
Robert Gibbons

I Savored Time

No surprise to wake up without much dreaming, when living in the dream. Olympia, Washington, long-held destination, though she appeared, however briefly, naked. What the hell the sun was doing out on everyone's mind, reflecting on low-tide on the southern end of Puget Sound. Ambled over stones simply touched the water, leaving preposition out, act alone. Stirred water up, no lasting impression on the land. Ancient stones mark the silence. Talked with Native American, Russ, selling smoked salmon wings at the farmers market. Fins cut deep to fat & bone, which when finished look like bird wings Brad might photograph in mid-air. I savored Time. Walking back to the hotel a boundary stone bordered the edge of the park across the street, its copper plaque: **The End of the Oregon Trail, 1844**. Traces of wilderness remain, traces buried under dreams.

[May 27, 2008]

On the Edge

Up for twenty-six hours straight, up in the air for six getting out of Seattle, uncounted hours' wait in the terminal at JFK, when finally on the tarmac taking a seat on the way home, hear, "Robert Gibbons, Rawb-bert Gibbons," & peering through the blurriest of red-eye eyes recognize Jay Levine from another late night spent at Uffa on the corner of State & Congress in Portland a couple of years ago, keeping in touch via email. He's spent the weekend in Brooklyn & Manhattan visiting his sixteen-year-old daughter with trips to the museum & Coney Island, & to judge by his exuberance, is left with an avid preference for the joy of the colors of amusement, at least this time around, over those of art. Although the show featuring the work of Murakami may very well link the two. Immediately get what he means recalling how much I loved that film *Enemies: A Love Story*, with its poetic script, tragicomic characters, set in an idealized Coney Island. Time flew down the aisle between us talking about the ultimate experiences found in the speed of the Cyclone, majesty of Rainier & the Cascades, work of Rauschenberg, taste of monkfish liver, exotic erotics of sea urchin, along with the need to live a life as full throttle as a set of jet engines, so that the flight taking us from New York to Portland in less than twenty minutes also bordered on the edge of the infinite.

[May 30, 2008]