

to drink up rivers. Be seeing *you*  
to ride the river (with) heads riding gently  
its personal place feet doing their stuff up in the air  
Where someone (J.) dies, so that we can be rude to friends  
While you find me right here coming through again.

## Something Amazing Just Happened

*For Jim Carroll, On His Birthday*

A lovely body gracefully is nodding  
Out of a blue Buffalo  
Monday morning  
curls  
softly rising color the air  
it's yellow  
above the black plane  
beneath a red tensor  
I've been dreaming. The telephone kept ringing & ringing  
Clear & direct, purposeful yet pleasant, still taking pleasure  
in bringing the good news, a young man in horn-rims' voice  
is speaking  
while I listen. Mr. Berrigan, he says, & without waiting for an answer  
goes on,  
I'm happy to be able to inform you that your request for a Guggenheim  
Foundation Grant  
Has been favorably received by the committee, & approved. When  
would you like to leave?  
Uh, not just yet, I said, uh, what exactly did I say with regards to leaving,  
in my application . . . I'm a little hazy at the moment.  
Yes. Your project, as outlined in your application for a grant for the  
purpose

of giving Jim Carroll the best possible birthday present you could get him, through our Foundation, actually left the project, that is, how the monies

would be spent, up to us. You indicated, wisely, I think, that we knew more about what kind of project we would approve than you did, so we should

make one up for you, since all you wanted was money, to buy Jim a birthday gift.

Aha! I said. So, what's up?

We have arranged for you and Jim to spend a year in London, in a flat off of King's Row.

You will receive 250 pounds each a month expenses, all travel expenses paid, & a clothing allowance of 25 pounds each per month.

During the year,

At your leisure, you might send us from time to time copies of your London works. By year's end I'm sure you each will have enough new poems for two books,

Which we would then publish in a deluxe boxed hardcover edition, for the rights to which we shall be prepared to pay a considerable sum, as is your due.

We feel that this inspired project will most surely result in The first major boxed set of works since Tom Sawyer & Huckleberry Finn!

Innocents Abroad

in reverse, so to speak! We know your poems, yours & Jim's, will tell it like it is, & that is what we are desperate to know! So, when would you like to leave?

Immediately, I shouted! & Jim! I called, Jim! Happy Birthday! Wake up!