

Trinity

The light had burned us out the light ~~burned us out~~ clean a newspaper
could have easily been read. Everything
was white a long trailing chimney rose to a great ball-like stem
huge gigantic smoke great [mushroom] pillar white hemisphere
rising above the clouds our shelter was ~~cultured~~ [no, “cluttered”] with a great variety of
instruments and radios

golden, purple, violet gray and blue [was everything “white”?] lit
every peak, crevasse, and ridge with a clarity and beauty the range
filled with beauty “the *great poets dream about stood*
leaning at an angle [this is good but veil it. “A giant among pygmies”—
too romantic] strong awesome sustained roar we all rolled over
the excited air around [us] undoubtedly the radioactivity
of the material ~~State of Illinois~~ ~~signified many times~~ [“something” maybe?] something
such a thing ~~possible~~
possible— would we do it—the rising sun
then died down [after fifteen seconds]. I am attaching two sketches [of the cloud]
so you may see which I saw on two separate occasions
through a new hole in the undercast
~~earthbound man celebrating the new force that frees him~~
~~for the first time~~ [no]

I have found comparison with others
the difficulty of personal judgment
without instruments [“when we looked east”
and “at that second.” Do we all agree then
the reddish cloud darkened, the flat
faces “broken/by irregular lines.”]

I dropped six pieces of paper before during and after.
Each component did what it was expected to do.

Sincerely,



We should talk about this later.