

BROKEN LINK

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Editor's Note: This poem, published in the 2014 issue of The Mailer Review, was not accurately formatted. With apologies to the poet, we present it in its correct form.

while googling myself a few years ago
i discovered that norman mailer
had sold his papers
to the harry ransom center
at the university of texas at austin
and there was my name
as one of his correspondents
in an index to the boxes of letters
he saved, probably a dozen
letters of mine over thirty years

i used to check the site occasionally
to remind myself of my brush with greatness
at the notorious 1968 democratic convention
i'd gotten an autograph and we'd
exchanged a few meaningless words before
he flew back to provincetown

i later sent him a letter to criticize his version
of existential philosophy and he sent
a fuck you reply, but it was a friendly fuck you
so i continued to send praise or blame

over the years
for his extravagant works and he'd reply
as the mood struck him
but he put my letters
into a file, evidently, quite the pack rat, aware
that someday the biographers would
come lurking

but yesterday
i discovered that the link is dead
and navigating the site is now restricted
the harry ransom center requires you
set up an account

life keeps getting
so much more complicated
it was easier at the convention
when the humphrey people voted down
the peace plank, meaning we'd stay
in the war for good—as we have—
you knew then, finally,
where the establishment
was going, and it did