

MICHAEL CASEY

JJ visits the hooch

He always seemed to do it when I get a package in the mail although ostensibly the visit is for some other reason. Case, like you know we gotta tell Bobby Stepp the water buffalo almost empty. Show off his black market purchase, this instant time it was his *non la* conical hat which if held up to the light shows a boat sailing in a rough sea. Black paper cut outs between the layers of straw. Our friend National Policeman Hieu helped him buy it in the ville but when he brought it back to the Provost Marshal's, the security matron laughed at the price they paid. She was very outspoken. You get you head out you ass, boy. This time the package to me contained six cans of tomatoes, whole tomatoes with salt, basil, and garlic as in the type you'd add all mashed into spaghetti sauce. John who clearly was expecting cookies or brownies was disappointed with the tomato cans and I was too. However, we each opened with P-38 a can and devoured the contents, maybe there was some vitamin deficiency in our diet, maybe the salt content was needed but it was terrific for a somewhat unknown reason. There were six cans to begin with and I gave John half the remaining, having told him I would before realizing how good they were. The package was from my Uncle Mugar who I later learned had liked getting cans of tomatoes during his war. In the south pacific Midge was in the Americal Division too. Samesame JJ and me. Something's timeless.

The Loom Press of Lowell, Massachusetts has just published **Michael Casey's** New and Selected poetry collection, *There It Is*.