

July 22, '12 8:20 AM.
Barro Colorado, California

Dear Sir,

For a moment hesitation gripped my heart. I questioned writing you.
"I should write for a paper, a letter or some form of communicational prompt. But now I quiver to think I had such thought. Be it in aging - thoughts drifting, wants becoming materialistic? Maybe! In thy ret. you & mine also I hope not."

What am I to ~~transpire~~ transpire nature's beauty from actual existence to page of writing? Do I feel mighty in seemingly creating prose or st. life? Is it pure self satisfaction?

In life, such moments can be plentiful if but the human mind's heart make ~~room~~ room for nature's beauty, its teachings, the scent of death. That each life is but a moment in eternity!