This is what my eyes thought—rep
When we got to the Painted Desert
I remembered Heidegger.
And I said to Marushka: I want to run
naked in the sun through the desert
and I remembered Antonioni's frightened
movie, but I still relished the idea,
of being naked on the sand.
And Marushka said: don't do that,
you asshole. Do you think I'll watch
you disappear over the horizon
and chase you on the sand?
And I said, both of us will go.
And what about Ana?
We'll leave her in the car and give
her cookie. Cookie was at that point,
Ana's drink.
And I said, it's really dangerous
but your maternal instincts are strong
enough and you will immediately run
back to Ana. We had rented a Chevy,
an Impala, the temperature was always 60°.
If I feel weak just chase me over the sand.
And I opened the door and began to tear off
my clothes. I remembered Heidegger and Ed
Dorn.

Ouch! How hot was the sun, how dizzy.
The desert is a fantastic orgasm.
Ana really laughed. The sky was almost black.
The air was black.
The Painted Desert is pink. It's name
is the Painted Desert, but if you stay
on the sand, the sand is not pink
but demonic. If you stretch out
on the sand, the sand is demonic.
God, what I'm doing!
I remembered how once, when I still
lived in those huge rooms, I pretended
to be Gregor Samsa with such temperance
that Braco became really pale. And I
asked him for some salad, and both of us
went down to the street because Braco

thought I would sober up but I went on
and stopped a passer-by, and I told him
I was Gregor Samsa. Braco became a total
ash pastel, he was sure I'd flipped out,
and that's true. If he hadn't knocked me
down in front of the Run's Church,
and made me dizzy and enraged, but I was
grateful too, who knows if I would
have come down. And Braco vomited and
I saw he really loved me and I was sorry
and scared. I didn't know things had
gone so far. I jumped back into the car.
Marushka was like a bronze and Ana,
sure that things weren't funny, howled.
Marushka was totally self-controlled,
hardly trembling. She calmly drove the car
like a hearse thirty miles south on route 66,
and stopped at the gas station. And with
her hands still on steering-wheel she said:
put your clothes on. And I knew she was
not a ______, she loved me. Sometimes this
exhibitionism will sweep me away like
the wind brushes away a cotton-ball.
And then we spent five days in the Grand
Canyon all calm and tender, and I was
taking pictures of Marushka all the time,
and so the most beautiful pictures
of America are those where Marushka stands
on the edge of the Grand Canyon in that beige
crocheted dress, which we bought on Stari
Trg, Ljubljana, and I also bought her
a Hopi bracelet and a Hopi ring,
and Ana a lot of ice-cream.
NEVER be WITHOUT the

TRANSPARENT! RAINPROOF!

"PULLS OVER BOTH EARS TOO!"

LADIES! REMEMBER: IF HE HAS IT OFF, YOU SHOULDN'T!

COPYRIGHT © N. FOWLER 1987

TOMAZ SALAMUN'S POEM TRANSLATED BY HIMSELF AND BOB PERELMAN

SUBS: £25/$45 (52 issues) incl. postage 132 Ditton Fields, Cambridge CB5 8QG