

[1965]
Monday
June 7

Lucy friend, hello. Thoughts of Gull Lake are pulling me through the heat and the pain of the summer. I am hoping you will be able to join me for some swims at your house — and I think you are working too much ... and have many people pulling at you. It makes me feel sad. If you can rest at Aspen or Gull Lake, PLEASE do.

There've been some tangles to work through. I am sorry I couldn't get back to West Point. Theresa said you were tired. That made me feel worse.

We will simply be here — writing poems and taking pictures. But I will write now of life, not of death. Along with Vietnam, let us tell the story also of the boy with the red balloon. People cannot cease death until they know what Life is ... and they don't. Neither here

not in Akron nor Pittsburgh nor Maine.
I will make you a wistful and
loving book of new poems... but it
must have space and stillness to
be colored and gently drawn. It is
something I want to do...

Highlander was empty - you're not
bring there. It made a big
difference and nobody could
come to spill out their needs
and their joys. The room - yours
was closed. People wrote poems
but it wasn't the same, not for
me.

Can I really come in August?
Please write to me. Tell me
your schedule in writing so I
will know when you are all
the time. Gull Lake ... looks
from here ... like magic. Please
take care of yourself Lucy
and please write when you can.
Box 107, Tougaloo. My love Jane