

15-16 Nov.

Dear,

Happy birthday to me,  
etc, etc. Well at least  
I'll be able to spend my  
second half of my 25th  
year in freedom. It goes  
wows, a birthday present  
to me to you (caught  
you, didn't it?).

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— And as I step at night  
To look at the stars and  
moon  
I see you flying thru the  
dark  
And see you reshaping the  
universe  
Before my mind.

Then I crawl into my  
hole (and think of you),  
As I lie there in shielded  
nothing,  
Like my life without  
your heartbeat  
choing inside.

When I awake to the  
mist in the valley  
Green and full of life  
And slow and deliberate  
Like our life.

And seeing the green and  
blue  
Of afternoon monsoon  
Of gray light,  
I feel the haunting love  
And joy before me.  
One good note together.

And as the hour gets  
late and being  
I see you in soft  
pastels and silk,  
As feminine as your  
beautiful name  
and twice as lusty.

- Feeling you as wife,  
domestic, lover,  
And as mother of our  
future brood,  
Then as my own sweet  
personal Elena,  
All my own you are.

- Then finally, future  
tense yet relaxed,  
Together again God  
knows where.

all we care is we're  
together -

Rendez-vous in public regions.

- And ~~we~~ we build & renew  
again

The things most dear  
yet changing  
And get down to the business  
of unslavery,  
Tis the season of melting.

How was that for poetry.  
Pretty bad? Well I  
quit letting off a little  
especially on pseudo-  
special times like today.  
May tape later.

No mail this evening  
but maybe I'll get  
a bunch tonight. Should  
write home soon. Haven't  
written the 521 bunch  
for awhile; I don't want  
them to worry.

We switch to day  
shift tomorrow. They  
do it every 2 weeks  
here (the switching bit)  
and it works out  
pretty well. The daytime  
FDO officer is new  
and kind of hard to  
get along with (he's  
rather nervous). So

our work is cut out for  
us to convince him  
that he can do without  
that OCS board up his  
butt. If he'd just calm  
down, all goes smoothly.

My leg is healing.  
Guess I'd best get  
the bandage changed.  
I must not have gotten  
it cleaned well, before.  
The least bit of dirt  
causes wild infections  
over here. I hate this  
tropical climate.

Je t'aime. Guess I  
will tag later. So  
until then...

Von Dorn