

Feb. 14, 1967

SUNBURST

The trailing arbutus
is the sweetest flower

I know. Its perfume is

more ^{delicate and} elusive than

that of a girl who is ^{returning}

ready to say yes. It

is ^{five-dollar} indigenious -- this a
^{long word} means a native of --

the ^{glaciated part of the} north temperate

zone of N. America ^{is too old}

~~It may even have been~~ but I'm too stupid to know.

^ If they, whoever they are,

^ have could make a perfume

that smell like this one,

My God, I swear how ^{was}
I would ~~love~~ it, even
though ^{if} people said
I smell like ^{a fairy} ~~one~~ ^{in fact} sometimes
I wish ^{that} I did and I were.
As ^{my friend} ^{Mr} ^{Gunnis} ^{Christ, boys,}
used to say, "It's hard
enough ^{to} be natural."

Bob Dole

I really think
they're ~~not~~ lying to

me. that —

^{somewhere}
But then up to it

to quiet me down,
to ~~make~~ ^{make} the old
to ~~make~~ ^{make} the old

to stand into a
kind of smellier

Anticipation

maybe even become
she still loves me
as God knows,
in my way I
still love her.