

# beaujolais ADMIRATIONS

**01. THE HEREAFTER.** WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? I JUST WENT SKINNY DIVING IN THE LAKE AND NOW THEY'RE GONE. THUS, THAT'S MY CUE. IT'S NOT SAFE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WOODS WITH NO CLOTHES. I HAVEN'T KEPT A RECORD OF THE TIME I'VE SPENT OUT HERE ALONE. BUT, I SENSE THE 13TH'S FIERCE APPROACH. THERE'S THE EDGE... IT'S FRIDAY THE 13TH AGAIN. I EMERGE FROM THE WOODS. I FINALLY MADE IT THROUGH THE YEAR. NOW, PART III BEGINS.: THIS IS SO ~~WILD~~ FRIGHTENING, BUT I AM STARVING. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE WEIGHT. THIS IS SO UNKNOWN, BUT IT IS THE GREATEST. TO FEEL ADMIRATION. AT LAST. **02. KAREN'S KNEES.** LOOK WHO JUST WALKED IN, PARTING THE BRUME. LOOK WHO JUST VANISHED. NOW, I MUST MOVE. THERE'S NO SWEAT, NO SHORT OF BREATH. THERE ARE BIT LIPS + A TENSION. BUT WHEN YOU SPOKE, "IT'S ACTUALLY NOT GOING VERY WELL...", I KNEW WE'D BE STRANGERS. **03. ELBOWS.** "THIS IS A NEW WORLD. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT." SUDDENLY, I WAKE UP TO FRENCH. "WE SPEAK IT BETTER." YOU SPEAK IT BETTER. LATER ON THAT NIGHT. BOTH OUR DOORS AJAR. AND I COULD NOT READ "RABBIT, RUN". WE SHOULD BE TOUCHING. WE SHOULD BE TOUCHING? I SENSE WE'RE QUITE DIFFERENT. THEREFORE, I WILL ADMIT: THIS TRIP, THIS BEACH, YOUR FRENCH, YOUR BODY... CONSPIRED TO MISPLACE DIVORCES. BITS OF GYPSY COURSE THROUGH MY VEINS. PERHAPS I SHOULD LISTEN TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY: "YOU CAN TAKE A NAP ON THE BED." AS I APPROACH YOU, MY ELBOWS COLLAPSE. I'M NOT READY. WHEN WILL I BE READY? **04. WHEN I LOST MY INNOCENCE.** FURTHER DOWN THE ARM. REMINDS ME OF A WINDSWEEP NIGHT, WHICH MADE ME WORRY A LOT. SHE LIKED HANDS. I LIKE HANDS. THE SETTING: HER ATTIC. **05. SPLENDOR IN THE ATTIC.** FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK, I WATCHED YOU PLAY "MAYBELLENE". YOUR DIRTY FINGERS ON THE FRETS. THOSE SAME FIVE FINGERS ON THE BED. SPLENDOR IN YOUR ATTIC ROOM. I SEE YOUR SHIRT UPON THE FLOOR. TWO SETS OF FINGERS ON THE FRETS. ONE SET OF FINGERS ON THE BED. FIVE YEARS NOW FROZEN ON YOUR BED. IT SEEMS THAT IT'S EASY NOW. I EMBRACE THIS. IF THIS WERE YOUR ATTIC ROOM, I'D EMBRACE YOU. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I WANTED TO PRESS OUR BODIES. BUT IN A VICTORIAN HOME, WE STAY PURE + ACKNOWLEDGE NOTHING. I'VE STAYED PURE, BUT NOW I'VE AWOKEN.

**06. I'M SPLITTING IN TWO.** THAT BRIEF DIGRESSION REVEALED ITS IMPORTANCE. FOR, IN WOMEN I'VE DESIRED, LIES A COMFORTING TRUTH. BUT, I FEEL SO NUMB. WHY AM I NUMB? I DON'T WANT TO GO OUTSIDE, BUT I CAN'T QUITE STAY AT HOME. EVEN IN THE DAMP TWILIGHT, MY CERTAINTY DECLINES. THOUGH I'M IN THE THICK OF IT, I MUST REPEAT TO ME: "EVERYTHING I'VE FELT SINCE THE LAST 13TH IS HEALTHY."

**07. WHO HAVE I FOUND?** I LOSE MY FOOTING AS DAYLIGHT ADJOURNS. AND I CANNOT FATHOM THE LIFTING OF SHIRTS + JUST KISSING. IS THIS JUST WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU'VE BEEN BETRAYED? A LACK OF DESIRE ENTRANCED BY REMAINS OF A SOFT MOAN. OH, A SOFT MOAN. FOR A DEEP WOUND. OH, A DEEP WOUND.

**08. A DECISION.** NO. I'LL NOT GIVE IN NOW. I'VE FOUGHT FOR SO LONG. I'M READY, BUT WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? NO. I'LL NOT GIVE IN NOW. I'VE YEARNED FOR SO LONG. I'M READY TO FOREGO ALL CLOTHES. I'M SWIMMING RAW. THE TIME HAS COME. **09. CURTAINS.** I STEP OUT INTO A YARD THAT WAS CO-OWNED. MY INTENT: TO CLOSE THE WOUND FOREVERMORE. FAMILIAR PARCHMENT IS A LOST EFFORT. I BURY YOUR LETTER. A SHRUG OF MY SHOULDERS. AS I PAT THE DIRT, I TASTE. AND THERE IS NO WEEPING. THERE'S NO MORE VIOLENCE. THE CURTAINS HAVE CLOSED. QUIET. CONTENT. IT JUST TOOK TIME. "ATTENTION. THAT'S WHAT I REALLY DID IT FOR. MY RESENT. IT WASN'T EVEN SEXUAL." THIS ANCIENT PARCHMENT, I ACCEPT AS FATE. I BURY YOUR LETTERS. A SHRUG OF MY SHOULDERS. AS I REACH THE CURB, I TASTE. AND THERE IS NO WEEPING. THERE'S NO MORE VIOLENCE. THE CURTAINS HAVE CLOSED. QUIET. CONTENT. IT JUST TOOK TIME. GOODBYE, MY LOVE. I AM TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

**10. I'M FEELING ROMANTIC.** I JUST WOKE UP IN THE YARD. MUST'VE PASSED OUT FROM THE JOY. I NO LONGER NEED ASSISTANCE. THE FLESH OF MY HANDS COALESCE + I FEEL ODD. NOW, I KNOW WHY RABBIT RAN. I UNDERSTAND WHY SAMMY RUNS. AFTER RUNNING FOR A DECADE, I'VE DECIDED JUST TO STOP. AND BE GENUINE. THE HAZE HAS A TRAIL ON ME. BUT I REMAIN STATIONARY, TRUNTING. THE HAZE CANNOT CONTEMPLATE THIS. BUT SUCH IS THE CASE WHEN IT'S FACED WITH FAILURE. THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING TO LAY TO REST.

**11. THE AWAKENING OF MY DESIRE.** I FAILED TO MENTION SOMETHING. IN THE WOODS, AN AMOUREOUS FLING. IN SUCH FLINGS, I FOUND I WAS UNLUCKY. SINCE THEN, I FOUND WHAT I NEED. THE THIRTEEN MONTHS I'VE SPENT ALONE HAVE USHERED IN TEN YEARS OF GROWTH. **12. ALL MY EXORCISMS.** FAIRE THEE WELL, MY WOODS. I WON'T BE CONTAINED. A VIRGIN WANTS WHAT'S GOOD. SO GET ME ON A PLANE. THE HOSPITALITY OF FRIENDS IS WHAT I NEED. ONE YEAR STUCK IN THIS HOUSE IS QUITE ENOUGH FOR ME. I'M AWARE OF MOUNTING DESIRES. AND SUCH DESIRES LEAD ME BACK TO LA. LA. I AM VULNERABLE. I'M UNINHIBITED. A DIRECT RESULT OF LOVELY EXORCISMS. I DON'T REMEMBER JUNE, WHEN I SPLIT IN TWO. I DON'T REMEMBER JUNE. BUT, I REMEMBER YOU. **13. NIGHT OF A THOUSAND FIRSTS.** I DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL, BUT I CAN TELL WHEN SOMEONE REALLY MEANS THE THINGS THEY SAY. YOU TOUCH MY ELBOW AND START TO SPEAK, "HOW'D YOU GET HERE? YOU SEEM SO HAPPY." AND YOU ARE POWERFUL. YOU ARE ADMIRABLE. AND I FEEL POWERFUL. I FEEL ADMIRABLE. ALL FROM OUR FIRST WORDS OF THE NIGHT. ALLOW ME TO RENEW OUR THREAD FROM JUNE. BACK THEN, I WASN'T MEANT WHO I AM TO BE. I WANT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE TRELLISING ME, ABOUT YOUR CLEANSING, ABOUT MOST ANYTHING. YOU'VE CAPTURED ME PROFOUNDLY. THERE'S WHO I WAS, AND NOW, THERE'S ME. THOUGH THE REASONS ARE ESCAPING, NO MATTER NOW, 'CAUSE ALL MY FEARS ARE GONE. GONE.

AND WHEN I RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD, I HOPE IT'LL BE FOR GOOD...