

began to write the next-of-kin notification when she noticed a paper she had missed in Mrs. Stein's tin box. She opened it and read:

June 24, 1915

My life lies ahead of me now with so much to see and do. I feel I want to travel. A fifteen year old girl doesn't stand much chance to leave her state or town. But, someday when I read this letter again, I hope my dreams will come true, to travel, be known, live a long, happy life and even though it's hard to imagine, so far off, die in dignity, like my grandmother did, as she slept. I can only pray God will be good; I will find a good man and I will have good children.

Sincerely,
Audrey

P.S.: I got my first bathing suit today! I hope it doesn't look too bad.

WAYNE DODD

*You Are Tired and Desperate: Nothing Is Working.
So You Decide to Write a Formula Poem.*

First, forget everything important.

Try to remember something from highschool chemistry class, say a moment of total incompatibility.

Let this stand for the beginning of a new solution.

Here you may discover that you are good at arithmetic. Divide and conquer, multiply and possess the earth. At this point draw a line down the middle of the page, like a lawyer in divorce court.

You must assume your life and writing are getting better with every move.

None of this, you say, adds up.

Now you are ready for the next step.

Take away everything left over, especially former times and familiar places.

This is very important.

You will not be given another chance.

Listen carefully to rain in early morning.

Try not to think of endings.