

Biking through the center of Copenhagen towards Amager late at night after seeing Mr. Lonely at Grandteatret in 2007 as a part of the now defunct Copenhagen Film Festival these lines arose with no effort as if a reflection of the act of peddling and the rain slick streets themselves between Raadhuspladsen to Knippelsbro in a way that deforms the difference between archetype and concrete reality and the difference between my individual mind and the city: Mr. Lonely is inextricably a part of the constellation of living in Amager nine years ago, Amager itself nine years ago, and the disappearance of the Copenhagen Film Festival and this poem and the grey leather jacket that I used to wear back then.

*An Airplane Crash: two pathways to the brilliant whiteness of Marilyn Monroe's image*

Because the sky reflects the ocean.  
 Because the sky reflects the blue sky.  
 A plane is white. White is perfection.  
 The milk has rotted. And all our heads are painted on eggs.  
 Six dead nuns flying through the waves, floated by prayers,  
 rubble floats ashore.

My head proliferates with these emotions:

1. Werner Herzog's transparent, abstracted blue head. {day, miracles, slow dance, blacked eyes seated figure: ethereal, the sublimated

I dream of Cyclo, Pierrot le Fou

2. Charlie-Chaplin-Hitler's illuminated deathskull {night, theater, stiffness, flash-lit faces, tramp swarm goose-step: tertiary, the concrete

Oh the blue sky, the blue sky of heaven  
 and the solar winds that devour our planes' careens toward  
 heaven.