The Kotanopan jungle mountains are cut in the foreground by the rapid river and so shimmer at sunset, like a pointillistic painting until every tree shakes and the sky itself explodes into a guernica of bats: dark night before night when the landscape fractalizes into pollack drips and daubs de kooning and bits of landscape in my cubist eyes.

### **ART HISTORY** IN NORTHERN SUMATRA

### IN BORNEO ODE ON WOOD

I seem some Romantic ideal. wy hand dripping with the resin, my mouth open and yet knot my arms in line with the grain of the wood with nature Because I sit here at home

much like me. ano amos in every tree in every plank əəs noλ Secause you find me so,

Stops my bleeding. paper, durable and mothproof: Writing on rice

Ylimet 945 a treat for to last pəves fles bne of rice a main course tles bne of rice a tew grains each tles bne of rice shares a dinner Ylimet 9dt

աչ Քеотету terrified of your seeing into the corner

Yewe mut l

when you stare silently agengnel to suonduna stsing uns breathing breasts taces dead moons

My mask

A NEW WORLD A BALI DANCER

### **SATTS NIATNUOM**

birds, the wind, and you. I know the river, In absolute silence

to weigh. Bees rejoice. along a branch too loose The flower attracts a squirrel

but smells squirrel--The hummingbird tastes nectar

--nish nabreg and ni feolf seilt to liws gninids A abandoned orchid.

tangled fronds and ferns. Treetops, Hurricane of life.

Monkey sirens.

ΑЯΤΑΜUS ,ΙJUNA9AT HTUOS NI 

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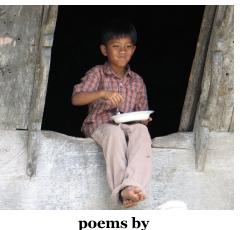
Cover photo by James Penha

## Origani Poeny Project

**LESSONS FROM THE ARCHIPELAGO** by JAMES PENHA © 2010

# **FROM THE ARCHIPELAGO**

LESSONS



**JAMES PENHA**