

Route 1 - Box 327 AA,
Englewood, Florida,
February 3, 1963.

Dear Kit,

Besten Dank für thine of recent date ult.

Natcherly we missyuh. But the Brockways successfully broke their way hither, ~~x~~ and much boom compenyonship has been had by all. (This aft., we journey togidda to a ~~brockway's shrine~~ nearby shrine where, after an appropriate Spate, as ~~the~~ they say, of Observation, we dare hope to oil the works, n sech.)

Meanwhile, lovingly, I enclose these here two items, for your inspection.

Go out in the snow and have fun (the godam crazy ~~and~~ snow!). And with love from the whole godam Key,

Skinskerely,

K.B.

That "Introduction to What" bizz is now in galleys, and is to appear in the first number of a forthcoming lil mag, Locations, edited by Harold Rosenberg. ~~It~~ After seeing it in type, I continue to feel that yes it makes the right kind of noise, at least for the time ~~it~~ bean.

An Old Man, to Himself

While with my cane in hand
I gaze across the sand,
As though within my reach
Spreads all that frames this beach.

My eyes were given me
To watch this tumbling sea
And thus to exercise
Most grandly with the eyes.

Then should I end up blind
All this will fill my mind,
Plus sights of those endeared
For whom I feared.

Or should my hearing go
I'll listen even so
To all that memory saves
Of voices and of waves.

Thus I'll be holding up
While I am folding up,
Somehow to shade away
Like dawn into day.

J.A.

Portrait of a Problematic Patriot

As free as the driven snow
With nowhere and/or everywhere
To go

Hoping that things might sizzle
With a keen sizzlement
fresh from the sizzlery
in an envergure of wingspread

wondering ~~for~~ what it feels like
to be a drop of water
when not out all by itself
but melted in among its fellows

he called forth hearkenwise
to whomsoever.
And whomsoever replied not a word.

He said to the self:
"When pecking at notions
Be like swooping down for the kill."

He said:
"If itchy with ambition,
be your own Harpy,
and tear at yourself till you're raw."

He recalled the time by the shore's edge
When lying awake perforce at night
He pitied the poor insomniac sea
Out there thrashing in the dark full moon glow
Back and forth gritting its teeth in the sand
Its problems endlessly unsettled.

"Oh," he breathed,
"to be in a permanent I-Thou Relation
with the Id!"

He called to whomsoever:
"Come one, come all,
that I may be thy shepherd
(though sheep otherwise are raised
either to be fleeced
or for mutton)."
And whomsoever replied not a word.

He peered into the devices of the leadership
for lining up the readership

and pondered on the ways
of college campi.

His gospel was simple but compelling:
"Things positively are, or not.
Get going, till you get or you get got.
We learn by rote and live by rot.
And people seem inclined to itch a lot."

read possibilities

[scribble]

Having been told that contra means "against,"
and that from contra
comes ~~no less a grand than "country,"~~
he sadly fervored: *grandeur than "my country,"*
as

"Dear my Country,
We must stay hard and close against thee,
Throughout all misadventuring.

"Be moral fortress
Not imperial fightress
With arms botched and debauched."

File