All night a one-legged grasshopper stridulated on my pillow, all
night the clear tiny scrape in my ear, crying out. I awoke after
four and found the creature, silent in the lamplight, poised on the
upper part of the brightly-colored Ethiopian pillow. One of its
long jumping legs was missing, perhaps torn off as I had tossed or
twisted through a long bleak dream, suburbs of the future in Death
Valley, immense resorts stacked like neon bunkers up the sides of
mountains, internally cooled against the furnace of day, glittering
at night like her next to me when the boulevards and freeways come
to life, a last absurd extension of Los Angeles exploited by the
children of late century movie stars, blackish-reds and dirty greys
of Tolis across the mesas in the morning the natural pollution rising
in the rippling heat, the lower orders of blue. All the depressing
colors of a soul still unannounced, waiting stupidly, opaque. I took
the grasshopper cupped in my hand and placed it outside the kitchen
window on the fire escape. If it could still fly - something else
than to become dust on my rooms. There is plenty of that. Cool in
the car, mercury vapors reflecting from her earrings.
police are questioning several Arabs