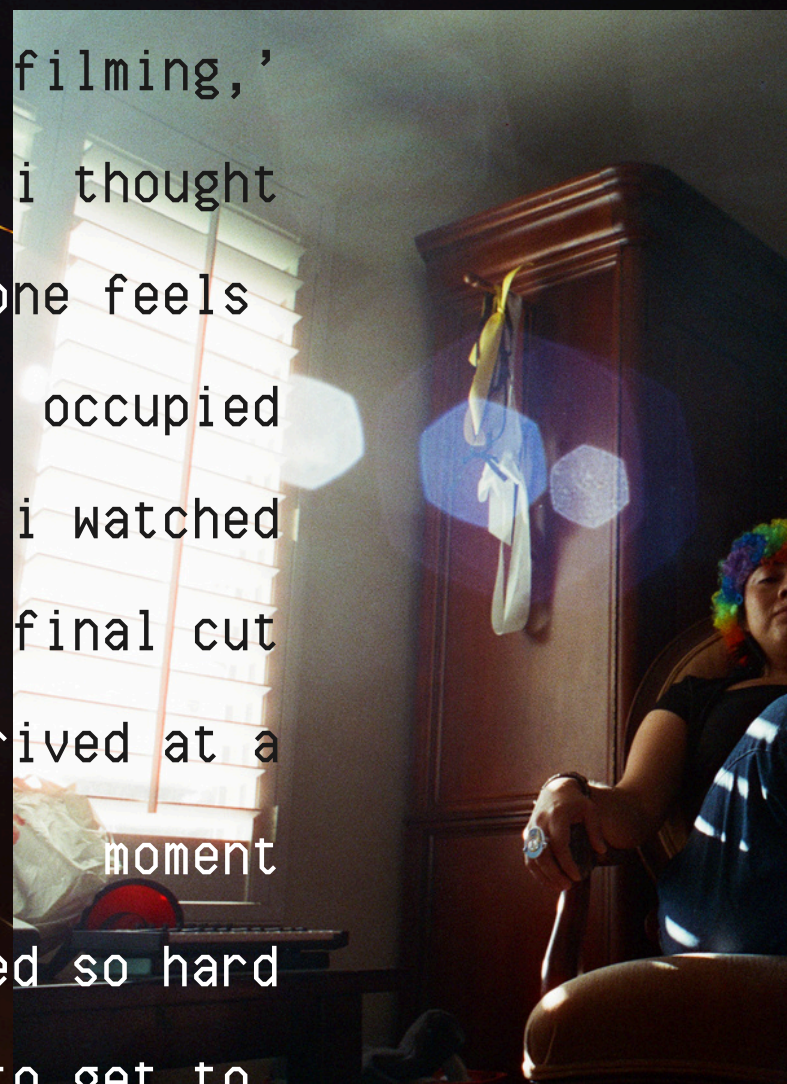


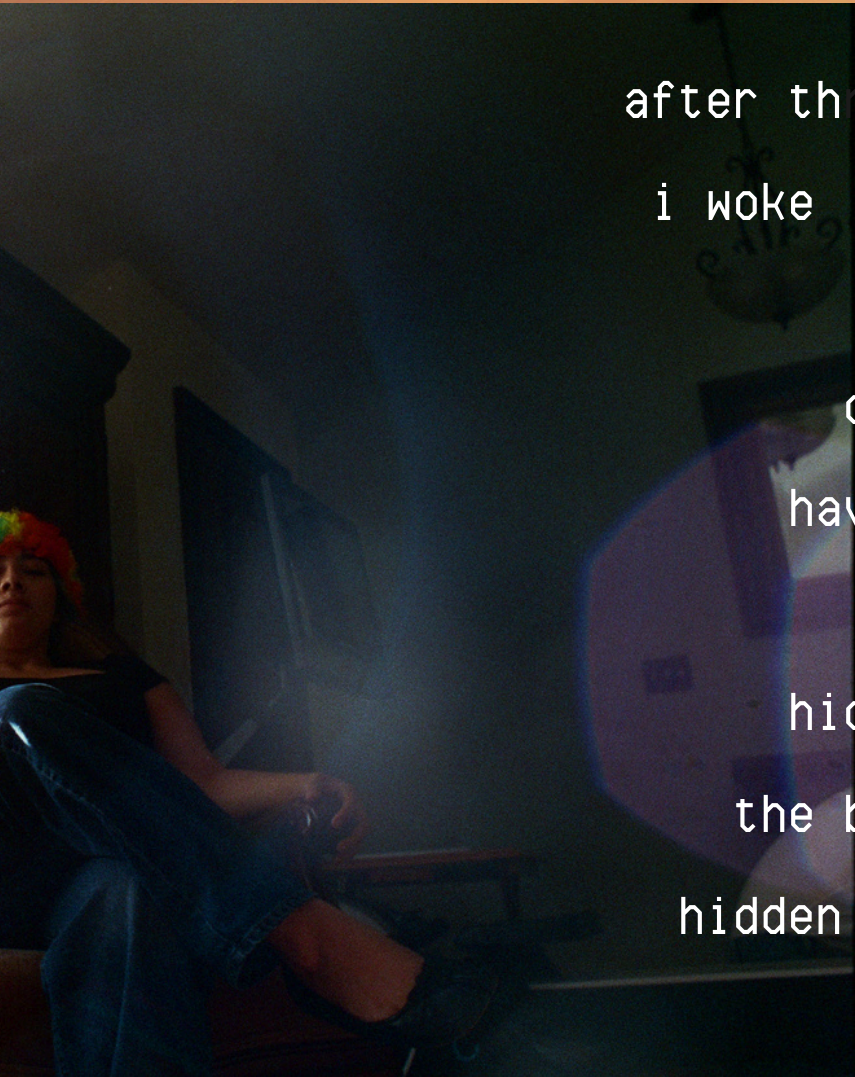
Endless Jorts I:



Dream of Potato

it was when
karla
kissed
a russet
french style
that I questioned all the
decisions that brought me here
'i don't miss her as much
when I'm filming,'
i thought
because on set everyone feels
occupied
and as julian and i watched
the final cut
it felt like we arrived at a
moment
a moment we'd worked so hard
to get to.





after three days in thousand oaks
i woke up the first morning at
home

drenched in sweat
having had a dream of
rotten potatoes
hidden in crevices of
the backyard we filmed in
hidden in places we could not
find.

two highland park beers and
a coffee at comet over delphi
later

we found ourselves in
runyon canyon
where we ate indian food
the back of my head dripping from
excessive turmeric
we sipped vodka with a
buffalo on the cover

i'd had this once before
from poland
ali served it in
a pokemon cup

"i was mexican for three years
then I stopped,"
her son said.

not two sentences were uttered
on the way home

"i could be happy with just
that,"

was one of them
"really?"
was the other.

