

2/9/98

Dear Margaret

I woke up shortly after 4 a.m., by 4¹⁵ decided that I wouldn't go back to sleep, got up, washed my hair, began to listen to Morning Edition and so some of the dishes that had accumulated through the week. Last yesterday I cooked a meal for Jeanne, Herman & Buck which I served but did not eat with them. I must admit that was a relief to me (that Jeanne didn't suggest it); I have no desire to be involved in their life in that way.

I halted the dishwashing

Publishing poetry
can be compared to
dropping a feather
into the Grand Canyon
and waiting to
hear it land.

to watch the sunrise and
the mist disappear. It appears
as though for at least part
of the day the sun will shine
brightly. It will be a splendid
sight as I drive across the
mountain to mail your calendar
and pick up Rose to advise
the snow-covered mountains.
Before the big thaw the
amount of snow and ice is
significantly less as soon as
the descent to ^{the} White-top community,
i. e. post office begins.

This coming Saturday
evening Anna (Foderig) is playing
either as a soloist or together with it

other members of the Marlboro
players in West Jefferson. We're
meeting in mid-afternoon and
will spend the night together
in a local inn. I do hope that
it won't snow on Fri. Sat. or Sun.,
so that the roads will be
reasonable to traverse.

Be well -

Love

M.

P. S. This morning I finally
paid "good-bye" to the
witch hazel you left for
me. Hopefully one of us will
be here in October to gather
another branch or two for
the house.