

Dear Dunc:

where wind blows free
through tree, round dune,
where gull cry Lingans - and -
Love subtly soothes -

I Found thee.

Spirit Fresh and Vibrant,
Soul of all Mankind,
Mind of a giving master
eyes of Love - and -
heart of Laughter.

These are thou -
to me.

O

Patricia

64/Asilomar

July 2