

Letter to Ruthie -- 1

My Darling  
Is it your time now? You  
Could never love the spring  
The muddy thaw, the stink  
Of it. Are you sick of  
Springs, when your blood  
Runs thin -- and your mind  
Becomes depressed with un-  
Known longing?

Winter is best for you  
You love the whitened fields  
Beneath the moon, the swift  
Free run of snow before the  
Wind -- the sweet warm act  
Of Love beneath a blanket

11/64

Pusan Liberty

the 6x6 bounces me down the  
washboard roads, I see the  
sun-eaten walls of Korea, my  
girl-wife & child in a mud &  
straw hut back in Taegu & here  
I am meeting the SEAL as he  
sits on his roller-skate cart  
minus arms & legs but beneath  
his ass a million \$'s worth  
of heroin -- I make my buy  
walk through the 10,000 cam-  
era market-place, jeeps for  
sale, people for sale, I'm  
even for sale as I find the  
porch of Cutie's suckahatchi  
house & fix, sitting in the  
sun on the adobe veranda, the  
2 Chinese agents come around  
to make their buy, 2 young  
boys, they're hooked bad & I