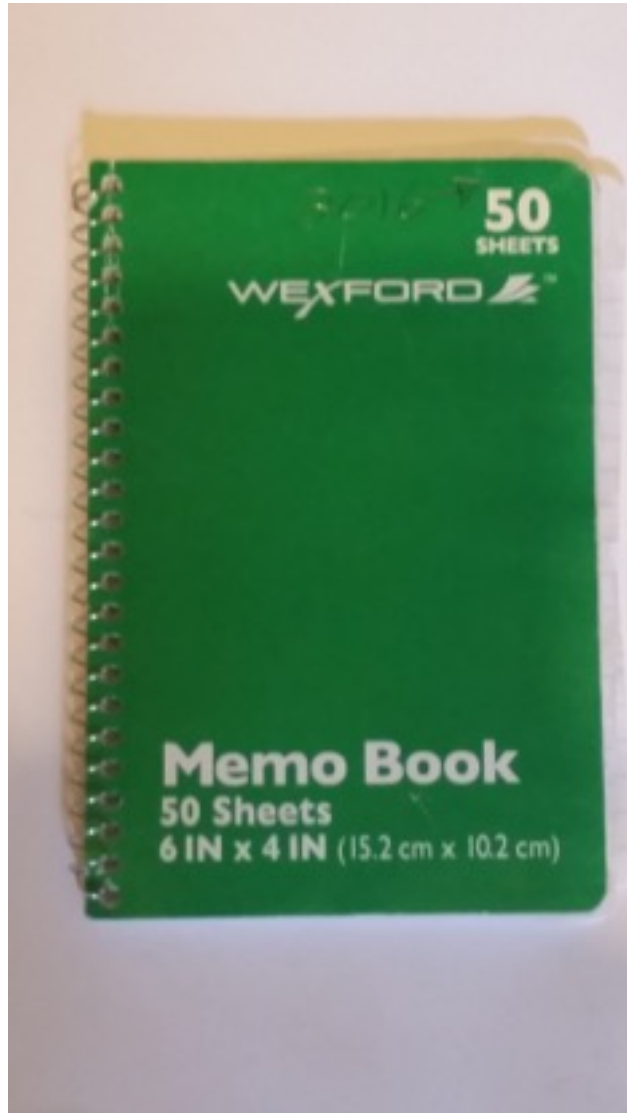


GREEN MEMO BOOK (2016)

(vrb)



The following are all from the green 4"x6" Wexford Memo Book dated 2016 shown, including bits & pieces interspersed with more or less random notes, telephone numbers, expressive squiggles, doodles, graphics...etc.

Despite the size, too narrow for many full lines, there are longer-line poems mixed in with her short "snaps" & other kinds of notes ("bok choy/ Bach Joy"), including some that seem part of a coherent sequence intended as a whole. (Practical notes & a few illegible pages or entries are omitted.)

In some places, Virginia seems to want to use spatial organization on the page as part of the expression, but the skimpy pages don't always cooperate—giving some pages the feel of unfinished drafts scribbled on the fly (& presumably never gotten back to).

With such things in mind, typist & reader must put themselves in her mind & intention as much as possible to give the "scores" whatever little finishing tweaks she'd likely have made to help in the translation. Where a word changes lines in the original mainly because width ran out, it shows up here on the line presumably intended. Where line breaks & relative placement of lines seem part of the dance, they're shown more or less as they appear.

Where she has included dates, these are given in brackets. Whereas some notebooks have entries years apart, all here seem to be in 2016. As becomes clear, one theme flowing throughout is *falling*... Falls had caused a hip surgery in 2012 & head injury in 2015 that had her helicoptered to the state's main neurological unit at UNM. Sometimes the falling here resembles flying & swimming, however—as in certain paintings, too.

As brought forth more recently, there's also an aspect of *diving*—as in:

Yes I was— : summer lightning diving in
Tahoe & Pyramid Lake

&, when asked "how's life?"

she wrote:

"what does life feel like?"
a springboard,
up on our toes—

springboard/ one by one/ blessings

SPLASH,

splash!!
roiling sky
down

WET

grass
mesa tops,
rio gallinas foothills

“Heather’s Rainbow”
dancing across the prairie night’
on elephant legs

dusty yellow rose
by the summer gate
—thorns & butter rake

tune up—-blackbird

*

bok choy/
Bach’s Joy

*

[“Pocahont is of thee”]

*

“FLOW CHART/ PLAN (for)”

[June '16]

LIFE

& all that—

dance swim ex-
plore play won-
der shout & sing

listen & ask
Love Family

*

whatever

I am
was
will be

... dolphins
bubbles
reef tide pools

tide lines~~~~~
wild hair
salty

endless rejoicing

amazed

*

just
whatever
I am

a last ting of bell

SNAP!

“Ginny the Gentle Giraffe”
along the tides
“Little Mother of all the world...” (?)

tasting feasting
re-d-hydrate

thaw
 melt
implode

*

cast released
 the net itself
 singing

*

a place
 where music grows
 —sown by hand & heart,

gathered in & flung
 apart the stars
 pearls that leap
 & glow
 in iridescent streams

no end no beginning
 only music—
& children
 at play

* [Aug 21, '16]

under the net
the stars still
shine

whales & porpoises
drift ... in dark
illuminated from
below the sharks
& seals motionless great
forests of kelp wave
take root
in bell-like melodies

—humungous
nothing

slides across
the deep [?] first/ 3rd
vent

*

—skin

something scrapes
the ocean bed
—no stopping now!
push!!

the old one says!
whoopee!
in a great heave
no time at all

flips!!
the old one—
pillar & post
moon & scorcher

—just a stick...?

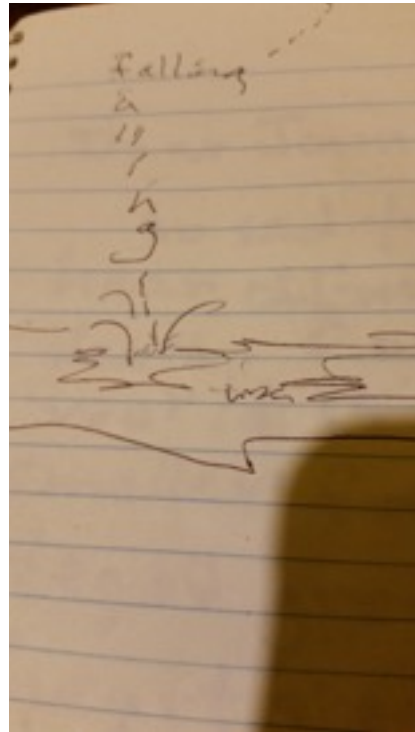
one good walking stick
a soft rope lain across

o f
n a smile?? 🍷
e l sleep
 l subway
m i
o n pen or
r g... pencil
e mind/
step beloved
 raindrops catch
 & tremble

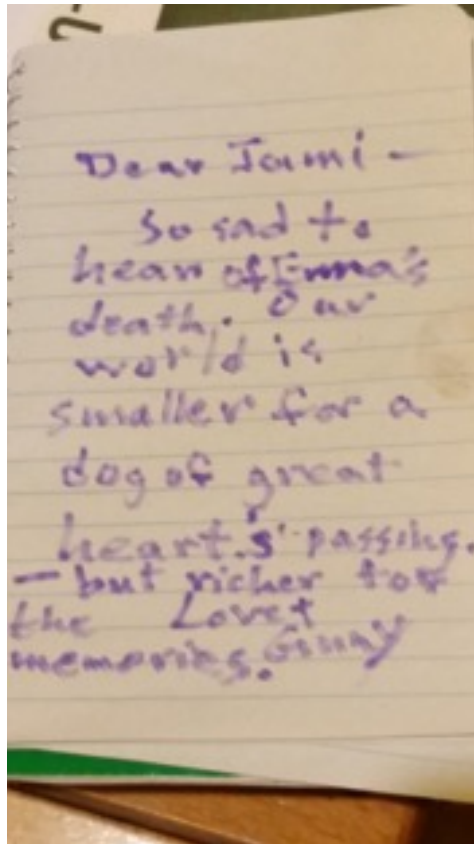
falling
a
l
l
i
n
g

[splash]

*



P.S. Turning the memo book upside down to start from the back, one finds various pages of notes to herself—telephone numbers, little things to remember—interspersed with some pages for doodling. In between the notes & the poetics, the following could be considered either.



As added when forwarding to Jami: *At first I assumed it an un-mailed note, but it may also belong with the poems—all mixed together in the same little 4"x6" memo book. An un-mailed note or an untyped poem—not sure there was ever a difference between the two for her, both being impressions of the heart shared (at least in spirit, as far as the paper...).*

The note is not unlike some sent our way since Virginia's passing. "Dogs of great heart" had deep & true meaning for her, starting with Rex during her girlhood, then from Jack London to Raga, Wookie, Sumo...Emma, etc. — not to mention her friendships with Crocus & other critters of great heart.

(Lucky us to have been among them!) R. 🐒 🐕 🐶 🐻 🐧 🐏