



3 WEEKS IN FORMER YUGOSLAVIA - MADISON MOCK JUNE 2011

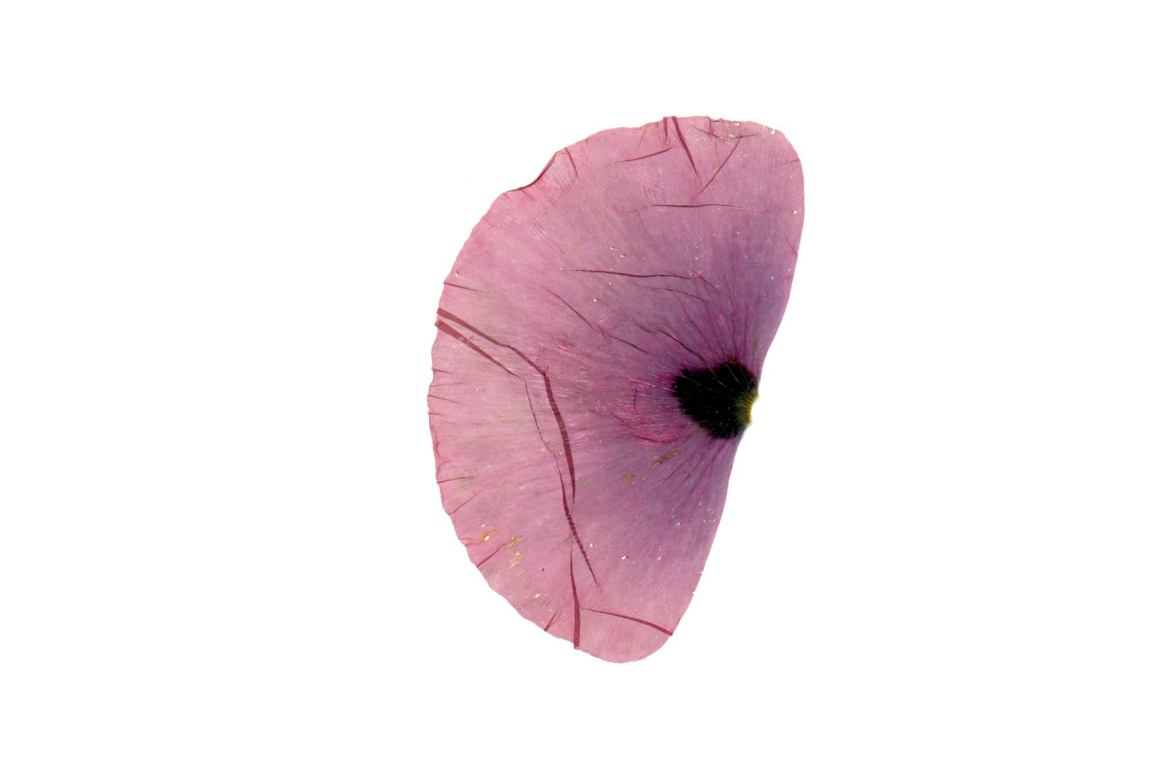
I want to eat the ocean with my eyes



I feel the plane's engines. They vibrate under my toes.



I have no idea what anyone is saying.



Pondering the value of a photograph of the drapes.

Bells toll once for half hour.





Obey normal walking patterns.

Girl in pink dress sprays air freshener.

3 strawberries







Tapped on the shoulder by a woman's umbrella.







Amplified children's voices.



Wind catches my ticket.





Cars make a «boop boop» noise as they drive over ridges.

Sun warms my back as the wind rustles my clothes.





Girl in teal shirt squirting perfume.





Serbian fascists killed humans.







Sound of silk worms eating.



Walking uphill in the sun.



Walking into cloud of insects.

Walking down steps toward the water.

Letting the yellow rubberband go.

Passing over paw prints.

Bells toll.









lizard rustles over leaves and into bushes.



Falling backwards sitting down on a ledge.

I feel like I've been on this bus for days.



Eating another apricot even though I know they're not ripe.

can hear/feel a cruise ship in the distance.

Pigeons take off right in front of me.



Sitting on a ladder as the waves came in.  
I couldn't help but smile and laugh.  
My shoulders taste like salt.







Hot. Insect sounds.



Reverberations from floor of boat.



Sitting at the bottom of steps by the sea.  
The sun feels nice and warm on my skin.  
My ink flow changes with the temperature.

"only whispers of what went on."





Quieter. Less birds.



"This is where we saw the first cat."

Sound of waves.

Two guys yelling from some distance.  
One must be below me.

Smell of (artificial?) fruit.  
gasoline.



Sound. Sculptures with long fingers.

Squeaky bumpy van ride.

Please take note of the emergency exits.

"Local time is three minutes past two."





