

^{gtrale}
I might try mixing cool, green
shadows with warm, fragrant
sunshine - some white poppies
blowing in the wind - a flash
of red wings - smell of honeysuckle
and faint whiff of wood smoke -
~~does that make a good dose?~~ Or
shall I mix the quiet lapping
of tide-water with the shadow
of a white heron? Or the rolling
of the surf with the cry of gulls? -
There is a magic powder here, dear
for any ailment that mortal
man can have. - This is my first
real taste of it - this quiet alone.
It is true that however nice people
are - however pleasant and
companionable - there are experiences

while are solitary - which we cannot
share - unless there is between two
people that perfect level of hearts - so
that the same tide covers both.

And now I must pack my camera
on my back and wade out into
the marshes - to catch a sunset
in my black box. That at least
I can bring you - but never this I'm
afraid - it's nothing you could tell.

I am going to get up at 5 in the
morning for some sunrise shots -
then back home for a get-away
around ten - have some people to
see at nine - I have made friends with
the choice soul on the Island - married -
seven children - was born here and his
father before him - Oh how I'd love to tramp
with him a few weeks - I must go clear -
how can I leave that - how can I from the part - 2.