

Thou, fairest of the fair, Patricia

Thou strong, though seeming fragile, beauteous one,
Whose soft enchanting words
Lift me exultant to the skies
Where'er you open your mouth and speak
Or when your voice comes singing o'er the wires
With healing magic for all loneliness
Of paining heart; or fills with humbleness
And peace the grateful spirit;
May you forever live and let me
Look upon you. But when,
Some distant date, if eyes grow dim,
Grant me that I may ever hover near,
Look on your face; breathe out ^{for you} in never
Ending stream and grateful recompense
The strength and inspiration that I've drawn
From you
To keep yours yet more lasting and more beautiful;
Or else — blot memory's sight forever out
That I again may never, ever, know
How much I've lost —
Because I love you so!

Carl
Jan 9, 1965.

Patricia; Please phone
me when you get in.
I don't care how late
it is. Just a word or
two from you will give
me a lift that will
last me all through tomorrow,
(over)

I'm getting over the
down I had when I got the
impression Thursday
that you were having a
worse time than you really
were. You're no idea how
relieved I was when I learned
you were doing O.K. But
I'll still hope for a phone
call. I not now as easily as
you wish in the AM. Carl