

Coming up from the river ^{mists} through the ^{lush} meadows I nearly
swooned from the rich earth smells; ^{smells compounded of a} ~~the~~ rotten stench and beautiful
perfume of death and life...

"See - I tella you I fin' shor'cut!" Louie said.

Up near a ^{small} island the river widened and green
shadows.

Old deer trails had been worn down the
steep banks, from what must have been
centuries of river crossings. Above that falls a
log jam.

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I have ^{never heard} this loud song except as darkness settled.
In some ^{portion of the length} ~~quarters~~ this bird seems to be as

well known and as common as the sparrow, celebrated as he is in song and noise.

Coming up from the mists of the river, in the falling darkness, I heard ^{the} a whip-poor-will commence its shrill lament. I ^{have} ~~had~~ heard this ^{the rich throat call of} ~~whip-poor-will~~ bird since I was a boy but ^{young} ~~had~~ never seen one. At least not to recognize it as a whip-poor-will. ^{to some} I have never known anyone ^{claimed to have seen} that saw one. Somehow I kind of like ^{this circumstance,} and am quite certain I should be vaguely disillusioned if I met a whip-poor-will ^{face to face.} To me the ^{rich-throated} whip-poor-will has become a mysterious and beautiful bird ^{of the night.} Nothing I could ever learn about him would add to the beauty with which I have clothed him...

Louie had separated from me to search for one of his endless short-cuts. I walked along in my hip boots, trudging up the old cow lane of the abandoned farm. The whip-poor-will's call faded in the ^{mists} ~~rain~~ darkness. I ~~stumbled~~ ^{stumbled} on the ~~soil~~ loamy earth seemed to whisper, and I stumbled, nearly overcome by the rich, damp earth smells; smells compounded of a rotten stench and exquisite perfume of death and life.

~~The~~ Louie was standing in the shadows of the car Model A, yawning elaborately. It was boring to have to wait for one's partner. "See - I tella you I fin' sho' cut!" Louie said.