

Received Sat., Apr. 4 '81



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 ERIN BLACKWELL - (1)

4/2

How do I address a cathartic?

Dear David,

I hope Monday night was what you needed it to be. Like Casey, I was frustrated by the shortcomings of the "production" ^{but} I don't mind it so much when the writing is as strong as yours is because I'm not dependent on the actors for my understanding--though of course the better they are, the more they reveal. I am frustrated that your plays aren't produced, or are they? May be I've asked this and forgotten. I can't imagine American actors doing them justice.

Do you mind if I think of you as a metaphysical poet?

I'd appreciate being able to read a copy because I missed so much.

This is Keats: ...Here her [Imagination's] altar shone,
 E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
 The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
 Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
 Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
 Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
 Eternally around a dizzy void?

Reminded me of the roar.

It is always a pleasure to meet your mind.

Erin

~~ERIN BLACKWELL~~
ERIN
BLACKWELL - 2

The seashore and the grass: an eastern beach:

Bleak and unpacific and immense,

The ring of silence surrounding size. The reach

Of seagull-circle crying of no sense

Without intent to touch encounters me,

Careening meaning sent to dance beside

A dancing wave. We call the sea the sea.

How apt. How true the dancing falling glide.

My brain, confounded by the stimuli,

Relinquishes control. O how my soul

Stretches and basks, frisks like a newborn crab

On a barnacle. For I have met the greater I.

It is impossible to take it whole.

I carry sand home in my shoes. I dab.