



...the human events given by the situations which are repeated, the mechanical events, the rush of trains, the fall of water, the slow cracking of structures, the growing of the grass, the melting of the snow, the rusting of iron, the flowering of roses, the heat of a summer's day, the cooking, loving, playing, dying, and not only of ourselves, but of the animals, and plants, and even of the inorganic processes which make the whole...



1. What is *Lima*

what is most memorable there -
eating anticuchos in the street; small pieces of beef heart,
on sticks, cooked over open coals...
the dark, badly lit night streets of Lima, small carts
with the flickering fire of the hot coals,
the faces of the sellers, shadowy figures
gathered round, to eat the beef hearts...

what is it about the *California coast*

- the shock of the waves, the hiss of the surf,
standing on a rock while the white water
hisses in, runs out, a dash across the wet sand to the rock,
before the sea comes in again...



What of the process of *scrubbing the floor*, working the stiff bristles of the brush,
and the pail of water, over the soft boards, with fibers braking loose,
and the smell of the soap that stays in the wood...



Or saying *goodbye, at a train*, leaning through the window of the train,
waving, kissing, as the train pulls out, running along the platform...

Thursday, June 2

Around 2:30 pm

First Visit to Lake Anne

It is a beautiful, warm sunny day. It took me a long time to get here; a seemingly never-ending drive. All the way, I wondered who would want to live so far out "in the middle of nowhere?" I felt like I was diving deeper and deeper into emptiness.

But now that I am here, I immediately sense the calm, serene charm. There is the sound of the fountain, birds, geese. There are little docks all around the lake and several boats. It is like a communal villa.

The density & closeness of the homes here is immediately striking. So unlike the vast expanses of space between homes in the rest of this area. Homes clustered next to each other, door to door, but each is completely unique as they intimately share space.

Shaded paths by luscious greenery and blossoms.

Steps leading up and down in a satisfyingly diverse topography.



Or, taking the *Sunday walk*, a family, abreast
in twos and threes, walking along the road, pushing
the smallest child perhaps,
the others lagging behind to look at frogs,
and an old shoe.



The *sunshine shining on
the windowsill,
the wind blowing
in the grass*
are events too.
Any combination
of events, which has a
bearing on our lives
– an actual physical
effect on us –
affects our lives.”²