

writing to reality  
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henry dumas, 1934 to 1968  
age 33,  
writes a letter to himself,  
talks about  
when he dies,  
he wants to be remembered  
for his  
writing.

the circumstances are  
unclear  
but  
but we know  
we know that  
as he was walking through  
a turnstile,  
a turnstile in a new york city train station,  
his life ended.

how it happened  
was shocking,  
was disgusting,  
fills people with rage,  
with sympathy,  
with frustration,  
he  
was shot  
by a  
new york city transit policeman.

afterward  
his writer friends  
at the party  
toni morrison  
threw for him

sitting and talking  
about his achievements,  
just as he wanted,  
laughing and smiling  
while crying  
inside.

they were talking  
about  
his books  
which  
were  
about racial tension,  
about white supremacy,  
even about science fiction,  
they were talking  
about his life,  
not his  
death.