

Thursday Evening
November 11, 1965

My dinner toast to you tonight.

To you, my darling;

To you, my beautiful one;

To you, my continual, tantalizing,
perpetual enigma;

To you, the most fascinating girl
I have ever known

To you - To you - To you - To you.

"Ah Love,
Could thou and I with fate conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire!"
— Omar.

Love, why must the years divide us so?
A few more revolutions of the planet earth;
A few more circlings of the sun
And life decrees that we
Forever separate must be!
Or does it? Are there not other ways

over

To span the gap - obliterate
The distance separating us?
My youth that lags behind my age -
Your knowledge, understanding,
Grasp of life -
Maturity that matches mine -
Do not these obliterate the time
That lies between
And draw us near and dear
Regardless of the circumstance?
No thinks they do, and that is why
I cherish you above all others
I have known.

— Carl