

~~April 27, 1965~~

My Dearest Beth,

Those very exigencies of time which have kept us apart, my good lady, have not divested my ~~beating~~ brain of its most sacred treasure, its visions of you. But those pictures of loveliness which have so illuminated this dreary life can not forever endure in the mundane existence of a poor and humble scholar. They are but the product of a human all too subject to the wearying vicissitudes to which time, plagued by her own vanity and caprice, lets fall upon the heads of mortals. I am not like Zeus. Would I were Zeus that you could ^{at this moment} spring ~~xxxxx~~ from my brow full blown as Athena Nike did, that you could at this moment stand before ^{me} in all your radiance, the light of which would send the beautiful Athen^a herself back into the darkness to ~~hide her~~ ^{conceal} ~~in~~ slighted vanity. But being tied to earthly life, which though mocked by the immortal gods, who view our stay upon this planet as but a dull and momentary interlude, ~~is~~ as if all time, all eternity lay before me, and I ~~am~~ ^{am} condemned to such a fate though it be a figment only of my mind. This figment is nonetheless real, for who is ^{to} ~~to~~ disagree with the ~~xxxx~~ Hellenic solopists ^{who} ~~and~~ say that all existence ends with the last broken beating of ^{the} my heart? I cannot deny this. And yet, ^{this} eternity which has been my earthly lot since I last saw you, could be assuaged in one instant, one short vision of your loveliness. It is all that I as a mortal can ~~expect~~ wish, but a word from your lips, a touch from your hand, is a gift fit only for those ~~xxxxxxx~~ deathless Olympians who have so ^{soaringly} ~~carelessly~~ parted us, ~~but~~ the gods themselves would fear to tread within the vision of your lovely radiance, and you could with ~~that one short~~ ^{your} melodious echo of your voice, with ^{of them} ~~that~~ eyes whose ^{glam} ~~gleam~~ makes the sun's rays sterile in comparison, ~~you could with these heavenly gifts in one instant~~ ^{shall} dispell that foul vapor of immortal envy, and create in its stead a work of art, ^{of love} ~~and~~ of such perfection that it would alter irrevocably all of cosmic time. ~~It is in your power, my lady, if you and I should meet when I return to the town of Biloxi on the twenty-seventh of May. If it is not to your will that it should be, then I should remain, at a distance, your most kind, Humble and devoted servant.~~

From the city of New Orleans,

~~Robert M. Culbertson~~

~~Robert M. Culbertson~~ From the city of New Orleans.

~~June 1965~~