

Cambridge, April 24, 1950

Dear Margaret,

All afternoon I thought about writing you, and now it is so dark already that I can see myself reflected in the window-pane. As I look out I can see the sky, above it is dark blue and at the horizon gray and green, becoming perceptibly darker. The trees outside the window are turning into giants and stand a ghostlike watch all night. Only the dull glow from curtained windows and the occasional movement of some shadowed figure in front of a distant light tell of the life that has survived the day, houses still glowing with life, oases of confused misery or happiness, and the darkness from within flows like a lethal river into the awful, endless obscurity of the night.

Now all the sky has draped itself in black to attend our funeral, but stubborn as we are we will not die, not yet. If you were here now, we would go together to take a walk through the darkness as we did at Great Barrington. But you are not here, and I must work, and work hard, and when I let my thoughts have their way, my work suddenly becomes very difficult, almost impossible for me. Night, this blackness outside, arouses the vast blackness within, which we have so skillfully concealed under social amenities. The two flow together, they merge, and I, - what am I but a fragment of something impossible adrift on the blackest of all oceans.

But you will come, you will, really. I do not know what your coming means. What can the darkness know about light? You will be a light in this blackness with in me, and you will blind me, so that I will not be able to see you, and after you have gone, the night will be blacker than before. I wait for the morning which will never come, but you are for me a symbol for that morning. I am glad that you are coming.

Yet I think it will be good if I try to work a little bit while you are here. Maybe it would be good for me, after meeting you at South Station to go to the library for some work. If you do not think so, then I will not. Perhaps I will not anyway. The same holds for Saturday morning, but we can discuss all that once you are here. Let me finish now and mail this letter. Maybe I shall go for a short walk to dispel my thoughts. Then I must work. I wait for you and it is hard to be patient.

Dein  
John.