

Dear John,

You are like a blind artist who cannot see the beauty he creates and so despairs and would hang himself. Are you trying to draw your magic circle once and for all? You think you give me "empty space". I have explained so often what you give me; you can look back-unless you have destroyed them. And even if you have, you must remember; unless you have forgotten, as you do forget, the important things. And while you look back, look again at my letters of last week. Do you really see self-confidence?

I do not really know what ~~I have~~ you have given me, but I do know that I have something, still very small and weak, which I had not before and which is very beautiful. It helps ~~me~~^{me} transcend the hurt and to make me wish, not to turn in and protect the hurt, but to take care of you and love you more.

I cannot decide now if I wish you to come. I have decided so long ago, months ago. You must decide whether or not you will come to me. Please decide to come.

I do not think that I will have to supervise any examinations at school on Thursday. I can be here Wednesday night waiting for you - or Thursday morning. If I find out that I do have school responsibilities that Thursday I will write to you, probably by Friday.

What do you want me to do or be? I will try to do it or be it. To whom can I give what I am? Who will understand? You do not, but your misunderstanding is better than any other I know. I don't know, and I am afraid. I would even sell my integrity to ~~by~~ by whatever you want.

Please come

Margaret

