

POEMS
LOUIS DUDEK
George Bowering

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He is alone now, not alone in hating the young writers but alone & he hates them the young writers & he is no longer with his old pals but he is not really old though one would think so, a very young writer would probably think so. Yes he was a young writer in those days with his pals, I thought he wasnt but I put the dates together & I guess he really was & they didnt think so very much of the older writers. I mean I'm getting to be an older writer & do I hate the very young writers. I cant be absolutely sure. I can say some for certain I really like them & I wonder if he does that too, but then he has more young writers than I do & he hates them because they are shoddy & he hates me.

I first liked what he was doing because he was not alone & I liked the people he was not alone with, those absolutely Canadian writers back east & I still like some writers back east though some here in Vancouver still dont. They dont think of moving. They would be quick still & learn their lessons well. Now every time he talks when he writes he tells how he has no time for them now, it is too late, he is alone & so far he has been spared among the rubble of the city. & Ezra Pound could have died today, 23/9/72, but he wont find out till Tuesday.

When he came to Everson's the rooms were filled with poets young & old & he sat in the middle of the couch always in the middle of the couch completely alone thinking god knows what to say when he writes. He says it over & over & this year there must be still some poets who hear it & remember when he was not alone & said so & wrote & was a publisher & started to make us all famous.