Robert - Cal

Write some more poems - there are so few in the world now.

No number of ingenious postcards is the equivalent of a letter.

I get stuck and in the dumps every so often; but what the hell, that's writing.

a good idle talk with you now that the wearisome fog of depression is gone.

In any case don't slip away.

I think I've almost given up expecting you but do try to come and join us either this summer or next winter or both.

You know we are a unique class, the only three American writers of our generation who don't have to work.

I think about you continually - you and your studio and your Brazilian world.

We seem attached to each other by some stiff piece of wire, so that each time one moves, the other moves in another direction.

Do write and tell us about your trip to Portugal, much more about Brazil, very much about you.

every day I less like writing letters and more like getting them

I like your short poem too very much

U R 2 good 2 B 4 got 10.

I can't tell you how much I long for your return and hope I shan't disillusion you.

Oh heavens, all the lives one wants or has to lead.

and let this letter begin as scherzo lest my last, though true and necessary, seem my one voice.

I too have a lot of old lumber. Somehow it won't light.

Longed for you & Lota as we sat about our barn fireplace listening to Mozart.

As always your absence is an aching gap for me.

Heavens, this is the longest gap, I think, in our letters!

I am sure no living poet is as curious and observant as Miss Bishop.

How wonderful you are Dear, and how wonderful that you write me letters.

Thank God, we two still breathe the air of the living.

Ah my Dear -

I want you never to suffer.

But never n the world will I see enough of you.

Darling Elizabeth

But I see you are mending, indomitable.

But we are never speechless together.