

Louis McKee

LETTER TO HUGO FROM EASTON

Dear Dick: There are some mornings the sun seems too bright too early, then others when it appears it will never wake: the mornings I spend here are too few, and bright or no I want to walk these streets daring all that is terrible here to amaze me. A couple dozen fishermen are up to their hips in this calm stretch of the Delaware. This is safe water: from my stone bench the scene is beautiful, it is my bench because the scene is beautiful; I claimed it years ago, my first time here, to sit watching the birds watching the fishermen. I pass five Sunday hours here each spring, and I have yet to see a fish being pulled from these waters. Spring is truly begun in Pennsylvania, but I can find any number of reasons to be depressed. Christine is not here. She is not at home either, but staying away until next week. She will be returning next week because it is then that I will be out of the house. We've decided that this is to be our spring, our time to learn to sing and dare to fly. Her idea entirely, though I've found a new place that pleases me, and I'm singing more and I think better than before. The songs are different now that they've found this pain, and my voice has gotten gruff. My throat hurts, but it is when it hurts most that I sing best. I'm sorry, Dick, that you never met Christine. She will curve from now on, lovely in poems and streams and dreams. Look for her in the poetry, man; this woman is the key to my madness. May we all make the best of our madness. Safe water, indeed. Best-- lou.