

Wed. Morn

1/23/63

TAMARA—

I'M IN MY ENGLISH CLASS AGAIN. AND  
THEY'RE DISCUSSING SOME POEM BY SARA TEASDALE  
—SO WHAT? I'D RATHER WRITE THIS.

THE MAIN REASON I WRITE IT IS  
BECAUSE I WROTE TWO LONG LETTERS YESTERDAY AND  
MOTHER FOUND/DESTROYED THEM BOTH.

YESTERDAY WAS A VERY UNUSUAL DAY  
(AFTER SCHOOL)

I WON'T DISCUSS THE CIRCUMSTANCES, OR THE  
EXACT WORDS SPOKEN, BUT MOMMYDEAR MADE IT  
VERY CLEAR THAT — BUT PERHAPS I SHOULD REGRESS.

YOU SEE, I HAVE THE KIND OF MOTHER WHO  
FOSTERS PSYCHOTIC CHILDREN. WHEN MY FATHER DIED,  
I BECAME A MOMMA'S BOY. COMING OUT OF THAT  
GROOVE A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, MOTHER BECAME  
EVEN STRICTER. I WAS REALLY BECOMING A PSYCHO.  
IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY THAT I HAVE BEGUN TO STRAIGHT-  
EN MYSELF OUT. BEFORE THAT I COULDN'T THINK  
STRAIGHT. THE NIGHT OF THAT FIRST SATURDAY  
I MET YOU IN CALVIN'S, BEN AND I HAD A LONG, LONG  
TALK, ~~AND~~ AND I FINALLY BEGAN TO SOLIDIFY MY  
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. DURING CHRISTMAS VACA-  
TION MY LONG CONVERSATIONS WITH YOU ON THE  
PHONE AND THE THINGS I WAS READING AT THE TIME  
BOLSTERED ME TO THE POINT THAT I WAS UP

ING BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE AND TRULY  
BECOMING A CREATIVE INDIVIDUAL, THE  
PERSON YOU KNOW ME TO BE. I WASN'T  
ALWAYS LIKE I AM NOW.

BUT, JUST AS I WAS FINALLY  
BEGINNING TO REACH FOR THE STARS INTELLECTUALLY,  
YESTERDAY MOTHER INFORMED ME IN SO MANY  
WORDS THAT SHE WAS DISSATISFIED WITH MY BEHAVI-  
OR OF LATE, AND WANTED ME LIKE I WAS BEFORE  
GOD! NO THANKS.

AND ~~—————~~ SHE ALSO TOLD ME THAT UN-  
LESS I DID THIS, SHE WOULDN'T LET ME GO ANYWHERE  
I WANTED TO DO, GO ANYWHERE I WANTED TO GO,  
OR HAVE ANY FRIENDS BUT JEHOUAH'S WITNESSES.

I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE!

BUT TIME WILL TELL

HER BARK IS MUCH WORSE THAN  
HER BITE.

BUT, IF SHE DOES CARRY THIS OUT,  
I'M LEAVING HOME COME SUMMER. WITH YOU.  
KIT INVITED ME AND I DON'T CARE WHETHER  
YOU WANT ME NOW OR NOT. IF MOTHER MAKES  
MY LIFE HELL, YOU AND I WILL HAVE NO CHOICE.  
THE POLICE WON'T BE OUT AFTER US ANY HARDER  
IF THERE'S TWO OF US THAN IF IT'S JUST YOU.

BUT I'M NOT WORRIED, BECAUSE I'M  
INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO RESIST MOTHER AND NOT  
SCREW MYSELF IN THE PROCESS. AND WHEN

SHE DOES THINGS LIKE TAKING MY WORK  
AND DESTROYING THEM, OF COURSE IT'S A  
DAMN ROTTEN THING, BUT IT DOESN'T HELP  
ME TO SIT AND FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF.

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT BEGIN  
AGAIN WHEN SHE DESTROYS MY WRITINGS. THAT'S  
THE GREATEST TEST OF MY TALENT, IF I  
CAN KEEP ON CREATING EVEN WITH MY  
MOTHER OPPOSING.

IF I COULD NOT REPLACE MY  
LOST CREATIONS, THEN I WOULD NOT BE TRULY  
CREATIVE. I REMEMBER A TRUE STORY ABOUT  
A VERY GREAT SCIENTIST (I FORGET HIS NAME)  
WHO WORKED FOR TWENTY YEARS ON A GREAT  
EXPERIMENT, ALL OF WHICH WAS ON PAPER. WHEN  
HE HAD ALMOST FOUND IT, HIS DOGS ACCIDENTALLY  
KNOCKED OVER A LANTERN AND ~~IT~~ IT BURNED  
HIS HOUSE DOWN, PAPERS AND ALL. HE HAD LOST 20  
YEARS OF HIS LIFE, AND HAD TO BEGIN AGAIN. DID HE  
LOSE HIS TEMPER AND DESTROY HIMSELF? NO; HE  
STOOD OUTSIDE THE SMOULDERING RUINS AND PETTED  
THE DOGS, BEGAN AGAIN. ~~THAT~~ THAT SHOWS WHAT A  
WISE MAN HE WAS. HE COULD HAVE GIVEN UP  
IN DESPAIR AND WALKED OFF — BUT THEN HE  
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A GREAT MAN.  
I WISH TO BE THAT SORT OF MAN, A VERY  
EXTRAORDINARY PERSON, (STOP AND PONDER

... THEN READ ON).

## POEM TO TAMARA, No. 2

YOU WALK IN JOY  
OR SHOULD  
KNOW, DEAR

THE GARBAGE HEAP HUMANITY

ALWAYS SEZ YOU'RE NUTS  
I'M NUTS  
BEN'S NUTS  
KIT'S NUTS  
GUTS ARE NUTS

ALL IN FOLLY  
HATE  
ME

DON'T HATE YOU

WE'RE BOTH FAKERS

THEM

PEOPLE

UH,  
DONT KNOW REAL YOU  
I THINK I DO

MEBBE  
NUT.



BUT —

LISTEN WHEN AH TAIL YEW, CHILE —  
(I'M A BAD POET TODAY  
JEST LIKE CUMMINGS)  
NUF 2TI ←

(next page)

ORNETTE

JELLYBREAD

ALL  
FALL

DOWN

BUT

SOMETHAT YOU KNOW

I KNOW FU

CRITAL

THAT SWAT

ISE AX

DO NOT JEWELRY  
????????????

AND.....

ROBERT

GOULET

AND

MELONIUS THUNK

(WHAT'D HE THINK?)

(over)

SUNSHINE

AND

RAINCAME

AND

I LAUGHED

AND

YOU LAUGHED

AND

WE RAN

INTHE RAIN

AND SAT

INTHE SUN

AND MY MOTHER

SAID

"OH WHY ZITHAFTA RAIN?"

AND YOUR MOTHER SAID

"OH, SUN'S TOO HOT!"

AND

WOW.

NOW.

CLOWN.

DOWN.

Wow.

I used to roll <sup>among</sup> the lilacs  
which were  
soft and pure like her breasts

I used to shout with innocent joy  
and play in ignorant zest.

~~But~~ now I am a man  
my innocence is gone  
but still I lie among the lilacs  
and sit upon the lawn  
for ignorance and youth

synonyms are not

I know of cold reality

I know it's a lot of rot.

so I sit in the lilacs and look at life  
through glasses of rosie lue  
and shout to each passerby  
long laugh, loud: "Fuck you!"

— Suter