

KAHLIL GIBRAN
51 WEST 10th. STREET
NEW YORK, CITY

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Good morning to you, dear
Marie Louise, and many
blessings upon you.

I have before me now
a kindly number of your
letters, and I feel quite
rich. You see, I went
to the country for a while,
and while I was there
no letters were forwarded
to me. Everybody thinks
that I must try and
get out of the world as
though I have never been
in it. And they say that
I am not well enough
to do anything but lie
on my back and be
still. They are all stupid!
I like the little photographs

in your last letter very much.
They make you seem quite dashy!
The hair is infinitely better
and, of course, more becoming.
No doubt that at the end
of October "your tresses, like
molten gold, falling from
heaven to the earth," will
be a pleasant sight to the
gods of this world — and
the gods of other worlds.

I am glad you still
like the drawing. Who
knows, I may make
a better one next winter!
And if I should do so,
you would want it; — and
I will not give it to
you. — and that's that!!

Always your faithful
Kahlil