

SARAH ANNE COX

with drawings by Paris and Phaedra Cox-Farr

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Drawings by Phaedra Cox-Farr and Paris Cox-Farr

This work was inspired by Elisabeth Belliveau's *ITALY draw around you and hope*, sent to me by Yedda. The author thanks Carmen and Elizabeth B. and John and Phaedra and Paris and Mary who contributed to the making of this book.

super undone blue: Greek Summer 2008 By Sarah Anne Cox

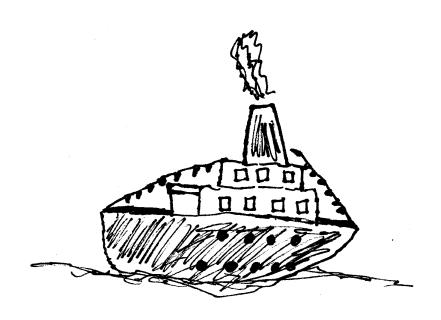
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After New York of 100 hotdogs and 100 sprinks natural history and water balloons and poses with copied Easter island heads or "We took this from them." like the Met searching for the "Wedding of Mary Cox" her dress folded and put away now the problem with transmissions surging, huffing and pizza slice and another hotdog, please.

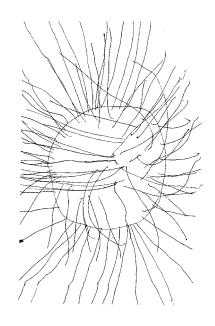
We moor in Greece tied up five times and untied



The boy jumping from tall rocks festooned climate blued and greened habilitated plastic water bottle mythic Orestes in his lawn chair poking sand with his toes meeting at a play date 7:PM Herakles friends call him Herk skinny and sinking under while swimming all these boy heroes and Paris among them jumping at his first fish caught around cave-like, cove-like

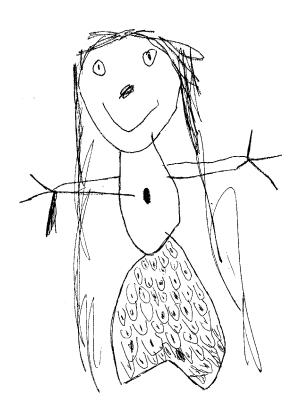
Cigarette package a circle with a line though it slow eyed the most pointiest part of the boat, stand there secret nightlife of sea urchins on the flat sand Mary steps on three

Limani, port long pavement, gauntlet super undone blue



Pork chops from the Minotaur heroin and homemaking on the other side of the electronic teller downtown Athens immigrant passage Geiger counter Chinese lantern signal land filled with volcanic holes black shadow black urchin black hole black little old lady's dress

The problem with walking on a pebble beach hobbled bare foot not being able to pick and choose the wet ones shine fantastic until they dry and become plain again when we've landed and churned up making jewels and the fluff of clouds the mermaid in her orange flippers can swim a blue streak but the road the hill path from the cove, the walk to *gyros me pita* calls for horse and carriage



What was wrong with ancient sailors? there is no wine dark sea no wine only the blue crystal oxygen twist full fathom seen the little stones and urchins and your continuous blue, your vacuous blue hunting crosses for January's Halcyon Theseus has become Christian and Herakles has a summerhouse on Pelion

We've called for confusion, for binding the edge to everyday clothes to blinding counterfeit *Prada* hand bags metal branding sun flash the furies have chased you down the close arteries of Plaka with the memory of a flower necklace and a double axe

This being the only place where you might meet another girl named Phaedra you might meet her here underneath the encaustic canvas, here selling plastic Luna Park chips having no where else to go stuck in summer's stony beach threat heaven filled with mosquitoes handy parasol sales at intersection sides of a coin



Transcending the appendix we are nothing but lists left in arrangements of these repeating blues cleanly protesting the Greek horizon does not get lighter but darker with the abandoned cities the hill forts Paris scaling the Knights of St. John walls tipping the edges of the Sounion cape exonerated from ruling foam calling smashed against the cliff

