Dear Pliny Bloom:

How much do I sorrow to learn that aught should befall you but that which would contribute to the happiness and comfort your bright, shining world contains!

With my wand I am now summoning for you my retinue of healers. You will find them hidden behind lacy leaves and delicate boughs and they will watch over and tend you and restore you to activity in the name of him who gives us feet to wander afar. Since you are unable to leave your hut, I am sending, so that you may be comforted during the day's lagging hours, sparkling bits of sunlight to adorn your window. They will touch your cheek and say: "arise for the sun is already weary in its western ascent, O thou of the beautiful hair." These

sunspots will never leave
you, for all around your window
and your door and upon your
floor you will find them dancing
in their curious shapes until
the shadows fold them into the
unknown. These sunspots are
happy creatures of an moment.
They come to give you cheer and
to say unto you that he who
loves them has sent them to
cheer you from his citadel of
work. Adam, too, the words of Wan Ting:
"Sunbeams through twinkling pinewoods cast
their shadows on my window screen.
A night of clouds and rain is past
And, newly blue and freshly green,
The Dawn rebuilds my world at last.
Pear-trees and plum-trees shed their
bunden sweet,
And ~~happy~~ children's happy voices
rouse the street."

Good night, and may time
be most swift to heal you.

Sincerely

ERD

Word
July 10
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