

August 24th . 7 am —

Wednesday morning - tomorrow I leave!

Dear John, The head nurse here will take me on
(They have a need for nurses, John)
And give a way they say - or so it seems -
of soothing patient's fevered dreams.
(Who said I need a sleeping pill?)

My ills have flown on wings until
I walk so sure and light and free
That you would hardly know 'twere me
If you did not love me so, dear John,
And we together were not marching on!
Down through the years, Johnell - ~~not~~ ^{you} see
A single mark for you and me!

D. to J.