

Have you got a brook in your little heart ,
Where bashful flowers blow ,
And blushing birds go down to drink ,
And shadows tremble so ?

And nobody knows, so still it flows ,
That any brook is there ;
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there .
(Emily Dickinson)

Dearest Nell .

A little poem for early
spring when somehow meanings
are delicately expressed. Our
spring has been exquisite .

I am so sorry that you
are not well . I urge you to
rest. How I am hoping some-
one is with you . It is so
useless being so far away .
I think that I shall never

learn acceptance. Since I can't
be There I send a love - and all
new promises which renew
me with The early spring.
How I would have you see these
blossoms, cherry and plum,
bursting in the bright light
of many sunny days!

I am pruning the branches.
I am trying to work to improve
my darkroom work. With only
pictures of flowers and plants,
I am trying to understand
the whole process in its details.
A good discipline, I hope - and
a thoughtful, solitary, deepening
experience.

Meantime - I am reading
poetry and finding great corners
and paths that were not
there before -

Please send me word if

2. anything would please you —
books, pictures... I shall
send pictures when they are
good enough. Meanwhile take
these little birthday pictures
of Kate & Anne on Kate's 1st
birthday - Feb 11. Perhaps
they tell a little the more that
Kate is. She is all squishy
and soft still, lazy and jolly
but quick to laugh and
"talk". Anne is such a Bl-
gine with Kate - and so very
understanding - most of the
time!

Take our love - it's yours.
Greta.