Essay on Rime

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God knows those apes my father's relatives born in the Ukraine and raised on white cheese and herring will live till their hundred and twenties so I will be careful when I tell my Ukrainian tales and check all the cities from Novgorod to Dallas.

God knows, God knows, they lived on a small farm owned by ethnic Germans and cut trees down and studied for only a month a year in the autumn and one in the spring. God the trumpeter knows that one of them owned a stogie factory in Pittsburgh and one was a dentist in Michigan and one had a perfume shop on the rue Madelaine and drove a Buick. Because of his luck and where he was sent to sojourn during the first days of the war one of them ended up in Florida filling prescriptions and later cashing checks. I who have the brains in the family, I ended up on a wooden porch arguing with a swallow and wrestling with a bluebell. My plan is now to live in three places, maybe divide my books and maybe divide my time. One of my houses will have to be near Turkey since that is the way to get back to the Crimea and the Sea of Azov; and I have chosen Samos only because Pythagoras rebuked the petty tyrant
Polycrates there by the waters of Ambelos; and I could have a cat who eats his catch behind the wet rocks and shakes his rear leg and read my American subscriptions and rant as I did when I was twenty, even if I was alone, though

I would be, I think, surrounded as always and listen to the sound of waves assembling and count the intervals. Even the druggist, even the perfumist, would understand that, wouldn’t they, my rich cousins who burned, the one at Nice, the other at Coral Gables. I who sat and slept for hours and knew white crests and the brown valleys and what they meant, and I who loved the sun just as they did and burned from the same fire I sang with my broken fingers.