



This summer a man was shot in the leg outside of our bedroom window.
It was 7 in the morning.

It seemed to be a domestic dispute, the woman was calling him a piece of shit. We didn't call the police but they arrived anyway, sometime after both the man and the woman had disappeared. He had hobbled off down the road. I don't remember much about the woman, she was dressed in all grey.

That man's blood was on the street for weeks.
Nothing was written about it in the news.
I stopped caring about everything after that.



I am of this fucking
dirt
 how thoroughly you clean your house, how often you ,
it's still everywhere.
There is a thick patina covering .





Figure 9.2 Demolitions for the opening of the **Museo di Roma**, 'Via dell'Impero. View from the top of the hill, 1930s.



of the Via dell'Impero. With the kind permission
Via Marforio. Imbocco della strada del Coloss

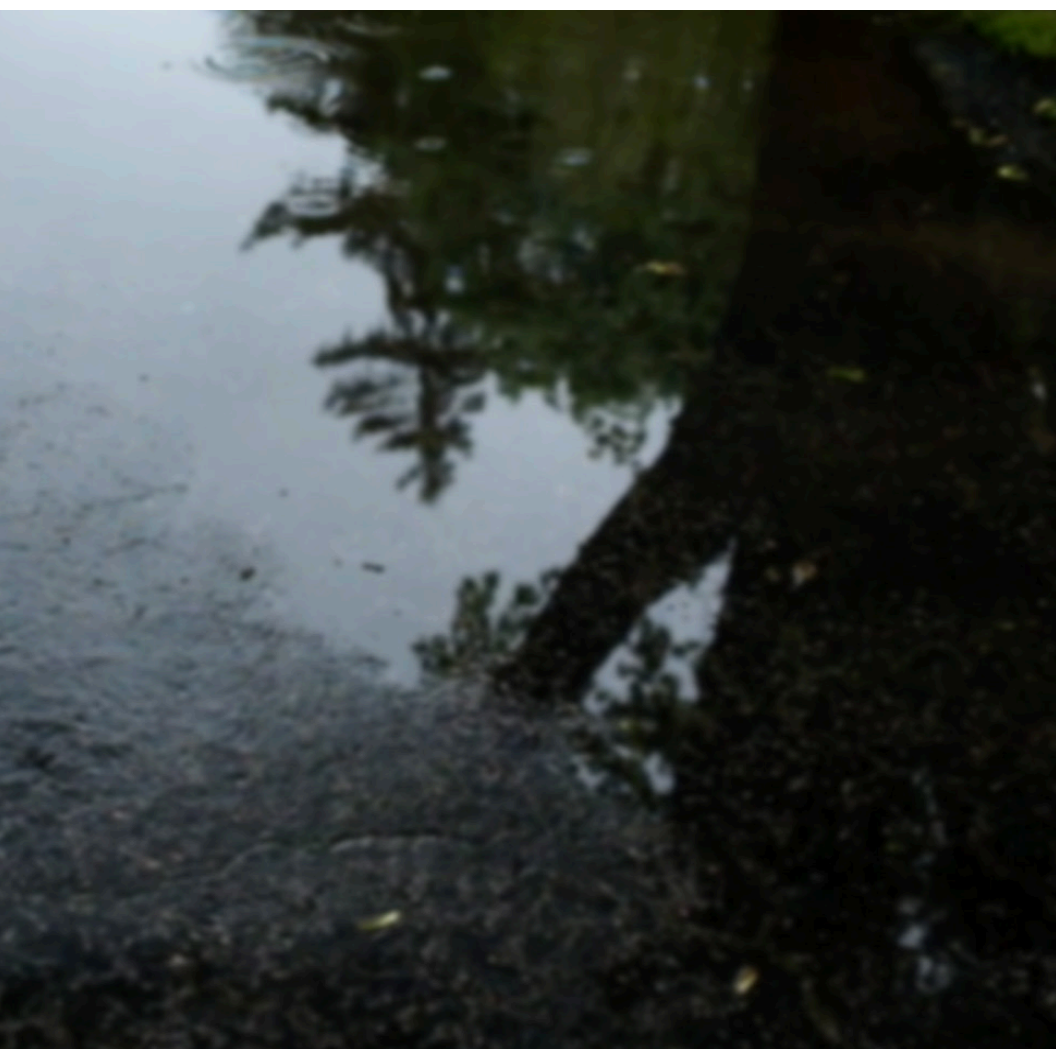
I used to dream about (back in Ohio)
Digging a w/hole into the cold, moist earth
to take a nap in. It would be so lovely to curl up in that, so comforting, to feel that ne

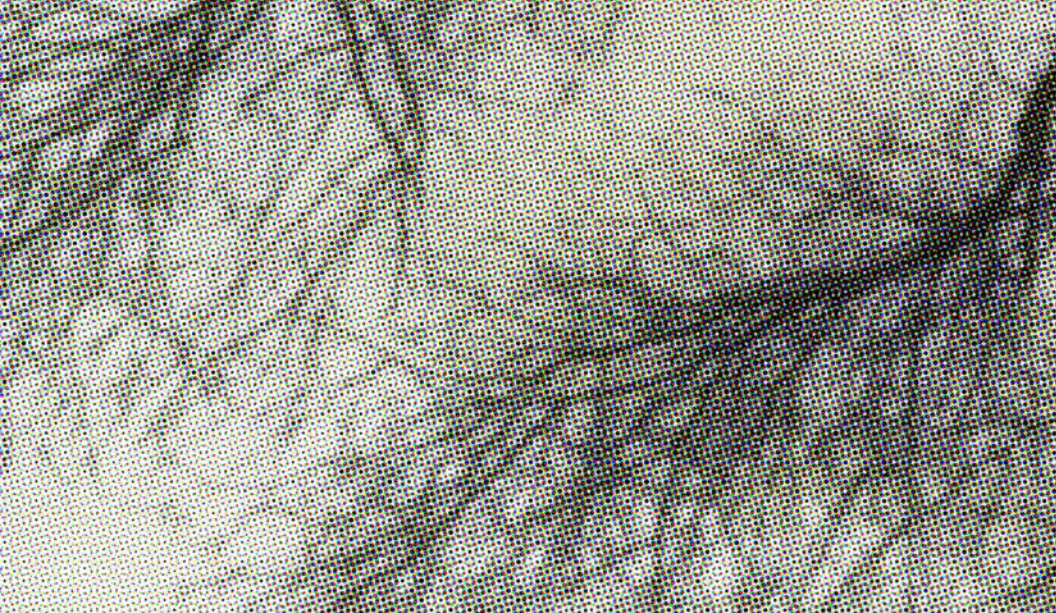
After the flooding that one spring
when the ripped-up grasses and branches had painted the landscape in fantastic, twisted lin
I remember thinking how easy it would be to dig
with my bare hands
the ground had remained so soft for so long.

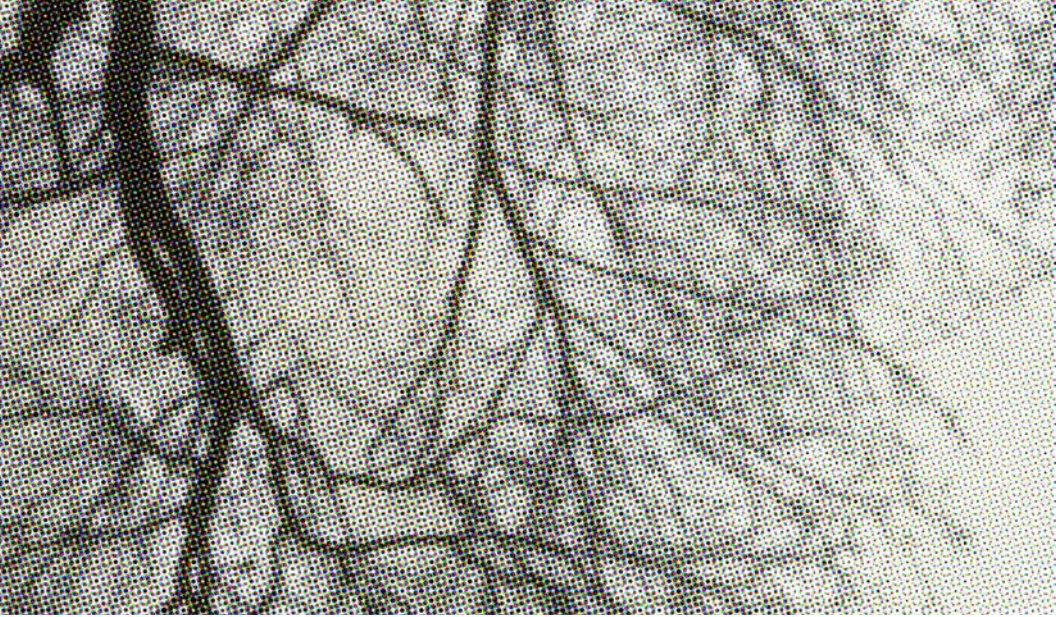


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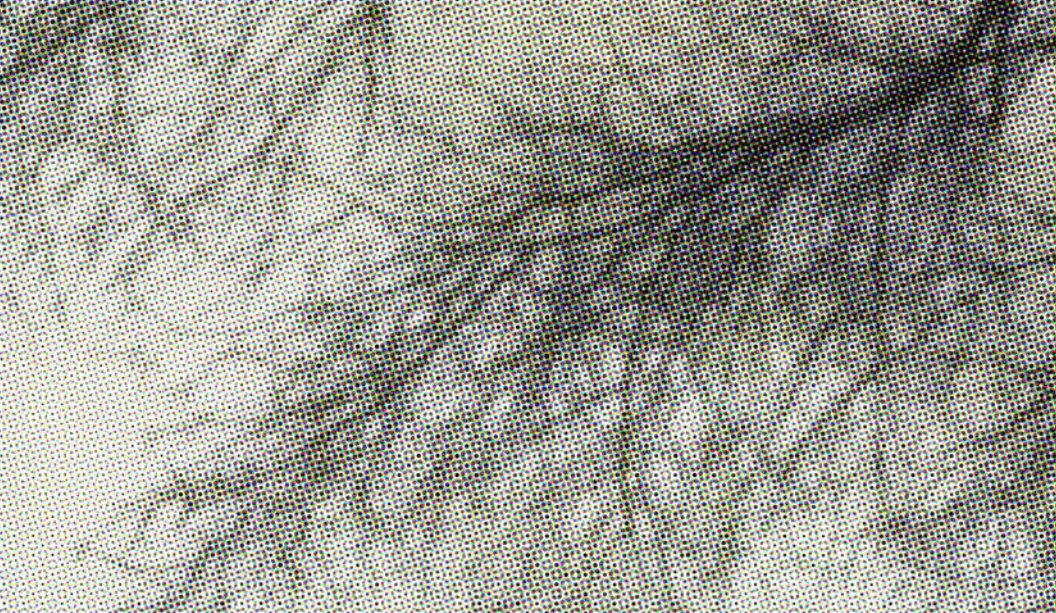


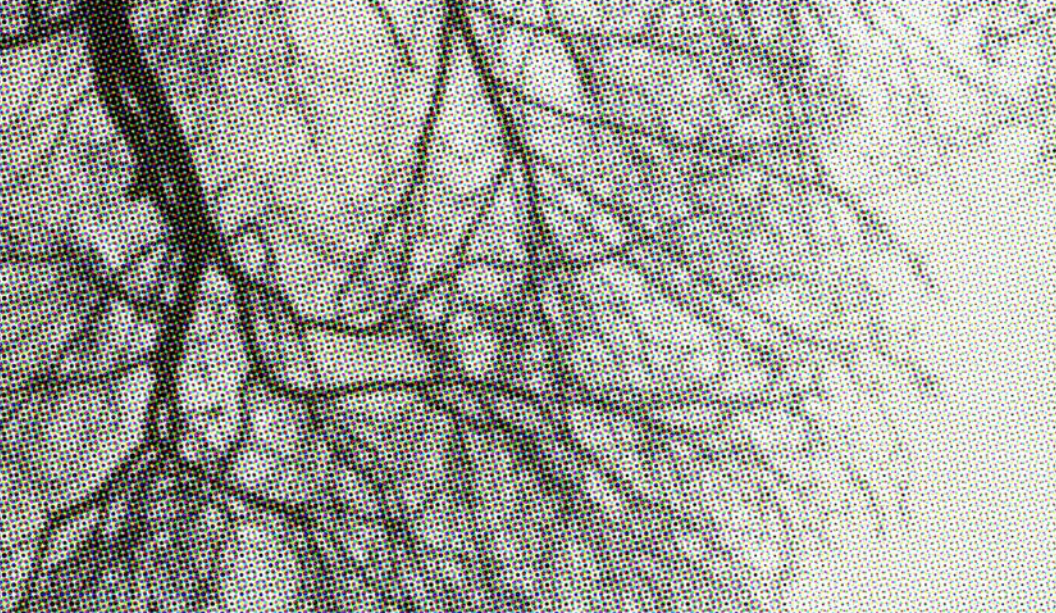
I could never do that here.

Whenever I think about that yellow house, whenever I remember that soft ground, while standing on the dry dirt of our yard here, my stomach clenches and I can feel that knotting around my heart, pulling closer and closer to the center.









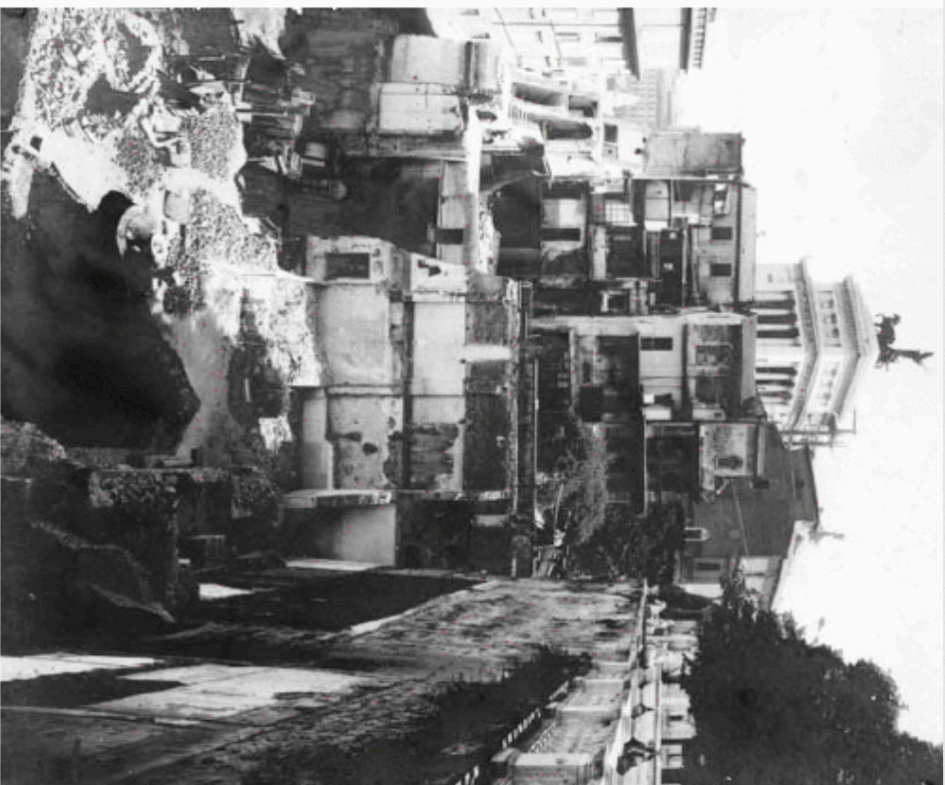


Figure 9.1 Demolitions for the opening of Via del Mare. With the kind permission of © Museo di Roma, 'Lavori di isolamento tra Via Tor de Specchi e Via Montanara', AF 8077

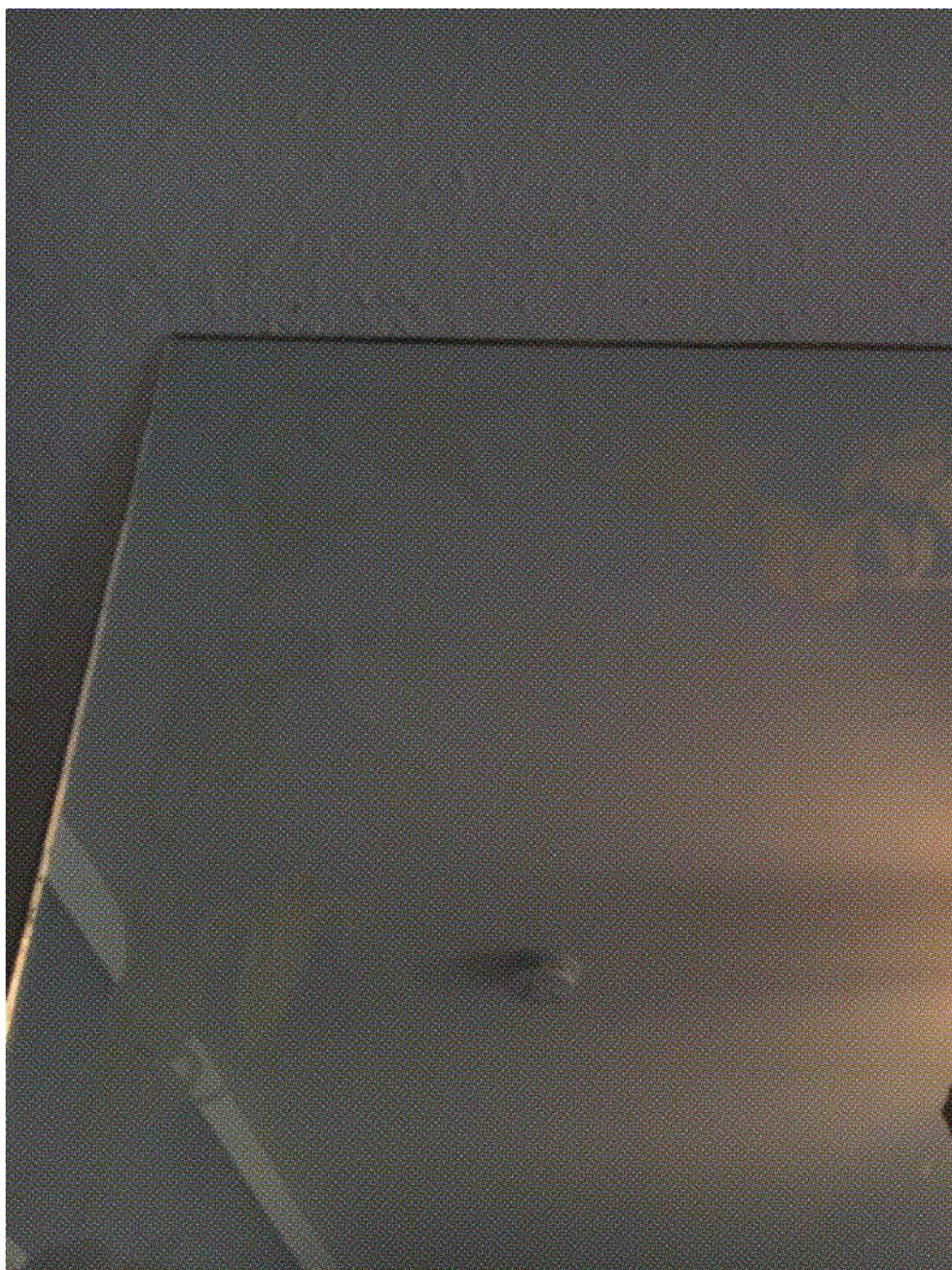




People don't belong here.
All of that dirt is just the earth trying to flatten
what should have been left to itself.



I think this is why I never leave the house.





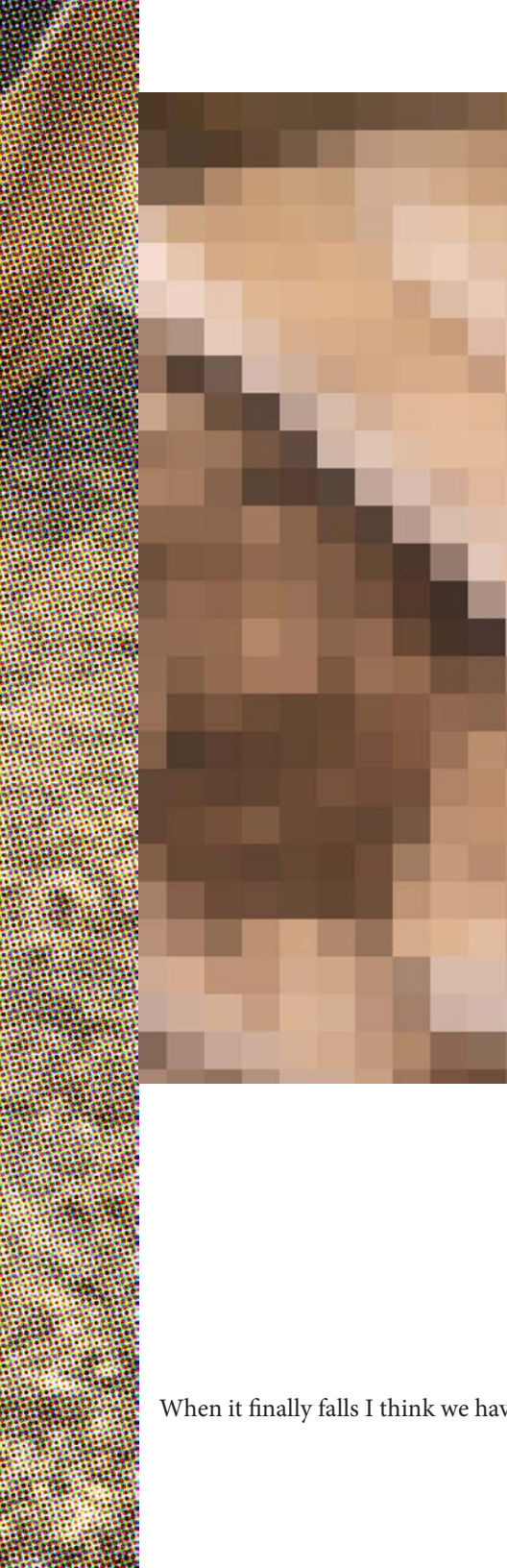
The water here will run out.

That last same summer we watched as an aloe plant sent an asparagus-looking growth from its center reaching ever higher into the sky. Thicker than my arm and taller than any house I've seen here, we watched as great flowers burst from its top, bloomed, and then fell to the earth. After that the whole thing slowly shriveled into the tall, desiccated black line that leans precariously today.









When it finally falls I think we have to leave.

