

Koop, Beyond The Son

Dear:

Thanks for your letter. Sounds like you're living the way you wanted. And that makes me smile. No
Got back the other day to find the pub on the corner had been burnt down, a dark London street st
The drunkards still own the park, D's still there in your old flat making beats and still owns the night
I'm so sorry we missed each other when you last came to town. I heard from Ndeye you sat with he
Saw Mr. Brennan in the Holloway road yesterday. Walked past with a bag of potatoes on his should
I think of you often, and hope we see each other again as soon as possible. Until such time may th

sincerely yours

beyond the clouds

beyond the son

the rebel without a cause