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Dear Jeffers

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DEAR JEFFERS

A Note From Sheridan To Carmel-By-The-Sea

It's a long way from the queer remote silence-making *quawk* of that
heron
your words snagged on the wing as I
was being born, Jeffers,
decades ago, in a Minnesota blizzard. You were in a squall of rage
near Big Sur in the place no longer your place,
as you foresaw, dragging stone after stone to your tower nonetheless
from the live surf and froth of your own sweat. Edged-in now
by homes No-Man built to live in—high priced
suckertraps for men successful in that coming world you shunned and
decried
poem after bitter poem—your stone tower, Jeffers, even your stone
tower
raised by hand toward the high blue home
of your beloved hawks
toward whom you turned and turned your falcon of a face for
evidence
of worthiness, is gone into their hands, their pockets,
enhanced by your famous hatred, the prices rising
with your skydriven fistlike poems exactly
abhorring them.

Where I am, in Wyoming still magnificent with
wilderness
no sea has breathed on for millions of years, the old forces
finding a new grip soon will ream out
ranchers and farmers bewildered by profits sudden as true strokes,
making way
for holes into which men hungry for the good life will descend
innocent of your hawks, gulls, godlike stallions, and women
with wild eyes will tend them from prefabrications
as some die, most prosper in the ways men do these days, their
families
dulled by generations of decay

in hearts surrounded by the crown jewels of the age,
appliances and gadgets designed to make
life careless. And they work, dear Jeffers. They do work.