From Elizabeth to Cal

The rhetoric is wonderful, swaying back & forth.

I think we should make a modest fortune by working out a prescription for run-down sensibilities.

Doesn't it annoy you a little when people hand you back, like an obligation, flat statements of what you meant?

Sometime I wish we could have a more sensible conversation about this suffering business.

There's always a pool parlor wherever one goes (think I'll use this line in a poem) if one gets bored.

It would be nice if you were both coming along for one of my famous little Stonington absinthe parties.

Do please write an autobiography

Everything here is that confusing mixture of good and bad tase, the absurd and the sad, and the natural and spontaneous & charming.

Please do forgive me for being so slow about writing

I've typed myself into a fine nostalgia.

I miss you very much.

That strange kind of modesty that I think one feels in almost everything contemporary one really likes.

Modesty, care, space, a sort of helplessness but determination at the same time.

Cal - for heavens sake don't worry about anything you did or wrote as far as I'm concerned.

I wish I could write such good letters.

Send me some poems!

I don't believe I have ever answered your last letter have I, although I have answered it, or at least written you many letters, in my imagination.

The older poems are good in the old way and the new poems are good in a new way,

Do you do your own typing?

You say it's right that I should be here, but I'm really not sure why.

I feel profoundly bored with all the contemporary poetry except yours, and mine that I haven't written yet.

This is a very mean letter, and I feel very mean too.

SURELY THINGS CAN'T EVER GET ANY WORSE.

NO LOCAL NEWS TODAY SO FAR.

I am dying to get down to hard work and shall in a day or two.

I wonder where you are & how you are & if you received my letter?

I don't know why I am so bad about writing letters these days; perhaps I really don't have anything much to tell anyone.

since it is now predominant in a group of lines of yours that haunt my days and nights -

Love to your family and lots to you, Cal, as always

I must take this down to the mailbox.

However, I think you've misunderstood me a little.

I'd like a snapshot of the baby and all of you so much.