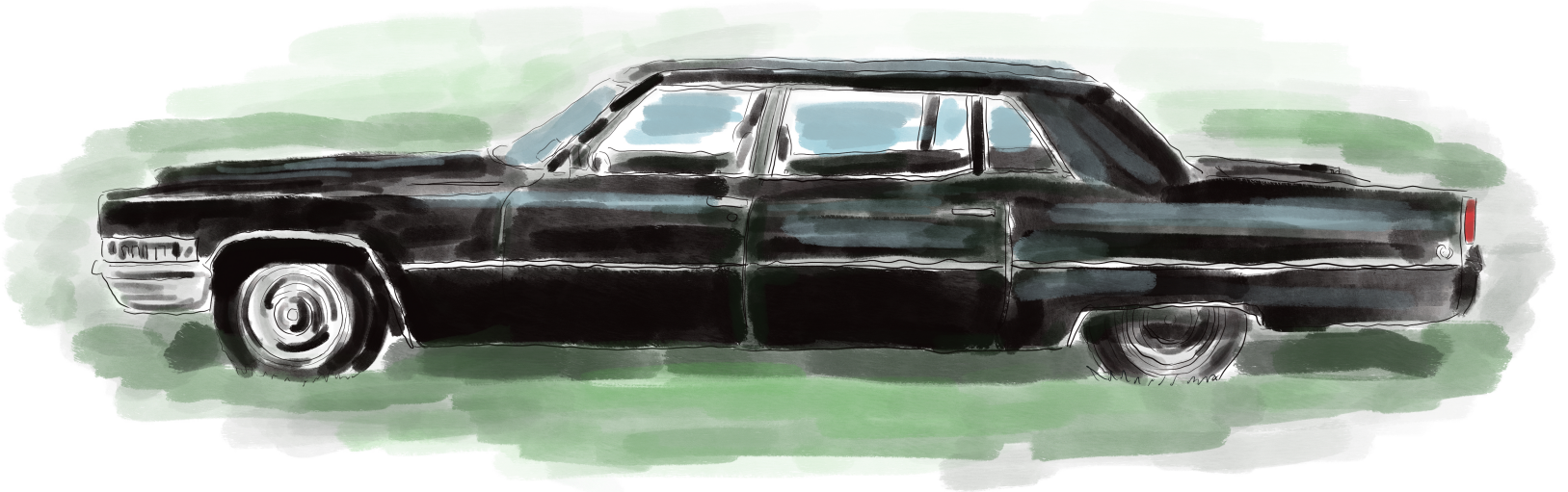


# AUGUST

1.

Someone parked a limo in a clearing near the road. It's been there for weeks, looking sinister, as if a dead body is moldering in the trunk, like in a mob movie from the 1970s.



2.

Though I have gotten somewhat used to seeing it there, it seemed particularly creepy this morning, because I noticed that along the road everything was burned black for about two feet along both sides, as if scorched by a flamethrower. Something poisonous had been sprayed to kill back the vines and grasses.



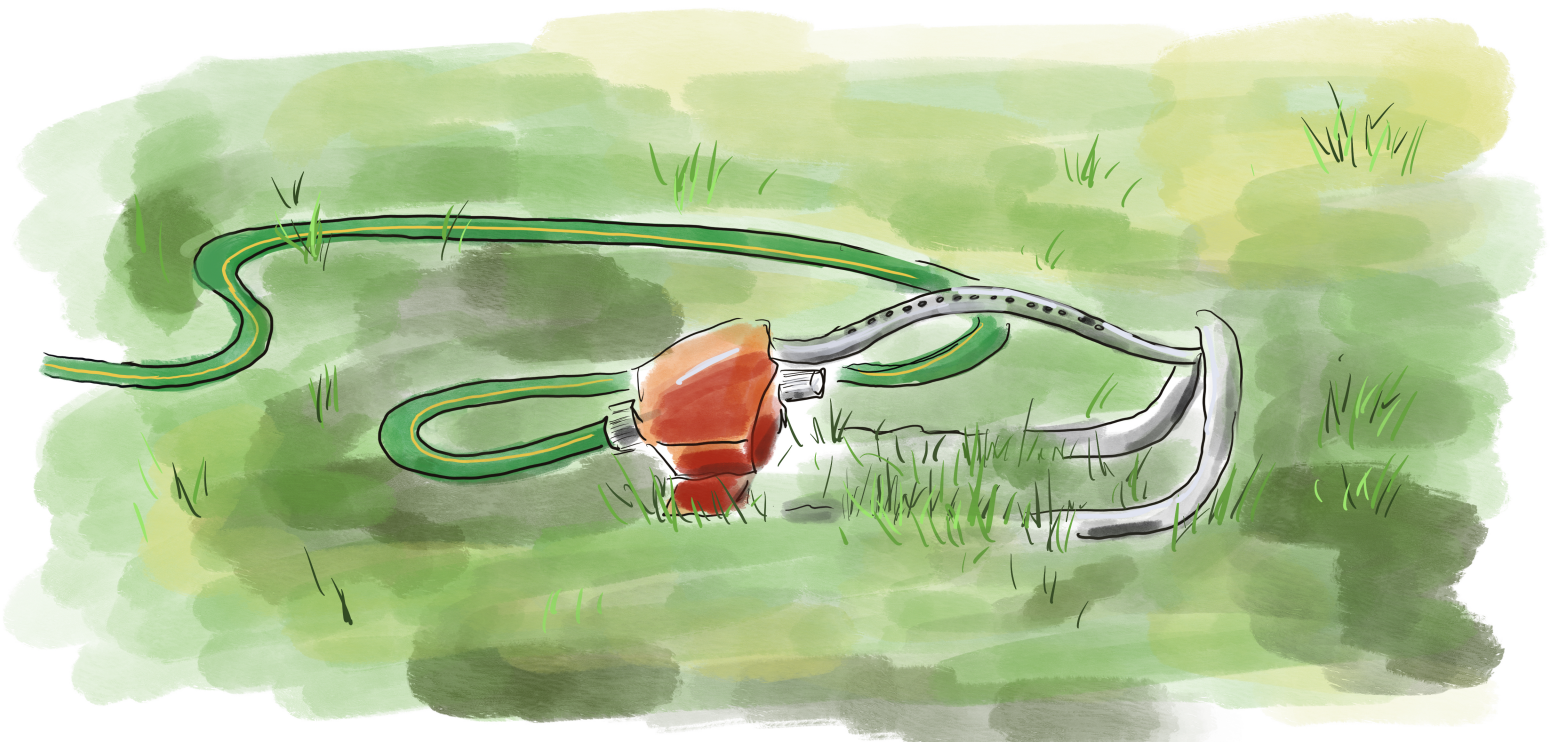
3.

I've been bingeing on a podcast series about the Manson Family. I just saw the new Tarantino movie last weekend and I can't stop thinking about it. Flamethrowers appear in two scenes and are put to extremely satisfying and so somehow comforting use, though it changes nothing about what actually happened. I guess that is partly why I cannot stop thinking about the movie, why I am listening to this podcast like I am listening to the White Album. Listening, trying to understand.



4.

This listening is turning the world a bit blacker for me, as if things were not already dark enough these days to make me want to hide in the nostalgia of early 70s childhood. I want to be numbed by brightly colored cartoons about a van full of teenagers who solve petty crimes instead of haunted by visions of a van full of teenagers committing unspeakable ones.



5.

My early 70's childhood was its own kind of horror show, nostalgia for certain television shows aside. Last night I revisited it. In my dream, an uncle I have not spoken to in years called to tell me my estranged father was dying of cancer in a Shreveport hospital, and I said, I'm sorry for you, I'm sorry for him, but it changes nothing. It would change nothing.

