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1941 November 11, l. [1]

310 South Governor St.  
Iowa City, Iowa  
11 November 1941

Dear Red:

I almost hesitate to do what I am doing - sending you my poem AT MY WINDOW for the approval or disapproval of the editors of The Southern Review - for fear that I may seem to be presuming too much on your saying you liked this poem last June. Please know that I fully realize there may be a difference between liking a poem and feeling it will fit into a particular magazine. So We'll put it this way: I am sending you this poem because I like it and because I would like it to be published in The Southern Review, the last issue of which seemed to me about the best you people have turned out.

There is nothing particular new in Iowa City unless it is that Joe Baker thinks Austin is a humanist again. Austin says " This must not go on. " I am looking for a heresy for Austin to embrace and we think a denunciation of Matthew Arnold could be worked up into something to last the winter. Both Austin and Joe are willing.

Red, I wrote you a letter just about like this one before with another version of my poem enclosed. It disappeared from my desk. No one seems to ~~have~~ have mailed it so it must have been lost. But if you've gotten it, you'll know why I've written you two letters almost alike. And please accept the version in this letter as the one I wish to submit for publication.

Our best to Luina and you,  
Cordially, Charlie Foster

1941 November 11, enclosure I. [1]

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Charles Howell Foster  
310 South Governor St.  
11 November 1941

AT MY WINDOW

Sun through the window warms my hand  
And yet the window pane is cold,  
And when I search it close in thought,  
I cloud the thing I would behold.

The chill glass standing in the sun,  
The warm light falling on my hand,  
My breath - But I must clear the glass  
To see through it and understand.

And as I clean the mist away,  
Making strange shapes as I erase,  
I see as in a looking glass  
Dim in the dust-flecked pane my face.