Amie dear,

This is a copy of a poem written by Daddy's brother on the clay shelves one night during a typical Texas storm. Just you to show that people often do feel very deeply about things that they have to accept, because they have no alternative. Now she must have hoped for a garden, in that wind swept treeless island, how one miss the depth of the mind! This was compelled to tolerate the narrowing of the life imposed upon her. When she says, "The only ruin was a death or a birth,"
Oh Sile of the white crested wave,
Oh Sile of the troubled sea
Oh Sile of the white foaming spray
Their laws by my Sile of time

I am sick of they love rugged rocks
The monotonous white of they sand
The strewed with their white foaming waves
As they wildly leap up on the land

I am sick of the same men each day
The wave is a death or a birth.
Can the mail be landed today?
Do the winds from the south or the north?

No time to welcome the humped of spry
As she skips o'er the heather so bare
No pens to write or draw for awhile as he touches
All thought but the existing in them

I long for the sight of the heath
The heather, the Broom, the Broom
I long for some green leaephy dell
And the Hawthorn's delightful perfume.

The plegdings have taken their wings
They have taught me a summing rhyme
When the leaf leaves the storm battered near
The New Bush may die damn a dre.

Oh Sile of the white crested wave,
Oh Sile of the troubled sea
Oh Sile of the white foaming spray
Their laws by my Sile of time