

4. is high - start with the melted
snow and rain - and when I open
my window at night (before I apply
the pillow) I can hear it - like some
loveliest music. The wonder of these
things - like the wonder of us caring,
thinking about each other, touching the
point of a pen to plain white
paper to shape thoughts - to send
them across the skies - and then,
to make you know what they mean.

It's a wonder about words - a
wonder wonder - ~~It's a wonder~~ people
who love each other ~~must~~ make new
words all their own - they can't just
take any words. They must de-code
each written word for the secret message.
~~They~~ You have the key - the key to the Kingdom!

Good-night John dearest -
this is a love letter. It's meant to be
read only at night, when the lights
are low, and you are alone and
sleepy and when you get here you
~~must~~ turn out the light and close your
eyes - sweet dreams - sweet - sweet.

Due 8th? West Branch

My Beloved.

It's Saturday night late and I
am just home from two days in D.C.
Oh, the peace of this little house! your
ghost has his shoes off and is comfortable
before the fire - W.B. & R. is giving "Music
you Remember" - Anna and John are
tucked in their beds - only Monday
and I to keep you company. Your two
letters - Saturday, Sunday and Monday -
were here to greet me and comfort. It is
fun to think of you delivering presents to
Peggy and Penelope - to Gertrude -
to Reggie & Dancer. What exciting news!
Dear Reggie will die from the happiness.
How glad I am - he is meant for home
and children - bless them for me.

I send you the best Branch as it
was when I drove in this evening -

3. facts and figures but not to night.
To night I just touch you - look
long into your dear face - re-read
your letters - feel your love around
me - warming me and as
quiet and serene as the winter stars.
Just to let it soak into the soul - a
proof of our unity with some outer
world - or for the sake of heart comfort
we name it God.

Oh, my dearest no ocean separates
us to night - only take care (both of
us) that when we are again under
the same roof that we keep this
closeness. It is the miracle we have
found - and it is not labeled
MRA - it is something more. I think of
all the small creatures sleeping on
our blessed acres - perhaps even
deer - and all quiet and asking
nothing from us. The West Branch

2. a golden slipper of a new moon
in the low western sky, just over the
cedars - the woods quiet, the fields
quiet, the chickens gone to roost. the
sheep to bed - but Oh, my dearest, the
beauty, the peace, the utter content and
calmness of the night. There is no
end to the rapture that comes from
such source. It is like a glimpse into
De la Mar's "The Worldie" - where
you and I walk hand in hand. I love
it best of all - for there are never
any problems - but only the divine
inheritance, the bright glory. Sometimes
I feel the same about poetry (good poetry)
or music. It brings more awareness than
the actual image would, if we saw it (do you
know) what is this consciousness - how can we
come closer?

The week's work is done and
in another letter I will give you
the full story.