

11/16/1972

David and Kathy,

I've lingered from these lines awhile
full of regrets concerning the style
of waiting on words
as if some train in a park! clambering
heaped up in a museum zulus
were the object of
screaming anticipation

(and you speak of inevitability?)

and we all head for the red cross
possibly building
or hurray for the red white & blue))

"I am a P.O.W. wanting a passport
to escape"

"I was an exile on mainstreet
all my life"

"I set the table and kicked
off the song"

who is keeping score of our
energies?

oh Elmer Fudd say it straight out
what am I to witness?

can you carry a tune?

but lest I give up rhyming too soon

I read your letter

it came in the mail

dear Kathy and David

what do words and names and streets avail

or the rest I offer

on my hairy bosom?

could anyone be that tired?

by stars, raisins, West Point cadets, and organic sanitation

I hope that

yuletide will be wonderful this year

do you think?^{that it could be}

We might have ^{and a jubilee} a heap of a picnic!! ^{surfing, safari, arts & crafts expedition.}

and ^{that's} almost all the news ^{worth the items} that's fit to

print, friendly yours

(I)

Mike F.

P.S. Will soon be in Utah!

I went to the post office the other day and was hit by a bolt of poetry from your addresses. Somebody must have left their synapses open rather long. I am recovering with the aid of vitamin B12*. For this Reason I have enclosed the picture you will find.

*and E?

