

October 22, 1964.

Dear Patricia: — On your birthday, I must say
"Things that are lovely,
Break my heart in two,
Moonlight on still pools —

You?" —

I have written this to you before —
And it is still true. I was close
to tears of pure joy and poignancy
when I left you today — in fact the
tears brummed but I was able to

take care of them.

You are still the most delight-
ful young lady I know — this
morning especially so — and though
it may be futile for me to continue
trying to make you believe that I
know whereof I speak, you repeat-
edly you reinforce my confidence
and justify me in the tenderness I
feel for you. It doesn't matter if you
are convinced that you've discovered
for yourself that your I.G. is some-
where below 220. It is the things that

you are — different from the common elements that I observe so readily in others — that make you a shining personality to me.

You stand with your feet planted firmly on the earth of genuine reality; you are so ingenuous that you can't ~~recognize~~ see yourself in a mirror through the eyes of another such as me (and that makes you very dear). You hold your head high — many heads higher than your stature suggests — up where the winds of truth blow free, than most persons ever know them; you look at another person directly and unabashedly, without guile for, in the presence of anyone at all honest, you have no need for guile, but only sweetness and light and genuineness, and you breathe the sweet clean air of pure poetry; one of the greatest gifts of all. In this your "antennae" are as selective as those of the delicate little creatures we were discussing — and as pure of what you seek!

How else could you be so appreciative

of the spontaneous musical expression
of your friend, Mike (correct name?) that
he relayed in your presence and played
and played and played. How else
could you know that to attempt to
formalize him would only destroy the
fine spirit that he has revealed
to you?

And your poem of self identification
with the beauty of the world of interre-
lation between tiny insects and flowers
that you read to me. Such things are
born only of souls that are nurtured
on beauty and the poetry of life.
And such souls are so rare! no
matter how much of mundane living
they must share for "practical purposes"
with other persons (and no matter
how good and genuine these others may
be in their contexts of being.) These
rare expressions of poetic insight
that permit one to cross the finite
barriers of physical individuality
and see the essential unity in all
things are what more than anything

else I hope to awaken in those who
take my classes yet they remain ex-
tremely rare. Perhaps this is why I
feel they are so precious and why
I feel so honored and so humbled
in being accepted into their circles
of friendship. This is why I feel as I
do in your presence, and why I treasure
so the relationship you have entrusted
to me. You are, in my eyes, one of the
precious ones! But I have said enough.

Except for one thing. Please do let
me help you work over your poems of
past years before the papers on which
they are written become damaged to the
point that some of the content is lost. I
know that I can preserve all of the
delicacy and beauty inherent in your
verses so that you may — as you
wish — submit them, free from the
chance blemish of the language of one still
groping toward maturity — and none
will be able to read them without seeing
their beauty and being touched by it.
With abundant love and affection — as
I have — Carl.

For Patricia

Who has known heights and depths
Shall not again know peace
Not as the calm heart knows
Low ivied walls, a garden close,
The old enchantment of a rose;
And though he walk
The humble ways of men
He shall not speak
The common tongue again.
Who has known heights
Shall bear forevermore
An incommunicable thing
That hurts his heart
As though a wing
Beat at the portal challenging;
And yet — Lured by the gleam
His vision wore
Who once has trodden stars —
Seeks peace no more!

Author? (c. 1880)