

The Scientist Writes A Letter

Tom Verlaine

Dear Julia,

Unless chance finds us face to face again, this is the last you'll hear from me. I spent this Sunday, a long afternoon, freezing at my friend's house by the sea. We men of science... you know. I've returned to my research in magnetic fields. It's funny how attractive

indifference can be. My sense of failure... it's not so important. Electricity means so much more to me. We men of science... you know...

It's snowing again, seems like it's always snowing. Sit down to write and it's so cold. Outside my window, there's

a tree so white I can hardly look at it.

It's quiet here. I look thru my glass at patterns all so well defined. Please send my winter coat soon as you can

...I find I have no other lines... we men of science... you know...

all the best.. all the best, Julia