

3.

I am ~~not~~ looking beyond this - but
 drinking it deep. Already it has worked
 a miracle. It is as if I heard once more
 the music of the spheres - for which my
 heart was starved.

Now I know a better fall of this
 will not bear the weight of all it brings
 to me, ~~yet~~ it would, if I could make
 my words as pure as birds songs and
 as innocent. But, alas, they stumble
 and stagger and are unsure of themselves.
Yet what else is so worth trying to say?

If Doctors could extract this sweetness
 and inject it into our veins — ah,
 how much more than B. complex and
 liver compound! Why does Life pass
 by — pass over and around

then
and seek in all directions for something
which it passes by? What is it man seeks?
What does Science seek to prove? What in
essence is it that our few years here may
capture — is speed the final goal —
and if so speed for what? The final parting?
The miracles men applaud are not enough for
company — but what is this still, small, voice
that speaks from down under — from up over
and from out — beyond.

Dearest it is difficult for me to
write of less real things when I am in sight of
health and peace once more. I love you more
surely here, when I am more sure myself. I
think I am meant for the stillness of the deep
woods, like the hermit Thruak — or the wide
meadows like the meadow lark — but nearer
the wild rushing winds which the eagles lean
on — or their preceptions on earth —
God bless you my darling —
incline your ear and heart for my little song.
Ever Thine — Dr.