

Old Letters ^{you bring} ~~are~~ images of ^{the} nights
and days ~~that~~ ^{of} ~~my~~ ^{my} life, ~~fixed~~
~~from Time~~ Timeless, ~~and~~

Dearest

Your train letter from Scotland
arrived this bright winter
morning: I. K. a bird to my hand.
I am deep in Christmas letters
with the kitchen full of Christmas
cookies. ^{My precious one} I am going away for
this little week - it ~~is~~ like a
painter steps back from his
canvas to get a better perspective
to see where it needs a little more
here - a little less there - to make
it conform to his dream. Dearest

John: To-day I ^{walked} went to my most favorite
place of all. It goes partly through the
deep woods - ~~then~~ comes out into

a sunny field all wild &
I stop to pick blueberries for a while
overgrown, untamed at last ~~you know~~
~~to the you know~~ of the ~~special~~ ~~small~~

grove of pines and one particularly
where I put down my book and

basket and make my seat at home
for the day. First I take off my
shoes & stockings for the pine needles
are soft & springy. — I lie
down and look up into their

branches remembering the words
of Edna Millay as though I
myself had written them — "Oh
world I cannot hold thee close
enough!"