

Some people would have us believe Hitler will attack (B
us in the soup lines?

Consider the mosquito, lad: It matters not how big they
are or where they come from, the mosquito bites em.
Life and death matter sometimes, too. More often not.
You don't see man biting an elephant do you?

When a mosquito bites you it means death for him if
you can see your way clear to bend to him,

If a tiger bites you, it's the end of the world.

A yellow-jacket lit on my hand, at rest, snorted cou-
ple times and flew away in disgust—I've noticed
that a dog won't bite me (even when im penniless).

Sort of privileged character, that's what I am—
a wight on the road of purpose on the way to truth
the light of which I cannot see

American people are hot and bothered about what to
do and what's the use—they cannot see the light (and
astrologers are studying an airplane in its flight, thru
the night, thinking it a new constellation of red
and green stars; a roll of thunder, as, "making up a train
on the Heavenly Central RR)—

The plane doesn't see the light—but it's on its way.
Considerable missapprehension disintegrates Amer-
ican consciousness: they know not whither away.

Fact of life are hidden from them; there is no light—
they want not to fly blind. No unity there.

Let the "leaders" unbother themselves and dissipate
the division of opinion (or stand exposed).

There is no want of light in the war; its des-
tination is positive, a certainty that transcends all
threat of failure; no doubts harass its serene course;
no fears bedevil its nights.

Isn't it about time American people find out where they
are going and why—to a secret destination—
to a rendezvous with what—whom?