

BEAUTY

My wife's sister, Nazaré, as in Jesus of Nazareth, gives her a huge box of baby, childhood, high school pictures, report cards, photos the day she graduated from medical school, "Our father had them in this cabinet in the dining room, and when he died..," fairy-princess pictures, always the same patient, flawless, abiding, placid face, never a blemish, even at 58 now, with the wrinkles beginning, mouth dragging down at the sides, the pictures repaint the image of her in my mind and she becomes permanently ageless.

--- HUGH FOX

ZERO

Finally reaching the point of zero-
messages, only stairs and touch-to-put-
them-out lights, forgetting the years and
months, wo bin Ich undwarum, /Where am
I and why, Portuguese mixing with German,
Czech, Spanish, French, Hebrew until finally
the smoke alarms and clocks run down and
Chicago melts into Zürich, Oberammergau, Arles,
São Paulo, the oldest star, sun, planet, cloud
goddesses/gods returning, now I lie me down to
KADDISH.

--- HUGH FOX

EROS -- Post-Modern.

“All night long massaging our feet with sandalwood oil, a
cloudless,
billion-starred sky, full moon and your feet...”:

“Moi aussi, la même chose...mais nous sommes séparés pour
siècles et les
espaces célestes/ me too, the same thing...but we've been
separated by centuries
and celestial spaces...”

Gypsy-her stepping out of the ancient photos all over my
walls, just one of
her the way she is now at 92, the eyes still the same.

Gitane-Gypsy cornhusks and tequila, submerging back to
sane-times,
before the Aryans come in.
Abrazos,

--- HUGH FOX