Letter 3

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And then there are those projects
like the hoop house. I followed the plans
but it blew over, so I built it again,
improvising, like I have with my life.

The thing with improvising is you
get to the good spot, but you have more
impulses so you keep going until you’ve
gone too far. I call it, “sending one too many
e-mails.” So I’m afraid adding these new
bits to the hoop house, now that I’ve made
it nice and sturdy, will ruin it.

I work like this. You know that.
Even with the Vyvanse and Ritalin,
I can’t stop the ideas from bursting forth,
expanding like bubbles, then popping or rising
away or sinking…all those lost moments.
You never want to go past your potential
to do great things.

The hoop house is just a bubble
of poly plastic over a thin tubular shell
and the wind carries it off like one of
my dreams. But you are a dream we
improvised and it just keeps expanding
in place. You’re that one perfect solo
that never ends, sturdy diatonic frame
supporting the thinnest flights of fancy
a long melismatic feast
where sour notes don’t break the shell
that glistens and persists in all weather.