

Sunday
10/2/88

Dear Mr. Blayton

Some Evening this week
I hope to get Hillsidewards - when
convenient agreeable to you.

'For the day only' Lowell's new book
'Heartsease Rue' is with me.

It might interest you to know that we
have one piece (two roudesons; so Saul
also is among the Prophets.) Entitled

"On receiving a copy of the Master Job-
son's Old World Idyll." containing such
memorable lines as -

"Long may you live such Song to make"

"Hush! my parched Ears what rumble stake?
Is a thrush jangling from the brake?
Has Spring, on all the breezes blown,
at length arrived?"

"Art? nature? Which do I most feel
as I read on."

Of course your imaginary turnip weeds
should have pulled these out.!

He might have found some work among
the Epigrams take this for instance
The Boss

Skilled to pull wires, he baffles nature's Hope,
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

or

We catered, she for Sunshine, I for rain,
And I should hint sharp practice if I dared;
For was not she before hand sure to see
Who made the Sunshine we together shared?

'Is pretty enough but 'ornery', //
My last word on the Sharp debate .
W.S. follows haunts me everywhere .

The other day, I bought a pamphlet of
the Theosophical Society: - on Re-incarnation

So! the paper ended with a quotation
from the Omniscent!

Following your advice I am deep
in Kenelm Chillingly. The book causes
me to regret & curse my juvenility.

Kenelm doubts wisdom at every word, so I -

----- alas!

But what a fool - what a dorky damned
fool - I was ever to run down Lytton!
(all on the strength of Night Morning)

I find your 'La Music' uncult
at this place but you can guess
the author -----

I watch the angry mighty main
Bombard the shore,
The waves dash in & break again,
and still once more.
They fall with thunder on the beach,
while all the little pebbles screech.

It is an awful sound weird,
Is God that speaks,
A sound to be revered & feared,
So many weeks.

The boat strangles of my life
Rise up above the fearful strife

etc etc .

Sunday night

I have had time to go
lightly through Lowell's books.

There is something eminently human about
him — his lines are so graceful — his
humour so kind — which makes me love him

I shall have to buy it — will send
it up to you if you like.

Yours

C. O. Lucas