

LETTER TO A LADY

The wind comes black  
and around  
in a dark Mercedes  
scattering leaves  
  
the roads run off  
through a white-walled day  
the weeks fall down  
a staircase of names  
through dark wood thoughts  
in an old cafe.

The face is blurred against the rain  
the days cave in with hospital songs  
the face is soft against the glass  
white as the frost on northern coasts.

The lady waits in a dark wool coat.  
The fool in the rain is always late.

"The Greeks are dead," the fool begins.  
The rain continues every night.  
The girl in the soft wool coat is right.  
"The Greeks were only Romans given time."

The fool drinks Roman coffee black.  
The lady sips her Grecian wine.  
If thought could cross the Alps of time ....

They pause perhaps at Lac Lehman.  
The lady makes her way to France.  
The fool continues on to Rome.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills CA

WORMWOOD AWARDS::

Presented for the "Most overlooked book of worth for a calendar year." Previous winners and new awards(\*) noted below:

- 1961: Alexander Trocchi: The Outsiders, Signet
- 1962: Kurt Vonnegut Jr.: Mother Night, Gold Medal
- 1963: James Drought: The Secret, Skylight
- 1964: Russell Edson: The Very Thing That Happens, New Directions
- 1965: Christopher Perret: Memoirs of a Parasite, Hors Commerce/Callahan
- 1966: Stanley Crawford: Gascoyne, Putnam's
- 1967: Peter Wild: The Good Fox, The Goodly Co
- \*1968: Ian Hamilton Finlay: 3 Blue Lemons, Wild Hawthorne Press

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