

I SENT THEE LATE

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Vaſt, tremulous;
Grave on grave of water-grave:

Paſt.

Futurity no more than duration
Of a wave's rise, fall, rebound
Againſt the shingles, in ever repeated mutation
Of emptied returning sound.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

Not Exactly Personal

C.Z. wanted to save this poem written
in 1922. "I sent thee late"—wanting
one supposes honor, a "rosy" (?)
"wreath" asks that it "breathe" of "thee"
even if it is "itself". —L.Z., vi-1965.

✱

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on an 1816 Washington hand-press
in Harvard Yard, June, 1965.
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*For L.Z. from the printer - LHS.
vi 1965.*