

"Reply ID" hhk8

Dear Julia,

What a pleasant surprise to receive your comments on my file, and to know the file is read by someone other than my ex-wife and her minions of hate foraging for dirt.

Anyway, I love the poems you shared, and I especially could feel your pain on the last poem like T.S. Eliot, in Gerontion:

Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy [girl], waiting for rain.

....

Julia, with your youth remember sunshine always follows the rain.