
CANADA CHAPS

try. Such tiny letters to hold all the love she filled them with! It was when he began to read them again that, bit by bit, he had come out of himself a little, had begun languidly to look at himself from the outside again, had tried to view himself as she would see him. They had broken up the lethargy, her letters. As he read them, he had ceased to feel nothing. He had come enough alive to wonder what she would think. How much would she mind his being—different? Would she understand? Could she understand? Could anyone understand who hadn't seen and heard?

“He is here,” she said, “and he looks like you. He is alive—think of it!—something alive and quite, quite new that we have made together. He is pink and crumpled, and when you kiss his head you thrill! And I lie with him and look at him and drink him in—and wonder! But I'll share him, oh, I'll share him with his father.”

He knew her letters off by heart. All day long, even while other people's real things passed before his eyes and he looked at them