Wednesday evening

Dear Ken,

Your brief missive was enjoyed. Please phone us from the station, and we'll be happy to meet you, no matter what time.

Ode to White Shoes

Dear Torpid White Shoes, not even for the
nonce
Do you make any response
To our kindly overtures. The many ingra-
tiating ways
That each cat cunningly displays
Is scorned by you. Your pacific nature
Must rate you (n)
As a coward. Yet you
Have defended yourself from Roderick Dhu
And Trauma in a manner fairly well
Before old age befell.
Podx City Bumpkin, your placidity
And gentleness must make us agree
That tranquillity, in a world of strife,
Must be conducive to a lengthy life.

P.S. White Shoes and Trauma are being fed most generously.

There are some nice T-Bones awaiting you !

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love you to the depth, and breadth and height my
soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's most quiet
need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use in
my old griefs, and with my childhood faith.
I love thee with the love I seemed to lose
with my lost saints.
I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears
of a lifetime.
And if God chose, I shall but love thee
better after death.

Sonnet 43 from Sonnets
from the Portuguese E.B. Browning

393-8406