

3/1/66

Vince:

Thoughts swiftly are at that first moment
when you approached me on the beach -
the concluding moments of the Asilomar
workshop. You were young and awkward,
feeling something, yet knowing not what.
Now, time of 20 months and we are of the
same feeling, the same thought.

The hours of mountain path, rain, family
dinner with Roy, Betty and Bobby, the
swimming hole, the sun, cap, the rice
paddy with Dave and Roy and gun; Smokey,
card, flowers, cigars, rocks, turtle.
And last you came - and - touched me,
my love. Now of the loves I've known
and will know, Vince is my ultimate and
lasting whether near or far, mine or not.

As night dances to the rhythm of fading sun
- I kiss thy lips through passage of wind.

Patricia