

To M. B. from R. B. Buskley

2020 Barclay St
Vancouver May 18/35

SUN!

Darling: B

Your darling letter dated (May 29) in your own hand and mailed May 1 and reaching me May 18 just to hand and must reply at once, tho I sent one off 3 days ago, "Miracles do not happen" said M. Arnold - no Huxley - J. K. - with that finality of dogmatism etc NOW we know that they do and if this miracle CAN happen Well, why not califourchon again and again? Tell me that.

And you say you have NO NEWS except that you are getting stronger and going about, as though that wasn't the most exciting news that could come to me at 2020 and let flow that JOY of chatter you hear in these lines and bottled up for months lest it be quite a discordant note - laughter and gayety when you were weak and may be suffering too much to hear it with pleasure.

And now your little blue note "legitimizes" it and I know that you can take pleasure in it and small as it is I FEEL through it a quiet peace and joy that you know someone is loving you with that mystic and heavenly love that belongs to man and woman, and all bathed and perfumed with heavenly memories like cirrus clouds across the deep blue sky, not threatening rain but just playing at beauty for the sheer love of eternal memories.

And this I keep repeating that it may mix with your present sad thoughts that it is gone for ever and your uph. trying to be cheerful and your wanting your friends and missing them and so that there may grow steadily and even against apparent evidence the belief and depermination that you will grow really strong again, and live over again, with new wisdom and felicity, all those lovely times we have known together. "To feed my mind that dies for want of her" is one of the lovely recollections of soft sweet poetry and I want you to think of LOVE like that - "dies for want of her". For think, darling, we know where we made mistakes and wasted the years, it may be, in empty misimpressions, and so the future may be more finely attuned to love's sweet song than we ever knew - bothered as we were with people, who did not know how lovely was our our desire and its fulfilment.

AB Buckley to MB Williams, 18 May 1935

Transcription / Additional Information

[Handwritten] To M.B. from A. B. Buckley

[Remainder typed]

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Vancouver May 18/35

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