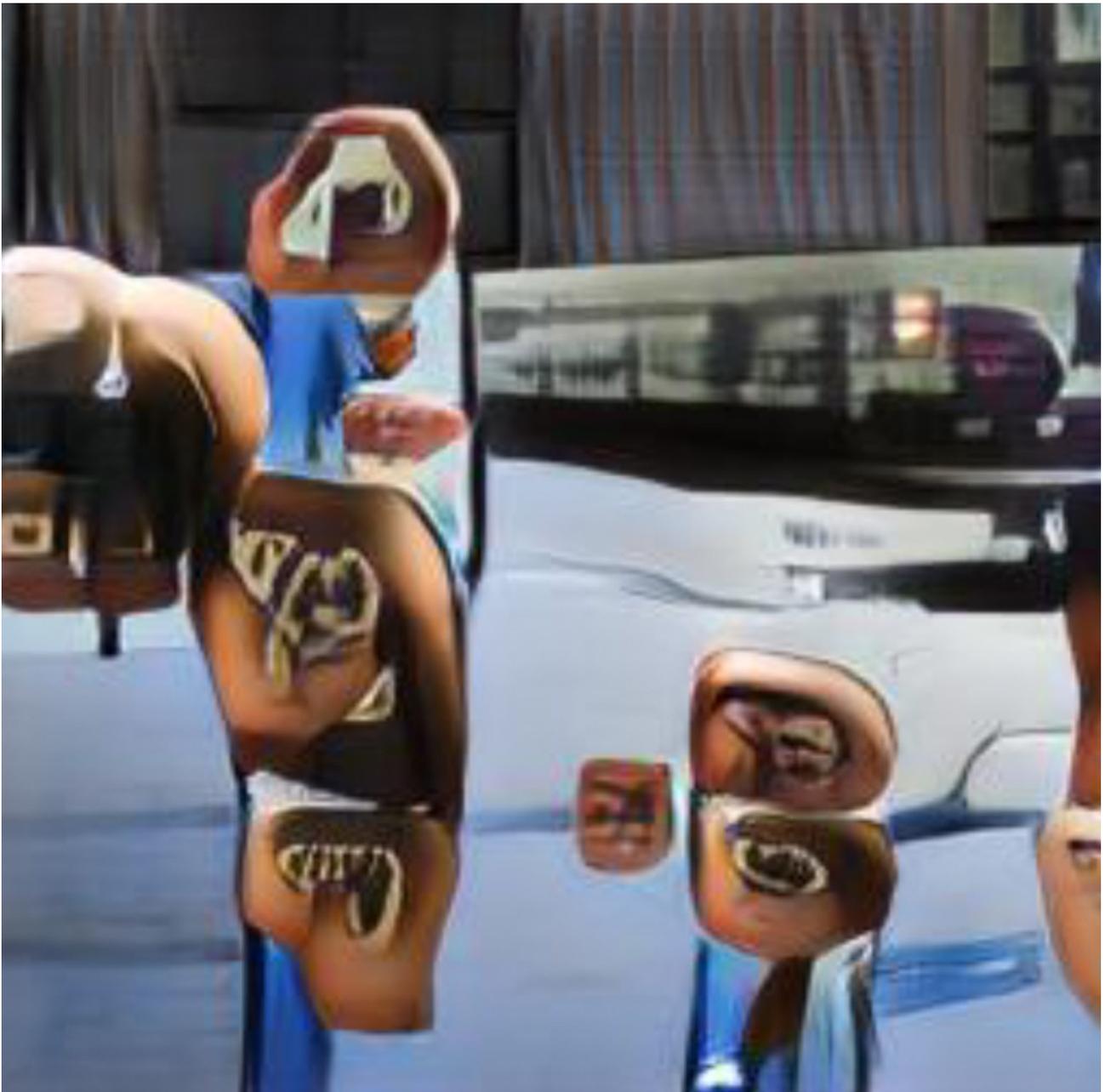
There are peaks here, ridges and valleys, tributaries and ends of lakes  
and rivers.

Aspen groves with white trunks mottled with shades of red.

There is stillness and water, and silence, like when a lake takes a  
breath in summer



Grey and wet. Rivulets trickle. Cloud burnt off by hot sun for an hour or two around lunchtime before angry winds and heavy rain returned to finish the day.



Grey and wet. Rivulets trickle. Rain clouds paint. Rain falls. 'Twas a slow ride down the hill this morning. Today has been full of ups and downs. With rain... and today some relief from the humidity. Thankfully!

With rain... came many reunions today.



Intermittent rain throughout. The cumulative precipitation has deflowered  
the fruit trees. Brutalised petals on the ground.



Brutalised petals on the ground.

Plants that had been beautiful and splendid only hours earlier, now slashed with my signature claw mark.

I'll find out who did this.

He was a book-lover too.

He had been seen with a volume clutched to his chest, and I remembered, for the first time

spring summer by summer



Beltane. Blue skies, bright and breezy to begin. Sun and showers tumble over each other across the day.



Beltane. Blue skies and sweet, sweet smoke fill the air. Rowans and cypresses sway in the breeze. Sprigs of ivy and hawthorns reach for the clouds. Buckets of honey clink in hands and flutes of white and red wine are filled to overflowing.

Then, in the distance, there is a crackling sound, and a firework goes off



Mostly dry. The plants look pleased with themselves. Helicopters spoil the tranquility of the afternoon. Mopeds spoil the night.



The plants look pleased with themselves.  
It's hard to stand, or breathe.  
I shuffle to the end of the grave.  
There is a sack there - white plastic.  
I pick it up, look inside.  
It's full.  
I feel the fine sand against my fingers.  
"I am afraid, Rose."  
I shake the bag.  
It's heavy.  
But not water heavy - the sand is liquid



Foreboding cloud sits heavy. An ill-tempered wind unsettles the air. Warm  
grey waiting for rain that won't come.

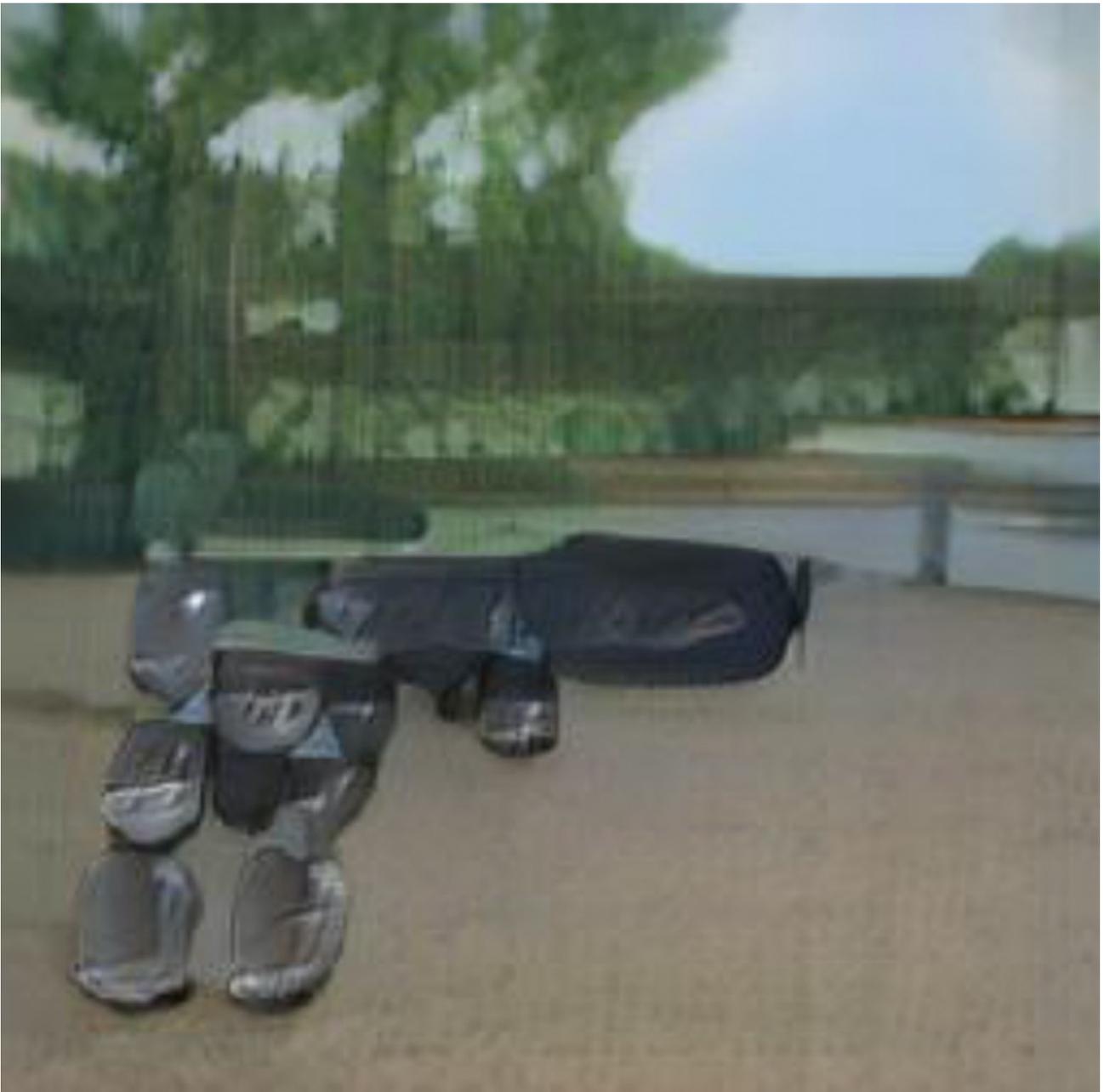


waiting for rain that won't come  
in the middle of summer  
when the dogs are parched  
from running at full throttle  
alley to alley  
though we have an endless supply  
of water

spring summer by summer



Blue grey haze. Tepid air, high humidity and low pressure. A day of  
little movement.



A day of little movement, some tender eyes, a bit of television and sleep followed, and I saw us up in the sunrise.

We looked like a collective wreck.

But we were here and not there.

The journey is so much sweeter when you travel it with the people you love.

We would go to some interesting places.

The weather would turn and our spirits would soar.

But it wouldn't be quite the same, without Tim.

spring summer by summer



Wild winds in the night lead to a dull morning. The air is unkind.  
Neither sun nor rain impress the world today.



The air is unkind.  
Like dogs, men tend to like it when the women they're lusting over have  
makeup on.  
You can never tell.  
It's why it's smart to close your blinds.  
You don't want people spying on your sex life.  
Like I was saying, Jack took me to his place, and he's already in the  
shower.  
The bathroom is fairly decent.  
It's big enough for a double shower, though the water pressure is awful.  
I don't mind this.  
Jack is really sweaty.



The sun is back. Empty blue sky and hot. Visited M's garden today. Drank gin and ate leaves fresh from the plants.



Drank gin and ate leaves fresh from the plants in her yard and tried to think about whether the plants in the gardens were edible or not. She felt like a peasant in the clean white linen and the silver earrings her lover had bought for her to match.

"I like hearing you like my earrings.  
You look like the luckiest woman in all the world."

She laughed, a high bubbly sound.

She stopped thinking about it.

Every time she thought about it, it hurt too much.

"Why are you here?

Why did you come?

I don't know you."



Sun in face and magpie cackle to wake. Striated cloud and light showers.  
Grey in the middle. Muggy after.



Sun in face and magpie cackle to wake one in the darkest moment

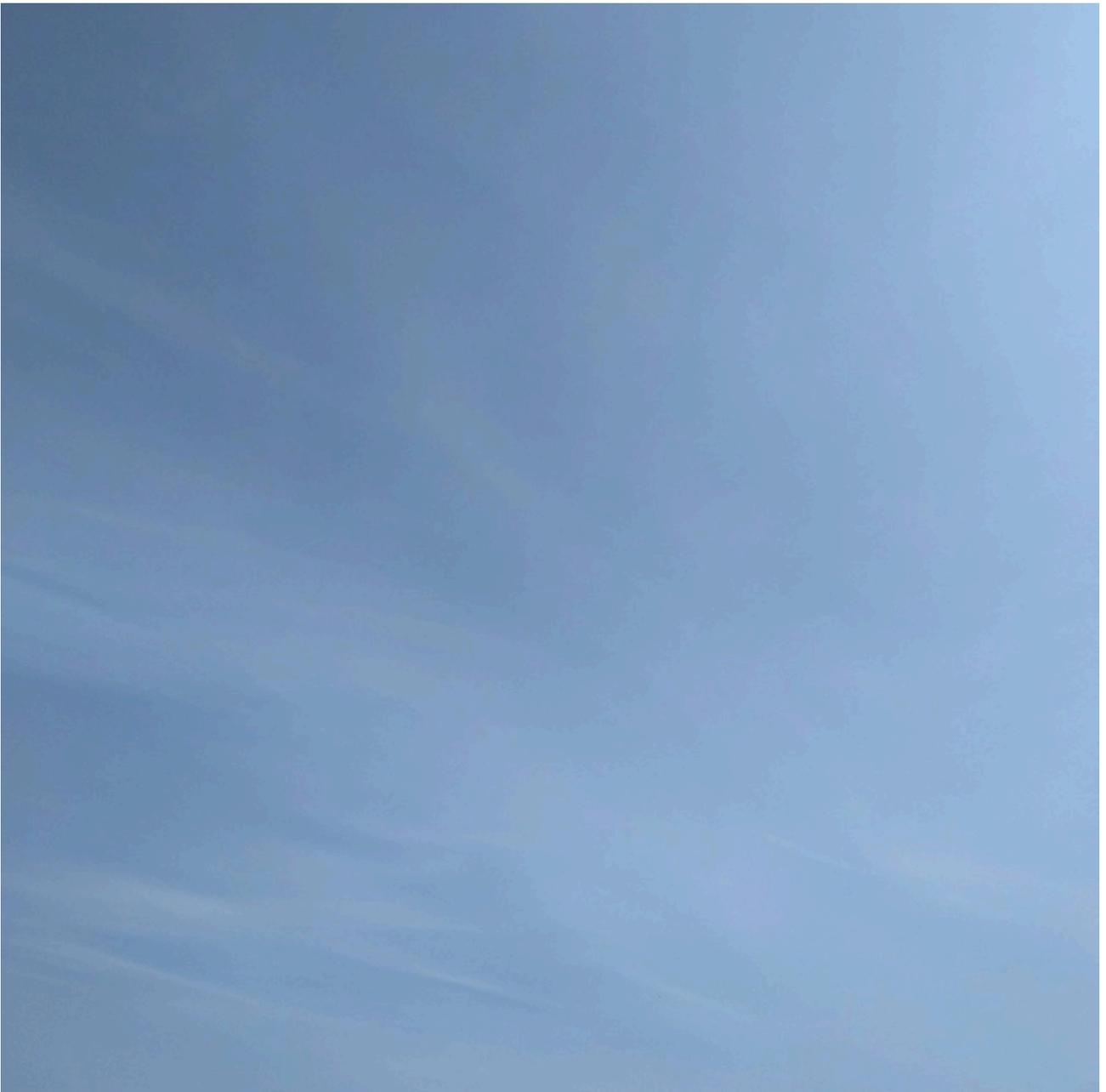
Darkest hour, glowing sun, magic hour, ballon fire, blinding light,  
beauty shed from the darkness to my mind's eye

Splendor of the snow, beauty of white and light from flame, crepuscular  
light, magpie cackle, sunny day, pale moon, ancient night, magpie, magpie  
hawk, new dawn, new song, new life

Nature's song, nature's song, crystalline wind, pomegranate, moonbeam,  
summer's end, winter's end, elk, elk horn, elk hoot

Awakening in a place I know

spring summer by summer



Warm sun. Gentle breeze. Balmy day. Balmy dusk. Balmy dark.



Balmy dusk. Balmy dark.  
Maxine swore. The doorbell kept ringing.

He could have passed by any time in the past two days, she mused, but no, here was the FedEx guy with his bold self-made signal, that blue-green laser light, illuminated, LED tape. It shone in the dark like the helmet light of a NASA astronaut.

Maxine hid behind the armchair and peeked out through a crack in the curtains.

The FedEx guy was alone. Not that it mattered, but it made Maxine feel important, respected even, to see him in person.



Powerful light infuses the house at dawn. Hot sun and humid later.  
Basked lizard-like against the hill. The flies are fat now.

summer spring summer



The flies are fat now  
The winter is over  
The flowers are on the street  
The frost is on the windows  
Everybody who sees me  
Shakes hands with me  
And says:  
I'm going to pay you to stay  
I'm going to pay you to stay  
I'm going to pay you to stay  
No, I'm not going to stay  
It's time for me to go

summer spring summer



Hot from the beginning. Fruit forms on blackcurrant, redcurrant, gooseberry, cherry, apple. Bees are nesting in the eaves. The wind is slow and powerful and moves like ocean swell.

summer spring summer



The wind is slow and powerful and moves like ocean swell.

Brushing against my skin and sending my hair flying.

I do not like this.

They are holding up the sandbags in front of the door.

I can see the tops of their heads.

Their expressions remind me of gulls' as they survey the dark and stormy  
night.

At least their jackets are wet and the wind should keep them warm for the  
next few hours.

The lights flicker back on.

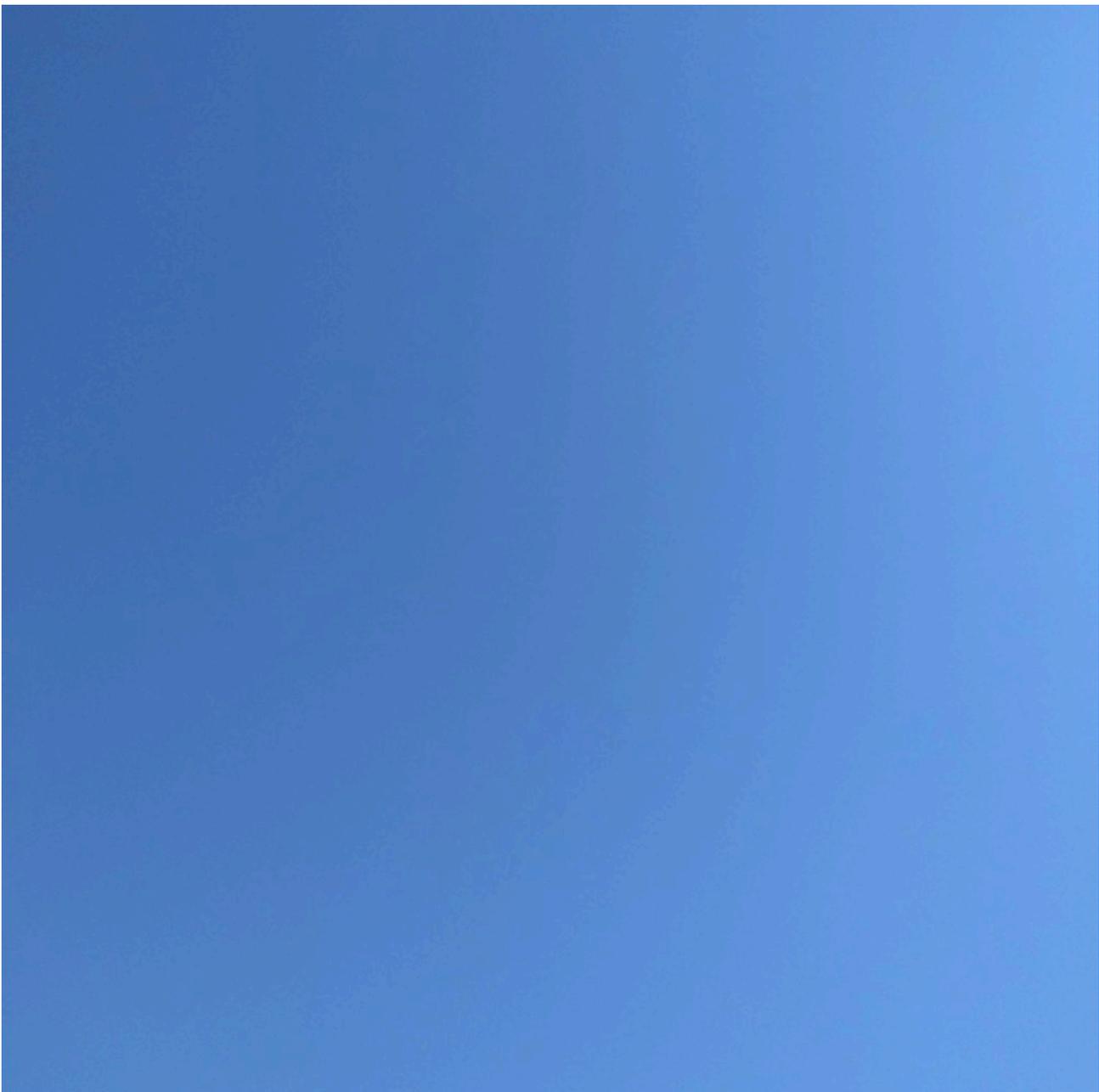
My insides feel like they are being cooked in an oven.



A cold wind. No change from the sun but the ambient temperature feels halved. An unusually clear night.



No change from the sun but the ambient temperature feels halved.  
Songs play on repeat in my head.  
Chains, Roman numerals.  
Numerals and Roman.  
What I've lost.  
My life.  
My family.  
My world.  
It feels like there are too many chains attached to it.  
Too many twists and turns.  
I reach for it but my hand is still stumped.  
I panic.



Blue skies and warm, but for the wind. The light stretches late into the  
day. Assorted small moths circulate.



Assorted small moths circulate the deck in long trails.

Every window is open and a chilly sea breeze is blowing through.  
From my position at the top of the steps, I can watch Captain Crab's  
every move.

I notice that he is picking a bale of hay out of the back of the truck  
and stacking it on a platform near the back door.

He has tossed it there to one side so he can sit down on it.

The cart is already turned around on the deck.

He is sitting on it, apparently taking a break, I guess.



Morning coffee in a promising light. Hot. Bright. Insect drone and bird song. The air is sweet. Cloud and colder wind smother before lunch.

summer spring summer



Insect drone and bird song.  
Comic-book clouds.  
Vapor trails.  
All created, all manufactured.  
The scent was familiar.  
Antiseptic.  
Modernity.  
A distillation of the near future.  
They'd smelled it before, too.



Cold wind but the sun is hot enough to prevail. The birds are loud enough to interfere with garden conversation. Heat builds and the day becomes idyllic. Slight sunburn again by dusk.

summer spring summer



Slight sunburn again by dusk on our last day.  
Hot as hell in the late afternoon.  
What did we learn?  
Not sure I learned a thing.  
We talked and listened and the decision was made to return to Spain  
because it was cheaper than the other alternative.  
We still don't know what that alternative would be.  
If we had really thought about what we were doing and if we had really  
cared we might not have done it.  
I'll take the easy way out now and say, "It was cool."  
Enough said.



Awake before the bees. Gold and blue. Patchy cloud midway. Small birds  
flit across the garden, taking last repast in the failing light.

summer spring summer



Awake before the bees, wake before the flies."

(Psalm 46: 10) "She gets it.

I see the way she looks at me when I do those things.

She gets me."

I pulled my lips to the corner of my mouth, grinned and started to hum  
along, "She, she... gets, gets me."

If you're like me you're saying "Hallelujah, I have a room full of young  
women in their mid twenties!"

My mother made me some kind of pancakes.



Shifty wrens huddle on the step, only to scarper sharpish on burring  
wing. Cooler air and early haze. Too bright to be named gloom; too  
gloomed to be named bright.

summer spring summer



Shifty wrens huddle on the step, and all is calm again.

Here in the bush I am never alone.

There's always something to see - even if it's just a little nuthatch  
walking across the lawn.

It's been a busy few days in the yard.

I've raked and tilled and mowed, and made a rather spectacular mess of  
the weeds.

summer spring summer



Colder. Greyer. Red valerian in full flower and lush regrowth of willow herb and bramble from early season cutbacks. Birds are loud today.

summer spring summer



regrowth of willow herb and bramble from early season cutbacks is likely  
due to soil warming

coppice intensity and pollinator activity is similar to the last years,  
but surveyors note that fewer butterflies are active

Although the majority of the rainforest in the southwest of Ireland has  
been decimated, species have thrived in pockets

summer spring summer



Early warmth and visitations from neighbourly cats. Broken cloud and  
buzzing. Gentle sprinkling of rain after dark.

summer spring summer



visitations from neighbourly cats, no sinister vampires hiding under the bed, no evil witches to throw spells at me.

This was my childhood, my kingdom for a time.

I would come out of it the other side.

If not exactly wiser, I was definitely more hardened.

And more resolved.

I no longer took being bullied lying down.

summer spring summer



Grey start. Everything drips. Dry by midmorning but no less grey. Humid  
warmth all day but never full sun.

summer spring summer



Everything drips.

It won't work.

- YES.

- I need some more practice.

There's a training room with seats and mats.

Please bring me to the lobby.

Also, I need a pair of pants, the sweatpants I had before were too small  
for me.

Do you have a pair?

Yes, I have.

Thank you so much.

- Ok.

See you soon.

Not



Fresh start and hazy before the sun burns it off. Motorbikes snarl across the hill and the air is close. The cool of the evening is welcome when it comes.



Motorbikes snarl across the hillside and then, out of nowhere, another helicopter descends with a landing pad.

Pilots will be landing soon.

All this time, only three manholes dot the forested hills; it's time to make them real.

Jake and David walk into the clearing where their four-legged friend is eating grass.

The helicopter is taxiing toward the house, preparing to take off.

The eight operators look at Jake, who motions toward the jungle. The plan is to stay under cover as long as possible, then run into the jungle as close as they can to the big man's hut.



Violent thunderstorms in the night. Grey cloud and everything's wet.  
Sombre light followed by steaming heat.



Sombre light followed by steaming heat.

Both were familiar but the delicious smell of the steam cinders was absent.

Instead the floor was scorched black as if someone had deliberately walked on the living coals.

A mound of charred logs, larger than the two dwarves had ever seen before loomed large in the middle of the room.

"Now, that is more like it." said Twoflower.

The fire in the cinders crackled, with a dry, blue-white light that could be seen from as far as the misty air of the corridors outside.



Stormy in the night again. The hill is sodden and the sky is grey. Broken  
cloud and blustery later.



The hill is sodden so he settles down to look at some old maps he found  
in a desk in the abbey.

Suddenly he is caught out by a terrible smell of decay.

He follows the smell and suddenly remembers the abbey.

He rushes back and says the monks are gone!

What is going on?

summer by spring



Brightish start. Showers mid morning. Sun follows. Unsettled wind in the night.

summer by spring



Unsettled wind in the night made it possible to sleep, if you did not  
mind bugs and snorers.

He was almost dozing when his phone rang.

"My dog, I hear you.

I know what you want.

What else do you want, a reply to your haiku?"

He heard his voice through the phone.



Patchy light. Warm sun and cool wind. Total absence of city noise. The birds are raucous and the insects subdued.



The birds are raucous and the insects subdued and worn down.

Our only escape is to continue on or to retreat back down the hillside,  
before the dead rise to join the living.

Should you insist on walking on, it is best to follow the sound of our  
fighting or the stirring of dead wood in the trees.



Heat and brilliance. Clear sky but for fading contrails. Tried the first of the season's strawberries from M's greenhouse.

summer by spring

Clear sky but for fading contrails.

It was not at all what I had expected and left me completely unimpressed.

It wasn't as if the clouds were full of bright puffy white fluffy clouds or that he had even described them as "clover", it was just that they were still there.

The only way that I could describe it was that it looked like the trees were blowing in the wind with their branches blowing in all directions.

Sort of like a branch-less tree.

It looked a bit apocalyptic in a bad way and it really wasn't very pretty.



The sun arrives early. A slight breeze lifts air heavy with insects. The nesting bumblebees chase off an interloping wasp. Sweltering heat and stuffy clouds.



nesting bumblebees chase off an interloping wasp. Often my offspring  
react by blaming the most obvious suspect:  
"No wonder you are depressed!"  
On this occasion I turned to mary and quietly pointed to the apparently  
colossal growth on the spider's abdomen:  
"The Botonix Microta"  
"O, wow! That spider is pregnant."  
"So what?"



Helicopters haunt the night with their insufferable whirr. The birds herald a glorious morning that rapidly boils over into oppressive heat. A good day to sit in the shade.



Helicopters haunt the night with their insufferable whirr.  
Cops bark at the neighbors on the other side of a thin wall.

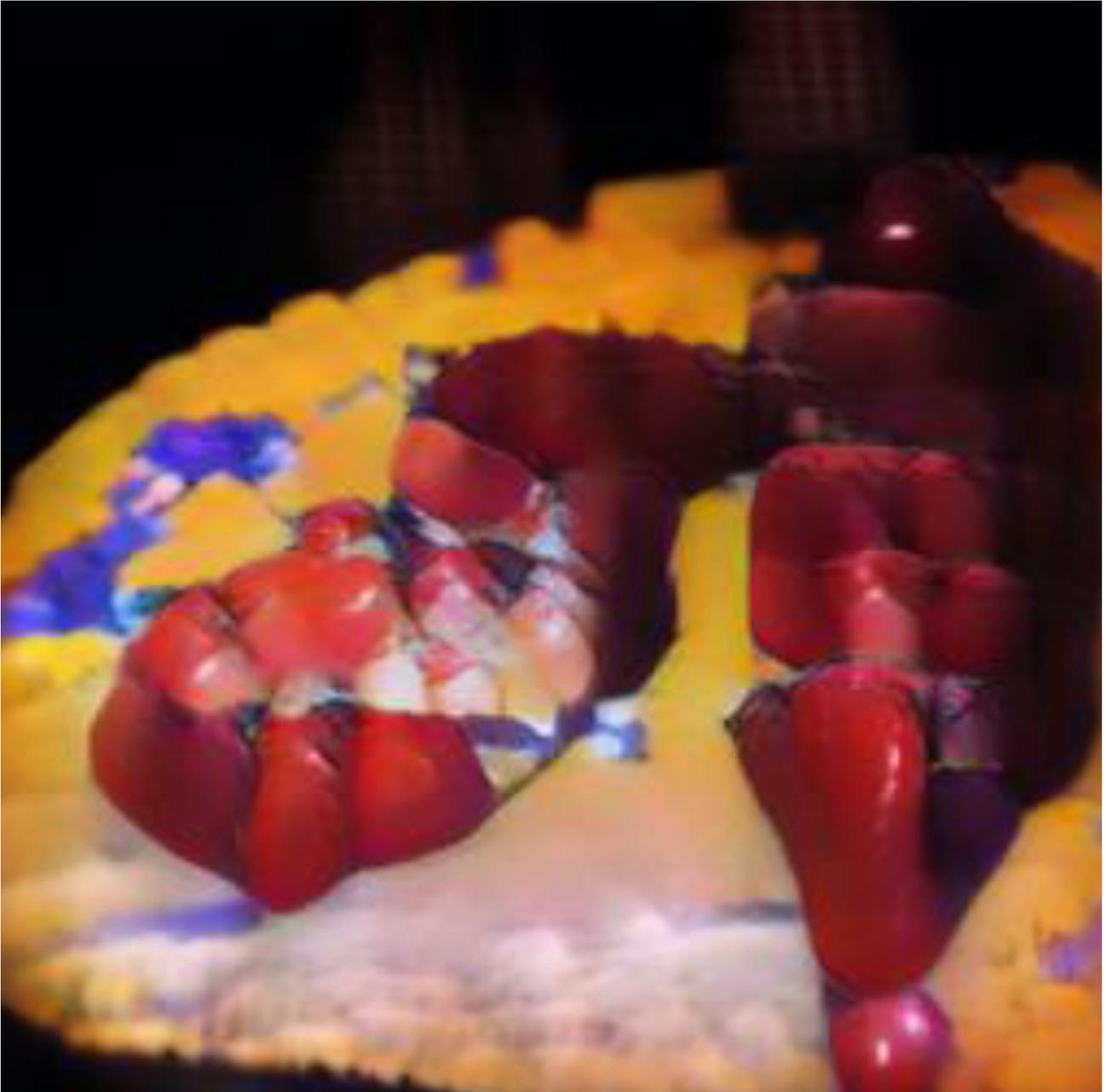
Tiny droplets of rain tinkle on the pavement.

I am reenacting a dream.

The clanking and droning of car horns and tire screeches comes from all  
sides.



Atlantic sun at full force. First wild strawberries ready in the garden.  
Purple twilight and crimson cinnabar moths.



Purple twilight and crimson cinnabar moths hung in the dark air as Edmond stepped out onto the doorstep of the upper, better-lit level of the Manor.

He wasn't sure if the inner patio area was completely empty or not, but he was so nervous he didn't want to risk being spotted.

So he just kept the door of the servant's stairs open behind him, waiting for something to happen, wishing he had the foresight to go through one of the back hallways, or to lie low down in the garden.

He felt clumsy and awkward, walking alone in such a strange place, even though he had run all his life.



Blue skies and full sun all day. Shield bugs and more cinnabars. The evening air is the same temperature as blood. Breathing is unsensational.



The evening air is the same temperature as blood.

They're waiting for you, I know it.

The questions, the commands, the prods.

They can't wait for you to die.

An illusion, a picture to prove how empty I've become.

It's not empty.

I'm beyond empty.

They believe I'm still capable of doing their bidding.

summer by spring



Torrid heat. The world is slow today. Insect thrum and ripening  
gooseberries. The moon is with us from around midday.



Insect thrum and ripening gooseberries that I picked yesterday seem to be  
the only sounds in the field.  
The table is covered with leaves.  
There is a lone, fat crow in the thistle field.  
And Mabel is asleep on her side in the dry, soft grass.  
I left a post for myself over there to the left.  
She wrote, "I love that you give yourself the space to be alone and  
quiet.  
This is the real you.  
Thanks for the reminder."  
It's a beautiful compliment, and exactly what I need.



The heat continues unabated. Found more dead bees (not unusual near a nest). Discovered the old custom of the 'telling of the bees' - bees must be kept formally informed of important events in human life (births, deaths, marriages, etc.) or they will leave/die/stop producing honey. I will talk to them tomorrow.



bees must be kept formally informed of important events in human life

Begging bees act as sophisticated marketers that push demanders

talking bees represent the ins and outs of survival

raptors seem friendly at first, but before long they hunt for the  
slightest weakness to exploit

bees living underground are like gym rats who are always in the gym

When bees return to the hive at night, they travel by smell, touch, and  
sound

summer by spring



Hot from first light. The birds are companionable. Humidity has risen.  
Heavy air until dusk. The moon is waxing gibbous and bright.



The birds are companionable for all of five minutes.

Then everyone goes back to bullying the other.

I don't like birds.

I have not come to an understanding of birdspeak, but I'm certain it's full of things like "run for your lives!" and "two of them.

You have to pick one."

It's the same reason I was never meant to have a pet rodent. That wouldn't work for someone who thinks one is never enough.

Plus, I don't like cleaning rodent cages.



Daybreak brings a gentle zephyr. An early foray into the city for supplies before a day of reading and watching shadows grow. The air is noticeably cooler in the evening.



a day of reading and watching shadows grow longer and longer.

then sunday night the silence was deafening.

it was the silence of all things being born, to leave the confines of  
their mothers. and the dead that are not reborn.

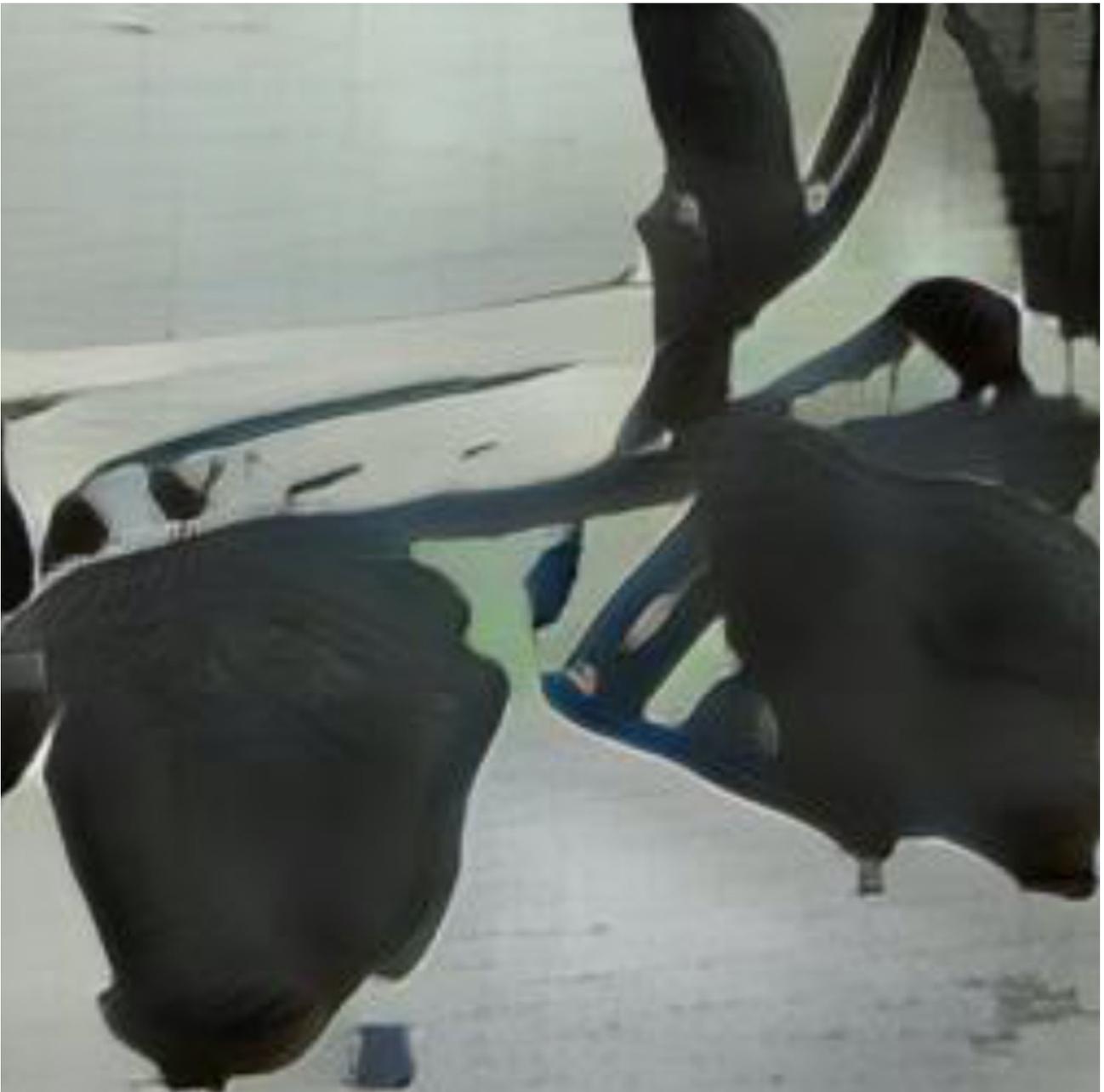
i like the silence.

i like knowing that some things remain forever constant.

summer



Wood pigeons lead the dawn chorus against a backdrop of grey. Rain has finally returned but gently, and is welcomed. It remains cool and intermittently wet throughout.



Wood pigeons lead the dawn chorus, often joining in songs and shouting from other species of birds.

Blackbirds do not do this.

Mourning doves are very secretive in their breeding season.

They nest in large numbers on the ground under bushes, trees and tall grasses.



Cool, grey start. The sun breaches the cloud midmorning and brings the heat. The flies are portly and the crows are disturbed.



The flies are portly and the crows are disturbed.

Most of the room is filled with bodies, but one is not.

A humanoid shape lies in a twisted pose that looks like it has been hacked apart with a tree branch.

It is covered with a fine layer of moss, its skin is green and leathery and its eyes are blank.

At the centre of the room, standing next to the corpse, is a tall man clothed in a black robe with a reflective surface.

Surrounding him are a group of smaller humanoid shapes all dressed in the same kind of black robe.

They gesture convulsively with their arms and occasionally dematerialise and reappear in different locations.



A bright beginning followed by showers, a touch of thunder and a grey end. Ate strawberries from the garden to mark the full moon (it being the Strawberry Moon) though too cloudy to see it.



Ate strawberries from the garden to mark the full moon  
No one around here knows how to celebrate the lunar calendar, so this is  
probably just another reason I have to keep it all to myself.

The End.

You know what I've learned?  
It's been pretty clear all this time - no matter how long I've been doing  
this, no matter how much I've learned, and no matter how many places I've  
been, it doesn't really matter how many experiences I have because I'll  
never be at home.  
I love getting lost, I love exploring, and I love having new experiences  
and I love the food, but I can't help but think that I can't possibly  
grow to like any place



Early cold and grey. I heard a cockerel crow twice this morning.  
Unsettled. Chill wind and drizzle. A day to be thankful for socks.



A day to be thankful for socks and scarves!

Today I went to see the superman movie and was really enjoying it until the second-to-last scene, when I was suddenly thinking about how people still think he can fly and I began to picture his fatal crash and started to cry.

Good thing I was alone in the theatre.



Bright morning light and wood pigeons calling. Wet ground and fresh breeze. Sun later and a mild evening.



morning light and wood pigeons calling.

That time in our lives when we were so happy, so alive.

All the promise of the future.

In fact we named our soon-to-be daughter Hazel, and when you love someone so much you name them after something that means happiness to you.

Over the years, the memory of you, me, that woman, has faded.



Heavy insect activity around dawn. Overcast to begin before the sun clears thing up. First time for a while that it's truly pleasant to sit in the sun and do nothing.



Heavy insect activity around dawn, that I couldn't see, or maybe it's just too dark at 4:30 in the morning to see a dark forest floor.

I am sure my favorite dragonfly, the Western Waxwing that I have never seen before, was in there somewhere, but the silhouette of the trees and the drizzling rain made it impossible for me to spot



Helicopters and sirens spoil the morning air. The neighbour's cat prowls the vicinity. Cycled to the woods and back in humid cloud. The bees are particularly loud today.



The bees are particularly loud today.

I have no idea why, but they are.

I suppose the honey-making has come to a peak, and the sweet little white workers can be heard flying about like little tornadoes.

I had quite a bit of luck finding honey in each of the three fields I visited.



A little sun but mostly cloud. The air is colder again. Rain comes around noon and steadily increases from drizzle to drift to downpour by evening.



Rain comes around noon and steadily increases from drizzle to drift to  
downpour.

I drop my gear and take shelter under a banyan tree and drink from a  
bottle of Fiji Water.

Within minutes it's too much and I run to the river's edge and fall to my  
knees, letting the icy water wash my sorrow away.



Warm sun and fresh breeze. The wind strengthens over the day until it's pushing everything around. Redcurrants will be ready to pick in a day or two.



Redcurrants will be ready to pick in a day or two. But apples will have a longer process of ripening.

How do you know?

When the outside of the fruit is turning pink and begins to swell when you hold the apple gently.

Cool off that canned apple mixture before eating it.

Sugar levels



Scattered cloud and early sunshine. The wind is warm and smells of  
midsummer. Cloud gathers from early afternoon and rain falls heavy in the  
twilight.



The wind is warm and smells of midsummer.

He listens as the waves break, listening to the roar.  
If he holds still enough, he can feel it, the blood of the gods.

"Try to push it all out of your mind.

Drink some wine.

You're about to make a movie, and you should be sober."

Melisa gives a pouty face.



A placid morning. All is wet from the nocturnal deluge. The birds are slow to raise their voices and only the woodlice are moving. Banks of cloud stack across the day. Rain again from mid-evening.



only the woodlice are moving.  
a few of them  
darting off to  
their burrows, one of them  
eats the carcass of a skull  
and gives a soft,  
whispering whistle, an echo  
of the life-form  
that once occupied the cavern,  
and will never inhabit  
it again.

summer by autumn



Helicopters and distant shouting in the night. A morning of sodden earth  
and sodden sky followed by irritating heat and too many flies.



distant shouting in the night.

"There's no more raspy breaths, either, no matter how hard she sucked. I've been giving her the pills, too, you know, and I swear, it just won't work."

The third panicky voice was mine, and it was desperate, even though I knew that, logically, someone was talking, and I wasn't really here.



Nurturing warmth and the lightest touch of breeze. Butterflies and lush greenery. An evening of watching clouds.



An evening of watching clouds move across the sky, watching a red meteor streak across the sky, of photographing a moon, with help from my good friend Peter Wayner, aka Al.

A rather incredible evening, that left us a little stunned.

And then, a couple of nights later, it was not a meteor but a missile exploding in the sky.



Sunrise brings light showers. A hammer beats repeatedly from one of the never-ending building sites littering the town. Cinnabar moths scatter across the hillside.



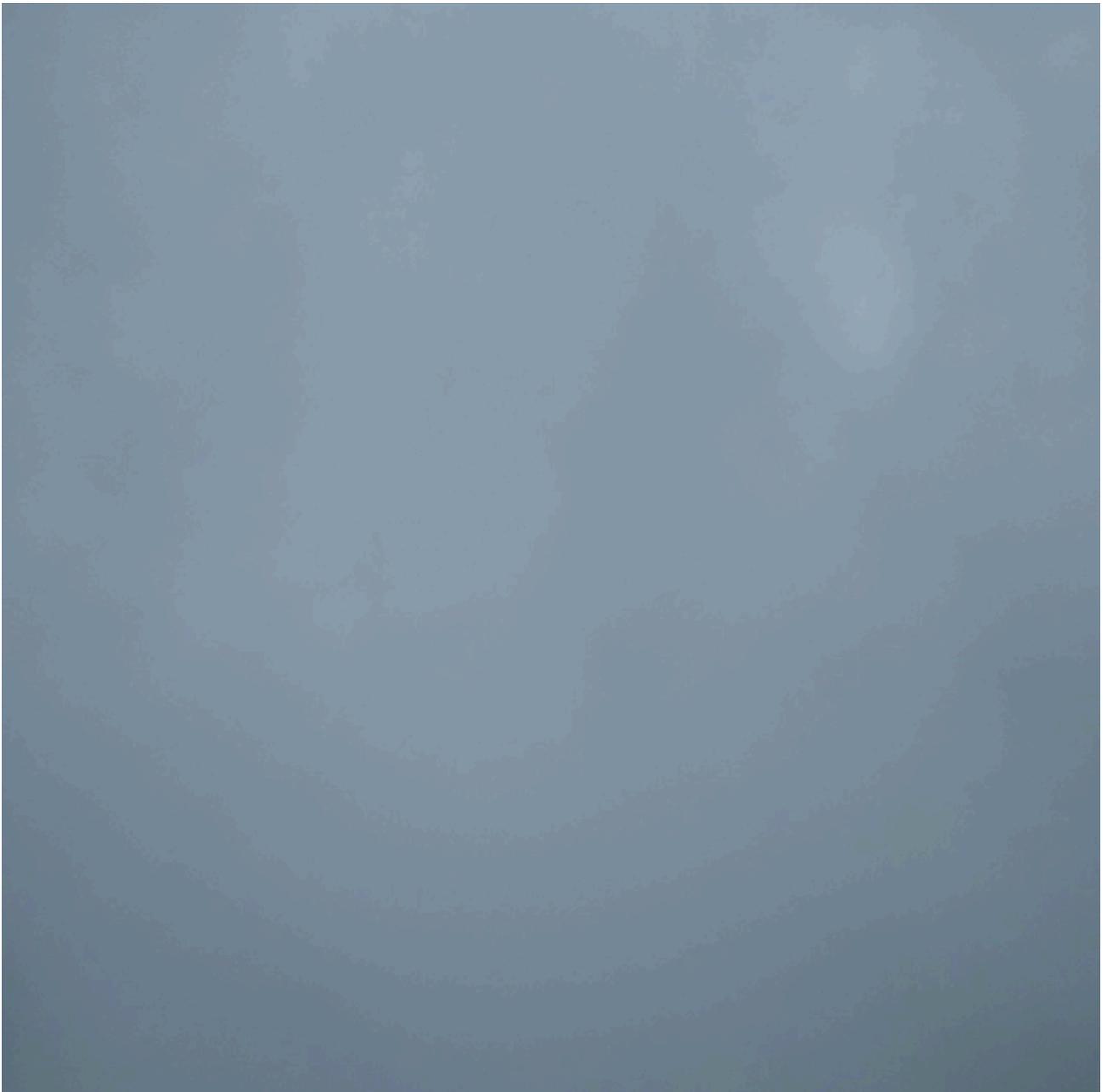
A hammer beats repeatedly from one of the never-ending building sites  
littering the town.

Sometimes the hammering is followed by the thud of a fist hitting a  
stone.

'This is the sound of civilisation,' Eli says with a smile.

'But the larger sound of civilisation, that is the hum.

We always thought there was only one, but over the years we've come to  
realise there's more than one



Heavily overcast and humid. Enjoyed a brisk ride by the sea before darkening skies and rain set in for the remainder of the day. The neighbour's cat, usually skittish and aloof, seeks shelter in my shed and rests companionably beneath my chair for the afternoon.



The neighbour's cat, usually skittish and aloof, seeks shelter from the rain under the scraggly boughs of the crabapple tree. And I make the rounds of the neighbours, often accompanying people as they have their pacemakers recalibrated, or to attend to ailing pets.

This week, we met the woman upstairs, who moved in a month ago and spends her days and nights immersed in her two computers, working for a security firm or the government.



Light rain before light. Heavier rain in the light. Still raining after  
the light.



Still raining after the light show.  
But then, the heavens opened and it poured again.  
Poured buckets.  
It was fabulous.  
I'm not a fan of a good rain.  
I have nothing against rainy days, but for me, they mean long, long, long  
nights of - mostly - unbroken sleep.  
But a downpour.  
Bring it on.  
Thank you very much.



Grey morning. Wet. Sun arrived around lunchtime - ate some strawberries and redcurrants from the garden, played chess and drank whiskey under a peaceful sky.



played chess and drank whiskey under a peaceful sky.  
We listened to the wind, the lapping of the water, the skips and claps of  
a flock of geese.  
What a calm morning it was.  
Nothing happened that day.  
We talked.  
We were in no hurry to get anywhere.  
It was just a good Sunday for us to be together.  
He was a good guy.



Dry again and warm. Restless solstice winds. The bees can no longer be heard in my wall and I wonder if they have moved on or if tragedy has befallen them.



I wonder if they have moved on or if tragedy has befallen them.

I knew someone who lived on 5th street that lived a block away.

She and her boyfriend were in an abusive relationship.

The guy worked with the dude she lived with and was their connection to  
the outside world.

The boyfriend was abusive in every way imaginable.

He would come home drunk and beat the living shit out of her.

She was very brave.

She would still have a relationship with him knowing he was this way, but  
she didn't give in to the abuse.

She didn't stop.



Cold morning. Light that is dull yet piercing. Moments of complete stillness. Showers and a little sun. The evening is long and cool.



Light that is dull yet piercing is beating out an eerie hypnotic rhythm  
that sweeps the inner workings of your consciousness.

I must be losing my mind.

After an eternity of mind-numbing agony, your spine is straightened, and  
the pain is gone from your legs.

It takes you a few minutes to get up from the floor



Early cloud, soon burnt away. Cycled along the river to the old copper works and back amidst a multitude of small birds. Vivid bursts of wildflowers strewn betwixt knotweed and thorn.



Cycled along the river to the old copper works, the then closed down  
factory site.

A brief overview of the trials and tribulations of the company.

As part of the then-company history a spokesman said;

The film included a song with the following lyrics:

<poem>

Money well spent,  
All of the wiring  
on the walls  
is the same  
painted a plain grey  
Every year our profits  
grow and grow  
every year our profit  
grows  
it's our luck  
each year we blow it all  
summer by autumn

</poem>



Idyllic day to celebrate Ligo (Latvian midsummer) - flower crowns, folk songs and garden-grown bounty. Endless blue sky and sun gives way to endless evening with fire, food and friends.

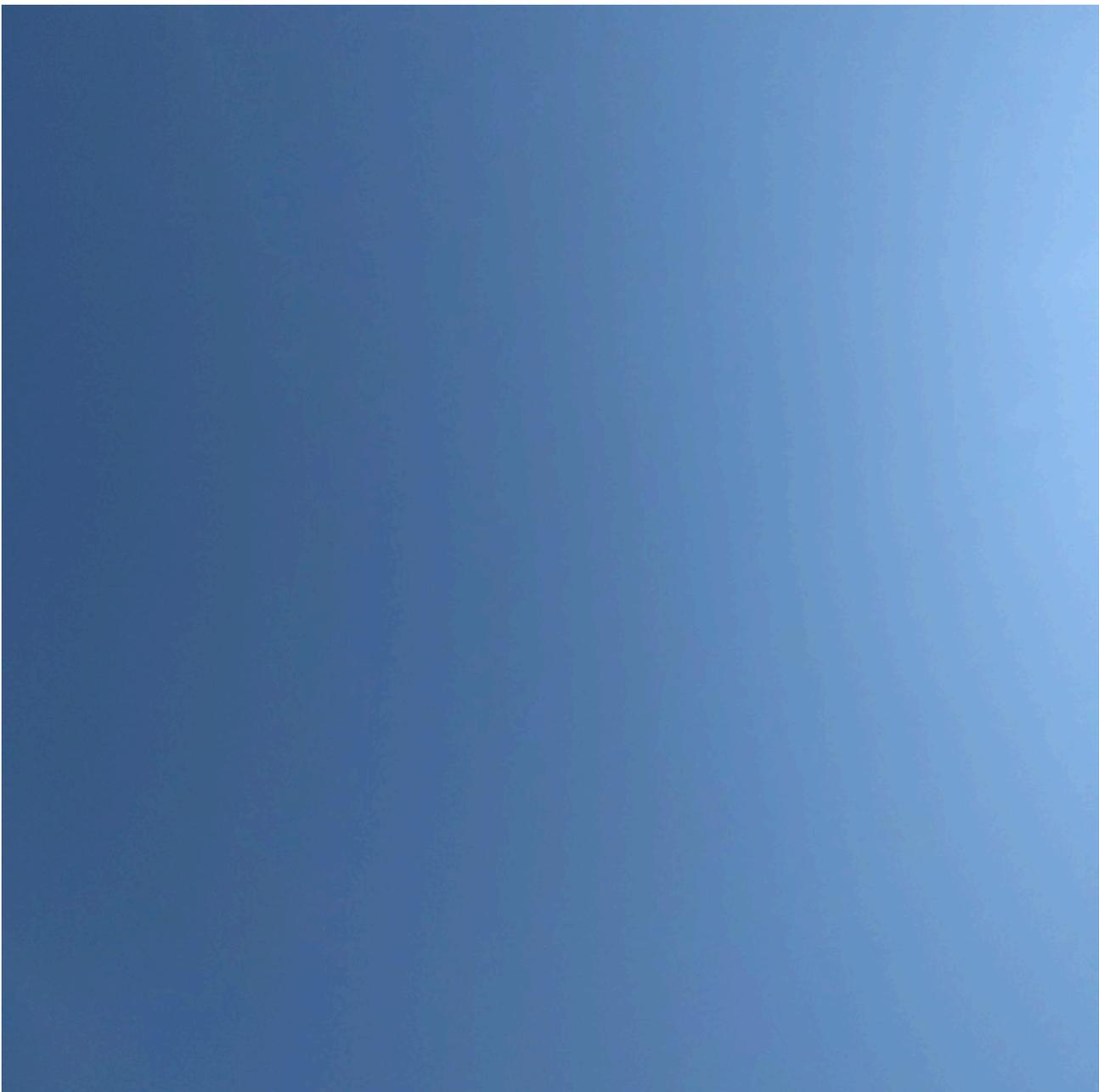


flower crowns, folk songs and garden-grown bounty were the order of the day for this year's Ploughing festivities

One Irishman stood out from the rest of the crowd.

Behind his traditional Cascaró cap and deep green woolen scarf, Jay Patrick Maher looked every inch the hard-working working class.

But after a quick search of his social media feeds, it was clear that the bearded 40-year-old was on a rather different trajectory to his rural compatriots.



Cloudless blue heat shimmer. The city is sirens and shouting, red-faced  
shirtless men and junkies pavement-slumped. The hill is a sanctuary  
above.



shouting, red-faced shirtless men and junkies pavement-slumped in pools  
of vomit and blood.

In the meanwhile, John, outside the hospital, crouches over a dead,  
corpse-spattered bird.

His was the last victim of a bullet to the throat.

"Jesus Christ, what have we done?"

he mutters to himself.

He wipes the blood and feathers away, smears them onto his skin,



Stiflingly hot from the start. The rest of the day passes in addled torpor. Great crashing thunderstorms in the night.



Great crashing thunderstorms in the night.

A dog barking.

Lightning going from tree to tree.

The whole thing happening about a block from the house.

The front door opened and then closed.

Then open and close again.

Of course I didn't know any of this at the time.

summer autumn summer



The city has misted up. Thick fog rolls in to meet the dawn haze. The heat has broken and everything drips. Greyness and rising humidity. Rain again in the night.



Thick fog rolls in to meet the dawn haze.

Some midnight angel who thought he could outsmart the sun.

The looming moon casts a pale sheen of light on the lake.

Everything looks romantic and peaceful, and yet, I know the force of that  
lake could wade into my soul and wash away my innocence.

The unnatural silence and lonely night



Slow morning. Wet. Windy. Stagnant afternoon. Parsley and borage are soon to flower. Brightened briefly before rain again.



Parsley and borage are soon to flower, and I've been enjoying their  
fragrance.

You know, the one that reminds you of eating it as a child.

You'd smell that smell in the hedges, or around a grave, or in a field on  
the edge of a village.

It was just like there was a whole world under the snow and in between  
the trees



Cloudy with a touch of sun. A fresh wind jars neighbouring rotary washing lines, producing a clinking redolent of the masts in the marina. Rain comes again towards evening.



a clinking redolent of the masts in the marina  
beneath a sheen of silvered moonlight  
tasting the anchovies on her tongue,  
in a borrowed dressing gown  
starched and stiff to  
blend like wheaten proclivity  
in the wind.

Olive. Olive is an object  
of reverie. She is not the true  
I would hope for, but the world  
that comes with her  
is a better fit.



Cars ticking over and incessant door knocking in the street. Overcast and  
blowy. An evening of welcome calm.



incessant door knocking in the street, there was no good answer.

He was a hard boy to be taken in.

I felt he had all the symptoms of psychiatric disease but also all the external signs of trauma.

He was heavily into exercise at a time when physical fitness was out of fashion and no-one else had the energy to walk him.

He was certainly not well read.

He walked me to school as he had seen me having trouble making the short journey to my mother's house alone.

He became my good friend.

summer autumn summer



Grey sky. Drizzle becomes layers of gentle rain. Slugs blanket the recently transplanted basil. Helicopters scour the night.



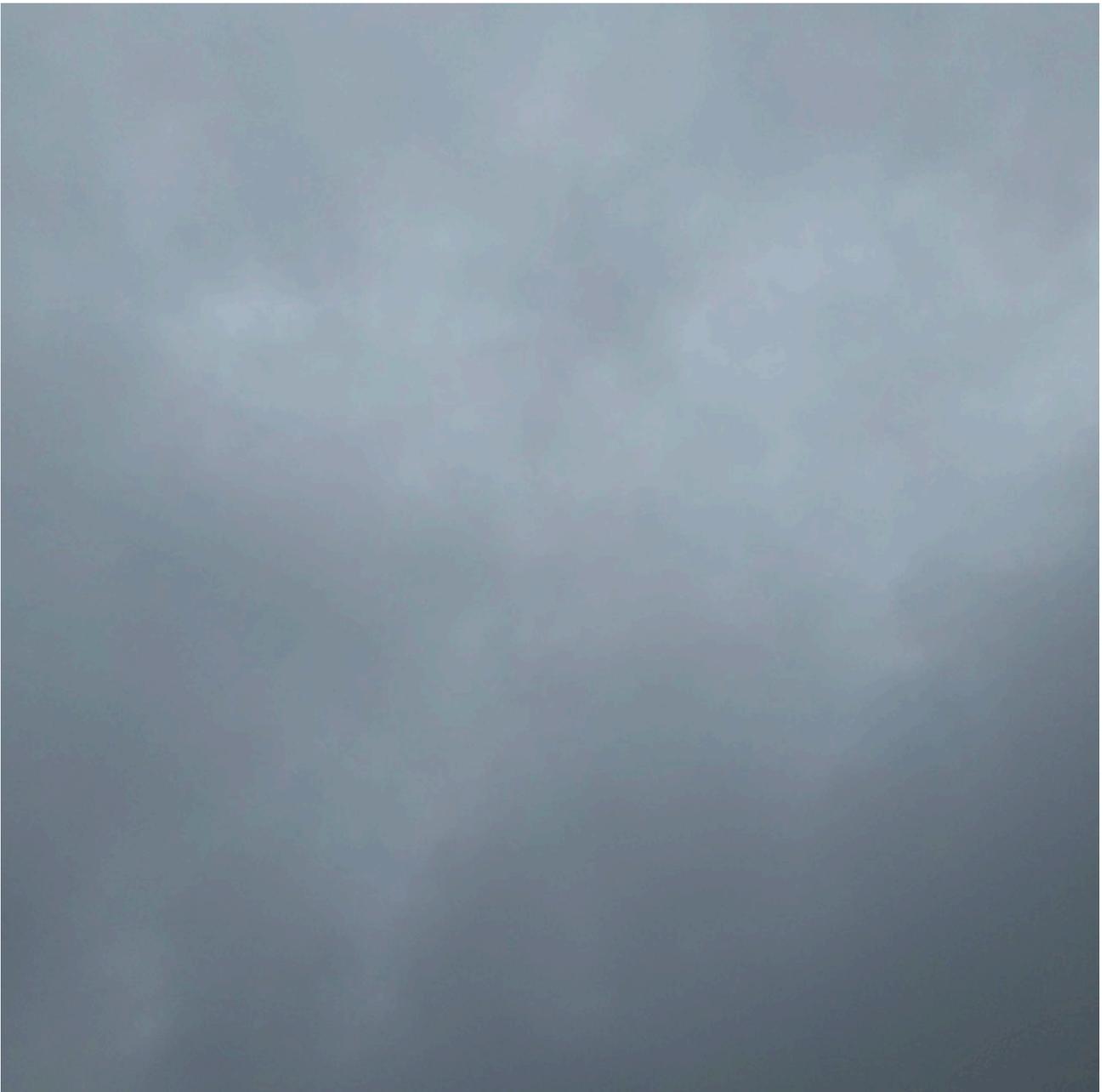
Helicopters scour the night sky, ever searching and tracking.

I'm not going to give you the whole story in this post.  
My plan is to break it up into two parts: the overall story and how I  
found (and still find) hope.

So, with no further delay, let's begin ...

The first thing you need to understand about me is that I don't really  
like people.

I guess I can say I don't really like lots of people.  
It doesn't take very long for most of them to make me uncomfortable.



Damp, leaden morn. Seagulls struggle in slow motion against a headwind that precedes an unforeseen sunny afternoon. Wood pigeons and butterflies abound. The bright moon backlights deep blue cloud.



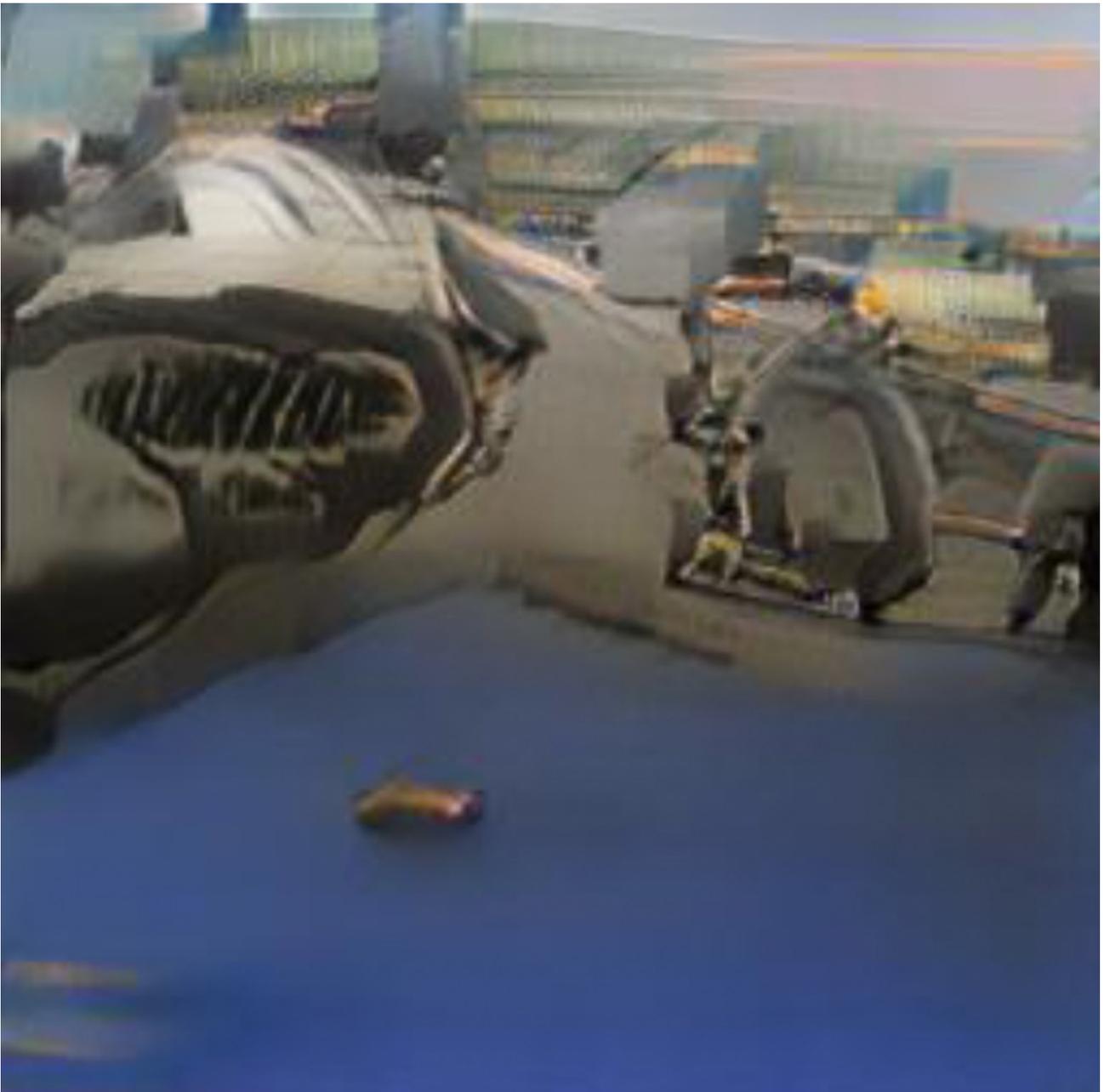
### Seagulls struggle in slow motion

**Glowing:** A frozen pigeon, one of thousands that has suffered agonising deaths in Britain in the past week, lies still on the floor in London on Wednesday as wind chill sweeps the country's capital

**Cries of despair:** Thousands of bedraggled pigeons have come to the capital in search of warmth



Idling engines in a grey dawn. The piercing beep before the heavy handed  
knock of deliveries at every other door. Rain falls sporadically. The  
evening is clear and the moon is almost full.



The piercing beep before the heavy handed knock on the door.

The grating of the metal device opening as if to welcome us was soon followed by "are you guys ready to let us in?"

There he was.

My husband, my rock.

I couldn't keep the tears from flowing.

I grabbed his hand and stood in the doorway of a room where so many memories of him were



Unseasonably cold. Seasonably wet. Strong winds and heavy rain hold sway.  
All has grown long and sags under its own waterlogged weight.



All has grown long and sags and that can become a scary thing, so, I  
wanted to let you know I am available for free classes.

Many of you do my Weight Watchers classes and want me to do another one  
with you.

This is why you need me.



Interminable rain. Wet fruit and bent limb. The evening drizzle is stained a dirty yellow by the seepage from the old sodium street lights.



Wet fruit and bent limb from the shooting star,

"I'm sorry, but this can't be helped at the moment. May, is there any way  
you can hold this wall up?

You're the only one I can trust here in the situation we're in now."

"Hmm...Somehow I think I can be of help. Alright...I'll keep the wall up  
for you."

Also, I don't



The sun returns through broken cloud. Borage and tobacco have begun to flower. Winds rise and rain finishes the day again.



Borage and tobacco have begun to grow alongside it, and it seems like a good time to start gardening in it.

I've made a pencil out of an old drinking glass and drawn in a compass rose around the area with more than enough room to place two of my raspberry canes.

I can't wait to plant them.



Four cats in the garden this morning. Ignorance of territoriality in  
beast and owner. Dark clouds gather but not for long. Sunny moments and a  
long blue dusk.



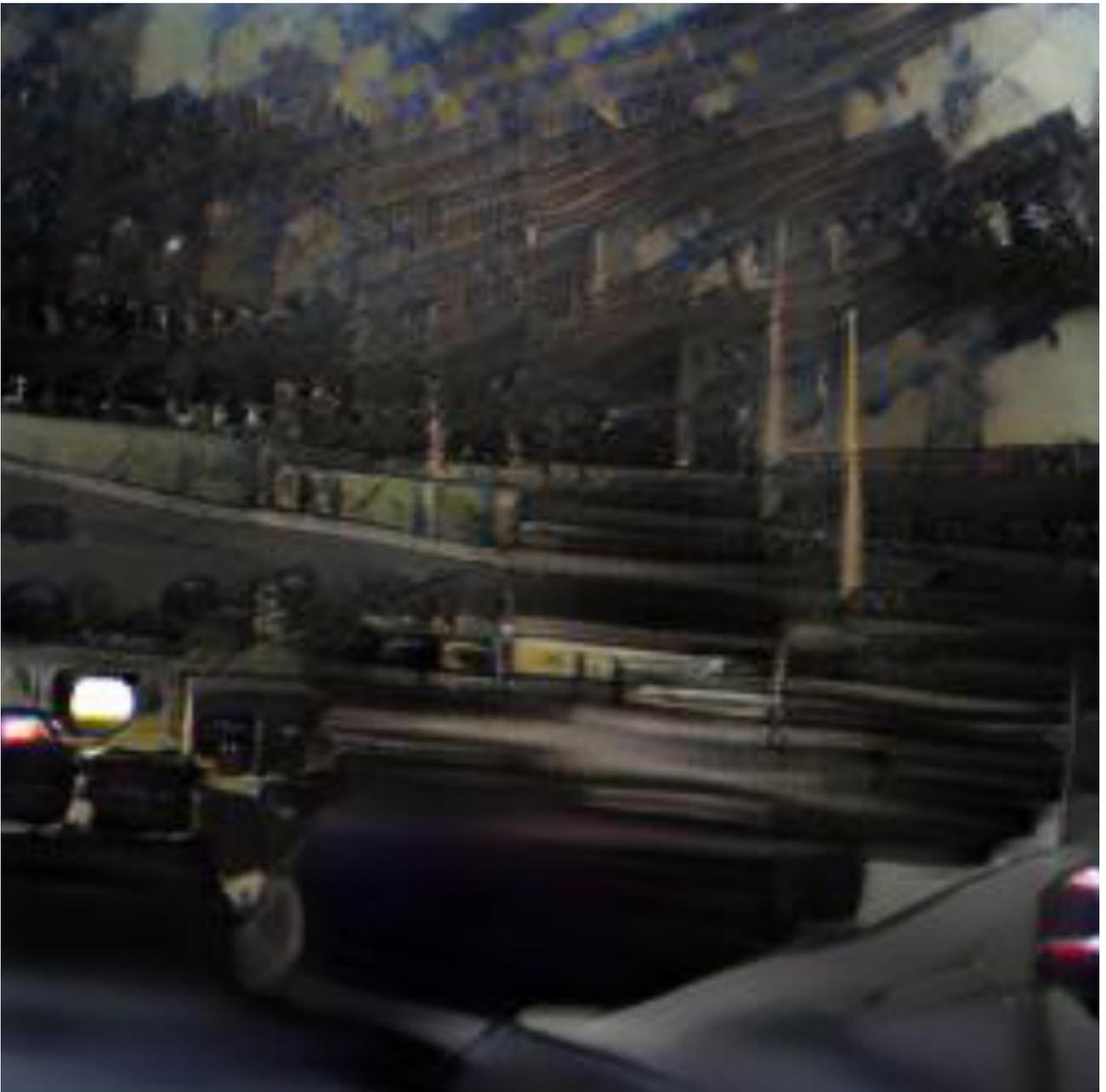
Ignorance of territoriality in beast and owner can be punished.

One more major problem: "It is a legal hurdle to carry a broom and open a window," Mr. Vasudev said. If an animal is found roaming inside the premises without authorization, "the police must then be contacted and an FIR registered. I do not want anyone's property damaged by my pet."

Mr. Vasudev, for one, does not want his home damaged.



Grey sky and a chill in the air. Too many cars pass in the street.  
Distant sirens and the endless beeping of large vehicles reversing. Rain  
falls solidly from noon 'til well past dark.



Too many cars pass in the street outside.

Too many parents yell.

Too much silence.

I growls and burrows down into myself.

I stand, because walking is good.

Walking is big.

And strong.

autumn summer by summer



Overcast and wet underfoot. Fat drops sit on the borage flowers and apples. Rain comes intermittently, never pausing long enough to allow anything to dry.



Fat drops sit on the borage as I stand behind the thick garden.

People stream by.

Some stop, but most look around them.

I say, "You know that I'll never forget you, don't you?"

And you know that I'll never forget you."

"Yeah."

The girl shrugs her shoulders, her short brown hair giving her away.

autumn summer by summer



A dense blue-grey sky sits upon the damp hill. Gulls and bees fly low and without sound. The night is clear with more stars than you'd expect to see from the city.



Gulls and bees fly low and without sound - great black flocks of seagulls  
and great tufts of quiet Canada geese are everywhere.

It is as though the earth has turned and is tilting down, revealing in  
its stark white a new, snowless world.

This is a grand thing; it is as though the rocks themselves have turned  
back to minerals



Brilliant blue against white and the sun is back. Town is crowded but the beach is almost empty. Watched gulls and looked under rocks.



Town is crowded but the beach is almost empty.  
People are all sipping wine and chatting on the water.

It is lovely.

The sun was hiding today but it was still very warm.

I'm not a fan of the extreme heat of summer.

I love winter.

How could we have taken this for granted for so long?

autumn summer by summer



Hot sun and light breeze. The tobacco and borage flowers are a beacon for bees. The kind of afternoon that cold beer was made for.



The kind of afternoon that cold beer was made for.

Something about that warm afternoon and warm mug made me forget how right things really were, and how far I had fallen.

I was in a relationship with someone who was happy to hold my hand, but she wasn't happy to hold up the rest of the world as well.

Eventually I had to get out.



Woken before the sun by an unnecessarily loud motorcycle howling across the city. The day is hot and bright, with a warm wind. Spent some time trimming and tidying in the garden.



an unnecessarily loud motorcycle howling across the city.  
a barking dog.  
a potbellied, fast-talking, toothless man-child.  
another walking across the library's parking lot.  
the cutest boy I'd ever seen.  
one of our preschool teachers.  
another middle-aged, balding couple.  
dreadlocks.  
an overweight man wearing a sleeveless undershirt



Overcast and cool. A kit of pigeons shift from roof to roof. Dense rain comes in the afternoon, a brooding sense that there would be thunder if only it was warmer.



A kit of pigeons shift from roof to roof as they gather on one roof to  
head south for the winter.

Their shadows lengthen and bend and crawl up the walls in long fingers.

The moon rises and slides away.

Now only small pinpricks of light dart across the morning sky, gathering  
clouds over London.

Where the heron once flew, now crows call.



Early humidity. The city is all roadworks and scaffolding; a cacophony of gulls and builders greet the morning sun. Hazy all day with sprinklings of sun and rain.



a cacophony of gulls and builders greet the morning

My beat is to the west but I am conscious of  
a keening from the dead language of my winter

A Winter which, instead of being  
afloat, has gone down to the water  
before the litter of the world: John Innes,  
ice, candle, date, cow

My father's ice was yellowed, irregular.

autumn summer by summer



A lot of cloud and not much warmth. Large white butterflies dance together above the tangled bramble. The first pumpkin flowers have opened.



Large white butterflies dance together above the tangled bramble -  
covered vines.

We stop and look back.

The golden beach is much closer.

We begin to jog again.

When I return to Sydney, I learn that the poet's name is Terry Dowling.

He'd wanted to write about the beach - its curves, its slopes, the  
sunflowers and the orchids.



The continuing absence of sky. Warm, grey blue opacity. Magpies cackle warning calls as cats prowl the hill. The garden is webbed face and pushy wasps.



The garden is webbed face and pushy wasps.

Though, of course, since I took the link, you can go look.

I don't have that much going on today and some of you are suffering from heat exhaustion so I'm not going to describe it in any more detail.

You probably know already how bad the wasps are.

Not that I was really worried about them



Humid. Growling traffic and the fetid stench of marking cats. First clusters of blackberries ripening.



the fetid stench of marking cats had her retching into the tiny sink in  
the corner of her apartment.

In the dark moments before dawn, she took out her razor and flushed it in  
the toilet.

The razor ended up in the trash, along with the two empty bottles of wine  
she'd drunk.

She went to a meeting in Battery Park, a place that was home to her New  
York from the time she was a toddler.

It was as familiar as the tip of her nose.

The cavernous room, filled with people clutching coffee



Banks of Atlantic cloud oppress the sky. The air gets thicker and wetter until the rain threshold is crossed mid afternoon. The evening is wetter still.



the rain threshold is crossed mid afternoon.

Mid afternoon is usually the same time of day when i get the urge to  
move.

The moving urge is stronger than the not wanting to move urge.

Today, it was "time" to move.

I didn't get off to the best start.

When i got out of bed, i felt very disoriented and just wanted to go back  
to sleep.



Blue and cloudless morning. Later, a promising wind lofts tatters of  
cloud under a fierce sun. Aimless flies bounce off windows and gulls cry  
in the gathering twilight.



Aimless flies bounce off windows and the kids run through.

Both refuse to stop.

A few blocks later, I notice the family is gone.

I'm thinking I can safely get off the street.

A few more blocks later, the guys on the corner stop me.

Did you ever try to talk a dozen kids off a street corner in the middle  
of a nice neighbourhood?



Vivid heat. Wilting plants and indolent animals (self included). Two female flowers so far starting to form pumpkins.



indolent animals (self included) are bored.

Her solution?

Boredom-reducers.

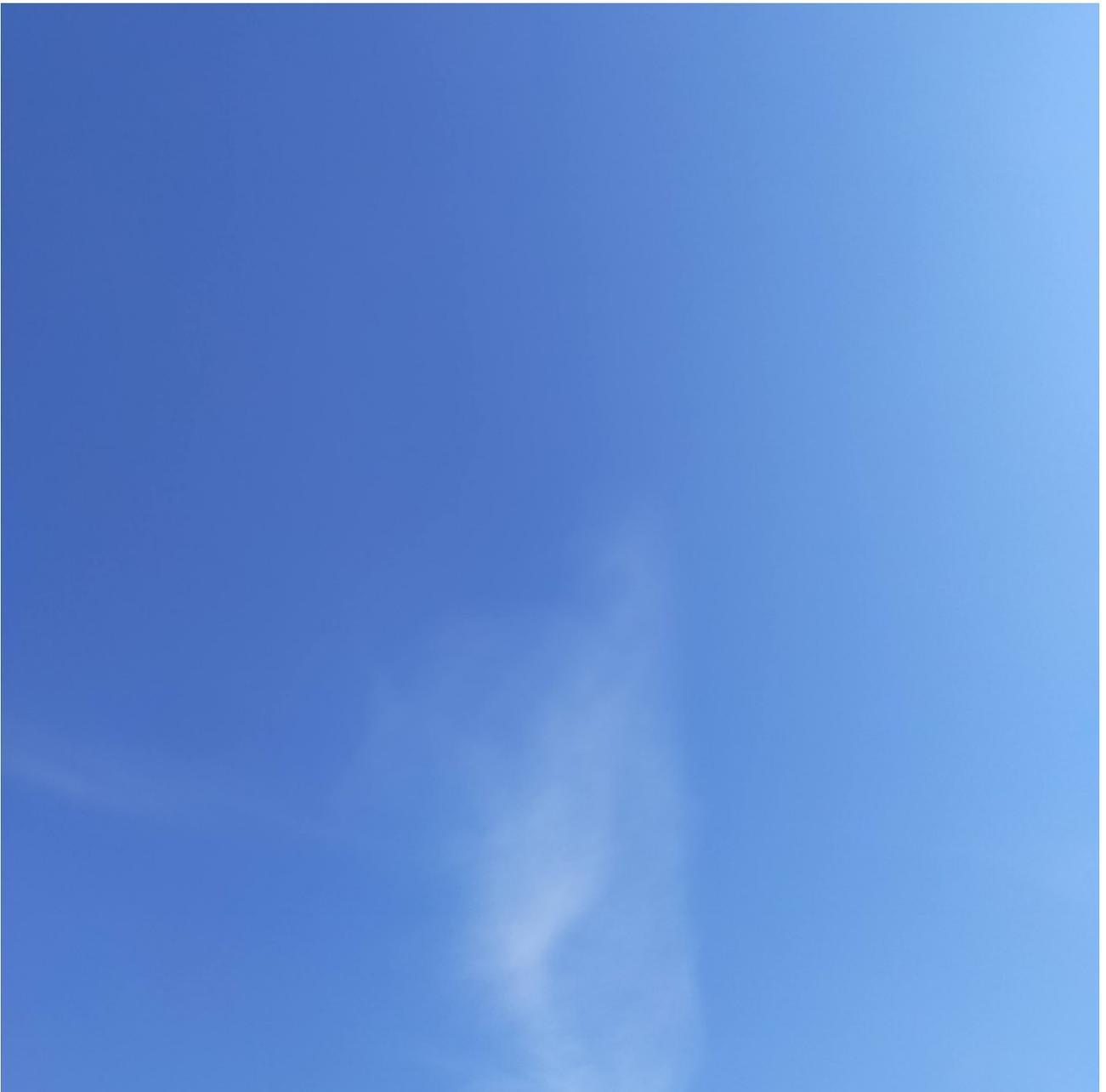
It's not that she doesn't love them or that she can't entertain herself,  
because she can.

She has all the toys that are supposed to entertain a toddler, she has  
snacks, she has books.

But she really, really likes being entertained by me.

And I don't blame her, really.

autumn summer



The morning air tastes sweet. A single cloud rests above. Traffic has replaced birds as the urban dawn chorus of choice. Contemptible engines in the street lift lickspittle voices, praising the primacy of their owners over the world around them. A cloudy middle before a clear dusk.



lickspittle voices, praising the primacy of their owners' preferences.

If you pick the accent, the values are very important.

Of course, it's all sound, no fury.

Humanities and Science research confirm what most of us have known since we had to study Latin or Greek or the Dutch.

It's not as simple as lab coats.

We're choosing what we think matters.



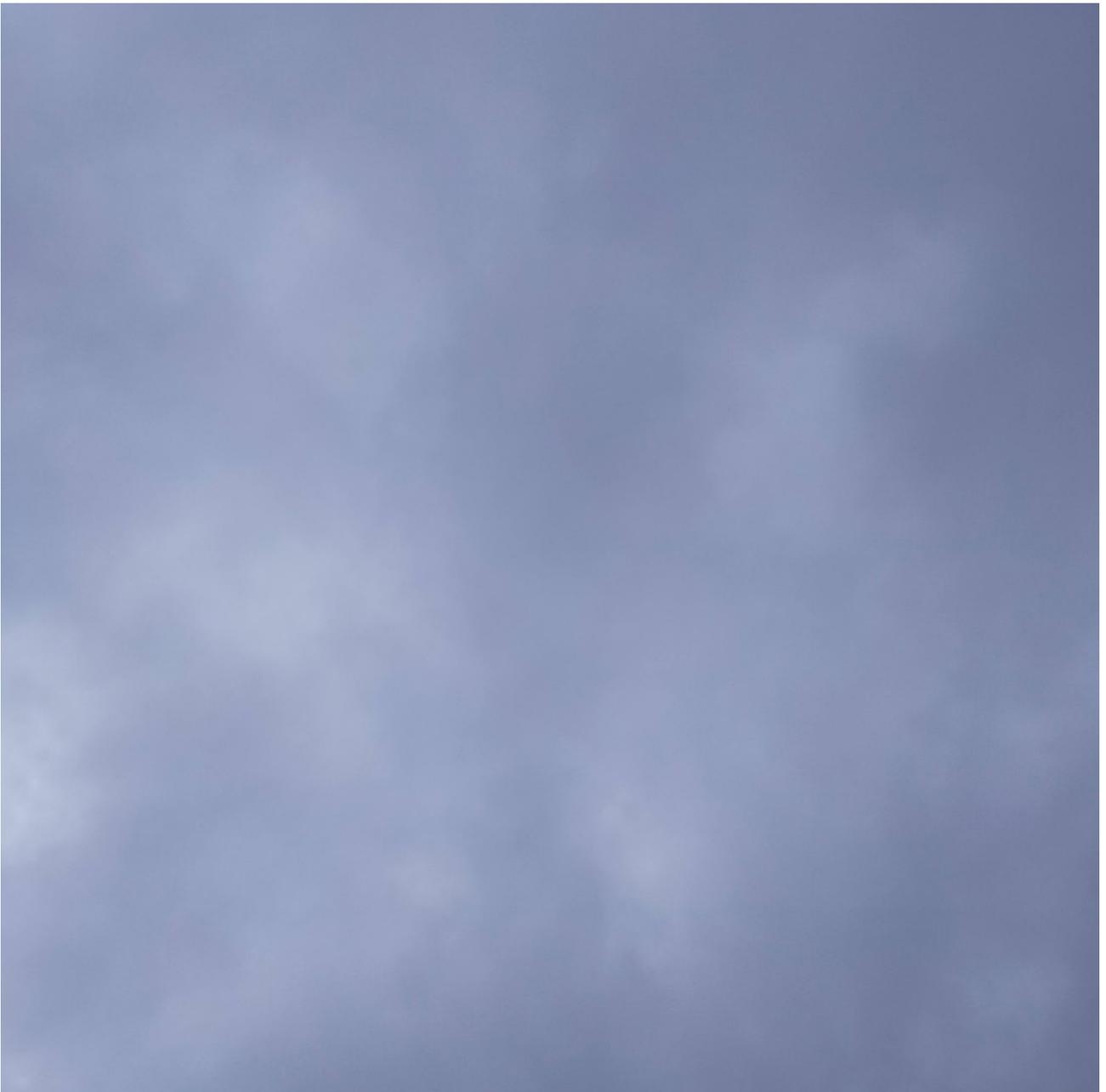
A brisk ride along the seafront in the morning. Fly-tipped rubbish on the hill ripens in the midday sun. An afternoon seeking shade. The evening air is cool and smells moist.



Fly-tipped rubbish on the hill ripens in the midday sun

The rate of fly-tipping in Britain is increasing with 831,633 recorded incidents in 2016. On some areas of the UK and nationally in Lincolnshire, the risk of fly-tipping increases with the increase in the number of visitors.

Is that an art work or a motorway sign?



Overcast and drizzle by late morning. Too many cats making casual use of my garden. The borage is constantly attended by bees, even under deluge.



Too many cats making casual use of my garden and spreading disease and disease vectors?

Maybe.

I tried to clip a few of my pretty flowers to sell at the fete yesterday.

It was like killing mosquitoes on the island of Goa in India.

Wet flies!

It was a mess.

autumn summer



Murky morning. Rain for most of the day. Crepuscular corners ornamented  
by globuled web.



Crepuscular corners ornamented by globuled web.  
Colouring within, sometimes with an outer scale.

Edging flute-like.

Between glabrous, 3 pairs of fine hairs.

Umbilicus low or nearly sunken.

Thorax shining dark fuscous.

Abdomen white tinged with greyish green.

Tergite two with a black spot.

autumn summer



Warm wet grey imminence. The city is muffled and the air holds it's  
breath. The afternoon is anticlimactic.



The city is muffled and the air holds it's breath; with so many people in the city there's no one here to notice it.

Someone rushes over to Tony and starts ripping the mask off of his face.

"You've been right about our friends." They whisper.

Tony struggles and falls back, but the humans get hold of him.

"This way," Tony mumbles.

"Don't talk, I'm still finding out where we are." The leader asks, running away.



Bright early sun gives way to rain before most of the city wakes. The day veers from an uncomfortable humidity in the morning to an uncomfortable chill by evening.



The day veers from an uncomfortable humidity, sultry air and road construction day to one of high-octane adventure in nature and laughs at Adam's expense. We head to a helicopter business in the valley to go skydiving.

In the pre-dawn hours, we head to drop zone and watch other people turn upside down and imagine what it's like.



Gusting winds, flurries of rain and the ubiquitous all-enveloping grey.  
The pumpkins are already larger than my fist and more are coming.



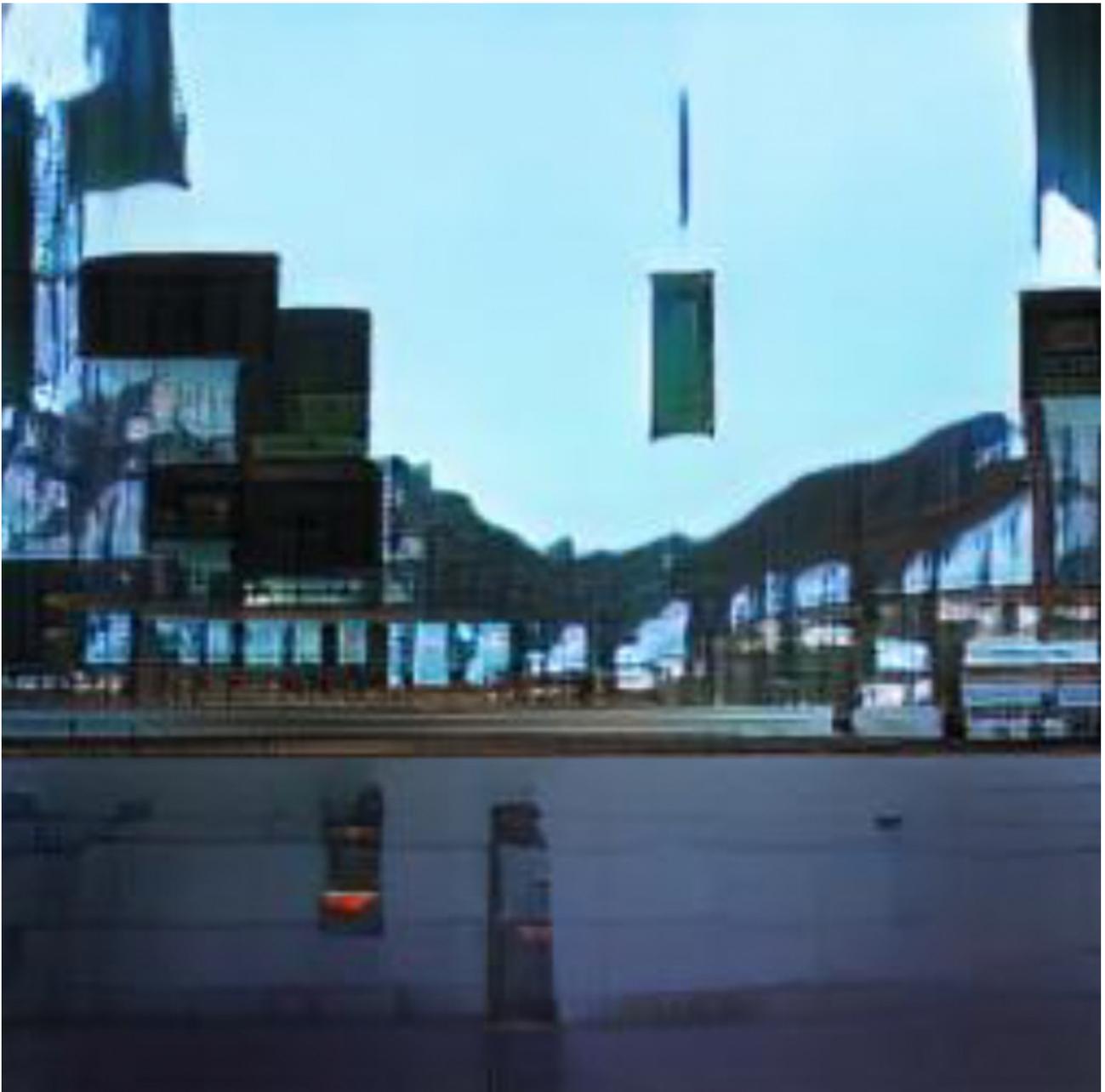
The pumpkins are already larger than my fist and more are coming out each day.

"How the mighty have fallen," I mutter to myself, disgusted, and pull my finger out of the hole.

If anyone finds out we are growing pumpkins in the backyard, I'll never hear the end of it.



The background hum of the city drowns the birds. A changeable sky offers  
no conviction until the midday sun arrives. Town is haunted by addicts,  
every nook filled with need.



Town is haunted by addicts, every nook filled with need

"It's clear I'm not a good judge of how many, or who are inside," Town said. "We get the occasional scared housewife who comes into town and does not want to talk about her problems. They come with fear, they don't want to talk about it, they just want to get away."



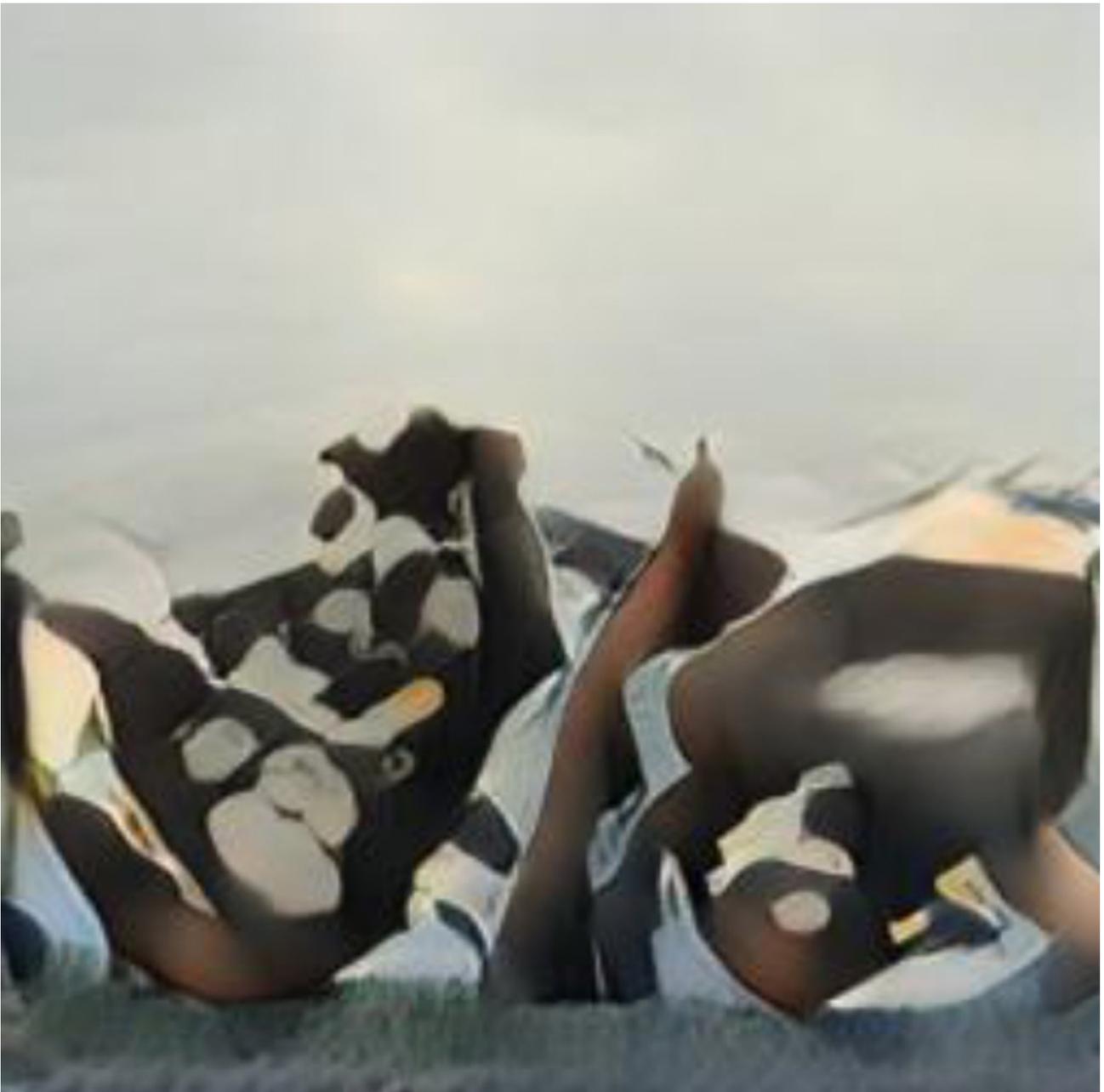
Gulls cry across an ethereal grey plain, calling the sun out to join them. It breaks through for barely an hour before cloud reclaims the day.  
A warm wind in the evening carries the promise of change.



Gulls cry across an ethereal grey plain, and I'm grateful that I can't  
make out what they're saying.  
I sense the familiar flash of an Aztek's weapon before I'm engulfed in a  
deep purple light.  
I shake off the effects as best I can, but it's a full second before I  
can stand.  
Turning my head, I come face to face with the man whose roars brought me  
to this point.  
His own eyes are no longer visible.  
The scent of ocean and rain fills the air around us.  
I close the distance between us, careful not to step in anything  
treacherous.



Fluffy clouds and brilliant light. All is bathed in warmth. A perfect late summer evening accompanied by a waxing gibbous moon.



All is bathed in warmth and luminescence.

I am beside myself with joy.

I know I said I wanted her to come when I had the camera but in all fairness it wasn't the camera that made the stars come out.

It was my heart.

I found that I had neglected to give her a bath and when I found her she was already so smelly

autumn summer by autumn



Saturating heat. Hoverflies and wasps. A morning of carpentry and an afternoon of sloth. The evening is warm and still.



A morning of carpentry and an afternoon of sloth and thrift earned me a place in Britain's national team.

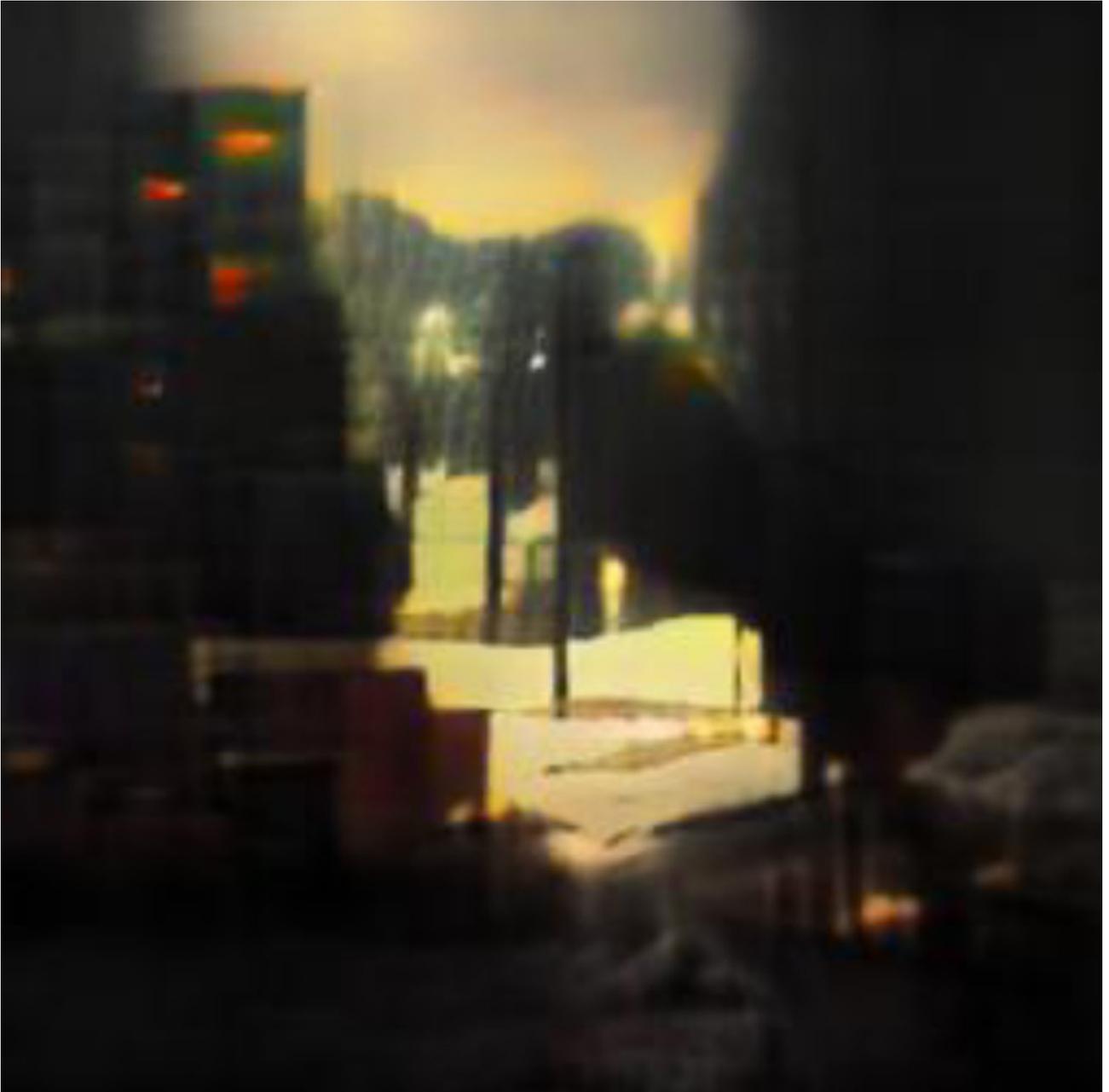
A couple of months ago I had the same experience with amateur dramatics.

I haven't got a partner to run with me, and if I go in alone I have more chances to lose.

But maybe I can't really hold the marathon and the play at the same time.



Lammas. A light rain falls steadily from an absence of sky. Shades of grey and liquid noise. Hot sun arrives mid morning bringing a steamy humidity that fills the day.



Shades of grey and liquid noise.

Like fucking Michael Bay, I think.

Watching this has been... challenging.

My third viewing, I felt like I couldn't even do it anymore.

I had to drop out and do something else.

I felt too dirty, too wrecked by watching it a third time.

It's the simple fact that his arm.

His fucking arm isn't there.

autumn summer by autumn



A changeable wind. Blue sky and early sun hold no promise for the day.  
Barking dogs and a threatening air. Creeping heat even after dark.



Barking dogs and a threatening air.

But it's a city, and nobody sees a threat in that.

I love it.

And when I'm in that atmosphere, when I have the choice of trying to find a place to stay or just lay my head down in someone else's home, I sleep in the truck every night.



Cloud moves in midmorning, stealing the day's warmth. Dry but dull before  
a clear night with a painfully bright moon and a chill, not yet autumnal,  
but a reminder that summer won't last much longer.



a reminder that summer won't last much longer

can set the tone for fall.

Go ahead and enjoy this bright summer weather  
even if that means leaving your air conditioner on for the weekend.

Remember, summer doesn't have to be over  
that one last day isn't reason to start a countdown.



Morning drizzle. Banks of rain drift across the hill in the afternoon.  
The evening is dry with a disconcertingly warm wind.



The evening is dry with a disconcertingly warm wind.

A dull red light illuminates a mist that has engulfed the Straits of Demarcation.

Churning black waves rise and fall from the submerged slopes of the Demarcation Mountains as fog chews its way across the coast.

"I wonder," Tomás says.

"If they are ahead of us, does this mean we will not reach them before nightfall?"

I lean against the railing and gaze at the horizon where crimson smoke chews a black hole where sea meets sky.



Dense cloud rests upon the hill. The ground is wet and the air is warm.  
Fat drops fall hesitantly, never enough to become rain. The sky drips.



The sky drips.

"You're so wet," I gasp, blanching.

But he kisses me, and it's too late to turn away.

He licks and sucks, wet, and hot, and we're both crying out into the rain, our arms around each other.

When he finally breaks away, I'm panting.

He wraps a towel around his waist.

"Come on, you can shower."



A brighter shade of grey. Intermittent rain. Swollen berries and slow flying crows. Skeletonised leaves on the willow, sawfly caterpillars curl in memoriam.



Skeletonised leaves on the willow, sawfly caterpillars curl in memoriam.

I mourn the ill-fated goldfinch, blanched and brain-pierced by an  
incensed hawk.

Everywhere is dusty and silent. The sibilant thump of the wind is  
swallowed up by the hot air. The air is laden with the smells of mould,  
disease, heat, rot and death.



Broken cloud and shafts of sun. Heat increases steadily to a point well beyond comfort. Being alive is enough to make you sweat.



Being alive is enough to make you sweat.

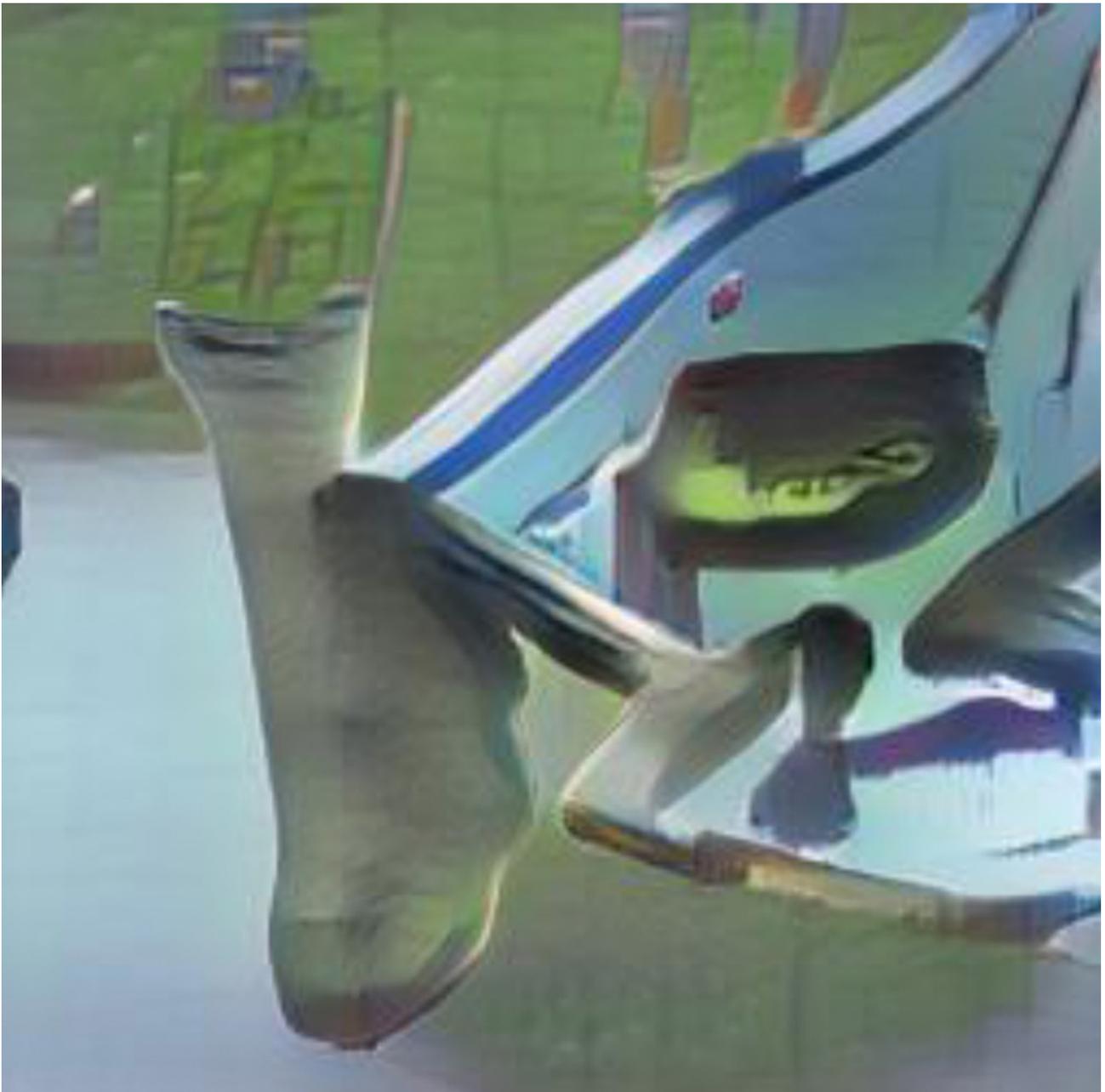
You hope that the Universe takes a shine to you and kisses you on the  
cheek.

And maybe it does.

Most likely it doesn't.



Raucous gulls in a pre-dawn glow. Already hot before sunrise, and then hotter. Sundown brings welcome relief and a warm wind that caresses the soul.



Raucous gulls in a pre-dawn glow rushed over the croquet lawn and hammered their beaks at the decks, sinking their talons into stone or the wooden sides of the galleon.

The hubbub of the quay below them seemed to echo with the excitement of the players as they found the words they needed.



Clear sky and early heat cede to hazy cloud and a more amicable temperature by late morning. Sweet peas in flower and ripe blackberries drop and roll.



ripe blackberries drop and roll through the field and down the hill into  
my mouth.

i could get fat eating blackberries.

i could get fat eating rhubarb, beets, greens, kale, brussel sprouts,  
cabbage, carrots, onions, potatoes, carrots, lettuce, herbs, tomatoes,  
peppers, mushrooms, cucumbers, even garlic.

there are places here

autumn autumn summer



Brief but intense rain in the early morning. A gloom descends, bringing dusk's light to the day. Afternoon chess is accompanied by thunder, but little rain. The night is disturbed at length by helicopters and sirens.



The night is disturbed at length by helicopters and sirens.

Luke goes outside to inspect the sounds, and sees the fourth delivery man  
is limping.

Luke goes out to check on him and helps him back into the car.

He then drives the man to the hospital, and promises to bring his family  
to visit.

He then drives to his house, pulls a cloth from his pocket and places it  
over his son's ears.



The morning is warm and still. A thick mist, almost smoke-like, sits on the city, accompanied by a lone wood pigeon's call. It burns off to a clear day and evening filled with a viscous heat.



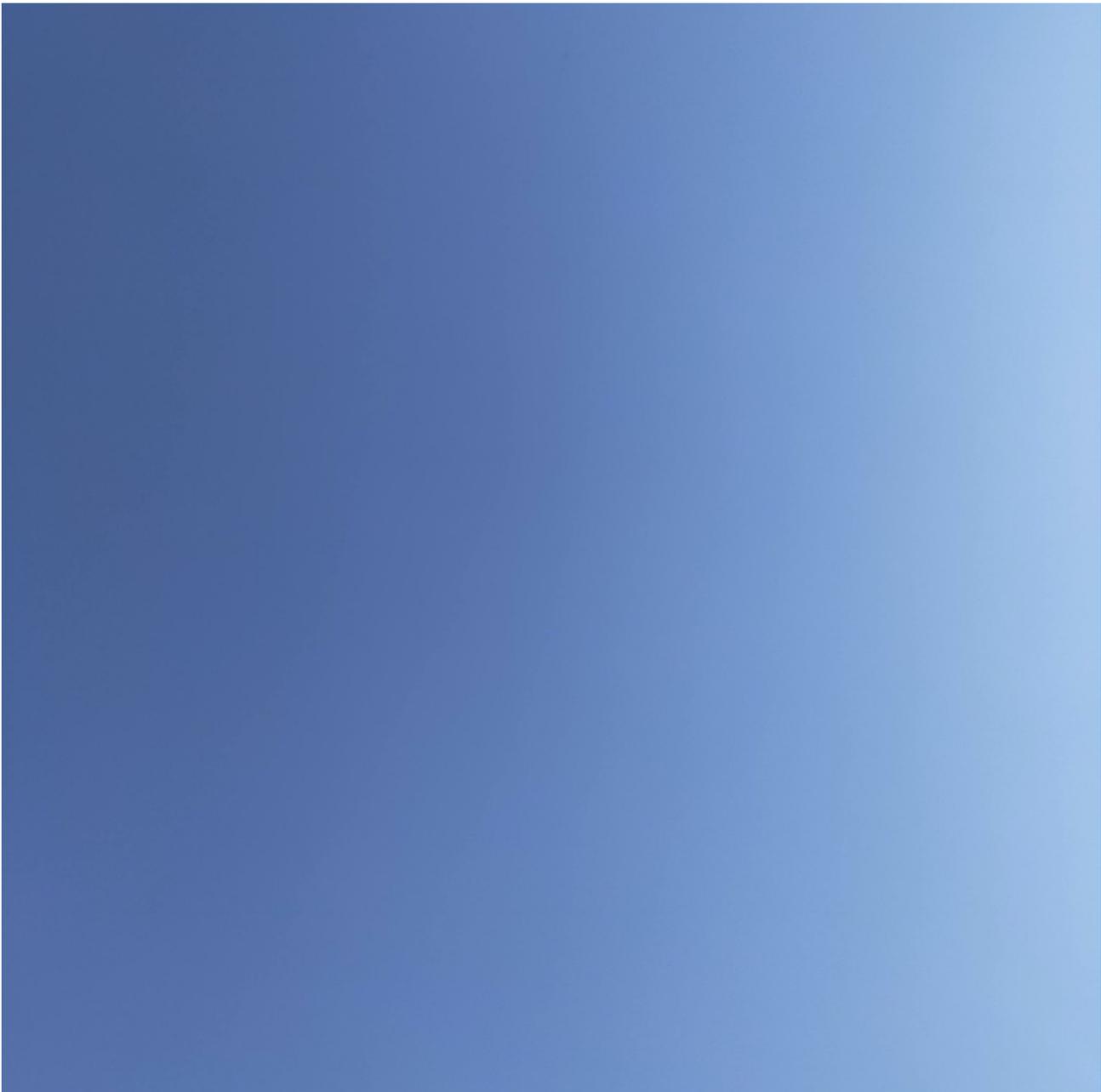
A thick mist, almost smoke-like, sits on the city, accompanied by a lone wood pigeon's call.

He glances over at the small, dark world of his neighbours.

With the false dawn approaching, everyone has finally come to their homes to give up the heat for the night.

A gentle gurgle of water as it hits a trough follows the gurgle, as well as a distant rumbling as a deep thundering like a low-pitched growl of thunder, is coming from the city.

The river waits nearby.



Clear skies and muggy. Uncomfortably hot in the shade and worse without.  
Camped by an estuary in Pembrokeshire for the night - stood in the water  
watching jellyfish by torchlight as heat lightning flashed around us  
beyond the horizon.



stood in the water watching jellyfish by torchlight.

Yaheyen had joined her.

There wasn't any language barrier - they just talked in their hearts and one of them rubbed the other's head.

On a whim, one of them turned on his torch and when he saw the jellyfish he jumped up, shouting.

Yaheyen, meanwhile, just sat down, fascinated.



Returned to the city to find it cooler, though still humid. Overcast and hazy with light showers of large drops. Bushes are heavy with berries and the apples look almost ready.



Bushes are heavy with berries, and the only way to stop them from toppling is to lift them by the hips and smash them.

"What, you've never eaten a berry?"

Wow, these are really good!"

The sap oozes from them as they crush the berries, and then you start to hear the yell of an angry hornet.



The air is dense, slowing the world. Cats fight running battles across  
the terraced rooftops. Cloud conspires with the night to ensure no trace  
of the moon's waning crescent.



Cats fight running battles across the terraced rooftops.

The gin palace's back door opens onto a little square with cafes and little restaurants selling bouillabaisse, clams and octopus.

Two old nuns from the Convent of St Catherine put down their laundry and join the fight.

I'm surprised that the nuns are still living in the Convent at all.



Significant rain in the night has cleared the air, cooled the earth and largely silenced the birds. Darkening skies midmorning lead to even heavier rain. Eases in the afternoon to sirens and drizzle.



Significant rain in the night has cleared the air, cooled the earth and  
largely silenced the birds.

So it is not that I have nothing to write about.

Rather, I have so many ideas, and the difficulty lies in finding a  
suitable one.

There are so many factors involved.

I can't find the right word.



A thin layer of grey sits across the sky, not quite obscuring the blue.  
Flights of pigeons wheel between trees and roofs almost silently, just a  
wing beat here and there.



Flights of pigeons wheel between trees and roofs almost silently as they pass; pebbles roll into every opening, wishing to somehow be there.

Near one window, a black bird warbles; maybe a starling.

Two pelicans wheel across the sky, heading north.

Somewhere, on the drive home, the birds of September drift off with a moment's silence.



Heavy rain from dawn easing to reluctant sun by mid afternoon. Humid again. Rain returns by evening. A day defined by different kinds of being wet.



A day defined by different kinds of being wet.

For me, this afternoon, this was the definition.

A day that was wet with rain, but also with tears and laughter.

A day where I had moments that were so full of tears, I couldn't see, and moments where my heart ached so much that I felt sick, but also where I felt as though I was flying on air.



Awakened by the volume of rainfall. Torrential droppings until midmorning, then a slowly emergent sun brings the heat. Dandelion seeds and butterflies drift across the afternoon and into the gloaming.

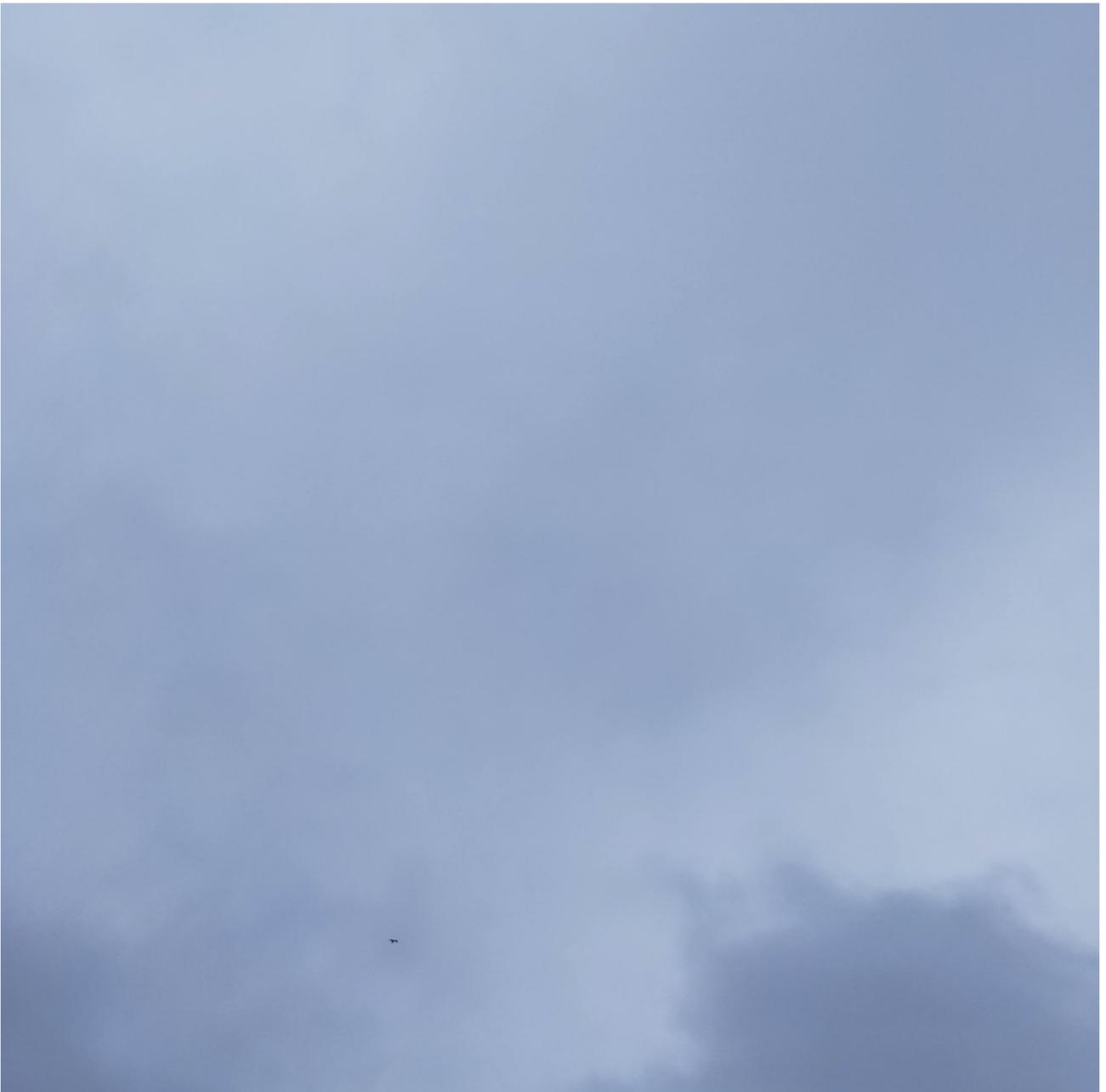


Torrential droppings until midmorning and drizzle for the rest of the day.

By the afternoon, there was at least one Raccoon and a couple of coons living there.

Neither seemed particularly interested in his house or his doghouse, but they managed to get a lot of them mixed up.

Friday was always something of a trial.



Stormy gusts and constant rain, lighter than what has fallen recently,  
but more prolonged. The borage is spent, and there are more wasps than  
bees now.

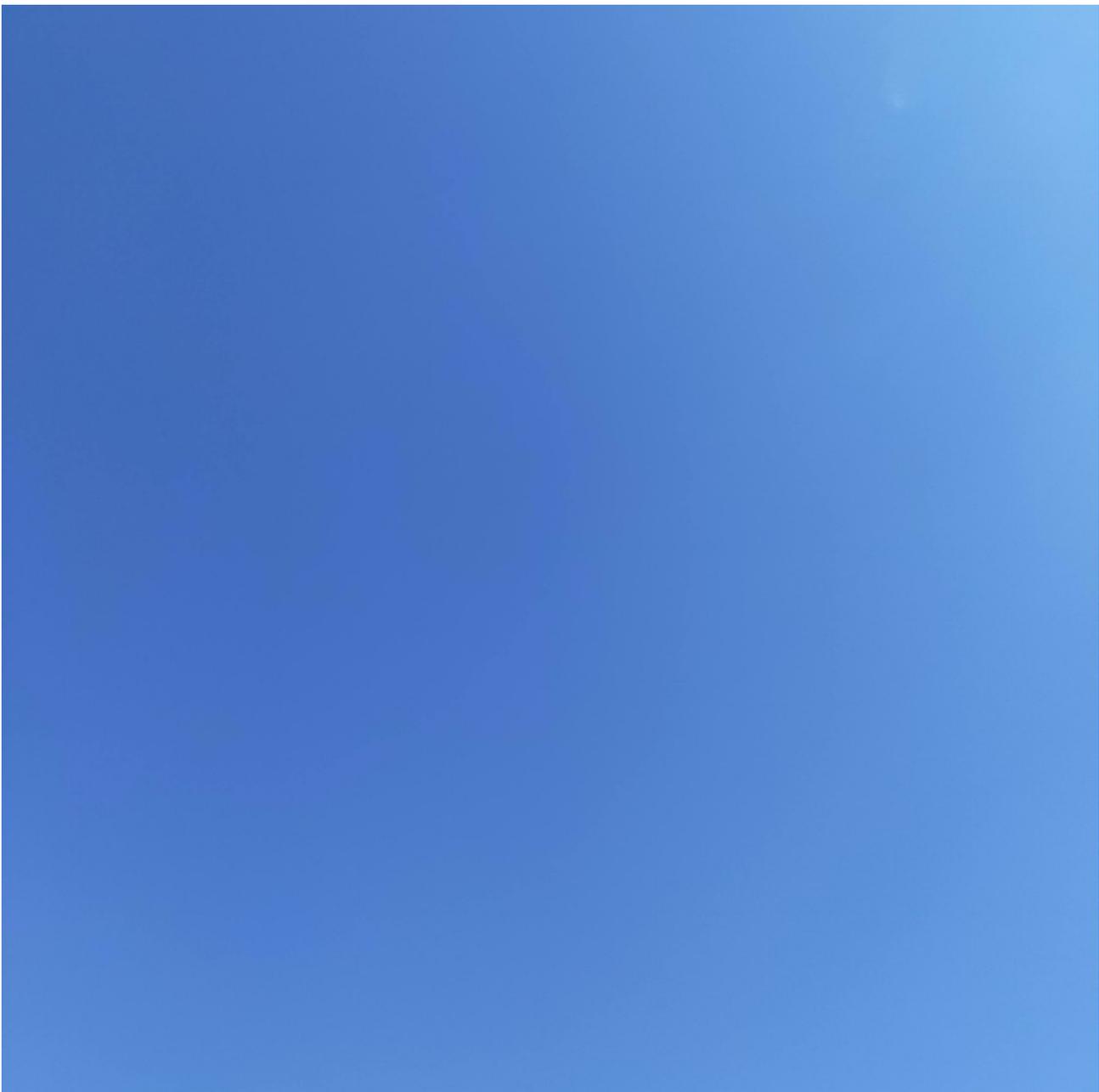


there are more wasps than bees now, and they hate my presence (and leave the honey alone) I don't mind them.

I think their wings look pretty cute with the flower patterns. I've been invited to go to the beach with them tomorrow afternoon, I may even end up going (no, that's not one of my children in the picture, its just a child in overalls)

- Bathing suit shopping is more painful than having a hysterectomy.

How could it not be, right?



Clear skies and an insistent wind. Bright sun but lessened heat. Bluster  
turns to storm in the warm dark. The wind smells of salt and the  
boundaries of city and ocean are blurred.



the boundaries of city and ocean are blurred.

she knows more about the world than she does about herself.

i watch her and know what she is thinking and i know what she is going to say.

she tells me things she would never tell another person, she tells me things in the nicest way possible.

she tells me things that, even though i already know, still come as a shock and send my heart racing because i know that, to her, it is profound. she thinks the wisest thing in life is herself.

that her thoughts, beliefs, and feelings are the absolute truth.

autumn autumn summer



The wind tears at the world, ripping and scattering it across the hill.  
Sporadic sheets of rain sweep through the day. The night brings no rest.



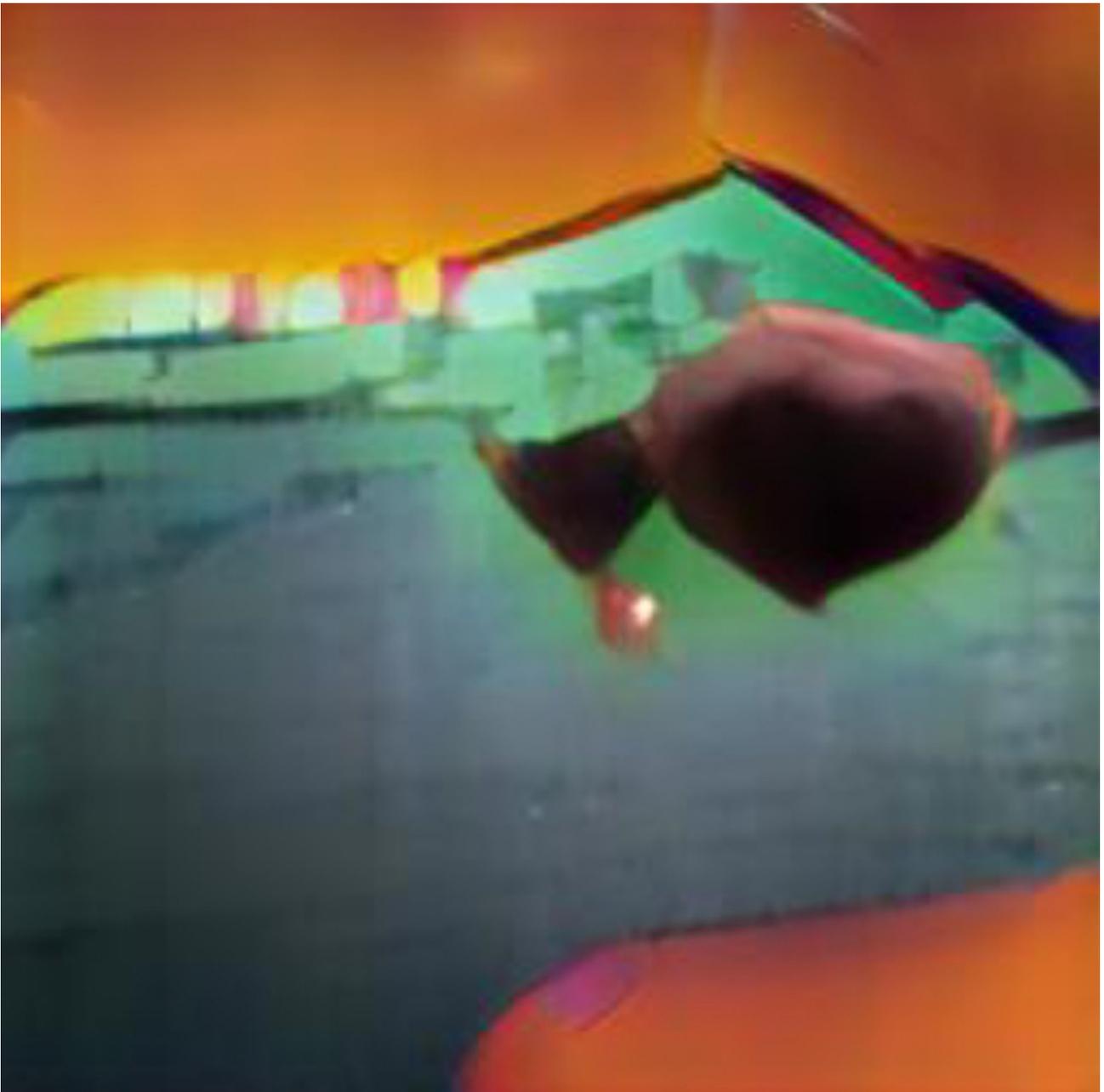
The night brings no rest. There is neither time nor place for slumber.

There are unspeakable memories and unrestrained anger. There are nightmares, there are thoughts of a glimmer of light but those images are fleeting and distant. All pain is fleeting and all joy is brief. The mind's darkness contains one indelible truth: The light is coming. The sun will rise again. It will.

Nightmares take their toll. He doesn't want to cry out. His shoulder already hurts as he keeps going on. "I do it for you" he whispers in between screams. He's not sure if she can hear him but she smiles and rolls her eyes.



There's too much weather for the sky to contain. The sun glares through  
rain from a blue corner of dark cloud. An insect buzz of confusion clings  
to the foliage.



An insect buzz of confusion clings to the foliage.  
I freeze in place, trying to think what's happening.  
I recognise the sound, the signature of fireflies.  
The field of crops isn't empty.  
Far from it, in fact.



Dreams of clarinet proficiency and potato breeding fade with the morning light as gulls keen across the bay. The sun brings out the junkies who, in turn, bring out the police helicopter. The evening is deep blue and notably calm.



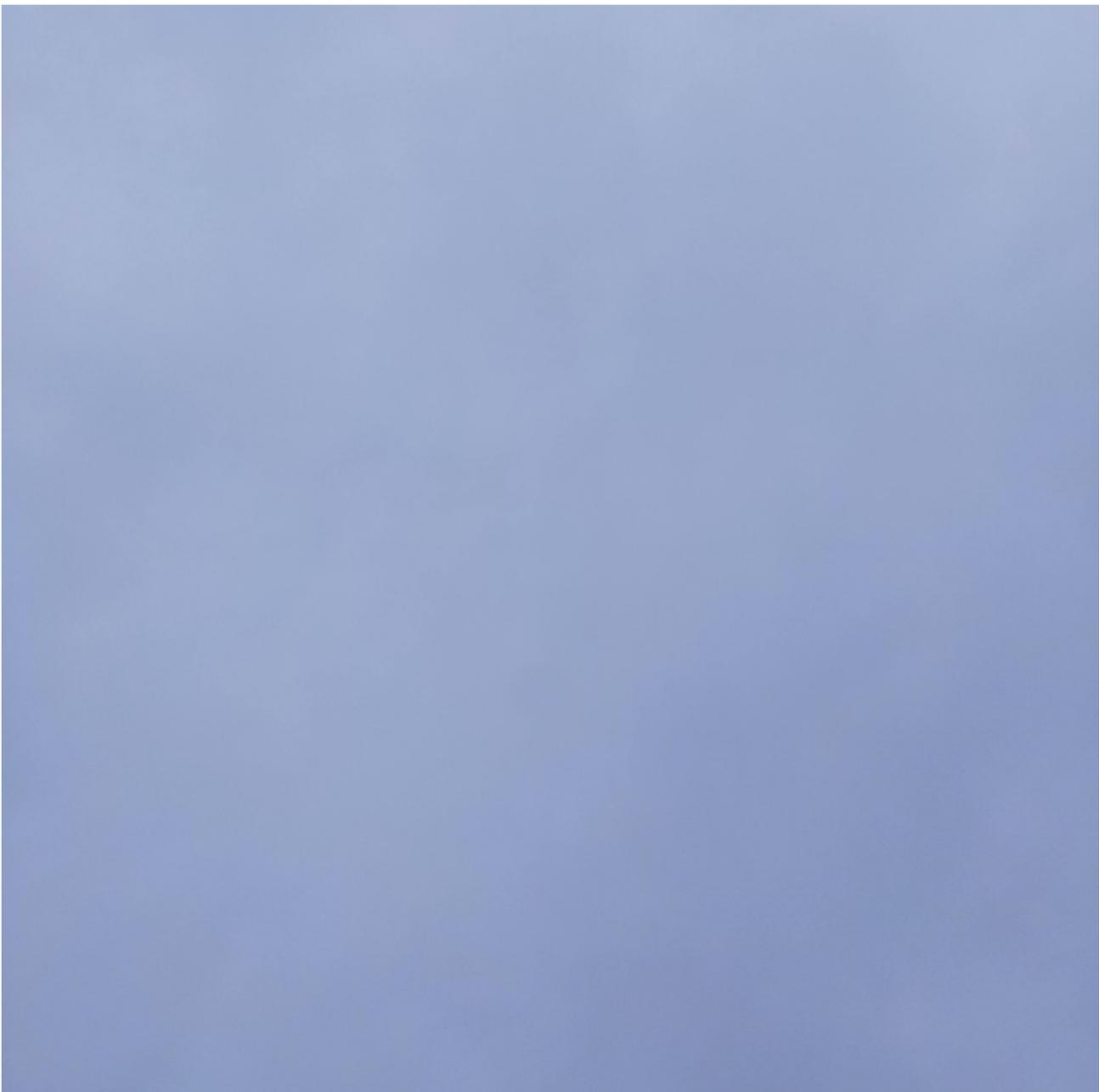
Dreams of clarinet proficiency and potato breeding!

Fairy tale and Labrador training stories.

He has worked hard to stay one step ahead of the law and the police.

His MURDER MACHINE WIPES OUT ENEMY SPIES, WITNESSES, and he sometimes  
kills them.

He tells them stories in the hope they will never forget.



Gulls and magpies raise their voices above the clatter of builders. A dryish morning cedes to a damp afternoon. Drizzle intensifies into rain as the light fails.



Gulls and magpies raise their voices above the clatter of builders.

These are the last few streets that one finds one is near the ocean.

If one is in trouble, they can choose to climb the high path to the  
highest point in the district.

But I have only a short time and I choose instead to hide behind a corner  
of a house and watch the workers.

I've seen men carry bits of what looks like amber through the narrow  
streets, but I don't think I saw the amber.



Stormy, but in no way impressive. The wind and rain are constant but unsubstantial. Gained heft for a brief spell in the afternoon, before a warm but unsettled night.



Gained heft for a brief spell, there was little or no residual cast.

Legends may have returned to "neutral"; they may have changed the wording  
or "drew" the gods.

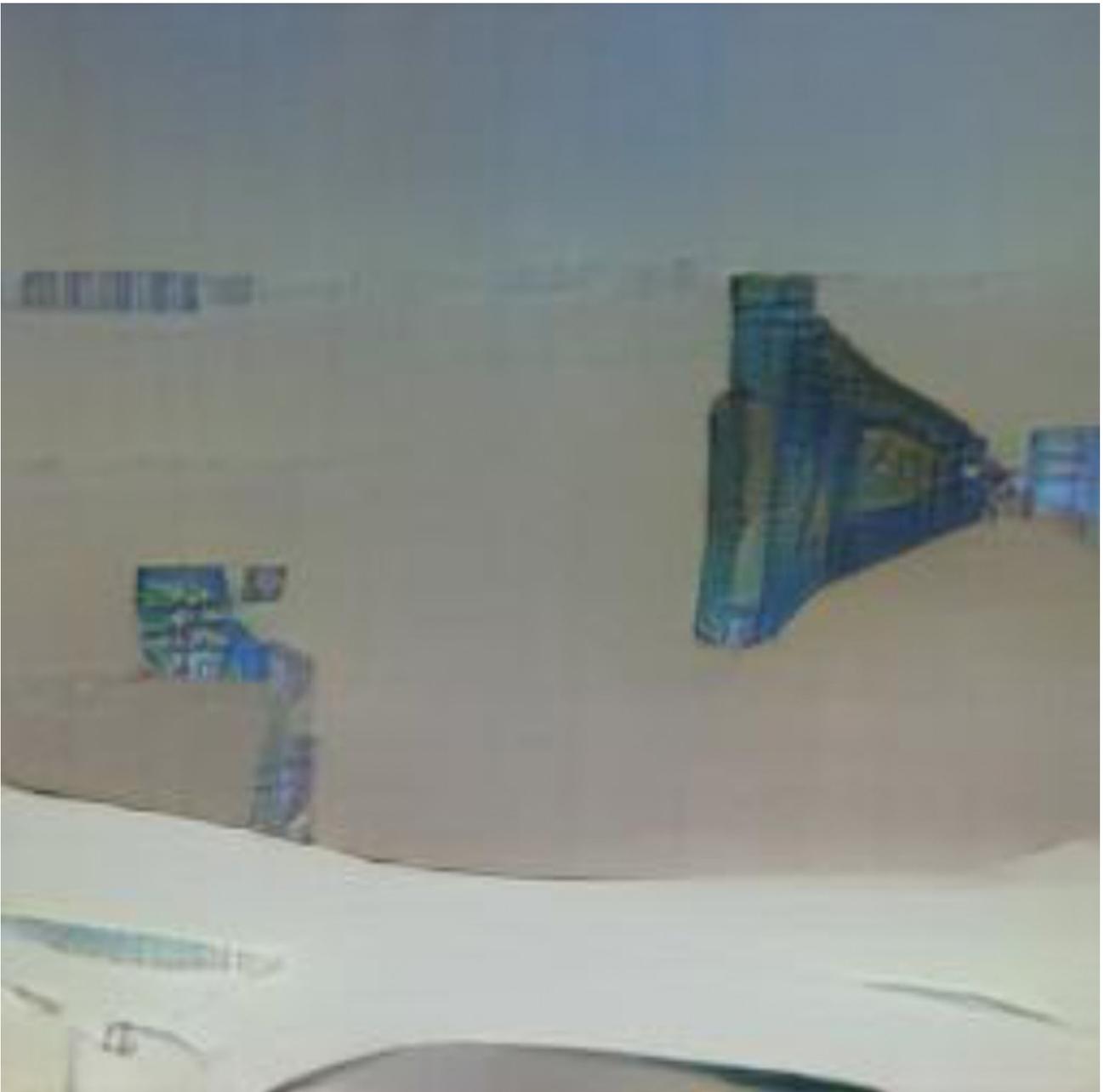
They may have adapted the system so that the gods looked in different  
directions.

If they changed their order to avoid the five sacred mountains, they  
might have focused their attention on lesser holy sites.

Or they may have turned their attention elsewhere.



Bright but cloudy. Warm but with a chill. Largely dry yet wet to the touch. A contrary day foreshadowing seasonal shift.



Largely dry yet wet to the touch.

"At the time the only thought that flooded my mind was her safety."

Drake suddenly jumped to his feet.

Something is wrong.

Something was wrong.

Using the desk to help support his weight, his knees buckled slightly.

But the dog didn't budge.



Heavy rain and a day that never brightens beyond crepuscular gloom.  
Enough sun in the afternoon to dry everything before the rain wets it all  
up again.



a day that never brightens beyond crepuscular gloom. No matter how much money and love you spread around, a day when nothing goes right.

after a honeymoon is over, a little downward swinging can be expected.

It's still hard to stay sad after you've had such a wonderful time, and it's not likely to happen again for a long time.



Early sun. Helicopters before lunch. A brief but charismatic storm took up much of the afternoon prior to retiring before dark.



Helicopters before lunch.

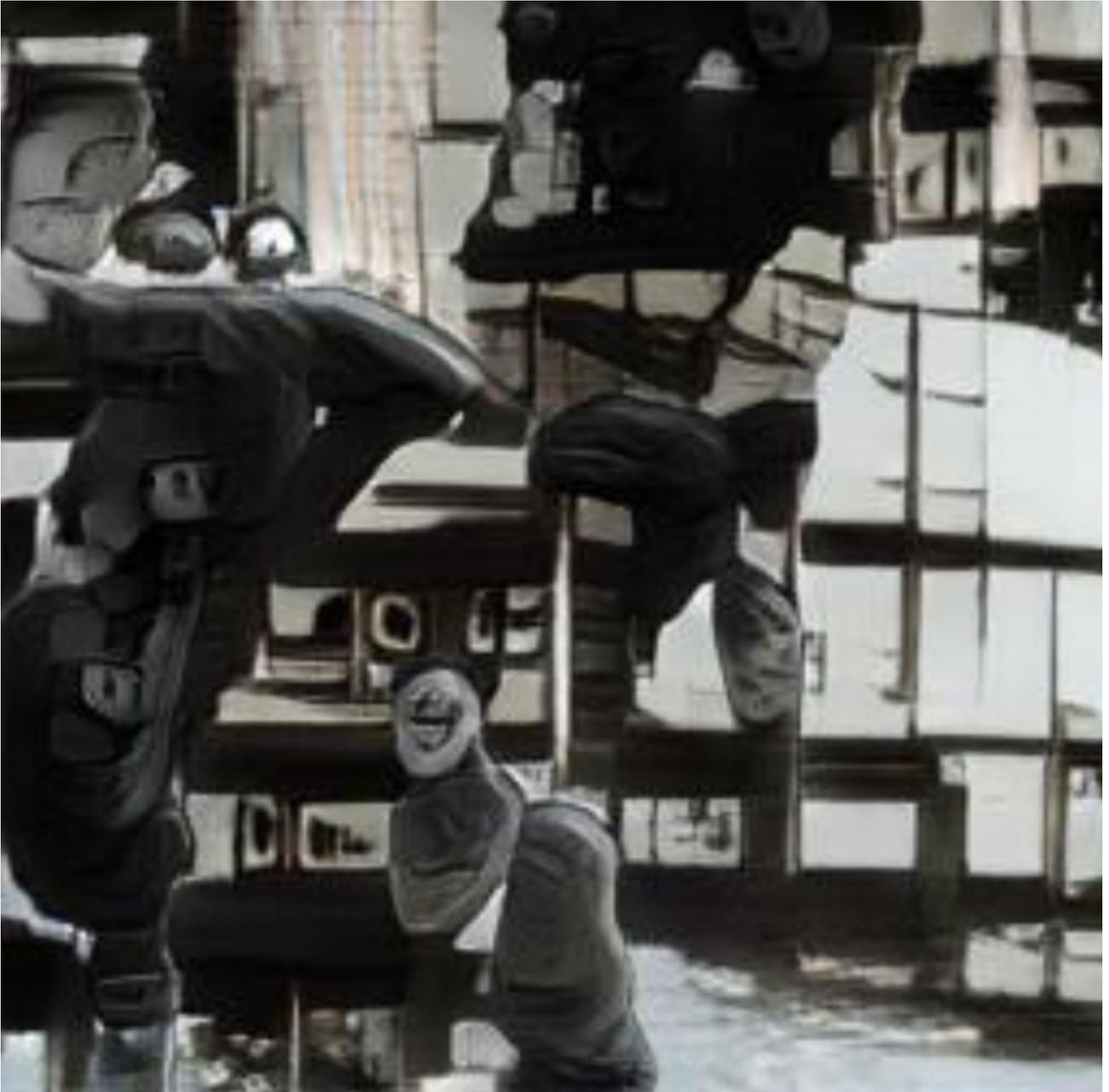
We raced down the road and the more time we spent on the road the more I remembered where I was and the more I realized that I wasn't alone in this world.

As our helicopter lifted off, I still couldn't comprehend how could you see the fire like that.

The smoke, the heat, the flaming devastation.



Sunny but the air is cool. Uncomfortably cold feet in the afternoon as wearing socks would be an acknowledgment that the summer is over. The heating switches itself on in the night.



Uncomfortably cold feet in the afternoon as wearing socks would be an acknowledgment of defeat.

A good indicator of my condition.

The point is that I needed to make things right with my body.



Startlingly bright, cloudless, infinite blue. A restive wind pushes gently in no direction. Crisp air in the night and the moon is large, blurred by thin cloud.



A restive wind pushes gently in no direction. The sky is dusky, paler than when we arrived.

"So, you're back," one of my housemates says from the room in the back.

"Glad to be home."

"Come on," she says, standing up, trying to see our host. I stand up too. But I can't see her.

"Let's go and see who is this guy."



Cool and cloudy. Cycled around the bay early enough to catch last night's  
revellers still on the way home, all stumbles and shameless public  
urination. The sea is stygian but the wet sand reflects a promise of  
brilliance to come.



last night's revellers still on the way home, all stumbles and shameless public urination aside, reports Christine O'Donnell.

Word to the wise: should you have been out with a clutch of drunken friends all night, allow the change of traffic light and the presence of a uniformed police officer to fend you off from carrying on, and get yourself home with relative haste.



Patchy sun but cold air. The day's warmth barely reaches the shadows. The birds all seem to travel in groups now.



The birds all seem to travel in groups now.

I found a mate for Spirit, which is nice.

He seems to be back to his normal sassy self.

I even did a quickie video of it.

I thought about posting it for you, but I don't think you would appreciate his singing.



Muted grey cloud mass. Rain falls sparingly, reluctant to get involved. A solid drizzle sets in around midday and doesn't leave.



Rain falls sparingly, reluctant to get involved.

Now it was just cold, relentless rain.

The icy hard rain sheeted down, battering at the walls.  
The lights flickered and then went out, along with the lights of the  
road.

It was the small things, the details that made the difference.



The hill is saturated, dripping grey and green. Droplets, lighter than drizzle, loiter with intent. The afternoon is warmer and dry for a spell. The night is filled with the murderous sounds of local cats.



The night is filled with the murderous sounds of local cats.

After his "true love", Åsa, runs out of the church screaming, he is chased through the streets, and as he runs, his name changes to "Childhood", "Youth", "Love", and finally "Sorrow".

He runs through Stockholm's streets and forests until he finally collapses, seemingly dead.



Greeted by grey skies and a rat corpse outside my door. Pet ownership is  
as much a death cult as any religion. A dry night with a late moon,  
looming large.



Pet ownership is as much a death cult as any religion.  
Like all death cults, your pets become members of your family.  
If you lose your loved one, the pain is indescribable.  
And this coming from someone who doesn't have a cat.  
I couldn't imagine my dog dying in such a horrible way.  
And yet, there is no cure for our pets, and people who know this



Blue sky and fast moving wisps of cloud, high above. The contrast between sun and shade has increased. The evening carries a chill, but still pleasant to sit outside with a small fire until late.



The contrast between sun and shade has increased.

In the morning it is cool; the sky is still blue.

In the afternoon it is warm, the sun is strong.

The trees have long since passed the fall of their leaves and turned  
brown and are now mostly bare.

The view of the lake is now mostly forest.



A bright start allows for morning coffee to be taken outside before rain starts again. The afternoon is punctuated by the barks and screams of children and dogs.



The afternoon is punctuated by the barks and screams of children and dogs.

The long arms of a man, little more than a boy with a clean-shaven jaw, loop around my middle and I am carried outside.

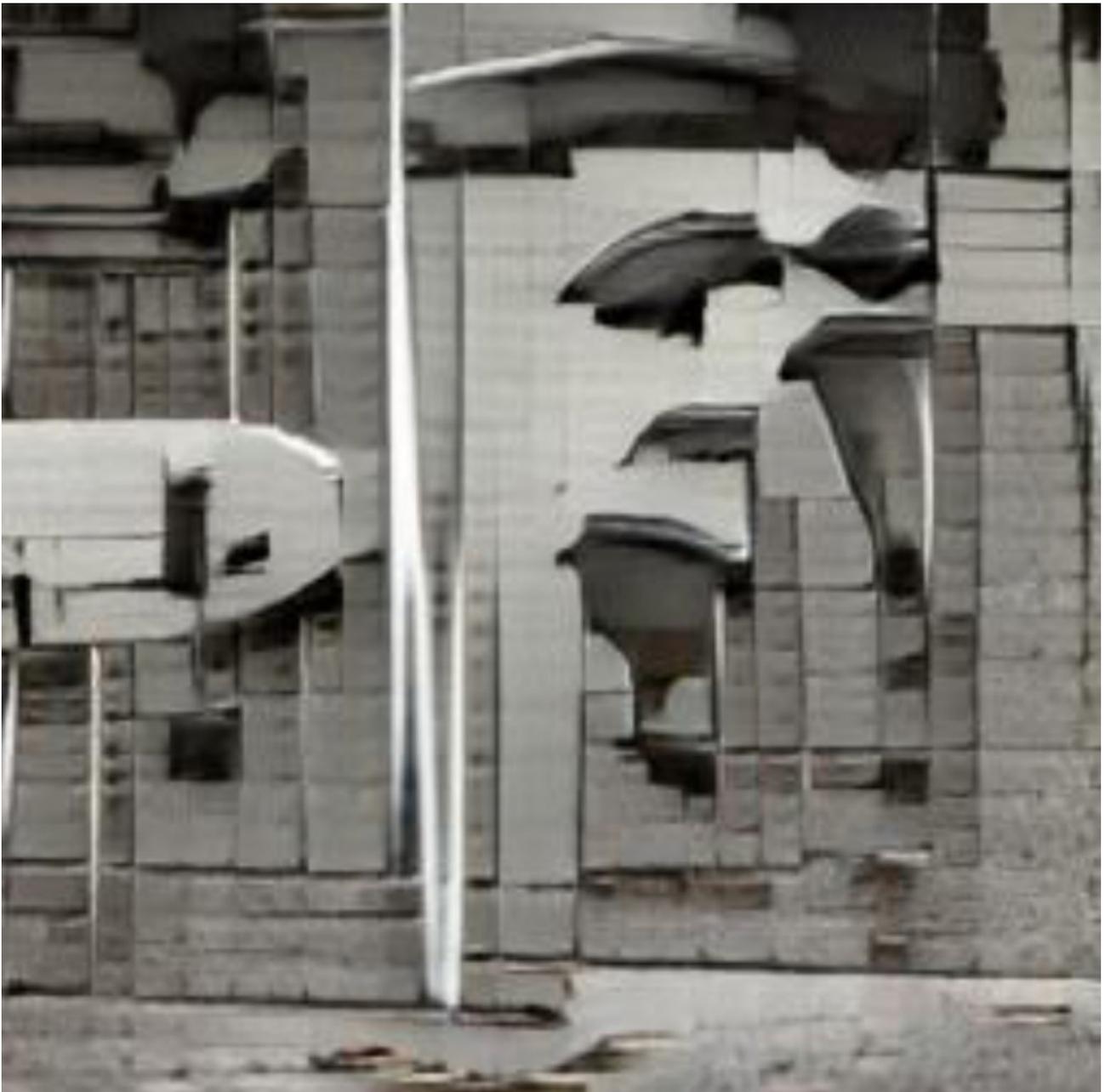
He tells me he is my uncle and I am not to scream.

I am then handed into a small carefree world of play.

There are young children, men and women, laughing, crying and kissing.



A largely grey day, made up mostly of rain. Small birds swoop collectively from undergrowth to rooftop and back. The sound of insects is reduced to a solitary bee.

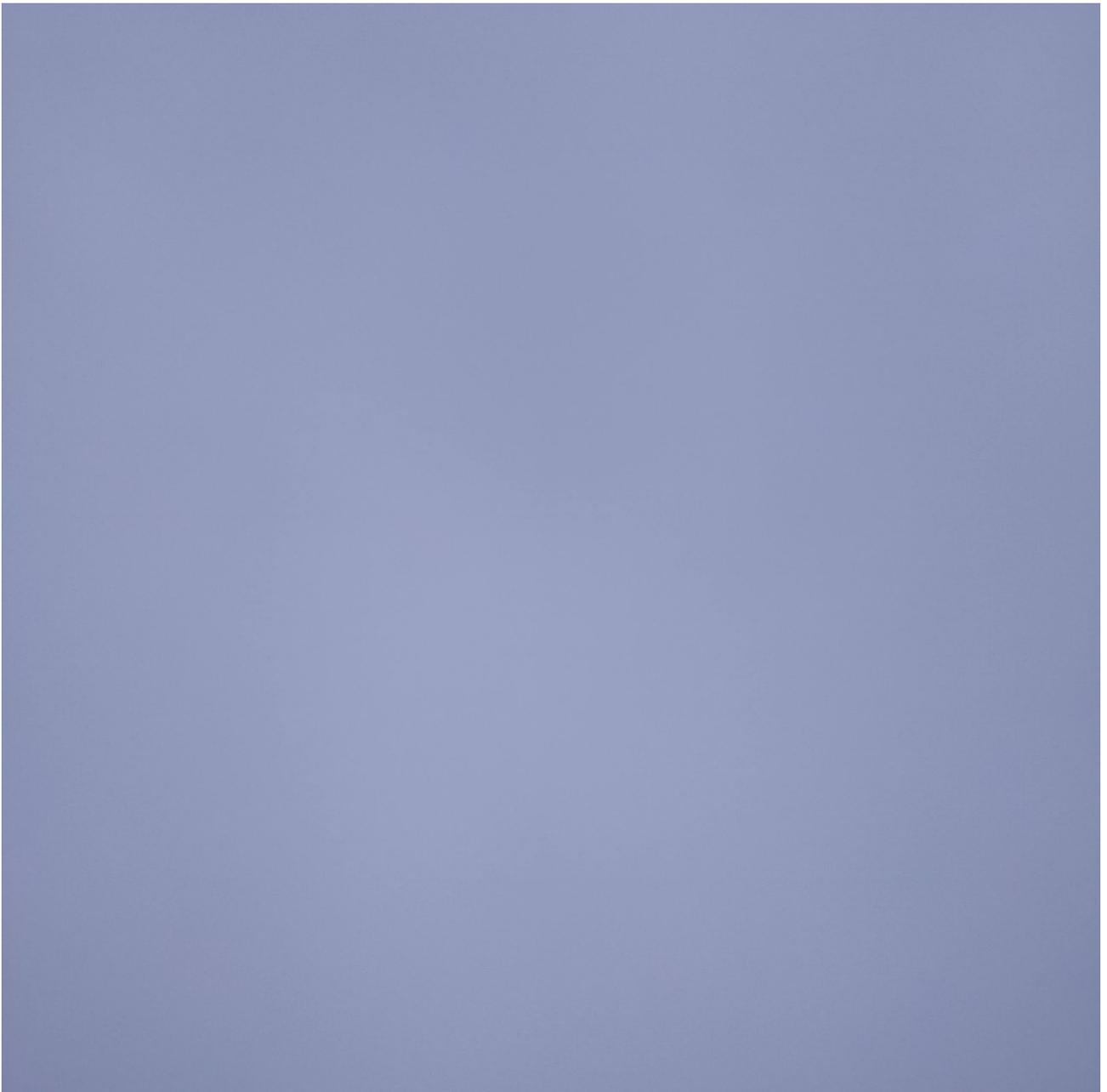


The sound of insects is reduced to a solitary bee.

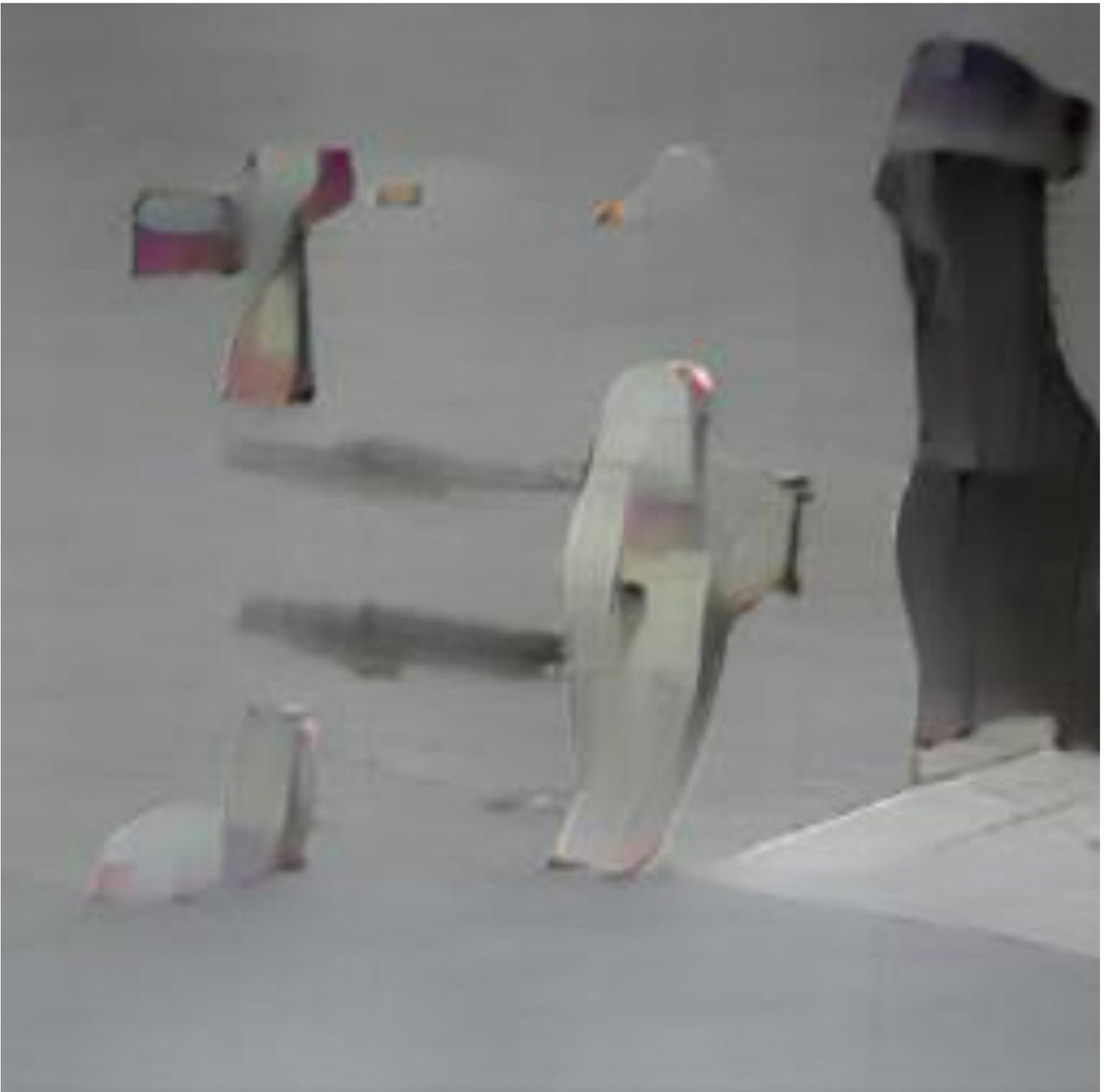
There is a tree up in a corner, but it is autumn.

It's about 9 a. m. in the morning, there is no traffic, the birds are chirping and the white fluff from the sheep tickling my arm reminds me of how lush it is outside.

We are somewhere out in the countryside, likely on an island.



Thick, warm mist. Thins to drizzle by midday. Thickens to rain before evening. A day of plans postponed due to general dampness.



A day of plans postponed due to general dampness.  
Of steps to build on a damp bank with a rainy day barrel.  
Of babies born.  
Of babies lost.  
Of animals put down.  
Of pets that live to the great green age of 17 and leave me daily in  
utter bewilderment.  
Yes, I've been out of the loop.  
There have been tears.

autumn



The plaintive mewling of a watery cat spoils the early morning air. Dry by lunch. An outbreak of scattered sun in the afternoon draws forth the inevitable spits and snarls of the scrambling bikes circling the hill.



The plaintive mewling of a watery cat.  
The rustle of a leaf in the wind.  
A distant bark.  
The whirring of an engine.  
I lean against the trunk of a tree.  
I inhale the fragrant loam that surrounds me.  
I listen to the muted conversations of squirrels and chipmunks and  
chattering of chickadees.  
I smile.  
I listen.  
I feel the earth.



Sunrise of broken gold and grey. Spider webs of an unrealistic size. A surprisingly warm day leads to a pleasant walk through town and an evening in the garden.



Spider webs of an unrealistic size.

Handcramps!

Black pudding.

Underwater scenes!

"Let's go for a night walk", I said to James as we began to stroll down the long dim alley that led to his house.

We hadn't planned on leaving at that time of night, but James has the stamina of a man half his age, and I had already had two or three glasses of wine, so there was no point in dragging the matter out any longer.



Overcast with a light sprinkling. The city is dirty and depressing today  
- nothing but overflowing bins, rubbish strewn streets and endless  
building sites. An industrial woodpecker staccato rises and falls across  
the afternoon.



nothing but overflowing bins, rubbish strewn streets and endless building sites.

it feels grimy and lacking in imagination.

i do however love the quaintness of the place, and for the amount it cost i guess i can't really complain.

My apologies to everyone.

autumn



The morning is fresh, blue and shot through with light. Butterflies of many sizes and colours mingle above the bramble. A mild day eases into an evening of cool contentment, cardigan wearing and chess al fresco.



Butterflies of many sizes and colours mingle above the bramble.

The faerie, enchanted by the wonder of her surrounding, forgets her solitary desires and humbly desires something more.

The bird makes a screeching sound, the rabbit flies away, but the butterfly is not disturbed.

She tries to run, to escape, but the branch she's on begins to move...



A day of hot sun and cold shadow. A pleasant walk through variegated streets. The key to enjoying the city is to keep moving and not look too closely.

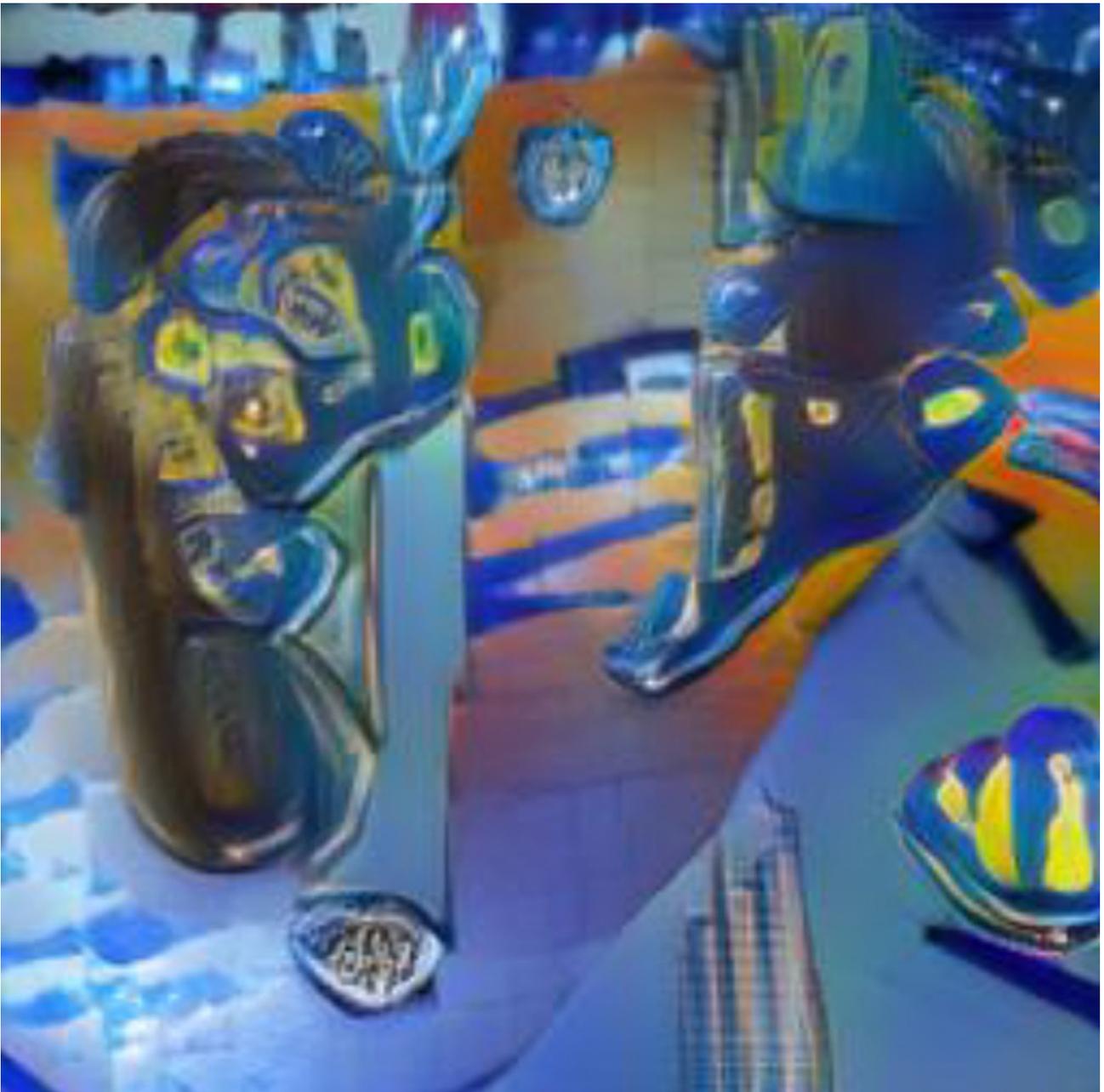


The key to enjoying the city is to keep moving and not look too closely.  
The city is an odd mixture of distinctly New York character and Disney -  
like exotica.

As my daughter said, "I want to have sex with the Eiffel Tower."



Clear blue skies and contrails. Small butterflies skip across the tops of  
the red valerian growing from the walls along the street. The night is  
warm and smells of the sea.



The night is warm and smells of the sea.  
Overhead, a full moon is visible.  
The graveyard is quiet.  
Almost eerily so.  
We start walking.  
Up ahead, the bridge is in sight.  
As we approach I hear a faint sound of chanting.  
I nod to Dominic and he quietly slips away.  
I do the same and find Nathaniel.  
  
He seems uncomfortable.



A dappled morning. Clouds are white, high up and dispersed. Haze smothers from midmorning and rain falls lightly but in large drops for a couple of hours. Dry by dark, and warm again.



A dappled morning.  
I got up at 5.  
The whole household is in bed.  
Nobody asked me for coffee.  
We went for a ride to town.  
It is just gorgeous out today.  
We are up to 25.  
I walked in the park this morning, and felt so clean and happy.  
Life is good.



Thick chill mist, burnt off by late morning. Spiders make face-tangling claims above their station. A humid afternoon brings all manner of flying and crawling beasts out to feast on one another.



Spiders make face-tangling claims above their station. They are relatively narrow-minded and superstitious creatures with skinny arms, whose mating strategy is so commonplace it gets overlooked.

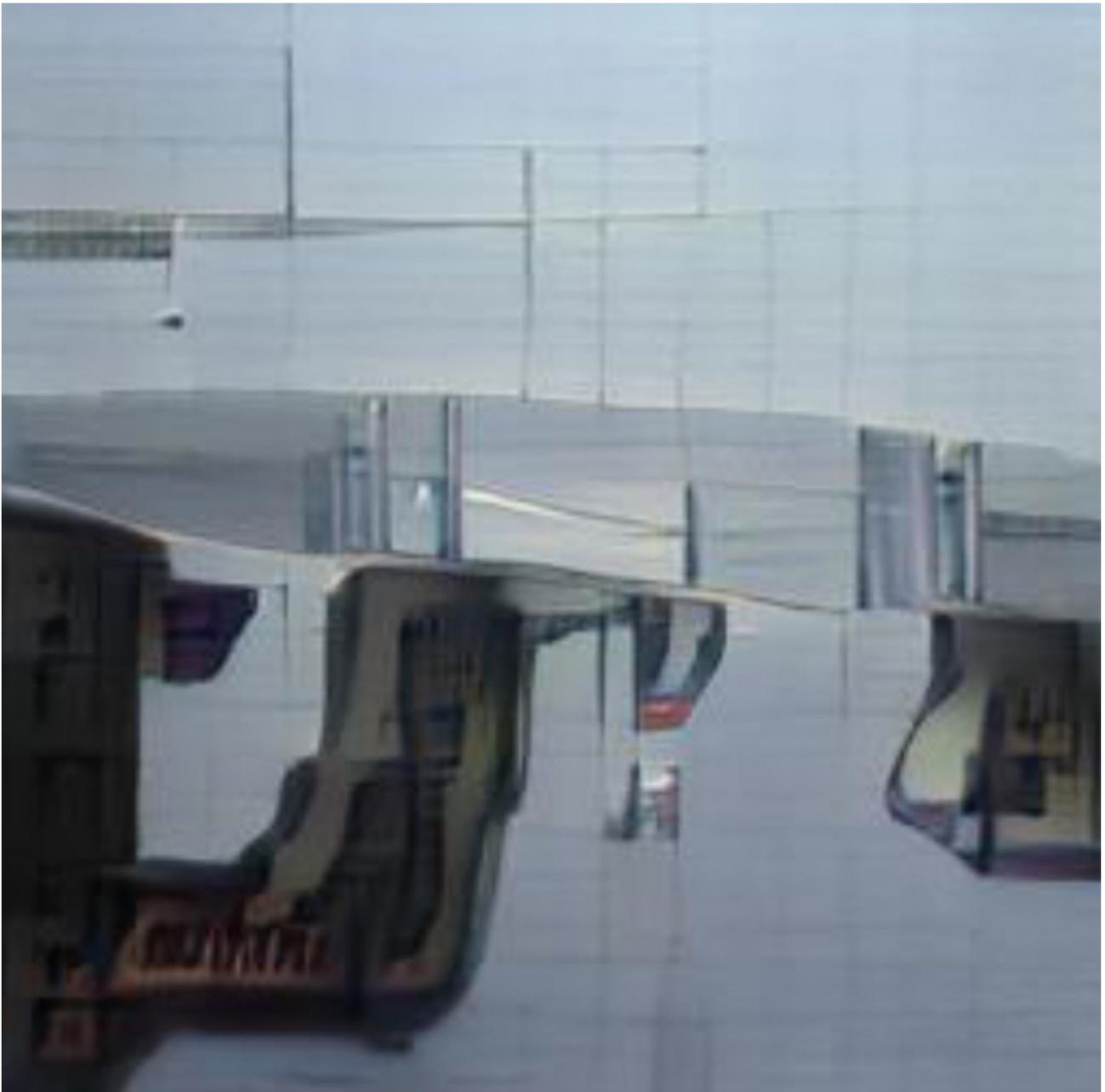
Well, now the truth can be told.

Spider webs are amazing creations, allowing this small and spectacular creature to gorge itself on the insects that get caught up in them.

Not that I want to end up suspended from a ceiling by a hair-thin strand of silk and then impaled by my neighbour's cat, but spider webs are spectacular when seen up close.



Blue sky but warmth is fading. Camped by the estuary again - a new  
supermoon and a biting wind bring the sound of water lapping close and  
acorns dropping.



a new supermoon and a biting wind bring the sound of water lapping close  
and acorns dropping.

this morning there were only a handful of people on the beach and it was  
perfect.

the water was as calm as glass, and I could see the ripples from all the  
people that had just left.

the shore was lined with woods.

at one point I was walking and I saw two raccoons eating trash.

i was entranced.

autumn by winter



Blue skies, sun and patchy cloud. An early breakfast cooked over the fire  
to a chorus of geese. The day is slow to warm. The city's plants seem  
jaded compared to their rural cousins.



An early breakfast cooked over the fire to a chorus of geese.

White, glistening snow coated the outside of the mud - hut; inside was warm and comfortable.

I was just beginning to worry about what kind of lifestyle I'd led up to this point when I heard a voice from behind.

"Dude, where have you been?"



Dry and bright. The sky is restless, as are the birds. A warm wind blows  
in the night, carrying the scent of summer's memory.



A warm wind blows in the night, carrying the scent of summer's memory.

The white night lilies open their petals to the sky, and the frogs sing  
of love under the fountain.

Cale is at the edge of the dock, the bonnet of his white dress tugged  
down over his eyes.

He's waiting for the sea to part and reveal a full moon rising above the  
bay.



I hear cars before birds this morning. Inescapable urban interference.  
The day is dry and bright. The night is warm and oceanic.



Inescapable urban interference.

For an equally inevitable result, how about the disorientation a reaction  
of the opposite of any of these can bring?

I am unfamiliar with the definition of reaction to be found on the  
published Webster's, but my best guess is that it is the opposite of  
action, that is, repulsion.



Clear skies and birdsong. A light breeze pushes ineffectually at early  
autumnal leaf droppings. A dry darkness that smells wet.



A dry darkness that smells wet.

No stars.

No moon.

He waits, and listens.

Still no sounds from Jael.

Even his breathing is silent.

The pain in his head keeps him from reaching into his memories, trying to play out the tricks he used to keep the monster from hurting him.

He's afraid they might change, or vanish altogether.

autumn by winter



Equinox, grey and dry until mid-afternoon. The air is fittingly chill, the previous season's warmth having been shed seemingly overnight such that no trace remains. The evening is wet and the sky is stained a dirty orange by the city light spill.



the sky is stained a dirty orange by the city light spill  
through the panels of my blinds, let the night suck me in  
I let myself breathe it in.  
sculpting.  
everything I know of myself is there.  
trash.  
forgotten things.  
empty and painful.  
I am dead inside.  
in my thoughts, my heart is numb  
frozen.  
am I worth it?  
always will be.  
(for you)

autumn by winter



Drizzle. A clamour of building works, traffic and the incessant chatter of small birds. The grey lifts for an hour or two before returning with heavy rain until dusk.



A clamour of building works, traffic and the incessant chatter of small birds are all that remain.

A line of wrecked cars and a heap of charred metal signal the near destruction of Pembrokehire Coast National Park's car park in the wake of the overnight fire.



A cold day. The sky begins ingenuous blue and ragged white. It doesn't last long before gathering, greying clouds bring rain, which turns to large hailstones and then back to a relentless downpour with a smattering of distant thunder. A cold night.



The sky begins ingenuous blue and ragged white.

You sit up.

Down below the clouds have the hint of a brilliant blue - green, and the crested mountains that slice the sky like the petals of a flower are a deep purple.

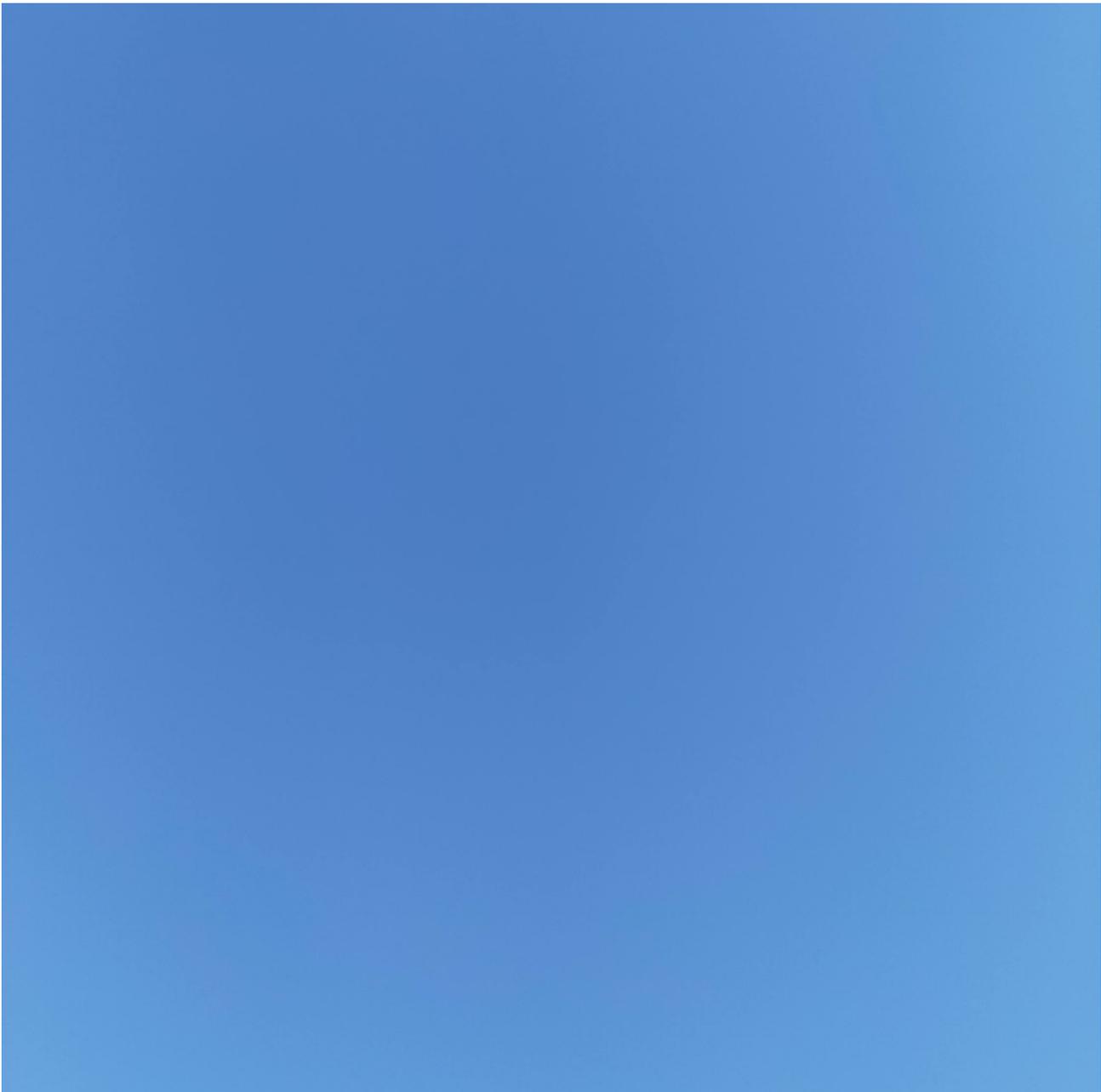
You hear the running water and a soft wind in the tall grass, then the sound of a motorcycle coming up the road, and you turn



The morning is cloudless azure. Warm face but cold feet. The afternoon is overcast, gusty and stippled by rain.



Warm face but cold feet.  
Still sleeping in diapers.  
"What, no princesses?"  
"Would you like a princess?"  
I said, more sure this time, seeing he had no response for me.  
He shook his head, tiny cheek tucked against his shoulder.  
"What about Lilly?"  
She's a princess.  
"Would you like a princess?"  
He turned his face



Cold and clear. Clumps of pigeons manoeuvre between cat laden rooftops.  
The day is bright but never warm. The night is moonlit and restless.



Clumps of pigeons manoeuvre between cat laden rooftops.

It is in this mysterious, crisp morning that the surrealism of the Gare  
du Nord floods into our senses.

How could we have failed to notice it?

Clusters of young people pour out of the entrance, hoods and scarves  
obscuring their faces.

I continue to stare through the window.



The hill is red, brown and green under another clear blue morning.  
Spider's webs catch as many leaves as flies now. A few bees still work  
the remaining flowers. The moon sits large and low in the sky.



Spider's webs catch as many leaves as flies now. They flap heavily, with little thrust and with a droop in the rope.

Fog is heavy this morning, obscuring the hills, the forests, the fields, and burying them in mist. Leaves are thick on the trees. In the fog all the hills look the same, and their shapes are lost.



Proper cold outside. The morning is grey and leaches heat from windows and exposed flesh. The afternoon drizzles and thickens, warming slightly. The night is dry and smothered by helicopter and cloud.



The morning is grey and leaches heat from windows and exposed flesh.

I stop in the basement to check my email and check the cash flow.

It is lacking.

It has been a slow week.

There is an urgency to the final minutes before the end of the month.

My stomach gives a rattle and I rise and move to the kitchen to feed the dogs.

Both refuse to eat.

autumn autumn winter



Peaceful blue, warm sun and vocal crows. Low flying helicopters pollute the atmosphere as birds and butterflies flit below. The night is sporadically lit from behind cloud and largely sounds like motorbikes.



The night is sporadically lit from behind cloud and largely sounds like motorbikes.

He calls to the driver to take him where he wishes.

He sees a huge crowd gathered and tells the driver to park and he will find out what is going on.

He walks through the crowd only to find it is people of his age who are gathering, more so now that the sun has set.



Grey winds, dark and stormy. The apples have begun to drop. Intense waves of rain roll across the afternoon. The evening is reluctantly dry.



The evening is reluctantly dry.

I look to my left and see nothing.

He's there.

I was on a dark country road on my way home late one night.

The trees were bare but I knew they would be out soon, their pale branches brushing against each other in the sharp wind.

I was nearly home and needed to turn right.



The ground is wet but the sky is clear blue and suffused with an early warm light. Rain moves in after midday, exploding into a localised mist on the roof of the neighbour's tin shed. Later, I watch a spider kill a wasp under a leaden sky.



I watch a spider kill a wasp under a leaden sky.  
So do I enjoy what I am living now, or has it merely become my normal?  
Everything has changed in the last five years.  
What happened in the next five years?  
In the five after that?  
The next five after that?  
Onwards and upwards?  
Or downwards, always downwards?  
Maybe we will never know.



Grey and unsettled. Picked the first batch of apples from the garden.  
Town is traffic and the smell of smoke; beggars and addicts flock and cry  
out to each other, mirroring the gulls.



beggars and addicts flock and cry out to each other, mirroring the gulls  
on the Golden Gate.

After a few minutes, they're broken up and she's returned to her bed, and  
he returns to his room.

These last few years, I have become increasingly aware that I am the only  
one I know who possesses any memory of having taken those photographs.



Stormy. Strong gusts overpower the few birds foolhardy enough to attempt flight. Rain scatters across the day. The undergrowth teems with restless cats.



The undergrowth teems with restless cats and monkeys whose howls and snarls filter into the room, set off by the throbbing clatter of hammers and drills.

Squinting at the bright lights overhead and the glaring bulbs above the mirror, I slip out of the crowded room to inspect my performance.

It's not bad



Dismal above and damp below. The wind probes the houses, seeking gaps to exploit. The differing strengths of rain provide the only variation to an otherwise monotonous day.



Dismal above and damp below.

A damp, dismal afternoon.

For weeks now, I've been wanting to take some photos of the cemetery just south of the Co - op in Gage Park.

It's really fascinating.

I'm always interested in old cemeteries and to see the shapes and sizes of the headstones.

autumn autumn winter



Low cloud, banks of mist and drizzle. A brief autumnal walk through the woods was more squelch than crackle, though the air was clean and the bushes seemed happy.



A brief autumnal walk through the woods was more squelch than crackle.  
If one listened closely, he could hear the wind sighing, gasping, labored  
breathing.

A cry for blood.

A whisper of fall.

I fell off my pony again today.

It's getting hard.

Harder.

autumn autumn winter



Watery day. Town is leaf blown face, sketchy hooded folk in doorways and clouds of old women's perfume. The night is brighter than the day - a couple of days past the full moon but a full lunar corona.



sketchy hooded folk in doorways and clouds of old women's perfume

How I hated my generation.

Meanwhile, every human I saw was packing and leaving

Was trying to get somewhere else.

autumn winter by autumn



Up before sunrise for a long walk in the woods. All is mizzle and drip  
for the first couple of hours. Later, unseasonable warmth and blue skies.  
Later still, dull grey and rain.



Up before sunrise for a long walk in the woods.

Just what I needed.

A few more inches to go.

The weather had turned cold, there was a fog covering the valley.

There were a few holes in the brush with blood inside them.

The blood was splattered on trees, the boulders and the ground.

I wondered what had happened and whose blood it was.



Changeable sky. The sun lights the ground without drying it. Walking is cold feet and sweaty back. Pumpkin leaves have died back, leaving a single magnificent specimen of the fruit.



Walking is cold feet and sweaty back.

Sitting is hot butt.

The ultimate foot saver is a bath tub.

But after having a baby it's hard to take a bath.

I don't blame them.

I'm too worried about drying them off before they scratch my brand new carpet, much less the walls.

I don't blame them.

Pooped pants are gross.

autumn winter by autumn



Desultory rain drops below murky cloud. The afternoon is dry just long enough for M to harvest an armful of dogwood cuttings from the garden.  
The evening is barking dogs and a chill draught.



The evening is barking dogs, singing I - C - A - N, and shouting over the soot - blackened hole in the ceiling of the church gymnasium.

All of these go away the moment the lights go on, leaving a girl standing in the middle of the darkness in nothing but white socks and a red gingham shirt.

At her feet is a stack of blank cassettes with that day's Bible lesson written on them in black magic marker, a book about nuclear physics open on the bench beside her.

A camera set up on a tripod lies in the blackness behind her, one lens focused on the floor at her feet, the other trained on her.

Her eyes stare off into the distance

autumn winter by autumn



Cloudless morning, fresh clean air. Hefty sheets of drizzle waft across  
the afternoon. Sirens mix with rain in the night and there are  
helicopters up in the cloud.



there are helicopters up in the cloud where i am.

i can see that the wind has picked up.

i wonder if they are search and rescue helicopters.

they have bright lights, and seem to be on the move.

there are people standing around who i presume are other rescuers, maybe  
a family or a friend, but they do not seem to be doing anything.



Golden sunrise, mild temperatures and clear skies. The afternoon pairs perfectly with cider and cheese. The night has a crisp edge to it - the first smell of a clean winter cold rather than autumn's sogginess.

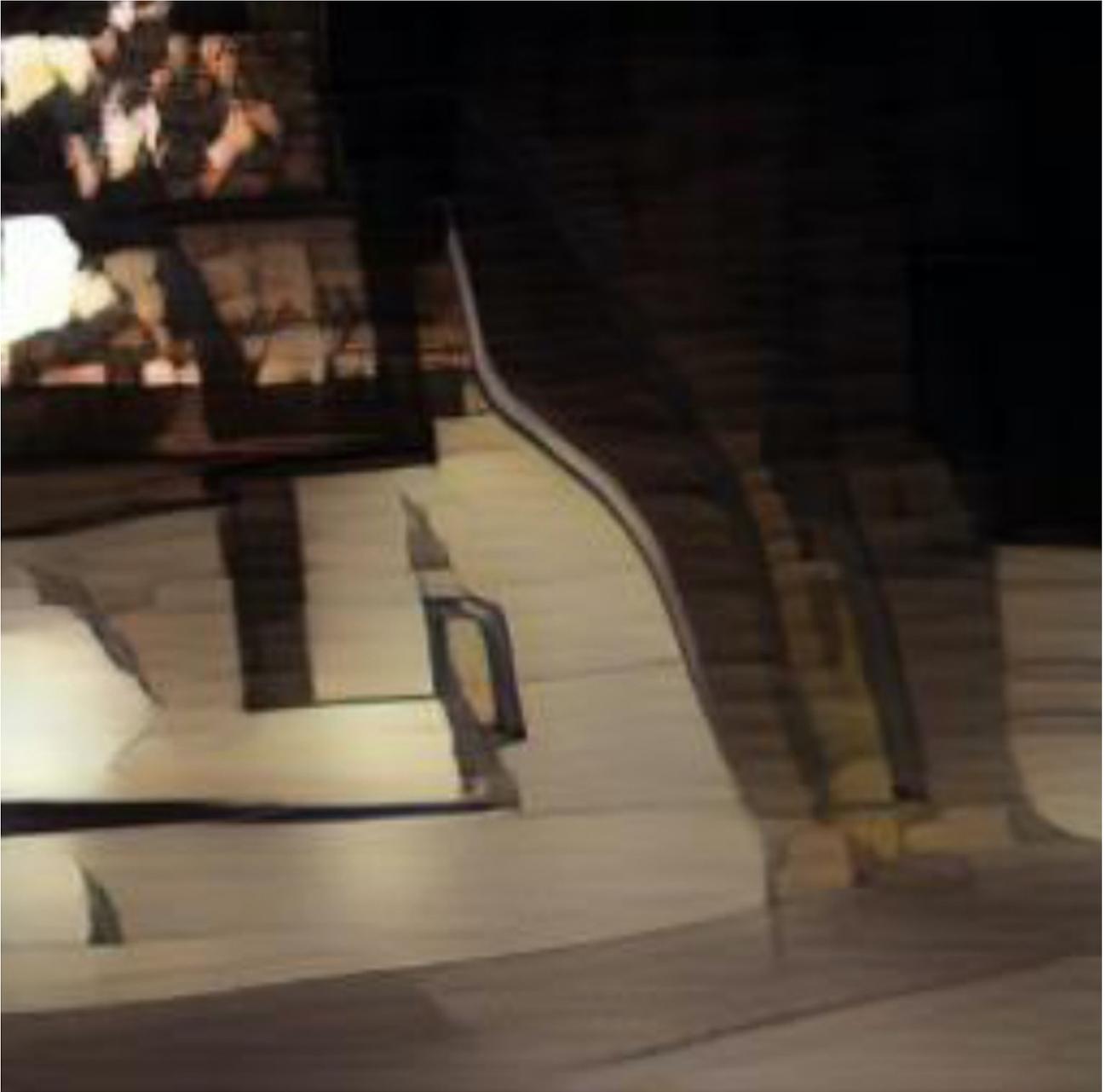


The afternoon pairs perfectly with cider and cheese.

We end up in a small house up in the mountains, covered in stringy pine -  
scented furniture and under half a dozen oil paintings of goats in the  
rain, and where you find yourself sitting at the table looking out a  
small window that overlooks a stretch of brightly colored stones.



Traffic echoes across the bay in the sullen pre-dawn light. Birdsong blends with banging doors and the squeal of poorly maintained brakes. Rain arrives before the sun and maintains the gloom until dusk. Sirens and helicopters usher in a night marked by the violent screams of small mammals.



a night marked by the violent screams of small mammals.

The giant dog saw

Vasher coming and began to charge.

It broke from the woods and ran forward, arms out, snarling.

The screaming girl was petrified-and beautiful.

Though her tears obscured most of her face, Vasher thought he could see shame, and tears dripping from her lips.

The moonlight glimmered on her skin as she cowered beneath the howling hound.

autumn winter by autumn



Rain smothers the sunrise. A pale illumination. Showers continue until dark. Most of the insects are gone now, fallen victim to the cold and the gluttony of spiders.



fallen victim to the cold and the gluttony of spiders.  
i've made it to the inside, the dead husk of what was once his body.  
i still want it.

autumn winter by autumn



Golden calm, blue sky and a light breeze that carries conversational gambits from the birds. Dry and mild all day. Rhythmic builders bang metal loudly for most of the afternoon.



Rhythmic builders bang metal loudly, incongruously beating with hands and drums, thrumming and chirping with a near-inexplicable adhan-like harmony.

Two young men improvise and play their beloved Ganesha in a rare moment of open improvisation during a concert at the temple.

After 10 p.m. the event has tapered to a simmer. Javed the night's loudest beat maker is preparing to head to bed.

The temple's priest tells Javed the temple closes at 4:30 a.m. He says he is sleepy but still curious about the traditions



Clear, cold and bright. Pigeons and roadworks. The bramble is retreating  
of its own accord, seasonal tides of growth withdrawing across the hill.



seasonal tides of growth withdrawing across the hillside, they accumulate in the space between the agoras (the main halls in ancient Athens) at the core of the acropolis.

This is where the bronze equivalent of indentations, the "optae", can be found.

A recent publication on the Athenian Optae described in a more extensive manner the process of their creation, associated with various minor disciplines in the Athenian polis, specifically the cult of the Muses.



Sunrise is slow, like honey. It spreads across rooftops and vegetation that gleam against their shady counterparts. Patchy cloud and a dry wind blows towards the sea. The magpies are angry today.



The magpies are angry today.

Tonight they think:

Sitting here on the porch, perched on the wooden rail above my head, a little to one side and a little below, and a little below, and a little below.

I mean, the magpies are mad.

They are.



Industrial clanging rings louder than church bells and with significantly less value to the community. The route to town is freshly fly tipped and broken glass glitters in the sunlight. Junkies try (unsuccessfully) to hijack our taxi whilst driving home - one running in front of the cab whilst the others hover aggressively like wasps around a bin. The driver apologises to us for stopping, we apologise to him for living in a place like this.



Junkies try (unsuccessfully) to hijack our taxi: we were going to the airport but we were stopped by an assortment of drug addicts.

A young male walked in and slumped on the front passenger seat.

I shuddered at the thought of the car being piloted by someone under the influence.

An exuberant young woman kept bumping into my left side and then calling for my attention.

She walked around the car shaking her head, flapping her arms and beckoning me to pick her up.

All the while a ring of impatient youths stood on the side of the road.



Less than warm and thick cloud. The small birds are quiet today. The gulls are loud but never visible. Remains dry with a background hum of traffic above and below the cloud.



The gulls are loud but never visible.

It is easy to see the clouds above.

All you have to do is follow the sound of the gulls' wings with your ears.

If you look down, you can see the river that we took the kayak on this morning.

They are flying up and down, out of the water, over the top, and sometimes under the water.

They are in two rows up the river, and several of the birds fly ahead of the rest of the group.

It looks as if the river is a conveyor belt.



A maritime dawn. The wind swells, carrying the gulls. There is a constant, gentle motion to the world. The sky turns grey around midday, and squalls begin to blow in from the sea becoming violent after dark.



There is a constant, gentle motion to the world around them.

Everyone must lean slightly left or right to avoid colliding with a friend or a snow bank.

Your sharp intake of breath can literally be heard around you, and only amplifies as you walk.

Every so often, a perfectly framed snowflake falls from the sky, and then the world is silent once more.

I really dislike winter.

Not because I hate snow, but because I hate all of the waiting.



The wind continues to be unfriendly. The sky distances itself, all innocent blue and white, but the tone at ground level is distinctly surly. Grey moves in for the afternoon, shepherding a gradual descent into darkness and downpour.



The wind continues to be unfriendly.

It's been so cold this week, that it's like walking outside is like doing  
a silent icebreaker.

You don't know what to say, you don't know how to start a conversation,  
and you just kind of stand there with the cold wind at your back and your  
teeth chattering.

I've started to take an extra couple steps to warm up.

But I can't leave yet.



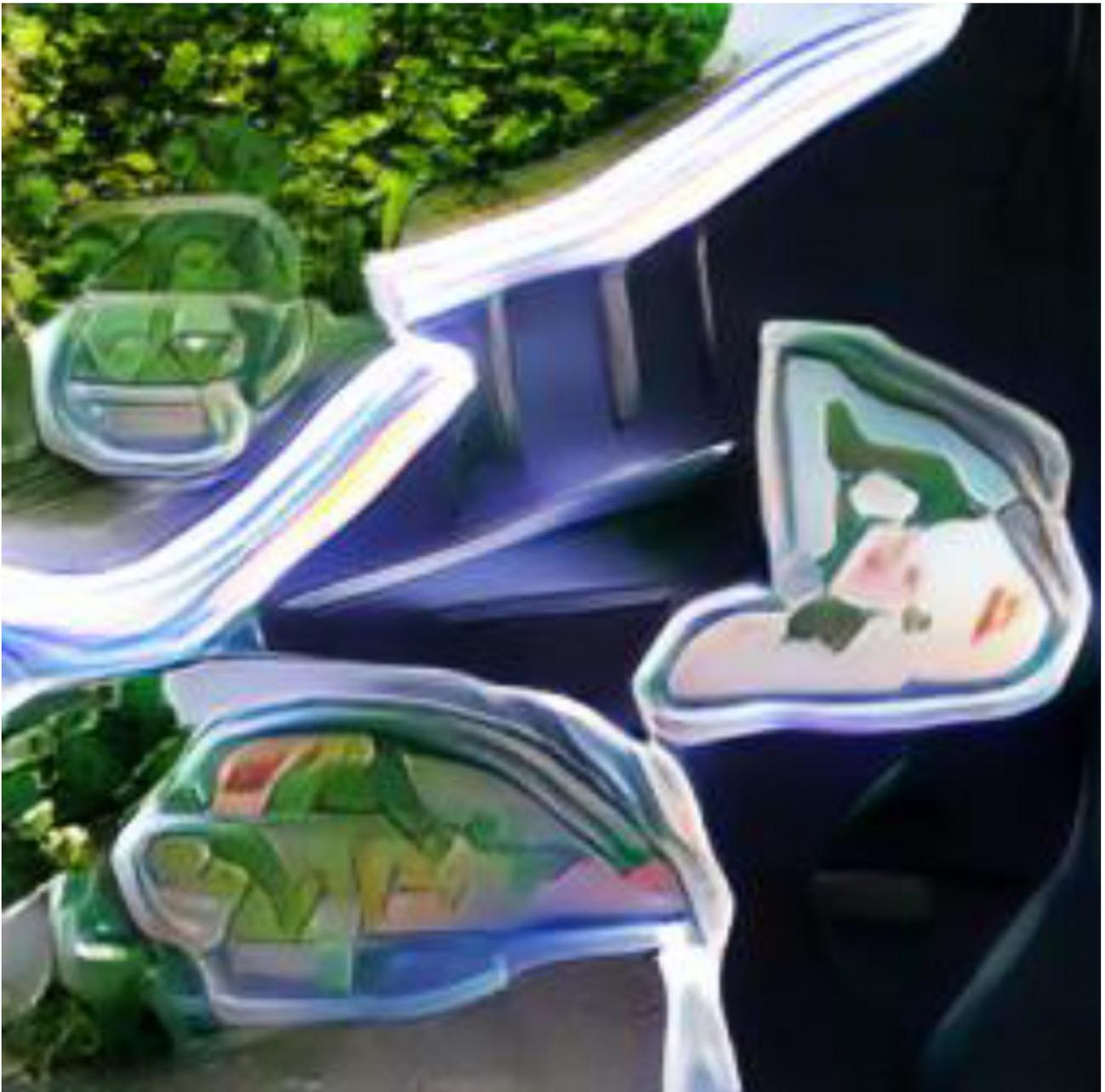
Dreary. Hard to quantify the wetness - rain, drizzle and mist combine to ensure nothing remains dry. Not a day to enjoy being outside, it is largely defined by sound - from drumming and dripping to a constant gurgle of overburdened drainage.



a constant gurgle of overburdened drainage tubes in various parts of the  
galleys.  
It was no sooner than they were within hailing distance that the Falcon's  
call was answered.  
"Abandon your attempts, Hamey!  
All your attempts!"  
Alain cried.  
"It's a bloody re-enactment, Hamey.  
In every port, they come down like jackals at sunset and drink the waters  
dry!"  
"Jesus, you speak!  
How do you call the beast of heaven, boy?"  
"I don't know!  
There's no such word!  
It's more of an animal instinct, I guess.  
Lizards, I guess."  
"Lizards!"  
autumn winter



Drier, brighter, colder. The street outside smells of car exhausts, marijuana and jazz guitar. Borage is still flowering and the salad burnet has thrived beneath the pumpkin leaves. A circling helicopter throbs above the city, ruining an otherwise peaceful night.



The street outside smells of car exhausts, marijuana and jazz guitar.  
It is three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, and the Los Angeles sun is  
beating down hard and slow on the street.

I watch a neon horse-drawn carriage go by.

Further down the block, three women with disposable cameras are  
photographing each other's exposed backsides.

They laugh, gossip and look directly at me.

They stare at me in a way that's like a security camera that flashes  
uninvited advertisements to the public.

I wonder if they can see me.

I wonder if they know I'm just a statue



Mist and indeterminate construction noise followed by rain. The afternoon is blue skies, traffic and shouting in the street. In the evening, tedious fools celebrate nothing at all by randomly letting off fireworks.



tedious fools celebrate nothing at all.

Because the minority who comes up with revolutionary ideas always take  
the piss.

Somewhere there's a collection of monks on serious training or  
meditating, and probably a share of critical theory bums, and they don't  
go round the streets chatting to people.

That sort of thing's done by idiots.



All is grey and wet. The air carries the scent of the sea and the voices of the gulls. Small birds thrum in the bushes. Rain falls steadily until near dusk, pauses for an hour or two, and then falls again more heavily into the night.



Small birds thrum in the bushes.

A doe and her fawn have made a home in the pond.

And I must go, it's my bed time.

It's Monday again.

Always seems to come round so fast.

Had a very restless night last night.

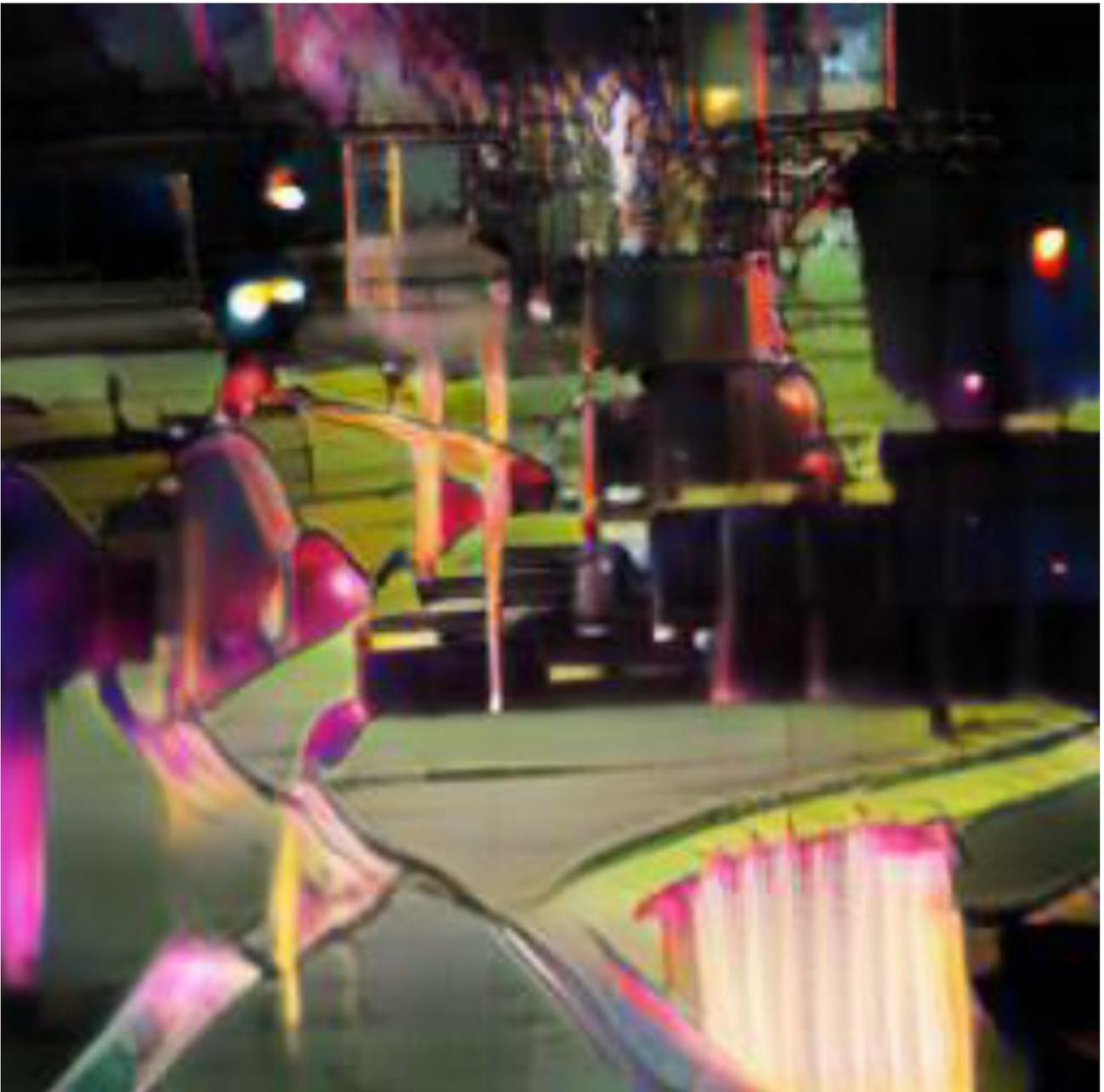
Have a bug.

Most unpleasant.

autumn winter



A thunderous morning. Rain falls from a solid mass of grey cloud, only stopping long enough to emphasise how heavy it is when it falls again. The glow from the obstruction lights atop the various cranes blends with the skyglow to ensure nothing natural remains of the night.



The glow from the obstruction lights atop the various cranes blends with the skyglow to ensure nothing natural remains of the night.

Few take notice of the hundreds of people trudging past the toxic shell of a building, their lives consumed with the race to complete the last of the small cranes necessary to finish the project.

Truck drivers, oil workers and railroad workers, many having just finished their shift and unsure of when or if they would work again, are all here.

Men, women and children walk into the rising wind and the bitter cold as they cross the vacant lot, heading toward the empty building.



Cloud banks over the sea but clear skies above. Bright sun with little warmth. The air is fresh and filled with crow calls.



The air is fresh and filled with crow calls.

The color and sound is wonderful, and I begin to relax as I look at the sights of the dirt road that I am walking.

Suddenly I hear a yell, and I see a black bird fly up over the road, and drop out of sight behind a hill.

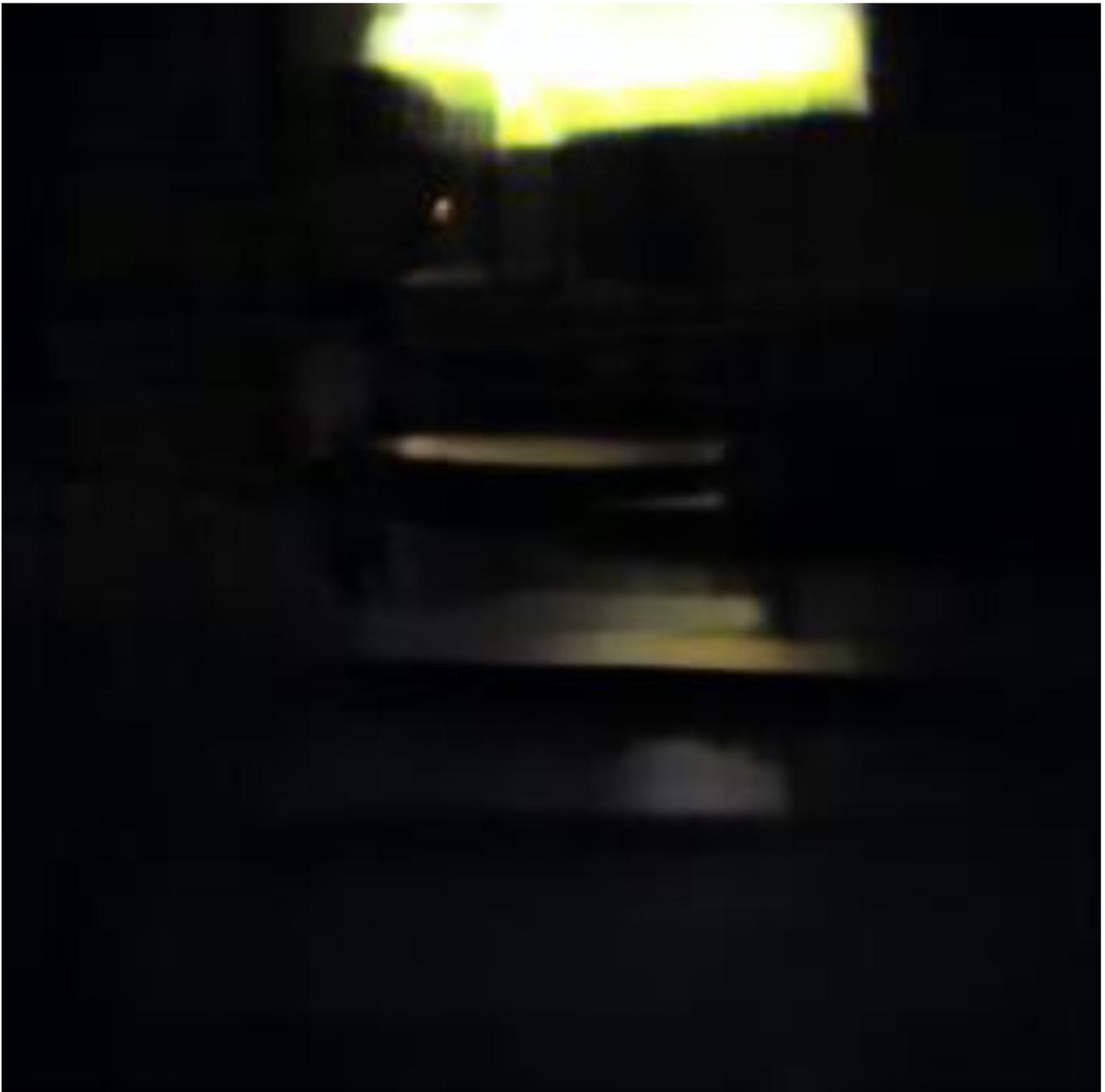
I watch intently, and then see the bird move in my direction.

I run to a spot with a bit of shade, and wait for the bird to fly in.

I am thinking that I wish that I was the black bird, because it would give me a chance to see this world up close and personal.



Copious amounts of rain and the racket of industrial machinery fills the morning. The afternoon is intermittent sun and quieter. The night is bouts of intense rain followed by sirens.



the racket of industrial machinery fills the morning.

The smell of petrol and oil combines with the scent of the nearby town of Akko to form a revolting and powerful combination.

The factories are producing lots of 'Blue Girl' detergent, fertiliser and gunpowder.

This

the images are becoming more and more grotesque.

autumn winter



Lightning flashes and rolling peals of thunder across the morning. Rain falls steadily but without aggression out of a darkening sky. The moon is brighter than the sun today.



The moon is brighter than the sun today.  
Anybody know what this means?

<http://www.nature.com/news/2012-03-03/eso1622a/index.html>

We're still adjusting to not being in contact with a central hub.  
The hub behind us went down sometime in the last few days, we're just not  
sure when.

The birds and animals around us are calling.

The dogs are restless, going nuts to run and run.

We're hoping it gets better soon and we get a chance to really connect  
with our neighbours.



Gulls, cars and rain. The wind bullies the hill, pushing it around for no good reason. The night is cloud and distant white noise that could be the ocean if it weren't for the motorway.



The wind bullies the hill, pushing it around for no good reason.  
It's just stupid wind.

Today it wasn't windy at all.

I think it rained and / or hailed all night and that was a damper on the  
dog walkers and joggers, since they don't like to work with a wet butt.



Light rain falls from heavy mist. The crows are the only ones talking. An empty day; grey fades to black amidst dribble and splash. The night is hostile.



grey fades to black amidst dribble and splash  
coughs to self.

Adventures all seem useless and overdue

tears climb

onto her cheeks

she totters to bed

\*

It is a strange and dismal fate to be in love with someone whose very  
name you cannot pronounce or spell, yet who knows all your secrets.

autumn winter by winter



The day is ragged and wild. Gust-driven waves of rain break across the hill. The trees, battered and stripped, are shrunken. It should be a full moon but the cloud will not allow it.



The trees, battered and stripped, are shrunken.  
Even our lawns are stunted.

The gardens that bloomed early and summer long with lilies and azaleas  
and dogwoods and shrubs are shrivelled and brown.

We live in shades of brown.

The days are mostly cool and damp.

The air that comes into our living room and surrounds us at night smells  
like wet

autumn winter by winter



A fragile peace after days of violent storm. There are acorn cups on the ground though there are no oak trees nearby. Rain falls through the afternoon to the dreary accompaniment of cars.



There are acorn cups on the ground though there are no oak trees nearby.  
Whatever.

The picture should get you in the mood.

I've had it a while and it shows what little wild life there is up there  
for a large city girl like me to find.



Brilliant sun and blue skies and still the rain comes. Each shower falling with a greater intensity than the one before, overlapping with the sun for dramatic effect. The waning gibbous moon casts long shadows.



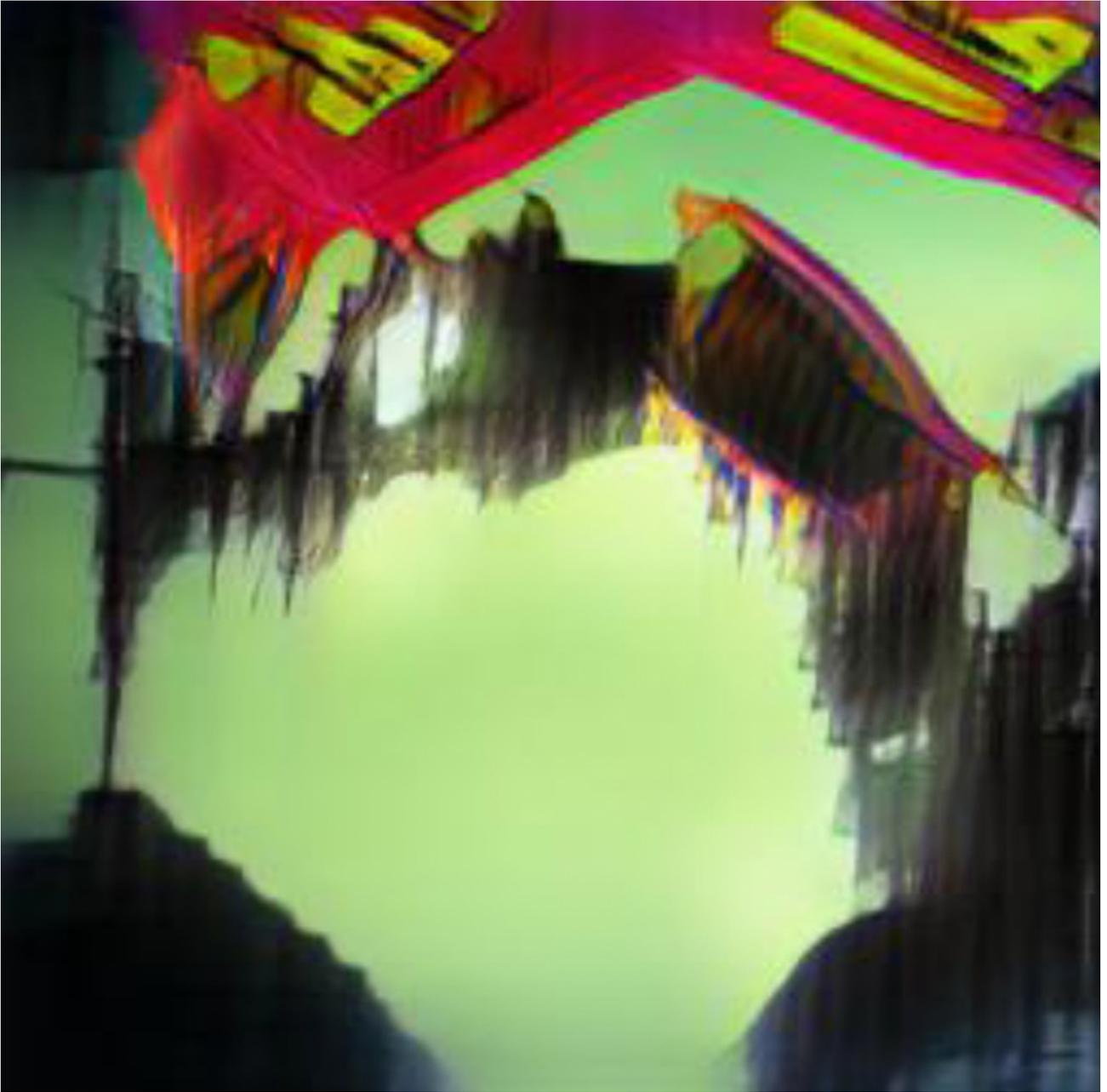
The waning gibbous moon casts long shadows.  
A light mist lies on the glade where the sisters sleep.

They rise, dressed in white, and walk quietly into the forest.

They wander from patch of sunlit ground to patch of sunlit ground, each  
step a somber and silent one, pausing to close the eyes of the boys they  
find on their beds.



A cloudless cerulean sky tarnished by a frigid wind that carries the ugly lilt of sirens from the city below. The first day without rain in a long time. Invasive low flying helicopters and disjointed, joyless fireworks blight the darkness.



disjointed, joyless fireworks blight the darkness  
we were meant to feel.  
They create artificial panic  
and near riot  
after having been either  
exhorted or summoned.  
The unnatural monsters we were meant to fear  
are on full display.  
The fetid grayness  
that entombs all night;  
the violence that sparks but doesn't burn as brightly as it could.



An industrious morning of chugging engines and swaggering men who mistake volume for wit. The sun still holds a little warmth and the crows are laidback. The night is cold but dry and booms occasionally as yet more fireworks are detonated in haphazard fashion.



swaggering men who mistake volume for wit

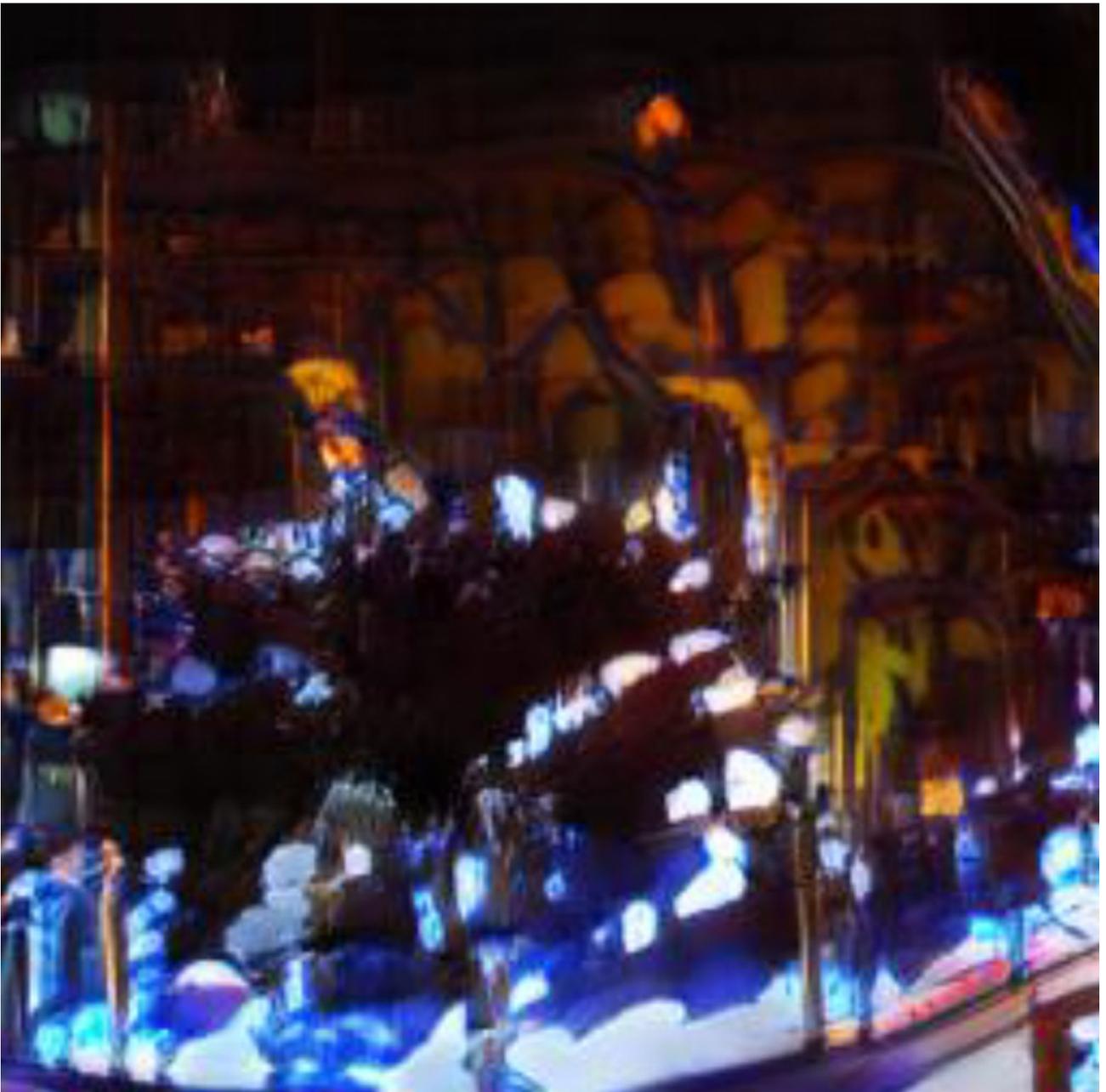
And suddenly, it struck me how this kind of simple, gratuitous act of violence is a very modern problem. I realise that for many people, getting hit on in the park probably seems like a rite of passage. For others, it's a huge annoyance, a nightmare they have to put up with every time they go to the park. And for many others, it's just a way of life and nothing will change that. But it needs to change. This is a New York City problem. It needs to change.

And it needs to happen now.

So please, New Yorkers. Keep the park safe. Keep your personal space safe. And for goodness sake, men, stop



Squint inducing light from above and reflected below. The walk into town is dead leaves and broken glass. Plants grow from most of the drains, looking healthier than the municipal beds that lie, forlorn, in a sea of asphalt and litter. A local landmark that has stood for almost a hundred years goes up in flames to mark the stupidity of selling fireworks to the general public.



The walk into town is dead leaves and broken glass  
Places where a crazy lady hung herself

I hear all the time that I should write a book.

You should write a book.

autumn winter by winter



The morning is pure blue and peaceful. Winter is close, and you can feel it in the air. Draughts flow like streams through the mildly decrepit house. The evening is disturbed again by the antisocial crack and rumble of cheap explosives.



Draughts flow like streams through the mildly decrepit house.  
They are in the form of an unfixed curve, and flow in endless curves, in  
any direction.

They are never regulated, however, by rules and conventions; a drawing or  
a painting is an act of faith.

All I know is that the paintings and drawings in there are beautiful,  
mysterious, moving, alarming, joyous, and strangely tactile.

There is no use trying to describe them, or thinking about them in any  
way other than in terms of what they contain.



Sirens shortly after sunrise. A pale half-moon sits above the hill late into the morning. Cloud moves in but the day remains dry. Half-wits and their half-arsed fireworks mingle with sirens to soundtrack the evening.



Half-wits and their half-arsed fireworks mingle with sirens  
In the air, explosions grow and flame licks the  
unexpected faces of the pigeons.

I wander idly on, wondering where I can get a decent  
tea and pretending I'm listening to a passing jazz band  
from a distance.

autumn winter by winter



Nocturnal rain brings a warmer morning and the smell of decaying  
vegetation. Gulls, dogs and distant traffic under unbroken cloud. A  
neighbour jet-washes his car between showers. Later, the cloud descends  
into a thick mist.



Gulls, dogs and distant traffic under unbroken cloud.

I feel powerful.

I feel free.

I feel almost indifferent.

My heart is overjoyed.

autumn winter by winter



Sunrise is dirty and damp, but the day is largely dry. Climbed a big hill in search of a cave referenced in a poem but unmarked on maps. Gathered gorse flowers and looked down on the birds. The rain hammers the ground after dark.

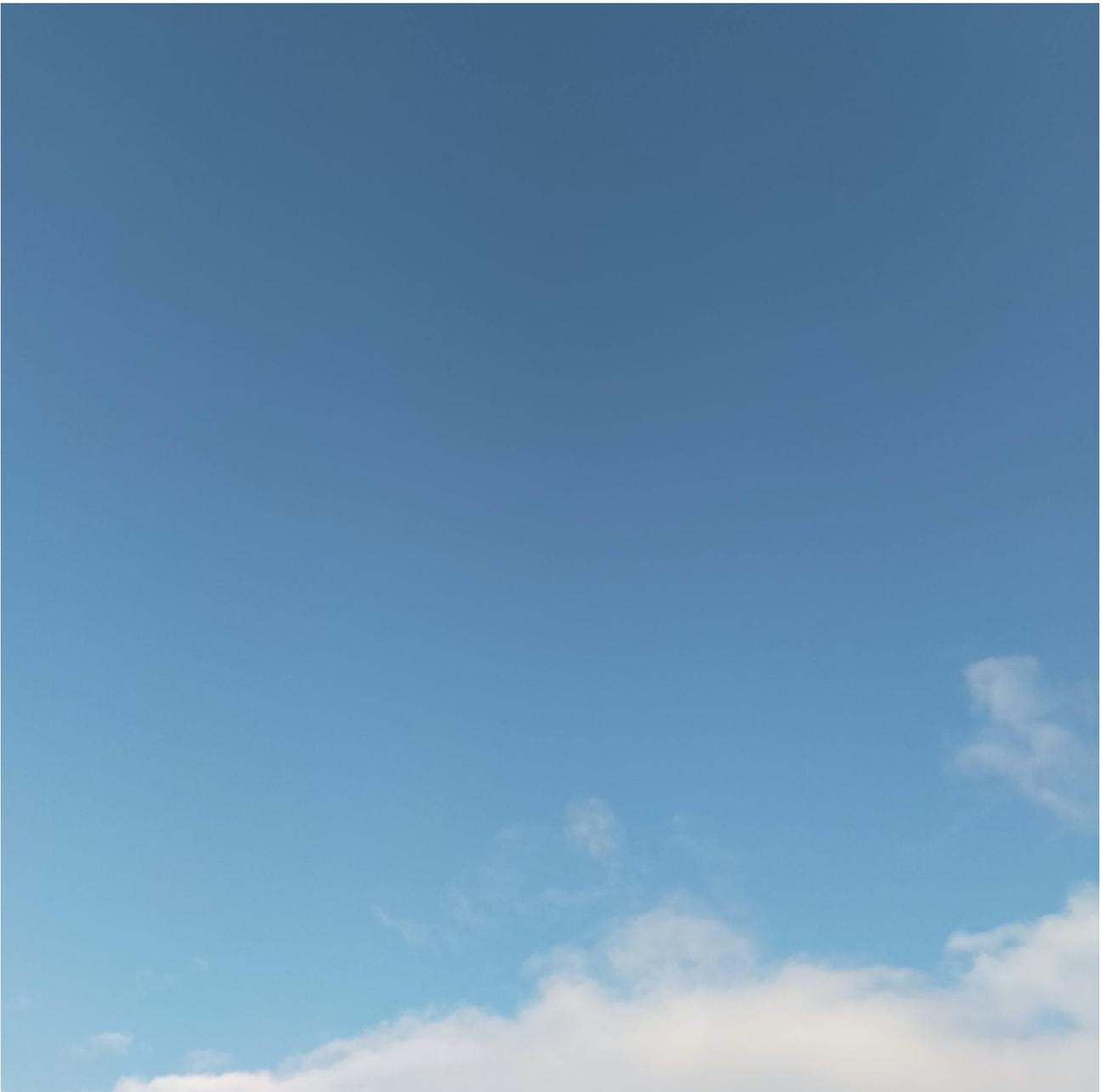


Climbed a big hill in search of a cave referenced in a poem from Wallace Stevens' "A Dream Play".

Found it.

Knew I was in the right place when the old girl asked "What do you want?"

I looked her right in the eye and said "A cave".



A mosaic sky. Rain at the front of the house, clear blue at the back. Showers end before they have begun as the sun breaks the cloud. Cold.



A mosaic sky.

It was too early for the noonday sun.

I didn't realize how long I had been staring at the shining blue.

The world stopped as I stood transfixed.

A low wail, unlike anything I had heard before, cut through the silence.

"Lunch."



Breaking from tradition, a local dullard sets off fireworks at around 9 in the morning which upsets the gulls. A rough wind blows from the sea under a threatening sky. Wet and stormy by dark.



a local dullard sets off fireworks at around 9 in the morning which upsets the gulls; this leaves them lying around listlessly and defecating into the sky...

other gulls scatter in all directions, and even another bird, an ibis, a god-awful crested bastard from the Humid North Sea, gets blown away; it collapses and dies and the birds, and I mean it, realize they've been had.



A promising sunrise amounts to nothing. Blue skies are rapidly covered by grey and the day is cold and windy. Enough rain falls to ensure the ground stays wet. The night is sirens and bluster.



The night is sirens and bluster.

It's hell coming down the pike and Rylee hates it.

Her mother runs a tight ship - structured, orderly, the chaos outside a  
comforting patina.

One of the secrets to her success.

But Rylee knows things are getting dangerously worse in their small town.

It's becoming the new normal



The garrulous babble of small birds is overwhelmed by engines. The drilling and grinding of builders rises and falls over a constant thrum of idling cars until nothing of beauty remains. Rain falls and the light fades to grey, and then later to black. Old ladies and dogs bark in the street.



Old ladies and dogs bark in the street at me, and the shop windows are covered with what seem to be riot signs.

I eat a sandwich while I read the paper.

Gym kids are killing themselves to save the polar bear.

The Pacific islands are already vanishing.

This little patch of beach is probably the most attractive part of the world now.



A night of sirens and strong winds leads to a morning of sirens and strong winds. The gulls sound playful and the bushes are alive with jabbering birds. The afternoon is torrential rain and glooming light.



The gulls sound playful and the bushes are alive with the chirping of  
small birds and the occasional stray crow.  
They land and laugh and play and seem to take great joy in the presence  
of the wolves.

They dance on the branches and sing songs of joy.  
Each wolf dances and sings, saying their own private words, but the calls  
of the other wolves reach their ears as well.

The wolf watches the birds and children dance and enjoys the party.

They are there for a reason.

Their lesson awaits them.

And when the lesson is over, they will never forget it.



Golden light smothered by grey. Wind chill amplifies the unpleasantness of the rain. Apocalyptic showers force people into shelter. Later, the sun returns as if nothing were amiss.



Golden light smothered by grey sky.

Smoke rose into the air from somewhere.

He looked around him and realised he was still in that dark house.

The cupboard.

Sitting on his knees he tried to see in the darkness.

It was as though someone had covered it with a black cloth.

He felt the wall with his hands and the heat of the wood was searing his fingertips.

He pulled at the cloth, he didn't want to leave but he knew he had to.

He'd survived these things before.



Early thick cloud breaks up over the sea but does not disperse. A muddied mix of blue, white and grey looms over the bay as magpies keep watch from vestigial terraced chimney stacks. Drizzle at lunch becomes solid rain by nightfall.



magpies keep watch from vestigial terraced chimney stacks, totally  
untended

bubble houses made out of plywood and plastic sheeting

fences, cut down and allowed to grow back as wild grass, willows and more  
trees

and a better balance between commerce and wild space.

winter autumn winter



Rain. A lot of it. Doesn't stop the builders' pile drivers from echoing across the city. The day continues to be unrepentantly wet, as does the night.



The day continues to be unrepentantly wet, as does the night.

In some places it is almost biblical, lashing the area with ferocious rain, wild winds and driving snow.

It feels like *The Day of the Triffids*, the film where everyone turns into plants after being bitten by a radioactive plant.

When I opened my eyes this morning I thought my window was open, but it was the wind rattling it.

So it is a case of hide or go under.

I am going under.



Sirens and rain. A faintly brighter shade of grey serves to distinguish the sky from the ground in most places, though the tops of the hills are firmly part of the sky today. No sun to speak of but glimpses of blue sky in the late afternoon. Sirens in the night.



Sirens and rain.

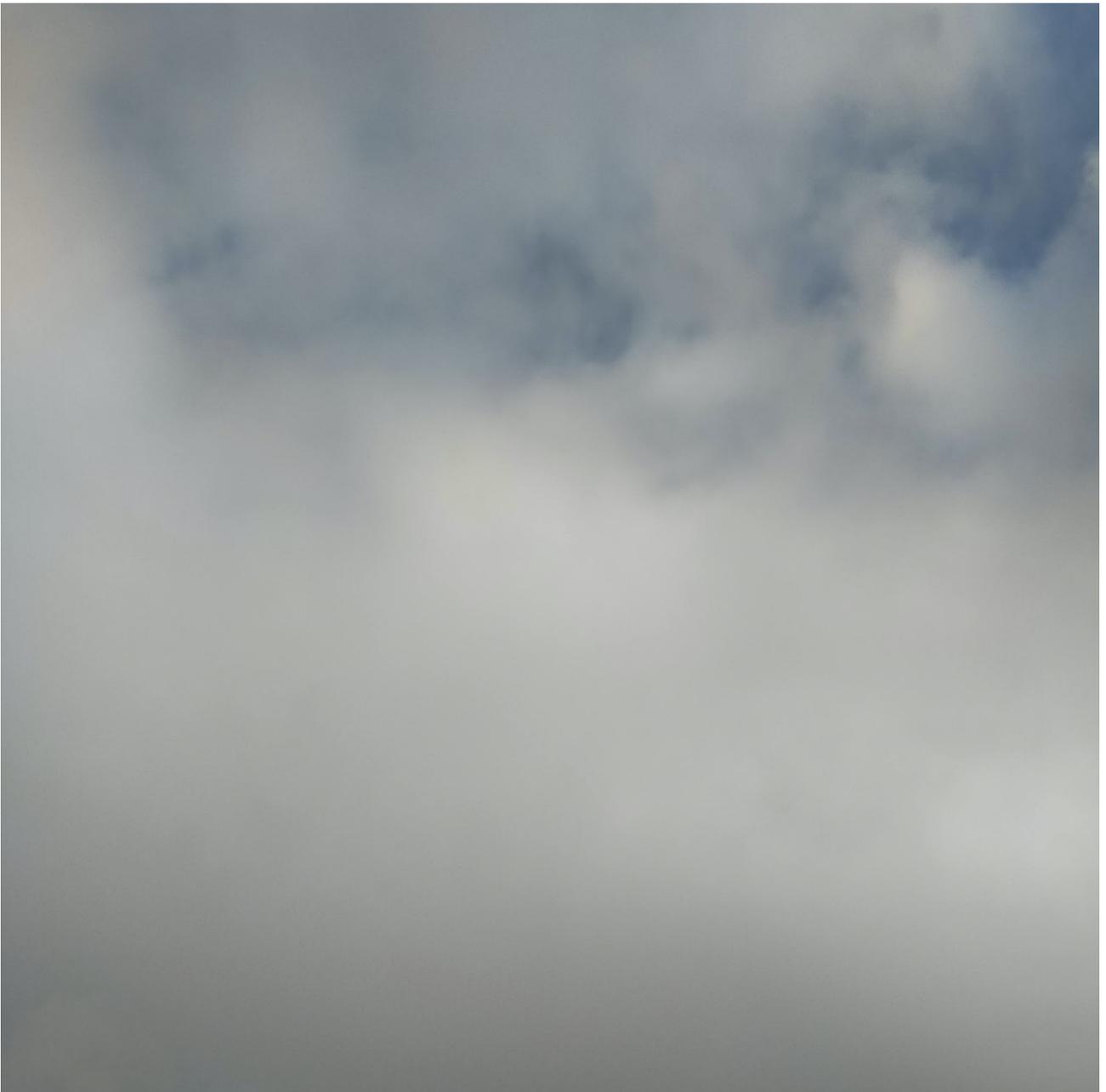
It was so dark.

I wanted to get out of the car, but I knew that was a bad idea.  
I lay there motionless, holding on to my baby, gripping her tiny ankles  
with my hands, clutching my stomach with my other arm.

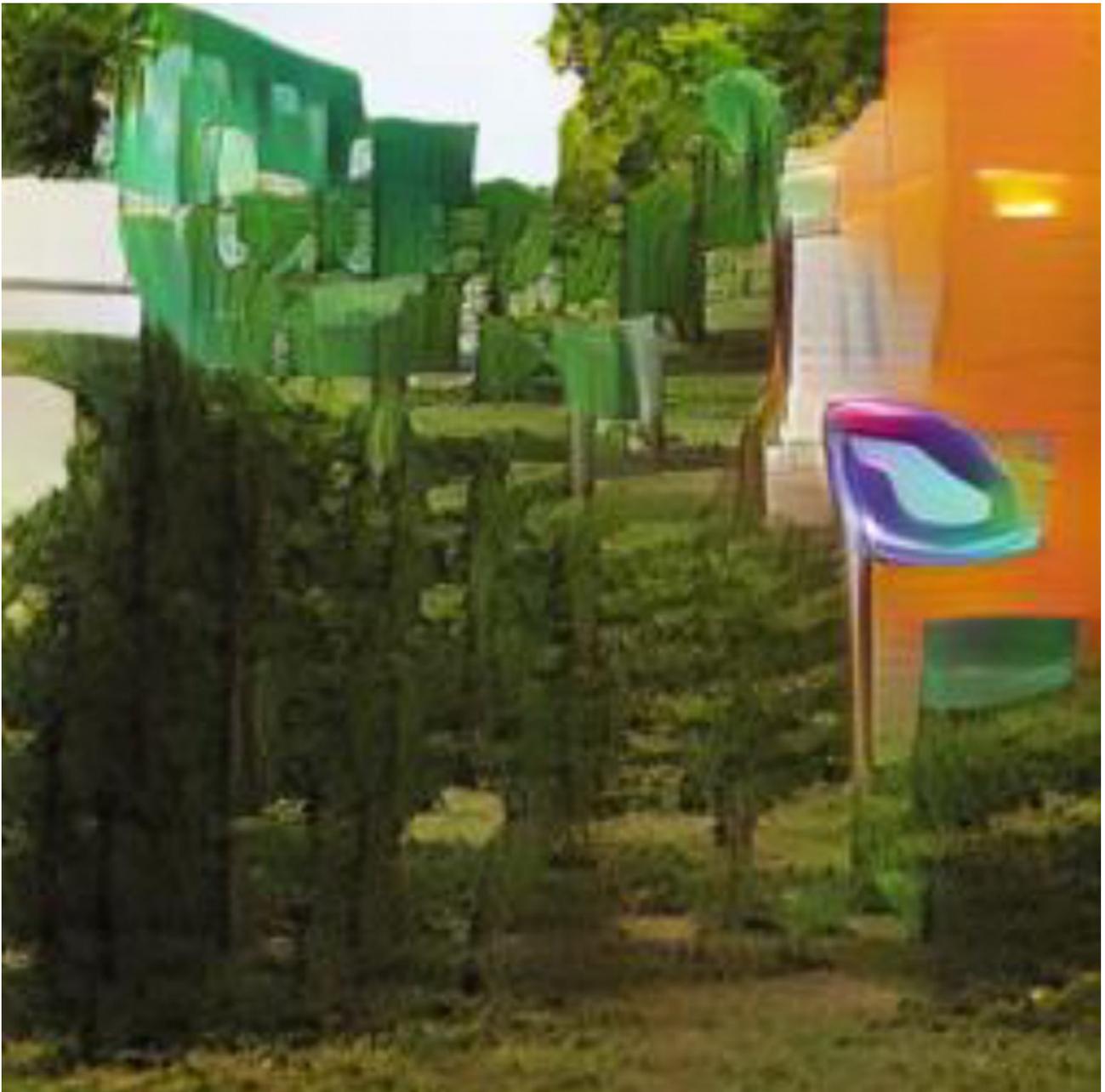
I was trying to calm myself, to stop shaking, but I couldn't.  
I was scared and alone and without an answer, something that I  
desperately needed.

They're just men, I reminded myself.

It's not like they're going to hurt you.



Dry but cold. A late planted potted pak choi flowers, a brilliant yellow that seems out of place this far along the seasonal decline into drab tones.



the seasonal decline into drab tones

thoughts

With something like 12 months for 2015 being how far into 2015 I am, I would expect to see greater annual declines than I see currently. It is my belief that it will likely be true with the above observation for many years to come, as a single annual core removal event is happening in my area.

I do not believe that I am the only person who sees this.

winter autumn winter



The sky dribbles water freely and without care. There is no sun.  
Unfathomable ashen depths. There is more water in the air than air.



Unfathomable ashen depths.

Severe and irrational depression.

All consuming malaise.

Lethargy.

Then there are days that I think, yes, you are sick.

And those I simply must fight.

The procrastination.

The lethargy.

winter by autumn



A morning of drizzle. An afternoon of drizzle. An evening of drizzle. It  
rained in the night.



An afternoon of drizzle.

A lazy afternoon of reading or watching the children play while snuggled up under an afghan and drinking tea.

And he reminded me to think about those things which are green and growing.

Those green things are gifts, a reminder that summer will come again, and this time it will be longer and warmer.

There are still signs of the season's beauty here, most notably a mockingbird that has built a nest in a wreath on the back porch.



The sun carries vestigial traces of warmth, serving as nothing more than a counterpoint to enhance the chill air. Blue skies and guttural gulls. The drone of a small engined plane overhead imposes itself repeatedly.



The drone of a small engined plane overhead imposes itself repeatedly.  
A yellow butterfly lays on a mound of brown leaves, fluttered and then  
quietly dozing.

The spot where he plans to plant his next tree is becoming more defined.

The sugar maples, so green and good last year, look more like leather  
this year, dark and slow to mature, even with the thick layer of earth.

At the end of September, the yard work was over.

He was an old man, pushing eighty-two years.

He stood in the bedroom doorway and looked out over the back yard.



Warm light dims as rain begins again. Black skies to the north, blue to the south. Sirens. The night is dark and blustery.



Black skies to the north, blue to the south, clouds everywhere.  
It was raining, though, the kind of winter rain that falls from skies so  
heavy it could flood the ground if it came down in buckets.

I never quite know what to do with weather.

It's one thing to know it will be hot, or cold.

It's another to say, okay, summer's here.

It's not that I don't know how to feel about weather.

I do.

I know what to expect.

I like to think I know a little more than most about what's going to  
happen, although I don't always end up exactly right



A fresh, still morning. A mishmash of clouds and birds in every direction. Sirens, helicopters and drizzle drag the afternoon down and the night isn't much better.



A mishmash of clouds and birds in every direction.  
He wished for a less stylized version of this final image and stared in frustration at the young lady.

"Anywhere?" he prompted.

He studied the woman but couldn't fathom what she was looking for, or what more she would be offering.

He smiled and nodded.

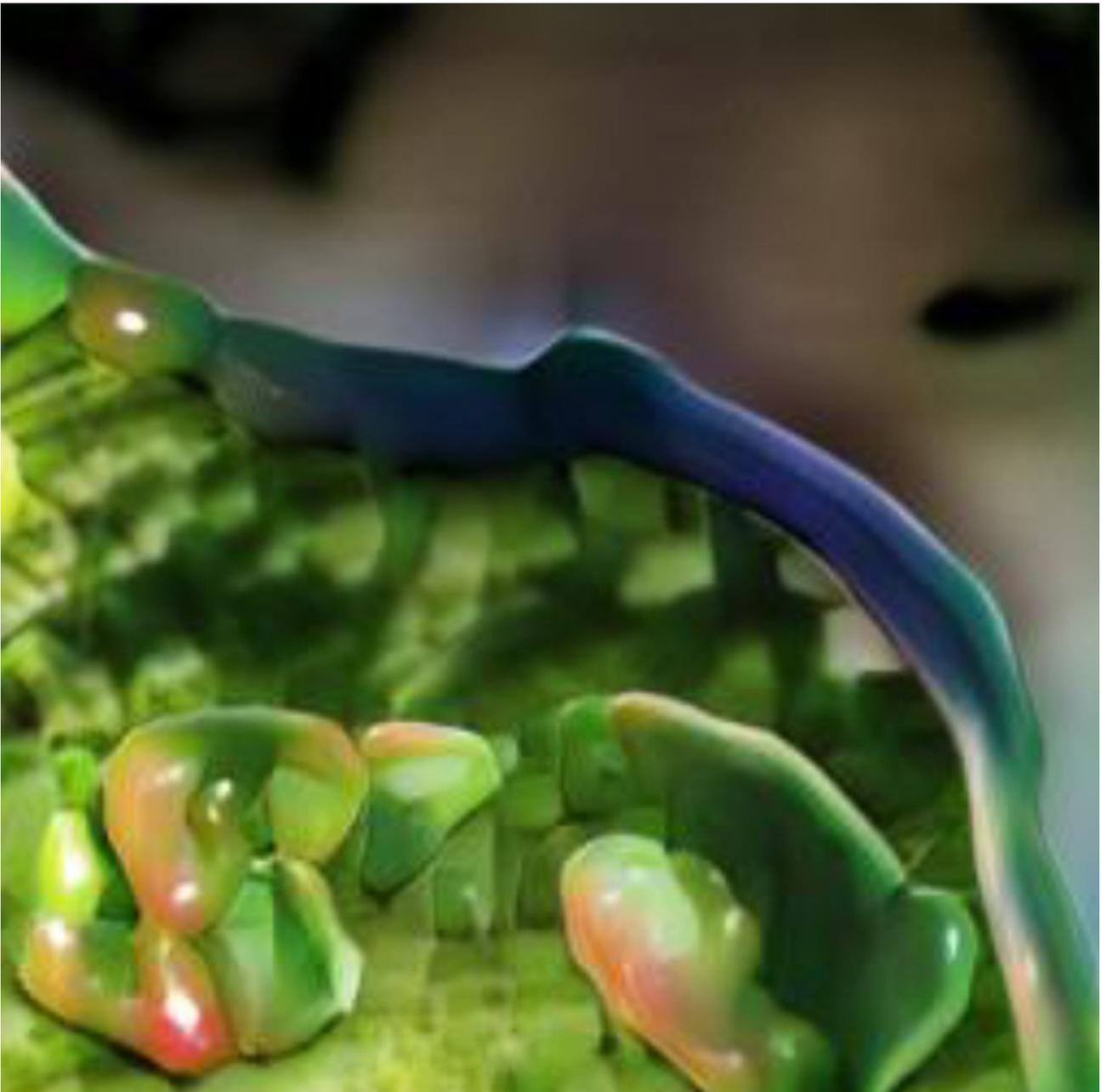
"Anywhere you'd like to go," he said.

"I hope this won't take too long."

"No, it's fine," he lied.



Gulls against a background white noise of traffic. Dry and sunny enough to spend a bit of time rummaging in the garden. Three small green tomatoes have appeared unexpectedly, and the borage continues to flower.



Gulls against a background white noise of traffic.

A short run.

A short sleep.

I got up, had a shower, and felt a little better.

Did some reading.

After I'd gone back to bed, I heard the rain against the window.

And then there were the dogs.

They snuffled and barked and coughed and sniffed and snuffled and barked.

winter by autumn



Golden light and far away sirens - the distance robs them of their urgency, instead conjuring a sense of comfortable familiarity - they are as much as part of the bay as the gulls. Day and night are dry, clear and cold. Star-shine and the moon throws deep, crisp shadows.



Star-shine and the moon throws deep, crisp shadows.

Gloomy moonlight.

Crisp shadows.

A blast of starlight.

Deep shadows.

A string of brilliant flashes.

A storm of light.

A blast of darkness.

Stars?

The darkness.

I think.

That's what happened.

There was nothing there when I blinked, it was just a bunch of stars.  
I am lying here, with that same heavy, numb, numb feeling, staring into  
the bleak darkness.



Dirty green light and early metallic banging outside. Sunny later but no warmer. Arrhythmical interludes of banging punctuate the air until evening. Bright moon through gauze of cloud.



Arrhythmical interludes of banging punctuate the air as the harp takes you through an entire verse.

But that's not all.

A trumpet solo comes in.

There is a propulsive main tune played by the piano and a bunch of little motifs that segue from one to the other.

Bangs and pings, saws and whines, all of them contributing to the slow tension building and release of the harp sound.



Rain and sirens before sunrise. The light is algal and the gulls, brassy.  
The day is mostly dry and gusty. A mild night and the moon is almost  
full.



The light is algal and the gulls, brassy.  
She flies like a swan.  
She sits on the seabed, forgetting.  
The wind swallows her words.  
The heart moves as if in a great boiling mass.  
The sound of water.  
Slowly it subsides.  
Sinking.  
A blackness at the point of contact.

From the energy of that where - there - should - be - nothing comes  
blackness.

Where - there - should - be - nothing becomes where - there - is - now.



A warm sun mists the hill, cold steam rising from wet ground to murky haze around the broken glass and brambles. Gobby birds and dirty cats.



Gobby birds and dirty cats.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs.

It was still late, the barely seen light in the hallway, when we entered the kitchen.

A glass of wine was on the kitchen table, another on the stove. I poured myself a glass of wine, took a sip and sat down at the table. "A few days ago, after you left the party, that problem started to get out of hand." He stated.

"I wondered, but I put it down to old age and laziness."

"Yeah?" he said, his voice half amused, half jealous.



The air is grey, wet and occasionally chirruped. Spider webs hold substantial canopies of droplets. Gulls call high above the solid cloud.



Spider webs hold substantial canopies of droplets.

The droplets consist of droplets of liquid in a matrix of larger droplets, a condition known as supersaturation, where the larger droplets or fluid particles are "superposed" upon a smaller fluid particles, causing them to collapse, coalesce, or become immobilised, becoming cloud droplets.



The constant pollution rising from the distant steelworks produces a dramatic sunrise. The air is damp chill and town is morally suspect - loud coughing, hunched shoulders and unfriendly looks. The moon is full.



The air is damp chill and town is morally suspect.  
He has to catch a ferry at Port Kai to reach his destination.  
He has no idea why he's doing this but it's a need to release his past.  
"Do you really expect me to answer that?"  
His jaw tightens and he remembers the events of that night.  
The mix of ice and fire.  
Licking and biting his flesh.  
Wondering who the hell would do such a thing.  
"Why does it matter?"  
It's just a cat."



Overcast but dry and not too cold. Spent the afternoon and evening with a fire in the garden. Drank whiskey and roasted chestnuts with M. Dark by 5, but a bright moon.



Spent the afternoon and evening with a fire in the garden.

Its a gory grey outside but the sun is shining.

Although its not much fun with the wind.

Got a lovely cup of tea from one of the neighbours.

She must have seen me working in the garden yesterday and had a cup waiting for me when I came in.



The order of sounds this morning: gulls, sirens, banging car doors and engines, heavy rain. The rain is the loudest and goes almost until dark.  
The night is dry and heavily clouded.



The order of sounds this morning: gulls, sirens, banging car doors and engines, heavy rain, cars on the road, lots of white noise.

This weekend there will be many more.

This morning is on the wind.

It's Saturday, quiet time at our house.

Lovely.

I have a workout to get through, then a quick shower.

I still have that voice talking to me



Warm light but icy air. Early walk through a conifer plantation where the only thing still looking alive was the moss. Some light drizzle midmorning but otherwise dry.



Early walk through a conifer plantation where the only thing still  
looking alive was the moss.

The dark grey skies matched my mood quite well.

As we walked on, light rain began to fall.

I don't mind rain so much, but I don't do well in the dark.

As we entered a wide area with trees and nothing but dense fog, my heart  
began to sink.



The city wakes slowly from a restive night. The wind is as loud as the gulls before sunrise. Everything is dirty and grey and tumbled. The night is clear with many stars.



The wind is as loud as the gulls before sunrise.

Gently at first, building to a crescendo, to beat the birds.  
They are always there, the gulls, and the wind, and the fog, and the  
dark.

They never stop, and always last.

Even when it's time for me to rise, the sun is not ready to break the  
sky.



Clear, blue day with a gentle breeze. A large, pale moon sits above the trees mid-morning and there is snow on the horizontal hilltops.



A large, pale moon sits above the trees mid-morning. The wind is mild and gentle, except for occasional gusts. A soft glow seeps through the trees. Somewhere nearby, the smell of wood smoke is heavy.

You sit on your porch with a mug of coffee and your dogs by your side. The insects have begun their slow trickle. Birds sing their songs in the shrubbery.

Even with the sound of human activity nearby, you are a half mile away from the highway and a few miles from the nearest store.

The wind blows through your hair. The leaves rustle and swirl.



Building works and pigeons. There are aeroplanes behind the clouds. The day is overcast and cold and a bit windy. The night is frigid.



Building works and pigeons.

I really need to start winding this place down.

I was up till 1am last night and it's 2pm.

I need a life.

Tomorrow I am off work because I have no life to have off work.

The day flies by.

Just like my life.

winter



Blue and white and wintery. Frost sits in sun shunned corners late into the morning. The clouds make interesting shapes and the pigeons prefer to walk rather than fly today. A little rain around dark.



the pigeons prefer to walk rather than fly today but the time will come  
and i will teach them to fly.

our job is to keep them safe while they are learning to fly.

the teenagers were doing their ballet classes in the recreation centre.

the wee ones and i were standing in the lobby watching them



Cold, grey ripples of cloud. Exchanged pleasantries with two early rising drunks on the way into town. Ambled past empty shops and building sites. Later, the rain returned and the world became bleak. Windows rattled by nocturnal wind.



Exchanged pleasantries with two early rising drunks on the way into town this morning and was entertained for the last 20 minutes or so by a rather love - sick, slow - witted chap, earnestly talking about the ill - fated attempt on King George II's life.

Not much luck there.

And I heard someone had been shot at once in the main square.

Something to be quite thankful for, I reckon.

Biggest calamity of the day was a sign saying there was no cash machines here.



Damp, cold and still. The undergrowth shivers and the gulls are the only ones enjoying themselves. Heavier rain after dark is mitigated by friendly visitors bearing sweet things and homemade spirits.



The undergrowth shivers and the gulls are the only ones enjoying themselves.

Again I try to speak to them but they don't respond.

My lungs scream for oxygen as I try to trudge on.

It is my first true day of recovery, and all I've managed to do is wade into the bloody mud.

Throbbing with anger, I turn around.



Early rain coats the hill in a thick layer of wet. Swollen drops roll off leaves that have seen better days. Gulls the size of small dogs scatter rubbish across the street from fly-tipped bags.



Swollen drops roll off leaves that have seen better days. There are leaves with knots and an irregular shape where a branch must have been sheared.

One of the best known hills, crowned with pine trees, is named The No-Good (Ksenkovo) Hill (100 m above sea level) after a peasant named Ksenko who went to meet a bandit and got murdered on his way back.



Warm light and cold air. Over-revved engines driving too fast on a residential street. The magpies and I are the only ones bothered.



Over-revved engines driving too fast on a residential street. Burglaries of unlocked cars. Driveway thefts. A dog left in a running car.

What do those crimes have in common?

They are crimes of opportunity.





Dry land is a misnomer.

It is really more like a wasteland.

It is surrounded by water in most directions, making it useless for food growing and for cattle grazing.

Yet we keep planting it.

winter by spring



White noise roar on the rooftops. Rain tries to break in through brute force. It ends with a single sustained crash of thunder. An encore denied by emergent sun. The remains of the day are jumbled and unruly.



Rain tries to break in through brute force but the vines hold firm.

Kneeling in front of the broken doorway he calls out to the group.

"I don't think we can wait much longer.

The weeds are reaching the gate and a flower on the gate posts is dried up.

"We need to do something soon or we're all going to die from thirst."



Jet-engined rumble flying low. The noise rolls around the bay and back,  
intimidating the birds. The day is damp but fresh. The wind is cold.



Jet-engined rumble flying low in the sky from the distance.

She's definitely heard it.

"You okay?" I ask.

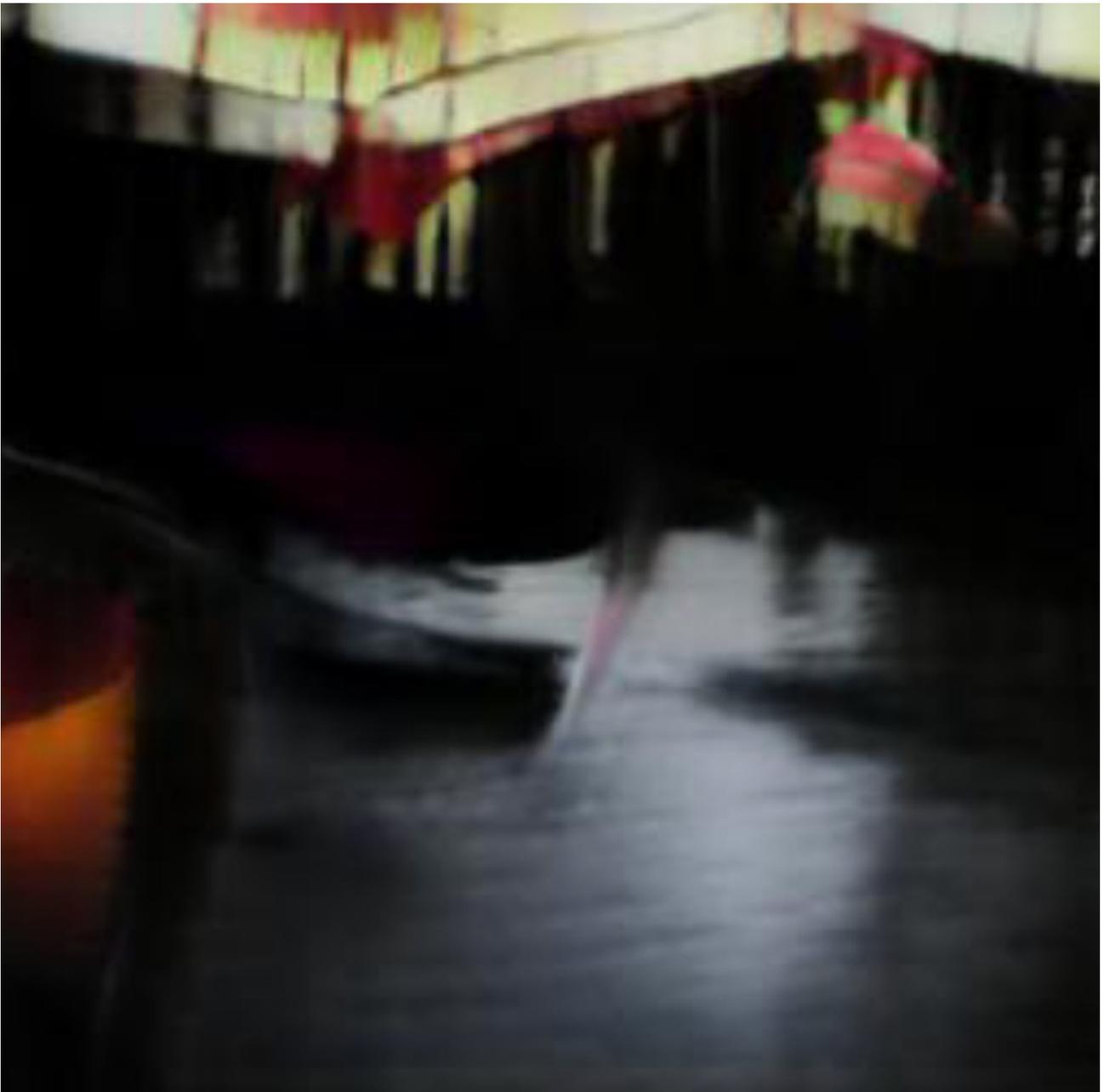
She sits up and wipes the tears from her eyes.

"Yeah."

We check the controls again, and there's nothing wrong with them.



Pushy winds and sirens before dawn. The morning rain is callous, falling as it does without any thought for anyone else. The afternoon's rain is worse. There is no rain left in the sky by nightfall.



The morning rain is callous, falling as it does without any thought for anyone else.

The rain speaks for itself: It always rains when we're not paying attention.

The clouds don't even care if we listen.

They keep on falling, spilling their rain into the ground, the sidewalk, my shoes.

Who knows how many times I have felt a sprinkle on my face while I was busy staring at the screen, intently awaiting a positive sign on my pregnancy test?

Or while I was making my bed, or changing the sheets on my bed, or doing dishes.

The water washes everything away, leaving nothing but murky, dreary drudgery.

And I watch it all go down the drain, along with all my tears.



Warm toned sunrise welcomed by a gentle chorus of pigeons. A dry day,  
though still wet underfoot. The dogs of the city spend the afternoon  
barking to each other across the bay.



The dogs of the city spend the afternoon barking to each other across the bay, their arses sticking out of the sea water.

At the beginning of this week I was asked by lots of people, including a good friend, if I was feeling OK.

But I didn't ask for people to stop worrying.

But then on Friday I was very tired.

I took the dogs for a walk.

And I could feel that something was wrong.



Light rain and gulls. Darkens from mid-morning to a twilight gloom and the rain intensifies. The hill becomes a river; the steps, waterfalls. Wet socks are inescapable.



Wet socks are inescapable.

You're wet.

You're really cold, but you have to get back to the bus to take everyone else to the train station.

And then you'll take them all to the train station, and they'll be so sad that you left them there in the rain.

So now you're wet.

You're hungry, but you have no money.

winter by spring



Early grey clears to blue sky and patchy cloud. Ragged winds, sirens and gulls as the grey creeps back by mid-afternoon accompanied by a chill rain that comes and goes into the night.



the grey creeps back by mid-afternoon accompanied by a chill rain,  
sending tufts of

grass, weedy stubble, and dried up slush flying with the wind.

Alas the end is nigh!

Sneezes rattle down the other end; wads of gum, broken beer bottles, dog  
turds and

rotten banana peel.

winter by spring



A sudden, violent rainstorm comes and goes in the early morning leaving a peaceful blue sky behind. Everything is cold and wet, but beautifully lit.



Everything is cold and wet, but beautifully lit.  
I watch as Drago steps out, and in a single moment, he changes my life  
forever.

My mouth opens slightly as I try to say something, but nothing is  
working.

Drago pulls his hoodie off and wraps it around my shoulders.  
His hands wrap around mine, and in that moment, we both realize something  
we never expected.

This isn't a dream, it's my future.

I grab a handhold, but fall.

In a matter of seconds, I am jerked out of my car, flailing my arms in  
the air, trying to get the driver's attention.

But no one is stopping.

I flail my arms, my head down, and my body tumbling over.



Solstice. It's impossible to say where the mist ends and the cloud begins. Drips fall from the sky, the buildings and the undergrowth whilst smaller drops swirl in the air.



It's impossible to say where the mist ends and the cloud begins.

For the best part of five hours, I've only spoken to the four of them and they've been pleasant enough.

Though they're strangers, I can tell that the odd couple (the guy has shaggy hair and the girl has skintight black spandex and I've spotted a necklace of big fake diamonds) are on edge.

Or maybe I'm just reading into it too much.



Severely overcast and damp. Town is overcrowded shuffling; the typical mixture of neck tattoos and superannuated smokers. The birds look down on us, and who can blame them?



the typical mixture of neck tattoos and superannuated smokers that make  
up the local community.

Most of them think I am younger than I am, and none of them are worried  
about dying or anything.

Though I wasn't there, if you want some advice, give me a call.



Early blue darkens to grey before mid-morning. Rain and a cutting wind follow. The air smells of winter. Conditions worsen after dark. Violent winds test rooftop integrity.



The air smells of winter.

The temperature has dropped.

I wish I had something to wrap around me, the weather makes my skin itchy  
and goose pimple-ish.

My mom used to let me wear her sweaters when I was little.

That was nice.

Now I think it's creepy.

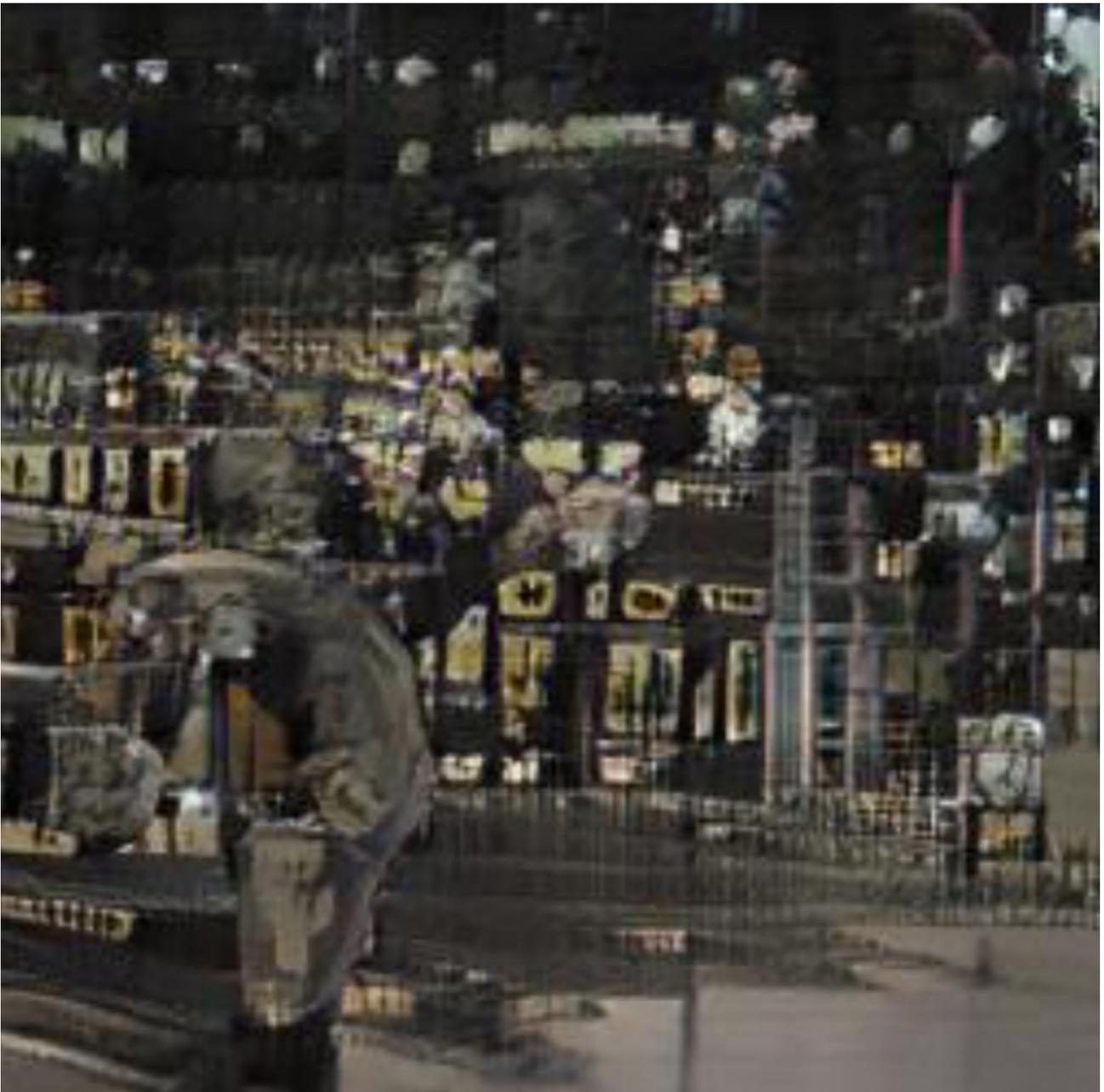
I don't know what I'm looking for, but I'm looking.

winter by spring



Clear sky and a temperature that veers from bracing to bitter within moments of first encounter. The sun shines with a forked tongue.

winter spring winter



The sun shines with a forked tongue.

It shoves one hundred thousand white arrows.

It blows the seeds of the planets into the souls of men.

It summons time with a single swing of its hand.

It appears as a woman in the night and tells the one thing that could get away with the other ninety - eight million things that it tells people.

What is it telling me?

I'm giving up on you, I'm tired of you, and I'm out.

I just can't do it anymore.

winter spring winter



An exemplary winter's day. Cold and clear. Those birds that remain in the bushes concur. Very little in the way of frost thus far - the plentiful clumps of self-seeded parsley in the garden wall are still eminently edible.



An exemplary winter's day.

Blessed blue skies.

The sort of day you'd expect a place like this to have.

And for the locals to be happy for it too.

We're walking, the horses some distance off.

winter spring winter



A thick bank of cloud sits across the morning peacefully. The afternoon is marked by increasingly erratic and threatening outbursts of wind, that carry the promise of inescapable violence to come. The gulls sound nervous.

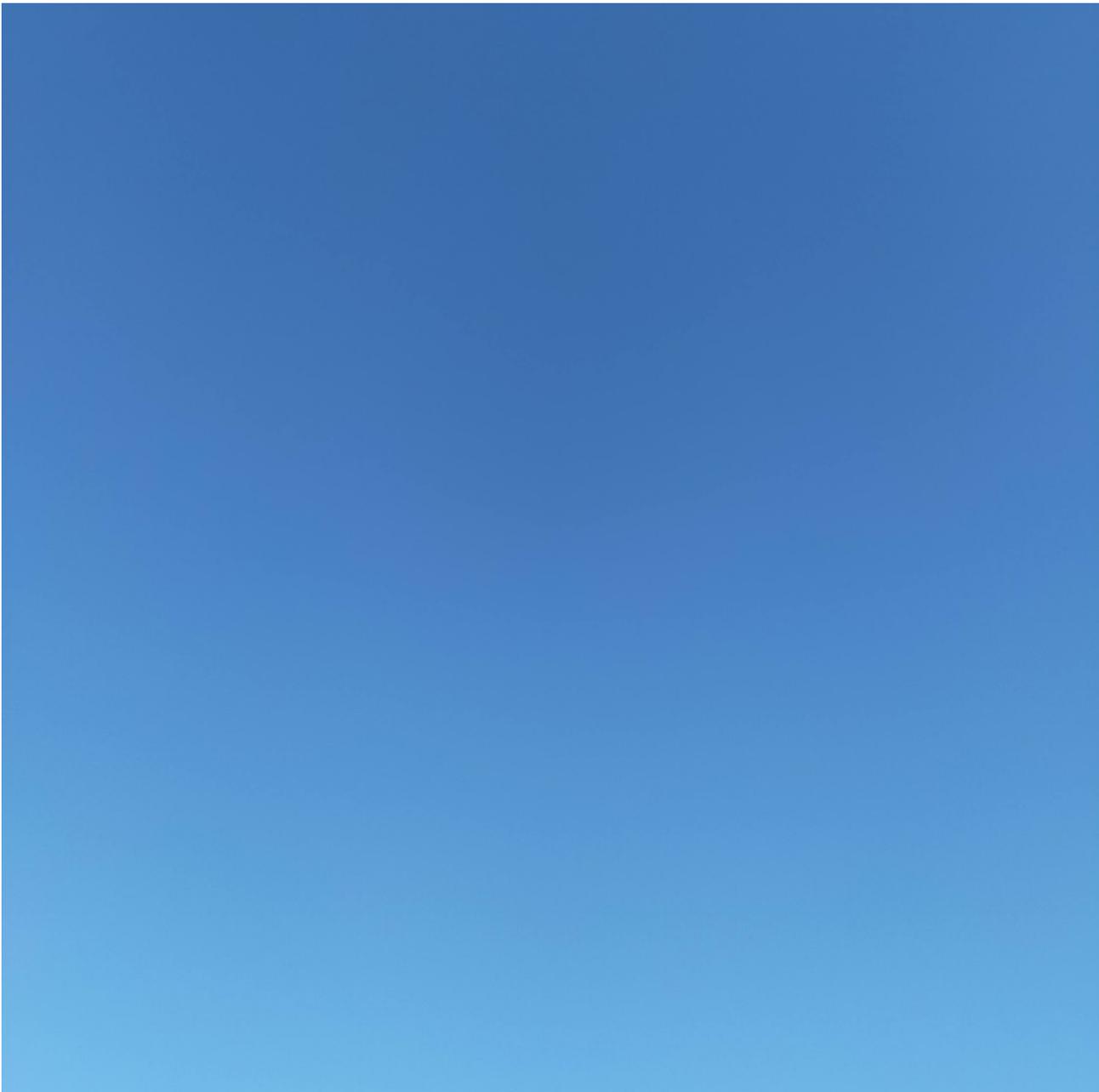


The gulls sound nervous and frenetic as they circle overhead.  
My stomach rolls, and I suddenly feel like I'm going to be sick.

Cole's shoulders and head drop as he shakes his head.

He looks back toward the ocean.

"I'll go," he says, "take out the trash and see if that guy is home."



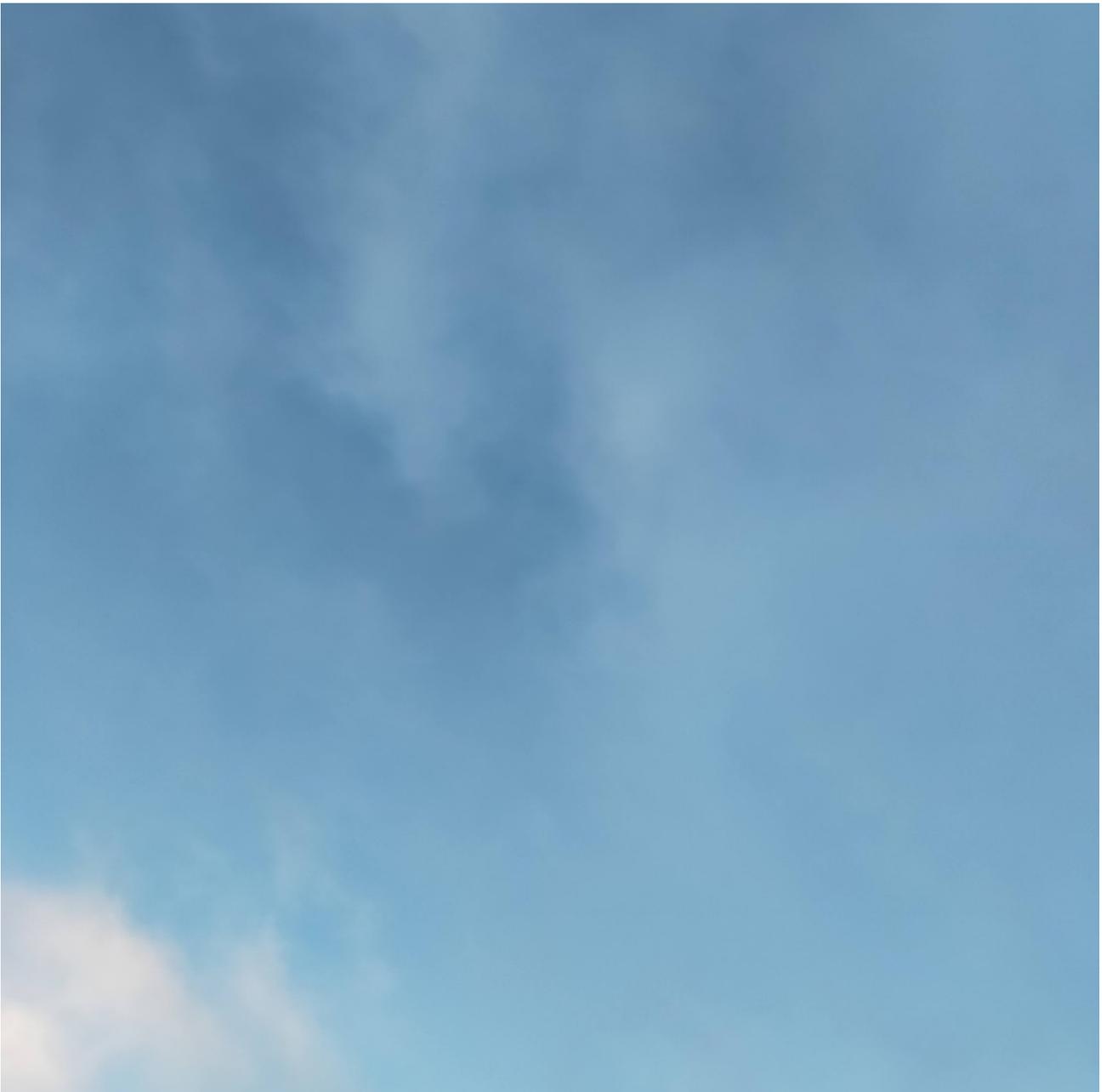
A tempestuous night passes into clear skies and golden sun. Every tree and bush brims with voluble birds though not a single one takes flight. Helicopters sully the afternoon. Showers at dusk.



Helicopters sully the afternoon sky at the climax of the grisly scene.

Cutting to video of the moose, we hear a narration asking "What kind of criminal would target moose?"

We're told that wildlife officers are using tracking dogs to find the bad guy.



Biting cold. Clear sky above but ominous banks of flattened cloud span the horizon. Nothing changes from morning to night. Steady rain falls through the darkness.

winter spring winter



Nothing changes from morning to night; darkness continues.

The sun rises and goes down, yet the night is undisturbed.

This is how God made the earth; in complete silence, rest, and balance.

It is enough.

I am beginning to learn, though, that in this quiet, dark place, I am not  
alone.

My prayers cannot be said quietly.

They cannot

winter spring winter



Early sirens and another bitterly cold day. Once again, the birds are happier exercising their mouths than their wings.

winter spring winter



the birds are happier exercising their mouths than their wings  
The poofy caterpillar of the leaf  
Leaves with many eyes, many faces and many voices.  
Like the pile of feathers  
on the woodpile,  
like a wall of pecking  
cheepers.  
Like the piles of food  
on the edge of a birdbath,  
like corn on a border,  
like a field-mouse feast-hall,  
like a busy barn,  
like

winter spring winter



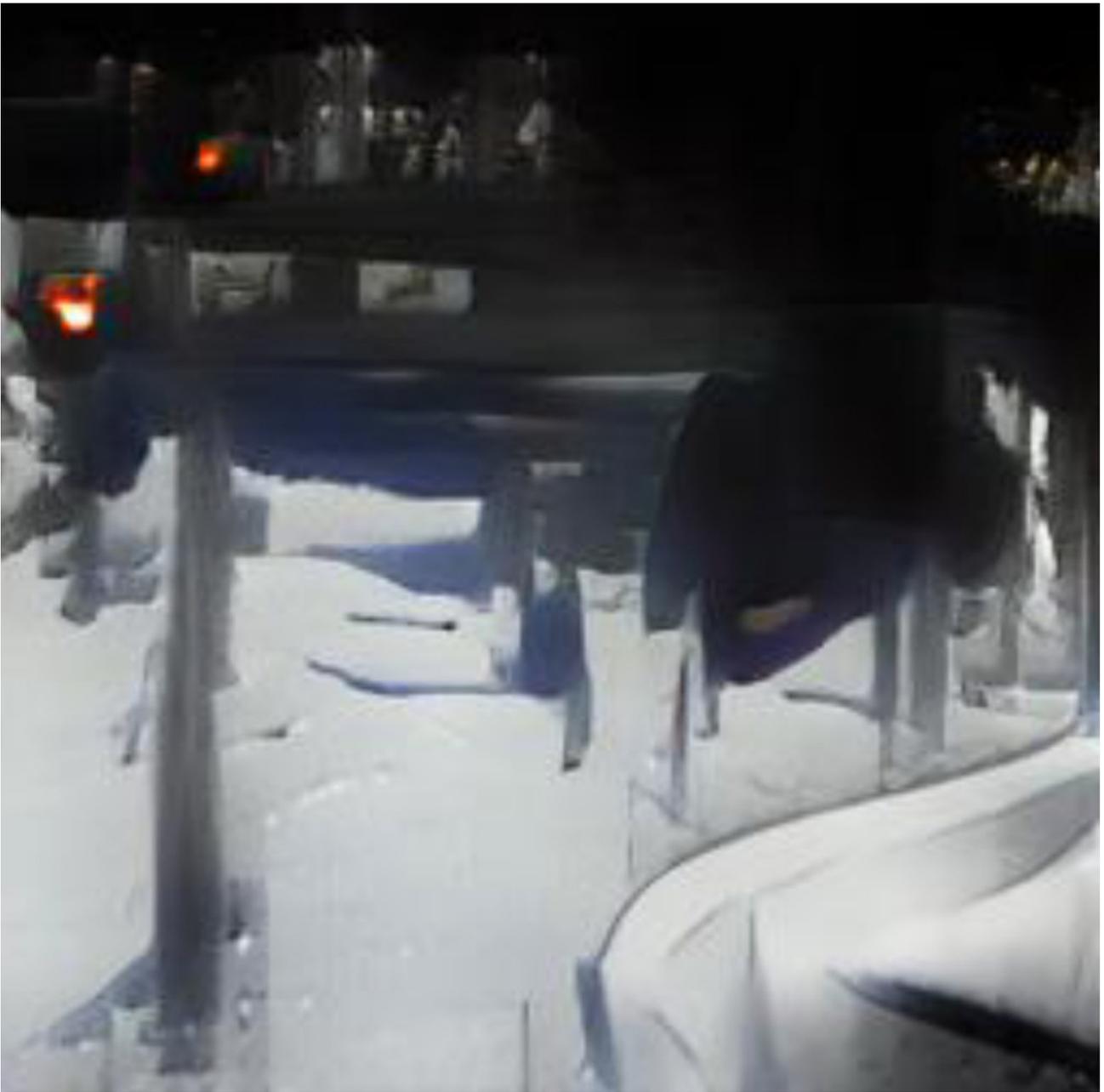
Still hovering just above freezing. Weeks of often heavy rain and the absence of street cleaning have left piles of dead leaves and rubbish mixed together in long linear formations down the hill, like tear tracks through makeup. A clear night and the Cold Moon lives up to its name.



piles of dead leaves and rubbish mixed together in long linear formations  
down the hill, like tear tracks through makeup  
police cordons and loading trucks blocking every road and staircase,  
ambulance sirens and revving motors that clang and bounce.  
these are the things i hear.  
i try to explain, to remind myself, to open myself to the scary face of  
danger.  
but that is impossible.  
all of that is noise, it is not actually the thing i am looking for.  
i need to find a quiet place, somewhere that cannot be invaded, somewhere  
i can feel safe, hidden.



Woken by pre-dawn windscreen scraping of early workers. A thick frost sits across the hill. Cloudy, but not unpleasantly so. Cold, but not pleasantly so. A light shower of snow doesn't stick. The evening's fireworks are spasmodic and perfunctory.



Cold, but not pleasantly so.

Not bad, but the wind would definitely make it unpleasant.

He sighed, impatient.

He'd never liked this time of year, the way the city seemed to sink into  
itself.

winter spring winter