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The Past: A Letter

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THE PAST: A LETTER

Is it but sixty years, my friend, since our impassioned revolts, since the coming of steel? Remember the people, strident, resolved? Expecting that any moment the sun would open, revealing its intricate clockwork of pulleys and balances and gears.

But now, all over Michigan, brooding statues of Eugene Ionesco! They bend out into the sunlight. Within their open palms, the feathers of pigeons, drying leaves, small pools of rain.

Crowds of young lovers, making their long pilgrimage from Sault Ste. Marie, from distant Ypsilanti, lounge in the flowers growing wild around the marble pedestals. One can see how deeply they love: with their bodies they release themselves to the tongues of grass; with their breaths they caress the stern folds of Ionesco's trousers.

If only I had some small gift—an offering—for the poet, the lovers, those ubiquitous birds. For immense, romantic Lake Huron, rumbling, rolling upon itself like dark wine.