

LAST TRY

I have been writing ten or fifteen poems a week since I finished my 3rd. novel 9 months ago.

I drink at the typewriter and sometimes eat at the typewriter -- there is tartar sauce smeared on the carriage now from a fish dinner I had an hour ago.

I am profligate and prolific. but that isn't the complaint. most of the poems work for me, I only tear up about one in six.

what bothers me is that in these 9 months I have attempted 3 or 4 of what I call "Ezra Pound pomes" and I just don't have any luck with them I have to rip them.

I once corresponded with one of Pound's x-girlfriends and she wrote me many curious and strange things about him but when I sit down to write about him, I fail.

I have good things to say about him, and maybe that's it: maybe if I laid the grease to him I could have a nice poem

but I like the way he worked the line, although some of the cantos backed me up and made me feel tricked.

Pound will be around much longer than I will; likewise Henry Miller, Céline and e.e. cummings. but Pound made me feel good, there is the taste of steel and carving and splendid construction about him.

I have a giant black cat who makes me think of Pound
he is the biggest cat I have ever seen -- nobody bothers him
and when he stretches out on the rug you can see the length of him
those paws, legs, that head
he's like Ezra Pound was
he is a miracle, bigger than anything like him around
that's all I can say:
he's like Ezra Pound was.

I am wiping the tartar sauce off of this machine with white toilet paper. gross, isn't it?
well, I'm not tearing this one up
you tear it up

the cat is asleep now and I look at him and feel good.