

This letter describes poem on page 51 of
"Emblems of a Season of Fury." Written one year
prior to poem's publication.

jhs

Feb 6, 1960

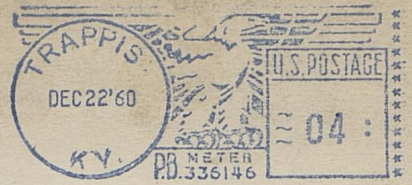
Dear Cliff:

This is a new one- with all the lyricism as it were compressed inside and implicit like a tree in a seed. So I don't know whether or not it will give you any ideas or suggest anything. But I want to let you read it at least. Things get simpler and simpler, so simple that there is no room for anything but a chord here and a chord there, and one note or two. I imagine that is altogether too simple. Meanwhile, of course, all things have their season and you do not even have to think much about the desire you have to set one of my poems to music. The day will come when one of the poems will set itself to music. The only time I have been in town recently I was so caught up with things to do that I did not even know whether I would have lunch at all-- but one of my jobs did get done at lunch. Otherwise if I had had more time I would have contacted you. Later perhaps.

All best wishes- and blessings. Avoid flu!

in Christ the Lord

J. M. Lewis



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