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.

That’s 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 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, Jim.