Dear Anne Spencer

From cherry blossom season, I write to inform you the parties are still stupid here. Last night I succumbed to cocktails at the book-strewn home of a fund-raising politician, trim as a tulip, who set out platters of shrimp: pink fingers, crooked. High-ceilinged rooms were jammed with old men gone septic under buttons, under powdery cheeks. Over tea in your garden, I'd say more, but for now let's admit I was rude, escaping through a racket of invisible birds, finding a friendlier table, nibbling syllables of cheese with women in mourning, whose joints are painfully inflamed. I'm tired, Mrs. Spencer, of meanness and NDAs. I wish I could bring by some birdsong, or the rose-scented argument of what I've been reading, this rainy heap of magazines. One hopes for a breeze, impolite, rowdy, to rip the gorgeous petals down. One hopes to be it. I'd pen you a note from that town in pretty tatters. Until then I am admiringly yours, a flock of cedar waxwings, a bristle of spears that would rather, some unsecretive day, be lush and ant-starred peonies. Sincerely.