

ARTS/SUPPLEMENT

FROM THE

DAL PHOTO: MARIA PATRIQUIN

She tells them she's walking home. She doesn't want to walk home alone again. I don't know why she even tells them. They don't care.

We're all born of revolution.

Crazy things go on inside her head. I know. I see her every day.

She's weird poetry, man, weird poetry.

With daisy chains.

Yeah.

She tries to walk home in the dark with an arrogant air, but I know. I walk with her all the time.

I stand aloft, but

I know you think I'm near.

She has a quick pace. I find it hard to keep up with her. She hears squeaking shoes. She looks behind her. There's no one there. There never is. Still she looks for the one with the squeaking shoes.

You are a briny one, aren't you?

She looks down at her feet. Her shoes are squeaking from the rainy ground. But still she looks around.

Get one black and one whole wheat milk.

She's always looking for someone following her - walking behind her, in front of her, driving past. She looks them in the eyes and dares them to look back at her - to smile at her.

I'm waitin' for my man! 26 dollars in my hand!

Squeak! Squeak! She whirls her head, swinging her long, damp hair. She's right. There is someone behind her. He's following her. She feels it.

Are ya ready for Bob?

Bob?

Yeah, Bob. You know.

She cocks her head.

The one with teeth in it.

He turns the corner, but she sees someone else coming towards her. She stares at him as he passes by.

You're late for school!

She feels scared. There are more people coming her way.

You'll have to shoot one of the singers. They're too many.

They're following her now. Everywhere she turns, someone turns her way. A man smiles at her.

Bernard's angry with you! Apologize to the purple chicken!

She has to move out of the way, so as not to bump into the bums on the sidewalk.

It's a graveyard out there!

She sees the drummers, but she doesn't hear them.

She's as far away as the sun can take her.

She's too busy looking around. They're everywhere. Leering at her, thinking she's ugly, beautiful - they think she's crazy. She knows it.

This is my world, but you created it.

She meets up with a group at a stop light. She thinks she hears one of them hiss her name. She looks beside her, but only sees her reflection in a shop window. Her eyes are wide and crazed.

You puked in my hat!

Her shoes squeak again.

It had to be the furry eggs.

She is walking too fast now and I am getting out of breath. She's in a panic - again.

What'll you do when the moon comes down?

She just wants to go home. She just wants to lie down and sleep away her fears.

Les oeufs de l'enfer!

She runs into her building, almost colliding with a man at the door.

It was a paisley afternoon with bursts of red jellybeans.

You are the geyser of my pressure.

She says nothing and rushes through the open door. She almost trips down the stairs in her haste. She runs to the bathroom and looks in the mirror - and feels her face. I recognize her. She's *the woman who fell down the Manhattan Staircase.*

Mary Jane Hamilton

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