



Dear Gail.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1967-06-20

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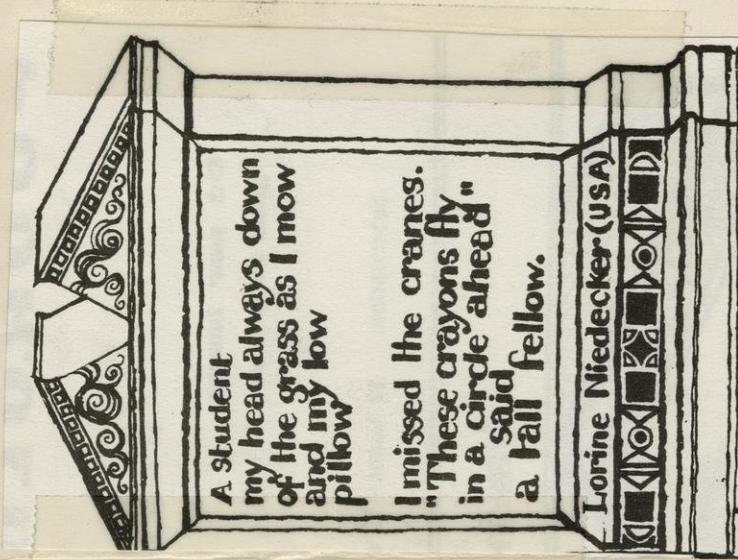
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June 20, 1967

Dear Gail:

What is so rare as a perfect day in June! Looks like today would be one, however, and Sunday was - did you spend it outdoors? We had a glorious time working in the vegetable garden, mowing lawn etc. I sowed some hollyhock seeds - they used to be known as biennials but I see now the packets say perennial. I'm too late for blooms this year. Got hold of a kind of sunflower that grows only 4 feet tall.



Printed in Poor Old Tired Horse

sometime ago. A man on Black hawk Island pronounces cranes "crayons". There might be a rookery across the river from us - we hear that rattly honk.

Took a walk yesterday while clothes were washing at the Wash Bowl - newspapers on the sidewalk in front of the drug store, one package pulled apart by a sparrow working its head off. One use for some of that newsprint! The heading on the Wisconsin State Journal: Moon Man Finds Shortage of Caviar in Moscow.

Guess what my plumbing bill was that day? - about 12 ft. pipe for natural gas, hitching gas heater to it, pressure pump - you can't (i.e. guess) - \$75.95. The only thing to do is up the rent which I did for Tom Sawyer. For Huckleberry Finn the rent may be prohibitive.

Koenigs move out by July 3, then a cleaning job the like of which has never been known.

"It is my belief countries do behave wisely once they have exhausted all other alternatives." - Abba Eban, Minister of Israel

Carp working close to the shore and up into the marsh - we have a little canal since the rise in river level - I presume by July 1st all will be about normal, it can't rain all the time.

Much taken up with how to define a way of writing poetry which is not Imagist nor Objectivist fundamentally nor Surrealism alone - Stella Leonardos of Brazil sensed something when I loosely called it "reflections" or as I think it over now, reflective, maybe. The basis is

direct and clear - what has been seen or heard etc... - but something gets in, overlays all that to make a state of consciousness. Closest I've come to anyone else talking about it is an article in the winter issue of Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature, a Madison periodical on which, by the way I see Quintana's name (editorial board). The author who teaches at the University of Manitoba takes Henry Green (novelist) and Wallace Stevens (poet) as his examples. The visual form is there in the background and the words convey what the visual form gives off after it's felt in the mind. A heat that is generated and takes in the whole world of the poem. A light, a motion, inherent in the whole. Not surprising since modern poetry and old poetry if it's good, proceeds not from one point to the next linearly but in a circle. The tone of the thing. And awareness of everything influencing everything. Early in life I looked back of our buildings to the lake and said, "I am what I am because of all this - I am what is around me - those woods have made me" I used to feel that I was goofing off unless I held only to the hard, clear image, the thing you could put your hand on but now I dare do this reflection, For instance, Origin will have a ~~thin~~ narrow, longish poem, sensuous, beings ^{My life/} in water and ends "of the soft/and serious"- / Water". and

Thank you again for that wonderful bird book.

We have vacation last week in July and first in August - the July week we'll go along the southern shore of Lake Superior. Do stop in on a week end before that. Of course it's always possible I'll have to stay out a week seeing to repairs in the Koenigs place.

Are you painting?

YIELD
Yield.
No Parking.
Unlawful to Pass.
Wait for Green Light.
Yield.
Stop.
Narrow Bridge.
Merging Traffic Ahead.
Yield.
Yield.
Yield.

found Poetry

guess you saw
this in NY Times

!