

It Is Mostly A Matter Of Praise Life

-- for anybody but: Judson Crews

Crews is an important man. What I Remember most about him was his hair -- Black and straight. And the poems (so unlike him, Bob Nystedt said in his apartment in NY. or was it in my apartment in Atlanta, Bob, with you and Elaine ... all 3 of us & Olivant broke? -- I gained weight for the first time in my life ... and Maud kind enough to us to say to you and Elaine "come live with me" and be my pedigree but don't burn the free midnight oil for sleeping the sun away) ... In Three Hands: always writing about the sea & he so far away. How may one speak (these days) without involving others So deeply a part of one's own life? But How may one speak of the "failures" one is So fond of speaking of, those things reputedly One learns by? And I had thought one learned Only by one's successes! Anyhow, I was about to tell you something about Crews (J.C., in the '40's, when he was appearing Like a live duck or a mad guinea in The Westminister). Oh well, not over a page Long. I suppose I've said it anyhow.

Standard

When I think of Standard Oil
I think of New Jersey and
Patterson and Williams and

The blue grass of Kentucky.
The horses the thorobreds
nibbling along the road way

from sunrise to neon eating
the lush grass prancing
the tall dark down hating

hating the darkness and
from all over lean lanky
America Americans