

Sat. Jan. 22 - 1921

A wind aloft in a leafless tree
A brook that murmurs low
A sky like a troubled winter sea
A moon like a hunter's bow
To a restless heart in the soft and silent
And once a wonder, woe.

But into the heart that leaps to life
Armored with love returned
Is nature's every cadence, life
With joy that quickly learned
And, very life a fragrance, ^{that} ~~that~~
As if after incense burned

Sama dear:

Yesterday morning when I went
down to your house for the first I looked
as usual at your windows and you may
imagine how my heart leaped when I
saw one open. I don't know who is
sleeping in your room but that
person ~~was~~ just missed being
attacked by a whirl wind -

Your most dear letter was surely
an answer to mine which was partly
written, waiting, to be finished and
mailed, wasn't it?

I brought this letter from the
Office to finish Sama, and this morning
I find that I used it last night, just
to put an apple core on (where the
stains on the back) and then to scribble

verses so when I waked in the night thinking
of the difference in the voice of the big tree
at the foot of winter street from what it used
to be and the reason why maybe - You say you are
glad I love you - Be glad, be glad for me.

This is surely too disgraceful a letter for any one to send
but me. I have no other paper up here and if I go down
stairs mother will hear me and be up. It is early morning
and the birds are making spring noises outside. The poor
things are deceived because it is so warm. I suppose
weather doesn't make so much difference in New York
as it does here? It's grand for picnics now, but I never
seem to find time to go. I'm busy, busy, busy and
am glad.

Another week and you will have been gone a month,
and then a month and you will be home! Are you taking
care of your self? You seem to have forgotten that it was
against the rules for you to be sick so far away, but
as you were so well taken care of I won't scold this time.
Remember all those promises - this. And don't scold too
hard. What are you sculpting?

I've broken my fountain pen and am hurt. If you
can not read this it will at least serve to remind
you that I am thinking of you and loving you
and looking for a letter as usual - and soon!
Hope the muffs came out all right Y me
Betty