EZRA LOOMIS POUND

Table of Contents

<u>A PACT</u>	1
EZRA LOOMIS POUND.	2

A PACT 1

EZRA LOOMIS POUND

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I make truce with you, Walt Whitman — I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig—headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root —
Let there be commerce between us.