

THE DREAM GIRL

think my voice must have reached you,
and called you back. For my heart
was in it — small love of mine.



And you are not
begging mercy at
my hands? That
was a flash of the
old Polly. Head
up, eyes shining
. . . mouth mu-
tinuous . . . my
girl!

And you'll come
to me when you've read this . . .
and I'll tell you all I can't write
. . . with my arms around you.

Your lover,
MAX.