

July 22, 1962
10:10 A.M.

And it seems the love of things
is quite endless.

To have loved once - as in
to love again.

And I take all within my power,
careless, and until it

And beauty held all things
immortal in life.

Death - what of death - years
after ~~death~~ life.

Oh, But while life lingers
nothingness matters -

Not that of age, nor beautiful sleep
not heartache.

Life, life any love full mortal world.