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Dear Bill,

I had a letter from Adriana Scopino about the 20th anniversary of NYQ, and will send her a poem or two for the issue. Haven't done it yet. Am rooting through manuscripts for a reading I'm giving in Chicago at the end of the month.

As a matter of fact I'm working on a longish poem which I had in mind for you called Twelve Maledictions and which starts

I wish we could form a posse to hunt down  
the sonofabitch who invented the expression  
the American Dream  
and flay him in public the way our Native American  
squaws were taught, spool out his long intestine  
and feed the living tube to the dogs.

I wish we could catch the cocksucker  
Masculine, feminine or neuter  
Who forever crucified the beautiful-  
gentle-irreplaceable-  
adjective-transexualized-to-noun  
the multi-faceted-puckish-jewel-of-a-word  
Gay  
And make him chew up and swallow  
The whole thirteen volumes of the OED  
Plus the Supplements until he bowelled out.

Etc. I'll see if I can work it into a printable.

I'm pleased with your remarks about my POETRY WRECK. I may have mentioned that Robert Phillips is putting together a collection of my prose pieces as a book which he will try to get published. I'm not sure he'll succeed in that but I hope he does. Criticism has become such a cathedral of manias I don't know whether I can find my niche.

And thinking about your plans for the anniversary and your invitations for me in some capacity, I haven't come up with anything so far. It's flattering to be asked to edit a number of NYQ but my editing days are over. If the Library of Congress - what about the NY Public? - gives you their platform, as they should, I hope to attend and even say a few words (no Major Speech) or read a few poems. The new Librarian, Billington, is looking for new ideas and I think would be very approachable. But my idea bank is out of pocket. Anyhow I'll do what I can.

We'll be back in NY for the month of May. Let's get together.

All best,

Karl