

The Drug.

This week I have been busy. Every day has run into the next on winged feet, but feel puny tired & heavy in the nose. There was no single tic on Tim's mid clock that I could hold as mine. Each finger had two bare as the other horns as wild & full.

Only the night was given me for peace to soothe my overworked ^{but} machinery head, before there erupt another evil day on top of palest pink & gentle dawn.

Today I walked, all the world was mine. The fire-pruned sunshine falling on the floor I could relax in - stay! I'll drink my fill.

There was no little thing that should be done. I yawned a smile & stretched myself from bed.

I walked all morning through the muddy woods and smoked my cigarettes right to the stub. Then home for lunch - no hurried sandwiches this - a lazy meal from colored linen mats.

This afternoon I called a friend of mine, a special friend whom I'd not seen all week. We walked & talked & sang, then were quiet, and laughed with joy at silly happy things & until it seemed that joy had too much pain and that too strong a love was worse than none.