

Dearest I have just talked with you
and you are not coming. I think it
is perhaps best - much as I would
love to see you. If I can only leave
with a clear conscience that all
is well here - what a wonderful
thing it will be to turn our faces
to the quiet cool places - I could
cry just thinking of it. But until yesterday
I couldn't see how I could be relieved
from this most pressing need. It seems a
miracle really. She is still so weak
that she cannot be left alone but she
is gaining every minute - she looks so
very frail and white and other worldly -
only that fighting spirit ever won this
battle - oh dearest it is wonderful to
feel oneself able again and strong and
capable of doing everything - night &

day — and she is not easy by any means —
but to think I could do it has restored
me to myself in a curious way. I no longer
feel the frustration and confusion — the way
seems clear and simple and straight.

If I can keep this — but I must — for it
is how I love to be — want to be — keep me
dearest one.

I enclose this article of Carlis for you
to read — he speaks with the poet's voice —
yet it is the voice of the people and
beautiful. I thought you might enjoy it. We
have so much to share my dearest —
more than is given to many — we are the
favorite of the Gods — we must not fail —
we must not return their gift empty of its
Treasure. The spaces such as this help
us to see where we are going — and how
to go — one gets too close to the confusion of
small things to see clearly. I see you &
I together — nothing else mattering. Ever ever
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