

4. To know they will come again by
night fall. you must share this with
me - you must !!!

I am letting everything rest awhile -
simply refusing to wonder how our
various tenants and their problems are.
It is our birth-right to look a day in
the face without so many distractions.
I feel wicked - but very pleasantly so.
I think it will show in renewed youth.
I am renewed like the green fir - on
the bay. Which is it?

You are perhaps being renewed
in your way - being a prince of
Seraulip! and what a prince -
you are the King!

Please convey my humble
and tender regard for your young
crown prince - and my blessing on
your royal head. Ever thine. D.

WESTPORT 2-4264

July 6th

WEST BRANCH
WESTPORT CONNECTICUT

Dearest.

A week this morning since I have
come to the Rippo. I feel like taking off
on my own spread wings - out - out
out over the fair face of heaven - like
the flying Welch man. I will have to
watch myself - put weights on my
feet, or something drastic - for I get lighter
and lighter until it is difficult to stay
down for 3 bones just to touch the earth.
It is truly named The Sweet House - but however
your spirit walks (and cavorts in the moon-
light) still it will not be home until
it is part of you as well as of me. I
could not love it so much without giving
you some.

My Paul of great price still languishes
for his radio and I could happily see
her off to Boston but she will not.
She has some mistaken notions that
she promised you to "take care of Mrs.
Down" and that she will!

3. I have the feeling that my letters do not reach you - that you are never still long enough - and that they will come home to roost long after you are here. We will use them to light the fire in the great kitchen in the evenings.

Yesterday from my mountain view I read the N.Y. Times and came upon this which hath a familiar ring.

Oh dear - everything is remindful. But especially the moonlight - This world is like the Wales world in the moonlight - not real - but full of a small man (little man, I believe is the term) - the horns of Elfland faintly blowing - ah - blow hughes blow - set the wild echoes flying. answer echoes, answer - dying, dying,

dying - Then in the morning the year is here to fight the pump, and the little men are gone.

But Ah John how utterly sweet

2. Ah no, that I must be cared for so - when the earth and air and sky cradle me in their arms. I am reminded always of the parody (though not entirely true) but still -

The King was in the laundry washing out his shirt -

The Queen was in the pantry - sweeping up the dust -

The maid was in the parlour eating bread and honey

Jill in came a neighbor and offered her more money.

Well, no one has offered her more money (I wish they would!) and she is dear - please don't take too serious of the things I say against her. It is only that she deserves it poor darling. Bushie would have belonged - we could have sewed and cooked and sung songs to our womanly content. Dear Bushie - I hear her songs everywhere.