

Saturday, Dec. 11, 1965

Dearest Patricia:

The enclosed poem had its beginnings that day when, after your first visit to the Whitings, we left Sacramento by plane to return to San Francisco. Many times I have recalled your tears, as you wept out your feelings on having to leave the Whitings after they had revealed to you, their feelings toward life and the love toward you which had developed in them after one short week end of acquaintance. Your tears were tears of beauty as I told you then.

The makings of the poem have been in my mind ever since, but I've not put them together until today as I sit looking out at the gentle rain that has been falling for the last hour and a half. ^(The sky's tears.) (3:00 P.M.) I suspect the rain is much harder in San Francisco. I doubt, however, that it will be much of a problem to you, for you again are

with friends.

Many times I've thought about the way a human reaction - such as tears, change as one progresses from babyhood to maturity. Potently overt at first, and directed at the gaining of temporary personal wants, they gradually acquire much deeper significance and give up their primary significance altogether.

All I had to do in composing the poem was to keep you as I know you, and your family in mind and my thoughts arranged themselves and the poem took form. As I worked on it, too, I was reminded of Joyce Creer, the girl I met at the LSO lecture, who was moved to tears at what 'to her, was unexpected understanding' from a faculty member. So I made a copy for her + took it over and dropped it in her mail box. She lives on Sixth Street, just a quarter of a block from the Little store at Sixth and William, in one of the quaintest old houses hereabouts. Whether she has an apartment or just a room I don't know, but I think it's an apartment, though a tiny one.

Well, I hope you've met your flamenco artist and anyone else you wished to see. And for your enjoyment I even hope you were able to stay with Marie Sanders. See you soon. Love, as always - Carl.

To Patricia.

Our Tears Are Symbols

Our tears are potent symbols
Of many different things.

Visibly, through tears,

An infant can communicate.

They watch his cries or, by themselves,
Declare to all his needs, his wants, desires,
Reactions to abundant love, or
To neglect on him bestowed.

But as he grows, their role is changed,
And then they show his deeper hurts,
Reveal his feelings, his
Enlarging inner strength

When understanding fails,
Or when respect's withheld by those,
On whom he's placed his trust
And he must stand alone.

And yet a time may come when,
In the fullness of his own appreciations,
Before some lovely thing he stands
That brings food to his spirit,
Or his heart is by sweet music touched.
Again the tears pour forth
Or well more slowly from his inner depths.
More subtle now, they're
Tears of joy, of sensitivity
To finer things than simple childish wants.

Our tears are priceless symbols
As down our cheeks they roll,
But they're gems of rarest beauty
When they're windows to the soul.

— Carl
December 11, 1965