

? May 1957

Tochen,

What does This mean?
I find two gifts waiting for me. One very small, only your bed to make. When it is made I sit down and look out of the window and listen to the rain. You left it tiredly and indifferently, probably telling yourself that I would not come as I did not come last night — or perhaps not thinking of me at all. But though the gift is so purposeless, it is better than the other.

What does it mean. When you give me such ^a difficult thing, you must be ~~there~~ ^{here} to explain them. I if it is the end of the book, it should be written ~~it~~ in your own words. How can I understand this which is not even from you.

And the letters. What do they mean to me?
Do you give them to me as you bring Rilke's
books from the library? You have told me that
my letters are not like me, nor even like
each other. And, half jokingly, you said that
perhaps my letters meant something to you
because of your interest in comparative literature.
Am I supposed to spend my day reading
these as I would Rilke? I cannot. Your
letters I keep too, but I do not reread them.
I think I am afraid to, though I do not
know why. Even less can I bring myself to
read these. If they ~~are~~ mean anything,
it is only in your hands that they have a
meaning.

The Aphrodite in front of me looks so calm.
Her nose and chin are a little ~~chipped~~ chipped,
but one does not see this until one tries to
analyse her beauty. When I look into
the mirror, an ugly fear and anxiety looks

back at me. I have barked and listened
to the rain and tried to weep, but it will not
be washed off. I marked the lines and I
cannot rob them out.

If you will tell me, I will go
tomorrow. But you must tell me, and in your
own words.

dein, Margaret.