

To My New Daughter

Today, - this hour, - henceforth and on

I have a daughter!

Before, I've never had a daughter;

Not one of flesh and blood, -

That's real, - but now I do,

And by this fact, I'm lifted to the skies,

For she's Patricia! She's Patricia She's Patricia!

A living, breathing, radiant, feeling,

Sentient human soul.

A wholly lovely, beautiful girl

To woman's stature grown.

Eyes of light and love and tenderness

Whose clear calm gaze

Speaks trust and confidence and faith

That I, anew each day, must earn.

No bonds between us

Save the bonds of love and understanding;

Freely given and as free returned,

By each to each, in measure
full and warm.

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And none can take these from us!
Nor can they tarnished be!

The poetry of life we share
Th' ineffable music of the
Magic word, the sudden glance
That races heart to heart
With sweet communion laden
To hold us close where'er we're near
Sustain us when we're far apart.
A warming, glowing, all-pervading essence,
A force that permeates, envelops
And transmutes to goodness, all.
A thing that is divine,
Of aught in earth or heav'n
Divine there be.

And all of this is ours - is mine!
Patricia's now my daughter!
A gift of highest happiness and honor,
An estate on me by her conferred.
How can such wonders be?

This question I'll not ask the answer
For all I need to know - I know!

'Tis shining truth before me spread
 White, blazing truth that purifies.
 My heart and mind and soul
 respond, —
 The present only shall endure,
 Nor I'll not look beyond.

July 10, 1964

With all my love to you
 Patricia darling —
 All my love.

Carl.