

Dear Writer,

I have read *Spring and All* too late.¹ The imagination has done more than you could imagine. You sang of parts and made minds tools. And a machine with too many gears to count grinds the years away. This letter, if it appears to be another part – this letter and many others – will be lost. Plums are tossed over the fence. Shovels crowd together in hovels. We must keep going. Refresh. Scroll up, scroll down. Refresh. We have not yet killed each other – all. We have not used the imagination to exterminate – all, but excuse this generation aptly and without stop deluding its imagination with the imagination. Excuse the imaginary warheads locked beneath your floorboards, the complacent blossoms brought in, lying on the stairs. Please excuse everything that begins in winter. Let us erase and start over. I have read *Spring and All* too later. My letters are written by another mind. Another contraption spits out seeds and calls them beings. ‘Nothing is new.’ Quarters slip into space and follow a track, circling and wheeling onto a pile of siblings. The same thing comes out the flap. A reward of some sort, for all our time spent clinging to beginnings. Would I falter to speak of Fall? Yes, that dying is so common. But what of December? Everything already dead. Help the dead souls out of their couches, they have carried, been carried, inside pockets all their lives – they have taken the imagination and loosed it inside boxes smaller than a head – they no longer care to die and simply keep on living thumbs on knobs and buttons. What about the war? Which part in the cycle are we in? Who cares. I am dizzy. Writer, I wish your life braked more today's, more nows – the speed has picked up

past all our efforts to grasp on without our arms and then the whole body flailed into orbit. You spoke of an end, but now it passes in a glimpse. Right now – right now I sit on a porch and see a rotted table, became like paper as the a/c leaked on to its back, slowly, it slowly collapsed to its knees, and then its elbows, until my roommate leaned it against a crate and kicked its spine in. Its legs and arms lay in the weeds where nothing with its own life touches them now. Maybe these words are cruel. I have spoken nothing of Spring! I have not healed any suffering but my own. That word, own, is just now getting ahead of itself. How long must we keep digging? How much dirt must we load into the rusted wheelbarrow that keeps spilling it all back out? All we have is our dirt. Our biology. Our shapes and sounds, you left us with the parts standing in for their wholes. And I have done nothing but to take them and scatter something old.

Thank you,
Kalen Rowe ²

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¹ *Spring and All* is a book of poems first published in 1923 by William Carlos Williams, to whom this letter is notionally addressed.

² Kalen Rowe runs Anklebiters Publishing, a DIY tiny press in Houston, TX providing the community with bled-over printed objects. He has been published in *Gravel*, *Fractal*, *Gargoyle*, and other magazines. Visit him at kalenrowe.com or anklebiterspublishing.co.