



## Letters Home

Dear Connie,

I'm sending you a poem Tim wrote for your paper but realize this created a problem for you. I told him last summer

that you and Sallie were gay. I decided to start with someone I was sure would not be bothered by knowing. At that time he said he wanted to write something for your paper. This week he brought me the enclosed poem. As with all good poetry, I'm sure each person who reads it will interpret it differently. When I read the OITM issue you sent, I saw the box saying you didn't print poetry. Hence the problem. Is there another publication you have where you could use it? It really is a very nice

gift from a poet known throughout the United States and England....

Love Mom
Dear Mom:

Thanks for your letter and Tim's poem. I'm touched to know he set out to write something just for our paper. We decided to temporarily waive our editorial policy...

Love Connie.

## SAPPHICS AGAINST ALCOHOL

- Tim Craig

Stricken, may I be near a glass of iron;
May my second impulse be to think of Drowning,
Its several legends (does one's "whole life"
Reappear, etc.).

May I recall what Aristotle says of
The Subject: to give vent to fear or passion is not
To release them but to be progressively subject
To their visitations.

May I fancy a sojourn in the <u>Inferno</u>,
Hearing it asked: "Virgilio mio, who's
That weeping there with Achilles?" and hearing
Virgil say: "Dante,

That poor fellow, insupportably driven by his own ghost, Swallowed Niagaras of spirits and drove his motorcar Into sycamores. What Hitler did to Europe,

What Tojo did

To Asia, that dumb sunofabitch did to his liver."

May I, in other words, put strength to good purpose,

Mindful that melancholy, though more modish than

Ever, is sinful,

As is the continual pouring of one's love into

An inappropriate vessel, however gorgeous. Better

Far the dear remembrance of the future's alliance, the

Perfect enjoyment.



