

baby in a
carrage









Painting by Kitch

March 1957

shoe polish on newspaper



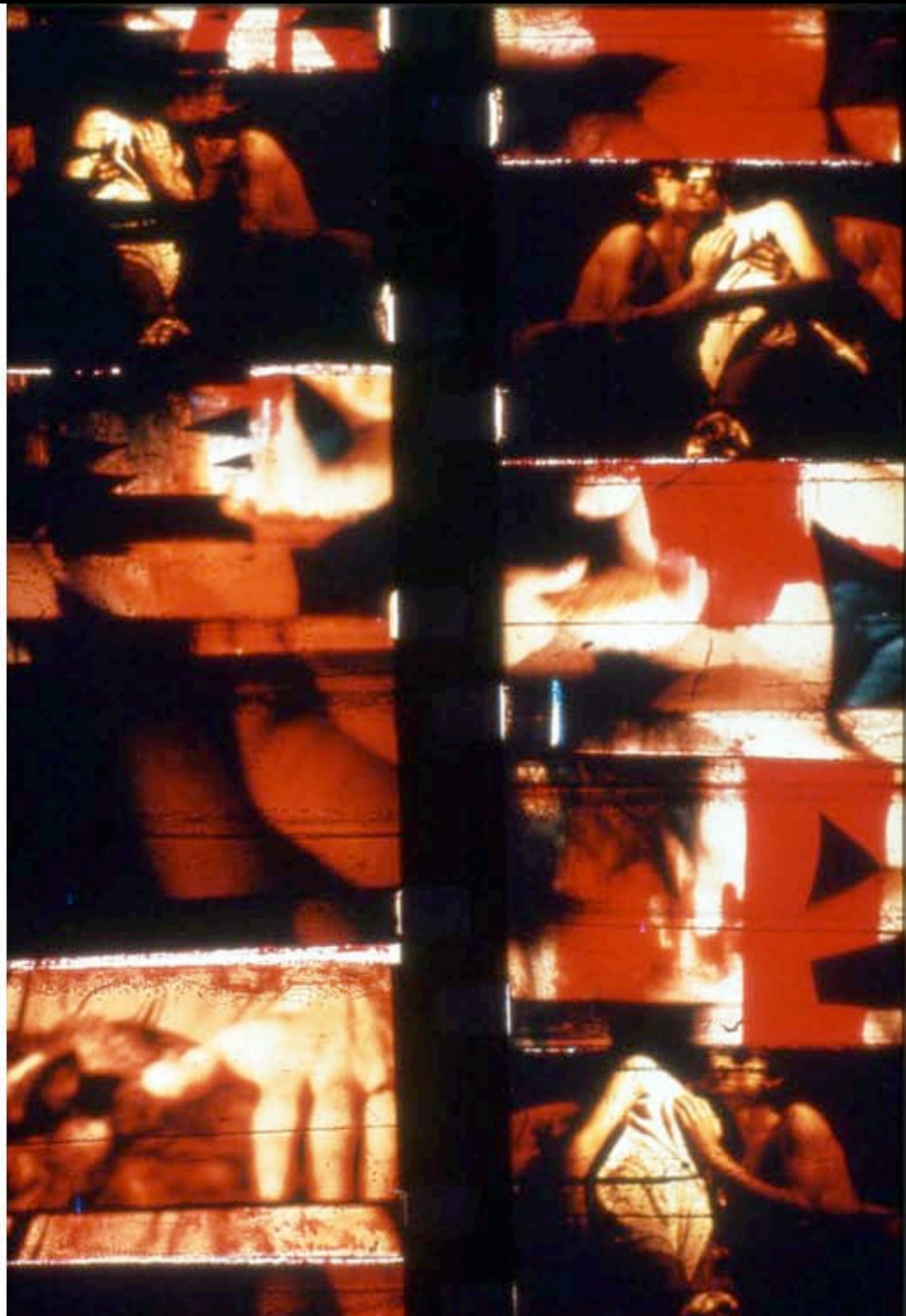


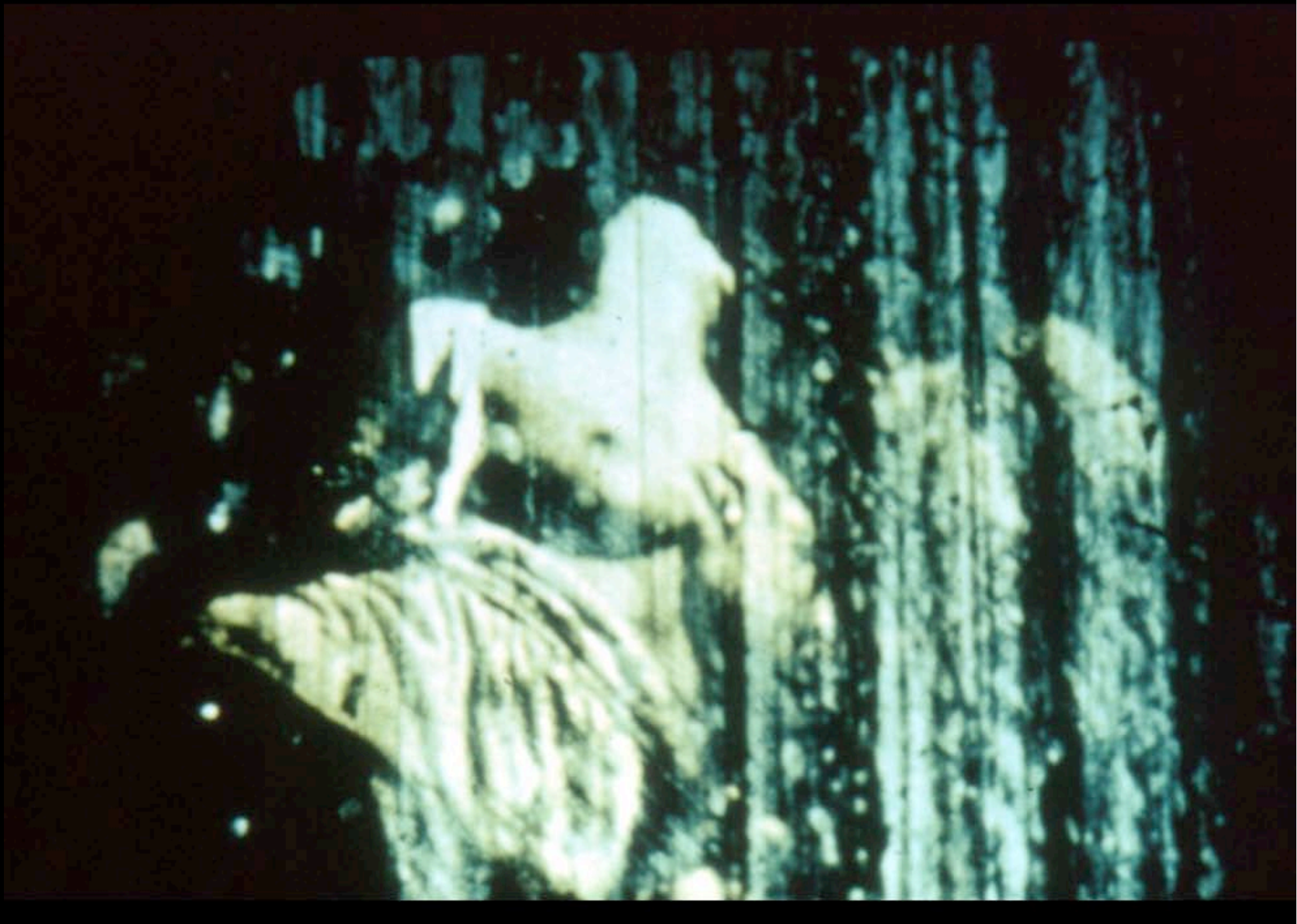














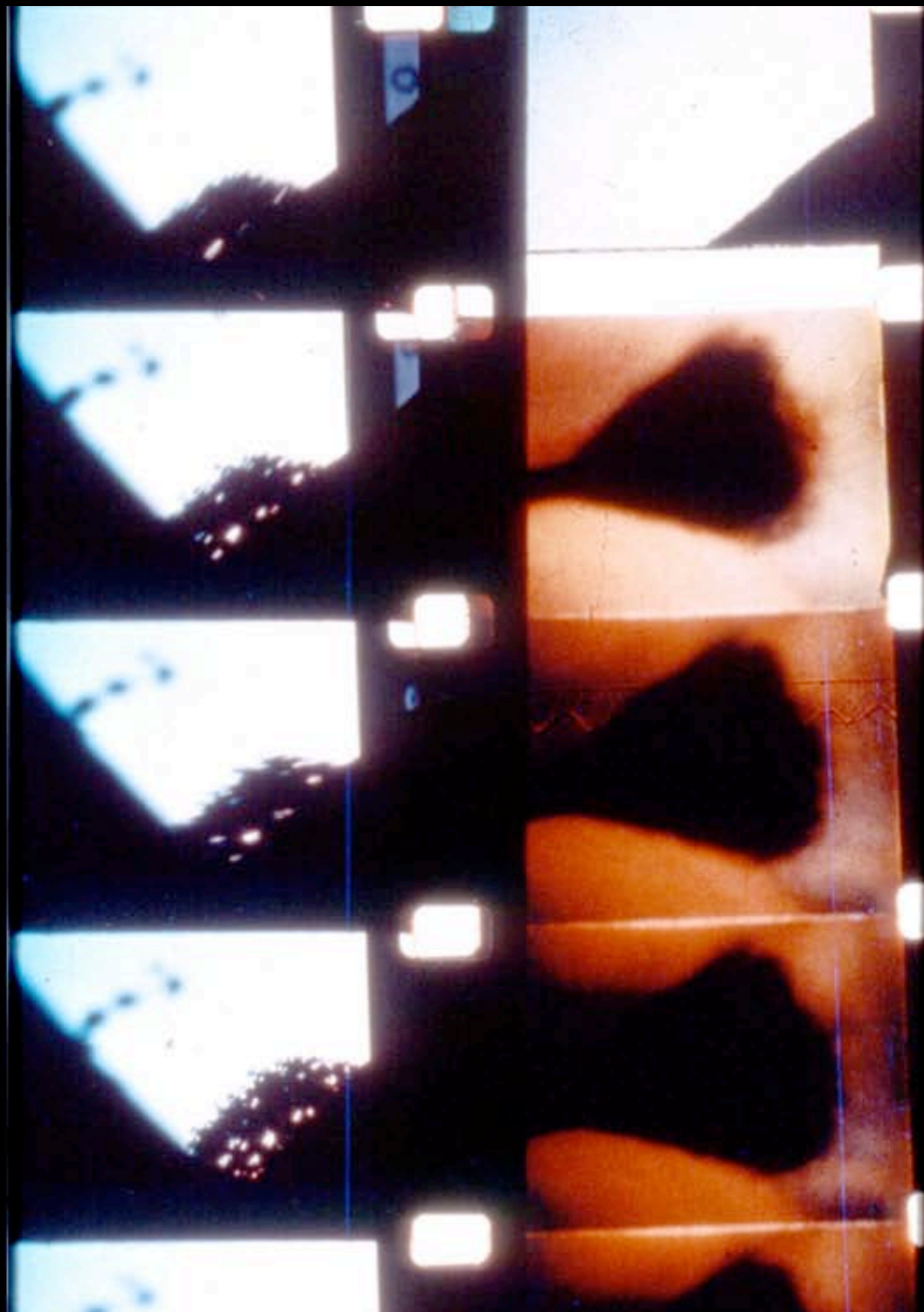
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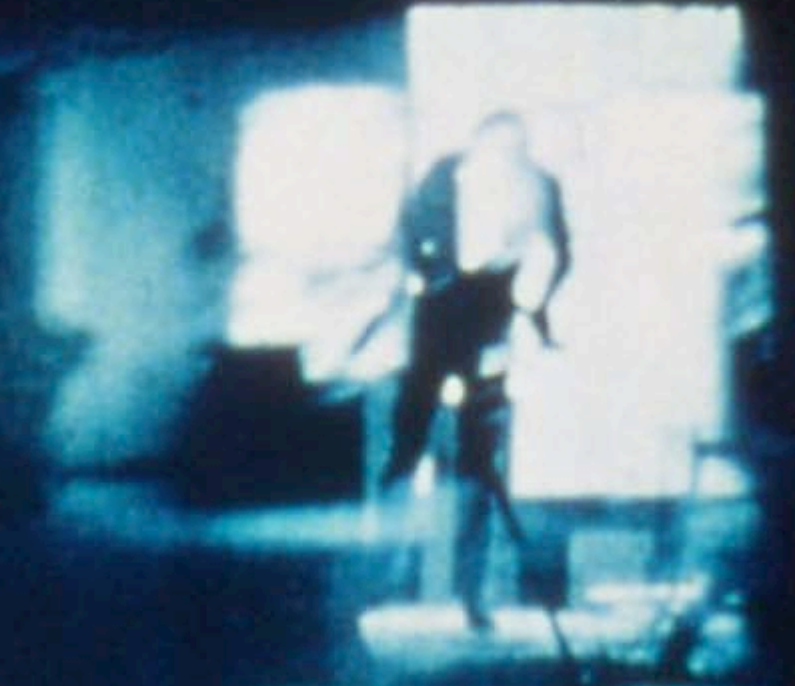




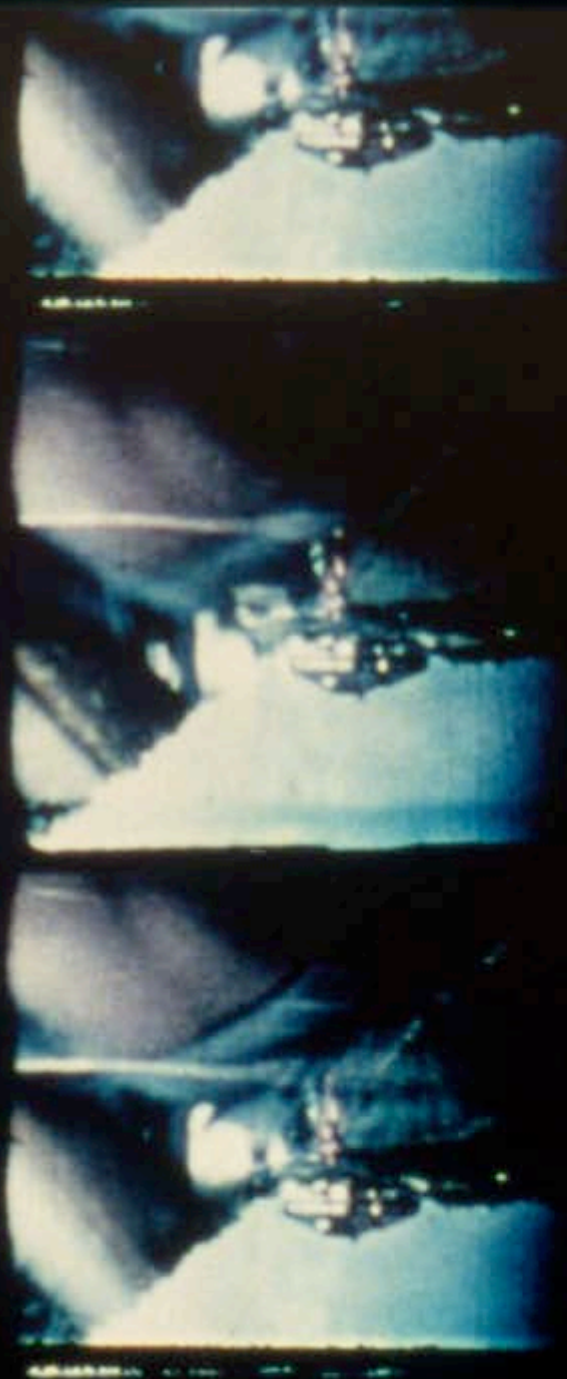






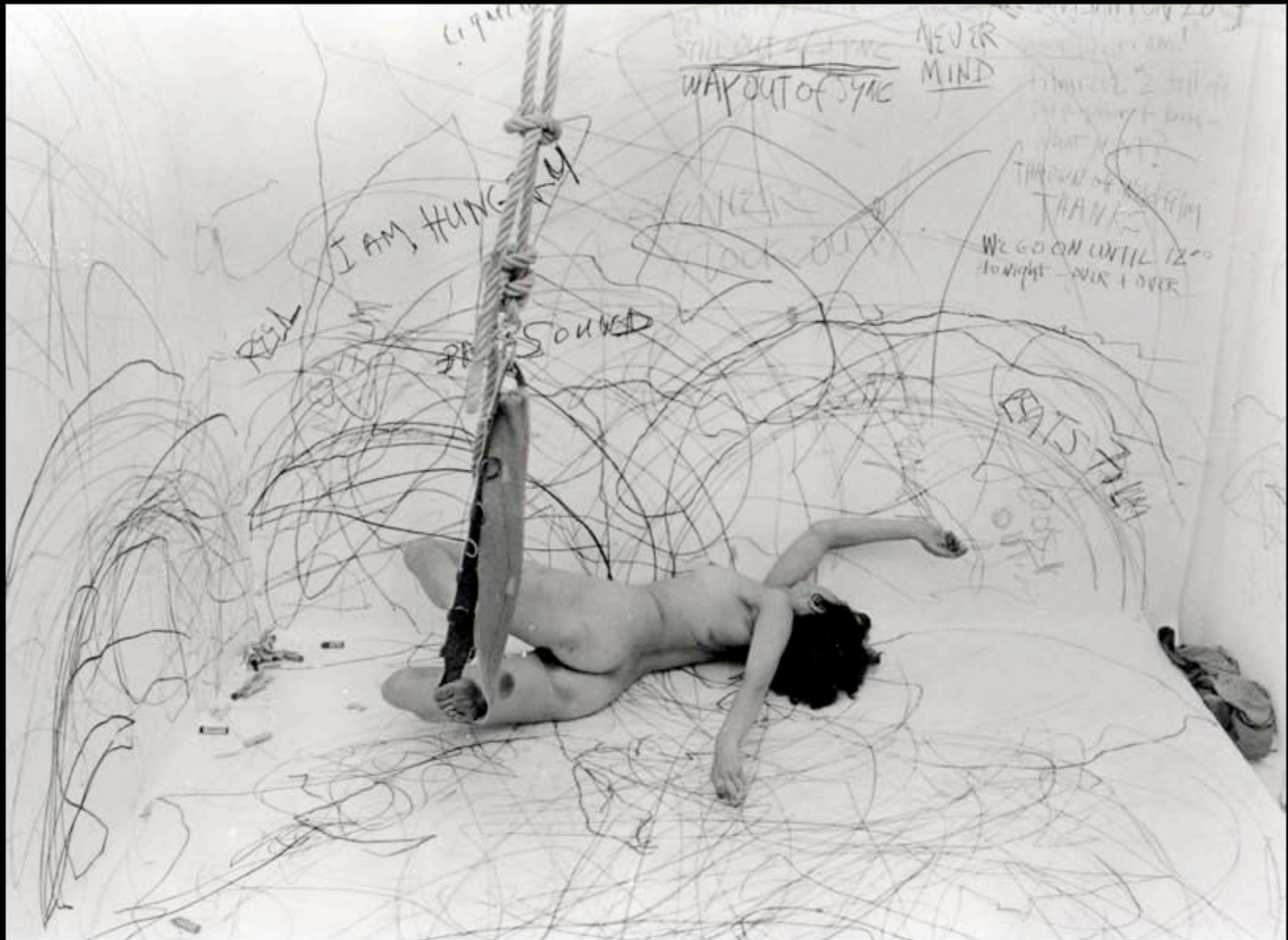


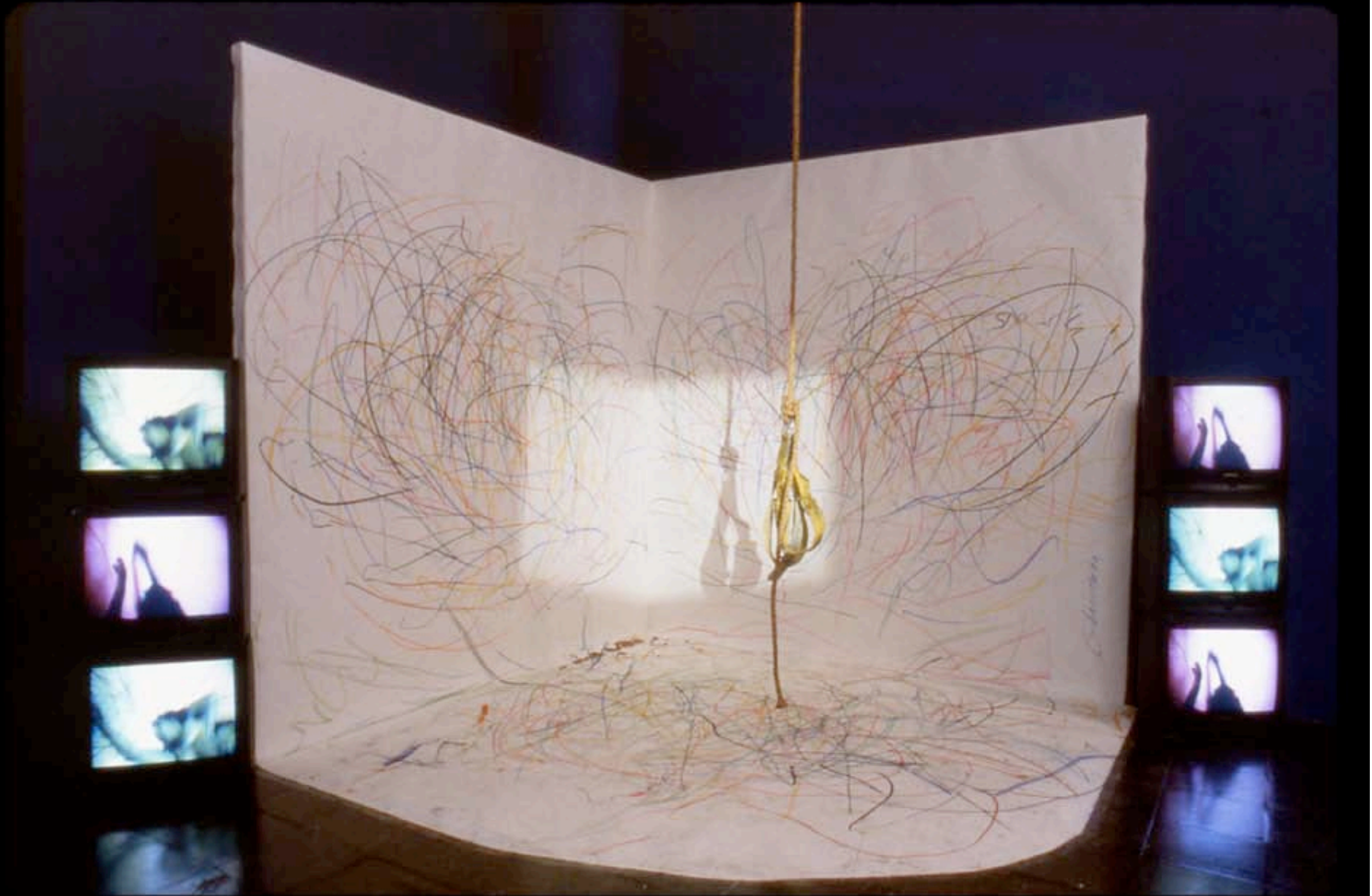


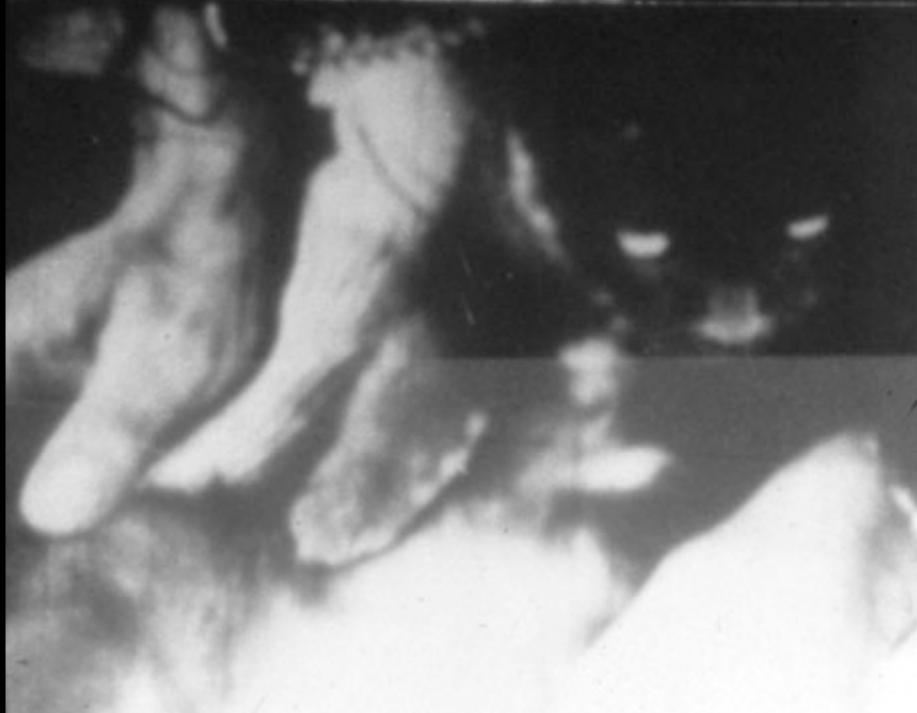


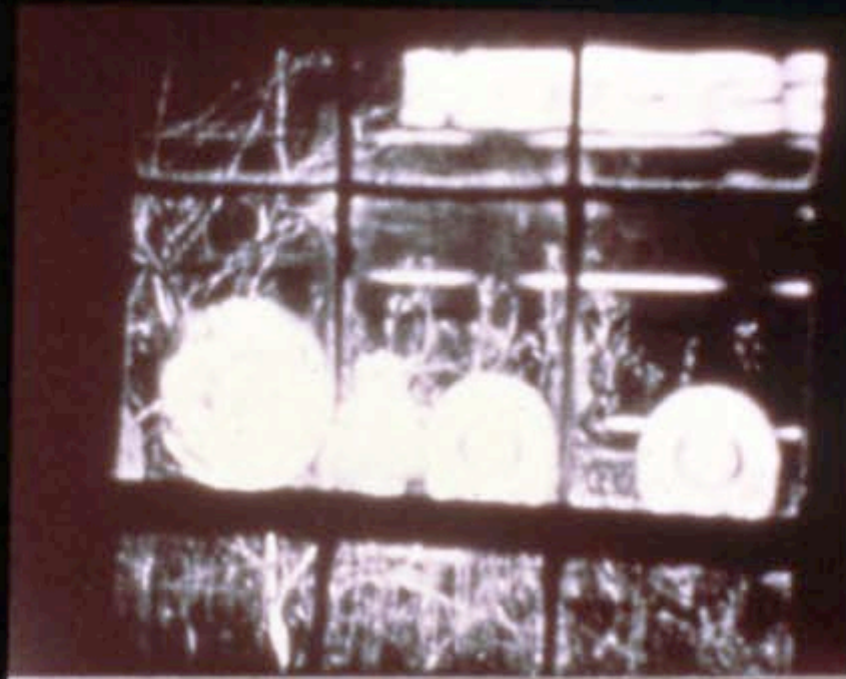








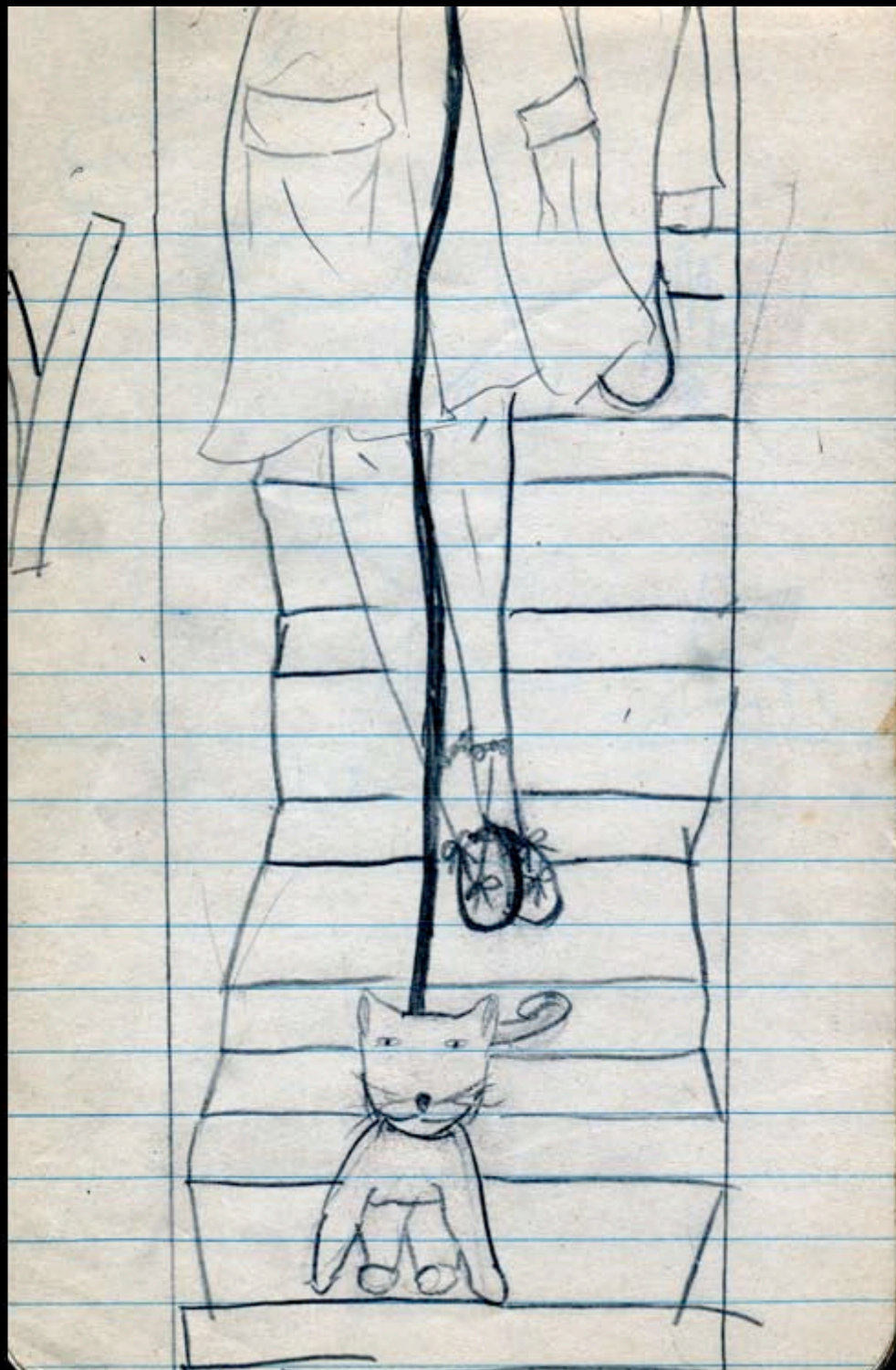


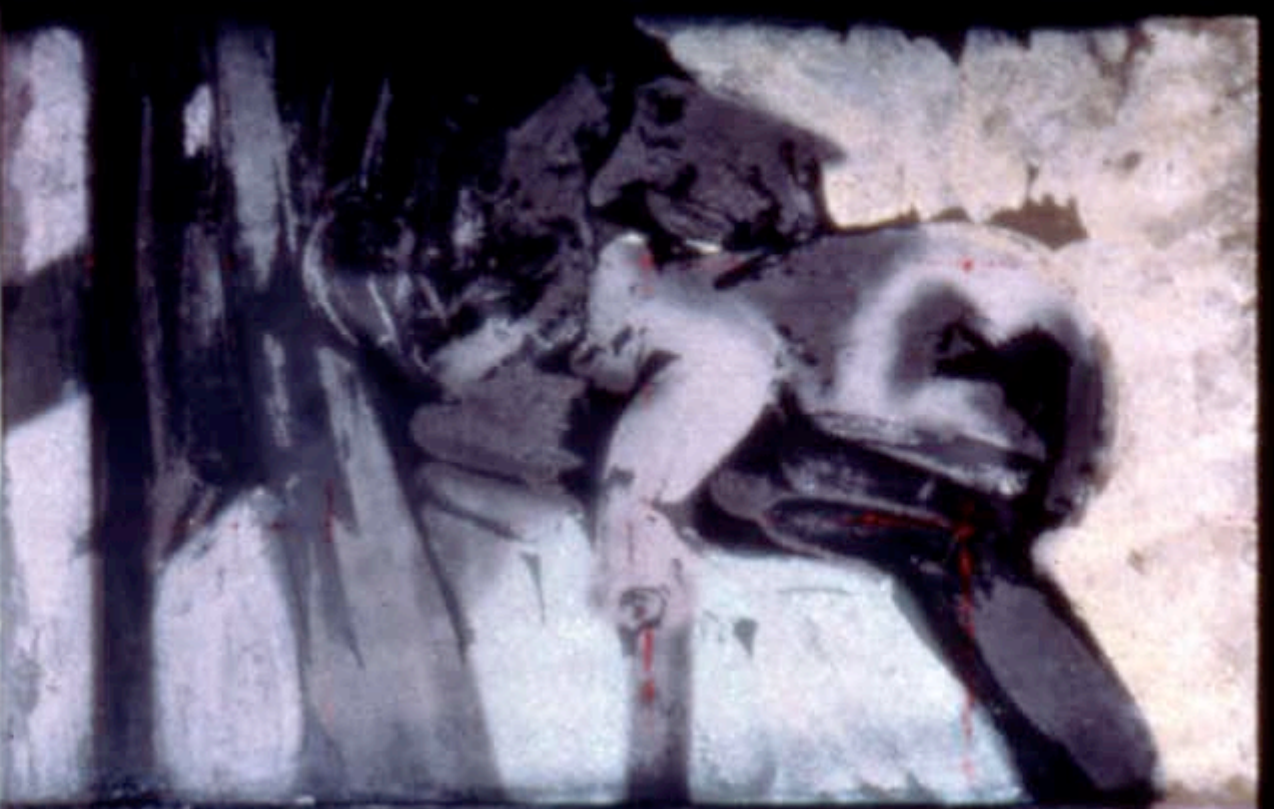






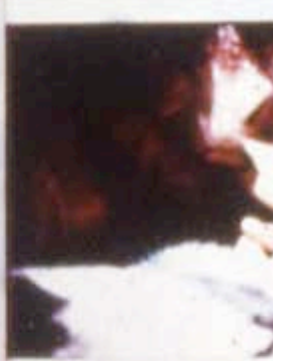








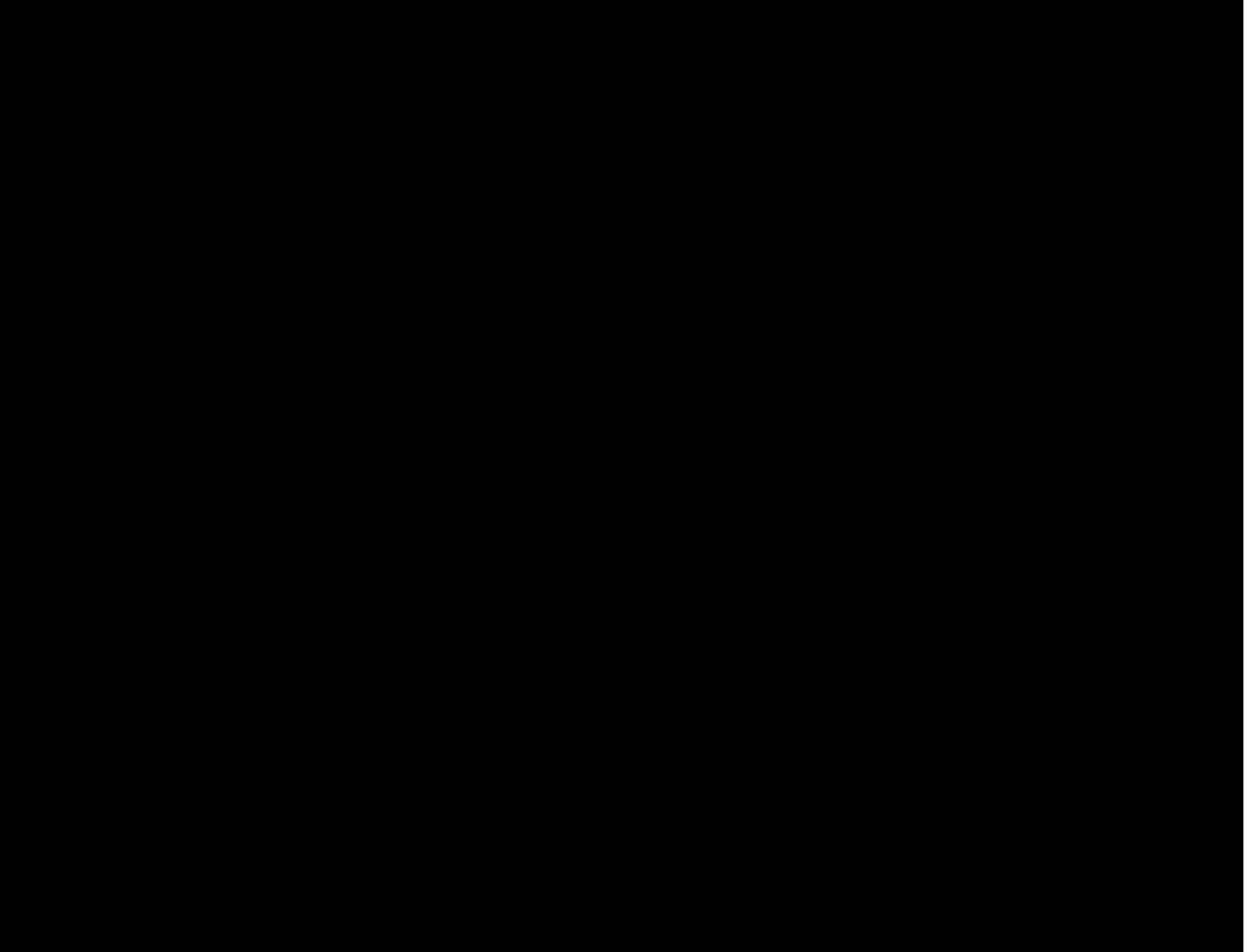














The dog is a very good friend and is very intelligent. It is very friendly and is very happy. It is very good at playing and is very good at learning. It is very good at playing and is very good at learning. It is very good at playing and is very good at learning.

July 25

Living in the forest, reading a thousand a year, as I find a new world. I have a book against every one of them. I have a book against every one of them. I have a book against every one of them. I have a book against every one of them.



July 19

Afraid you will die in the tall grasses by the stream where you made your way with slow determination. You could be dragged away by a coyote or a hawk. I carry you back to the house.



July 14

Teaching across the river. For eight years you have traveled everywhere with me. Now you are ill. Between studio conferences hurry back to our room. You have been sitting by the window screen looking out over the fields. The frame and sill splattered with blood.



August 13, August 23

In Portland to teach. The college provides a furnished apartment on Morning Street. The next street over is Vesper Street!

Between classes, drive a rented car to explore beaches where I can swim. Higgins Beach is a tiny ocean-edge settlement, with no place to park. I drive away from the beach on the last little road. Astonished by the street sign—Vesper Street!



August 27

There is a great lesson in the beach front inn—a young guy in white linen. He shows
us how the wings of the dove named "Mystery" and "Liquor" although he knows the
names and names are sold by side in the land. A girl except to make about my hand
as I like more it very high number daily in our time. A white manne signed with a black
signature the picture on the wall's forehead.

24 July 1988

Dear C.K.

Dear C.K.:

I wanted you to have Vesper's letter (page 10) page 10 (in a pink copy). The beautiful consideration - that an I see on the face of the sun, hearing your feet, he where he had and the hand followed the edge of the phrase "still feeling guilty about the blood in his ears". I was addressed by the beautiful configuration, and had just spent 20 minutes pressing a color wall over a small size book into the book cover in his eye.

So your writing and my visit to your Albert study room is all part of giving energies to which there is no destination, including the fact that we met in Alaska during the time when my friend, Howard at Earl, Thomas Museum, used to read her poetry to a few of us. Those years when there would be no help to imagine that her light from a pulsating step-father would lead to her drawing in the winter pond at Pigea, Connecticut - the place where the usually WADP's his last machine daughter, when, when, when.

Just as my friendship with David Burns (going across Texas, back to Austin) up to the state to his 8th house, splitting with books, Chick has made us outside for dinner and there is a defined set the big underflow. David made the poems in which fragments of the work like references.

Of course Medicine was the Barber Cullen over the edge who led to see with my Australian Sheepdog, Lillian, and never went home again.

Look forward to seeing you next week. Hope I can bring forward some of the most pieces of my missing book - thank you so much for that inspiring evening. My address on the "frame" probably never changing.

All love
 M. Lee 914 202 2447
 email: carmine@juno.com

40/1/98

July 24

Wrote C.K. back in Minneapolis of Vesper's death. Enclosed a color copy of the splash of blood on her essay page.

August 19

Letter from C.K. explains the phrase in her prose poem: "...still feeling guilty about the blood in his ears..." -it concerned an illness of her young son.



October 5

A young male deer, impact wound to shoulder, hit by car. Ran into the woods, fell into the pond and drowned. A White Tail deer with a black and white tail: it resembles the black and white pattern of Vesper's forehead.



September 27

By the pond, rustle of leaves above. A dove flutters down and falls at my feet.
It dies as my hands cup its body. I do taxidermy.



Fragment 13
The fragments with varying headings: 'In language of Phoenician
period, a fragment of a fragmentary tablet of Phoenician-
Egyptian, with an Phoenician-
Egyptian fragment in "Phoenician-
Egyptian"
Fragment 14
A fragment of a fragmentary tablet in the name of a Phoenician-
Egyptian, with an Phoenician-
Egyptian fragment in "Phoenician-
Egyptian"



