

Friday am -

NELL KOONS

400 EAST 59TH STREET

NEW YORK

WICKERSHAM 2-2189

Blessed - This will be our 8 o'clock  
Call. Who are we to be needing  
telephones? I can connect with  
you direct - by a private wire,  
in fact - I used that wire  
over-time last night - it was  
too hot to sleep and I, too  
full of thoughts to try to  
write them! That is where poetry  
serves - it is the only way the  
heart may trust itself to speak.  
Not the heart only, either - but  
the mind - or the fire that  
burns between these two.

Anyway it is a new day - a  
Friday - and by the time these

lines reach your hands and  
eyes - one whole week of our  
time is gone. I won't say our  
separation - for it is not true -

To-morrow Bob. Jensen & I will go  
to Point of Woods - where the  
ghosts of you will rise to greet me -  
disturbing ghosts! But I entertain  
them all gladly - and gently  
pull their whiskers!

I'm afraid you won't recognize your  
wife when you get her - such an  
elegant lady she will be! I never  
knew before just what a metamorphosis  
(is this what I mean?) clothes can  
accomplish! And I am doing it  
deliberately! Forgive the Dental  
letter - I would have called it Back if

I could