

AM

Apology

ONE THOUSAND AND FORTY
PARK AVENUE

To J. N. D.

Oct. 20. 1936

On politics one can't be sure
Of simple "yes" and "No".
So come along with me, dear,
Across the fields we'll go!

Through the burnt, pink grasses -
A little path I see -

To Bittersweet and hill-tops,
And home in time for tea!

Hold my hand for fun, dear,
And laugh with me the same:
For here we can be sure, dear,
Of things without a name! -

For I am sure of you, dear,
And you are sure of me -
And that is how God meant, dear,
His children for to be!

Y. N. D.