

me. You must run the West Branch
your way and I must make for you
somewhere a "hide-out" - so that when
it gets too much for even you -
then you can fly to my arms.

It all would have sounded finer the
end of our marriage a few weeks
ago - but now it looks like the beginning
of our true marriage. I can always
see you happily flying around from
one thing to another - from one person
to another. with all the balls in the
air and you cleverly dodging and
returning - sweating and working
at it for all you are worth.

PECKETT'S ON-SUGAR-HILL
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the home - for isn't our true home somewhere
in the eternal boundary of the mind?

Isn't our marriage a marriage of the
mind - or soul? From that blessed
branch we are one - and bear green leaves
and bright berries. But as to "ways and
means" of making a house work for
the comfort and joy of those who live
and those who visit therein - also
those who work therein or thereabouts -
well on that subject I think we
are and ever will be worlds apart.
The tie that binds us is a spiritual one - the
one that separates us is a material

You can see me in my poet's corner - on
my dark room - out under God's skies -
and be happy that I am not the one you are
playing against - but your "other half" which
seeks a quiet corner. I am not so young as you
John dearest. And I am a woman. Women are quiet
when they are happy - an inner happiness.

Should I mind this? It is so easy to be
misunderstood on paper. But then it is even more
easy to be misunderstood in the heat of argument.
They never help - we need light and not heat.
The heat - is the warmth of our love. Think about what
I have said just as if I had my head on your
shoulder and we were talking quietly and
happily - talking about the happy times we
have had to gether - and all the bitter-sweet
experiences we have shared. It is not that I want
to take only the sweet out of life - but I do want
to save the sweet. After I come back from
Florida. Let's run away for a little while. Let's let
you run the W.B. to suit yourself - then we can laugh
over it. Bless you John dearest - we will solve this
in our own Johnell fashion -

Ever your faithful one.
2.