

even g noticed this tonight as we were sitting here indulging in a big late dinner. twirling

her noodles she happened to look over at the flowers and asked me if i had put any water in since we

first did. after dinner we watched a movie for a while and then we went off to bed, but i couldn't

sleep because i knew i had to write, and so i came out here to the kitchen and started drinking beer.

initially there had been a rose in with these flowers, but it went limp early on, and i remember when i

threw it out it landed in the garbage on top of some bread that had gone green around the edges. i thought

it was kind of a pleasant sight, this limp red soft rose on bread with green edges. i was going to

take a picture of it, but then realized that she had taken the camera with her.

#### FROZEN PIZZA

i think we've come to like frozen pizza better, especially late at night. it's more delicate than the pie from the pizza place up in town. it's so delicate that there is no stuffy feeling tummywise at all. it doesn't keep us from sleeping. sometimes we get the french bread pizza. we stick the two pieces of bread in the broiler and they're ready in no time. and really, there's hardly anything to them. they are light and disappear without any discomfort. the french bread pizza is definitely g's favorite. she got me into eating them. i don't know exactly what they're made of, because late at night i don't care to be reading boxes; i don't care what i'm consuming. yes, they're light though. they go down easy, and they let us fall asleep. in fact,

we eat them in bed, backs  
to the wall, watching a movie  
on the vcr. regular pizza  
is just too heavy. we've  
talked about this. we've  
come to this conclusion.  
also that we love  
one another.

#### MY MOZART SERIES

she wanted to know why i took a picture of the bananas  
in the basket, and i told her that i did so because their  
yellow was so bright and inviting. i don't think she  
accepted this as much of a reason though, and so when i  
took a picture of the sink in the bathroom i really had  
something to answer for. but i had never lived with such  
an expensive camera before and i was charmed with how  
easy it was to use, and how sharp and glossy the results  
were. the thing made me look like a professional, at least  
in the eyes of this amateur. and i kept at it: recording  
many still lifes of the apartment, until pictures were  
piled so high on the dresser that it was getting hard to  
see in

the mirror. finally it got to the point where there  
wasn't anything to snap away at anymore. i had used the  
place up, so to speak, and i had no intentions of going  
outside. there was nothing intimate in the outside world  
to me, and i really considered myself a photographer of  
the intimate only. so the only thing left for me that held  
any interest was to take pictures of the stereo while  
different pieces of favorite music were being played. i  
started with mozart. i did a series of twenty-seven photos  
for every one of his piano concertos. all of them i owned  
on tape so it wasn't hard to do this. it was called "my  
mozart series." on the back of each photo was marked the  
number of the concerto. of course, this didn't sit too  
well with my girlfriend either, and she set out on a  
campaign of nagging questions concerning it. for my part:  
i just accused her of not appreciating mozart.

#### BEFORE I SIT DOWN TO WRITE

before i sit down to write i put an old movie  
on the tv and sit on the purple couch for  
about an hour with a newspaper in my lap  
i ignore