

12-30 pm

1/3/88

Revered Master, Mahatma G.E.C.

Thy notelet, heralding as it
did the return of a borrowed book (itself
not the least marvellous of modern phenomena),
suggested the following -

You condemn my ways, & borrow my books,
By the hose of your wisdom I'm played on,
Then you give up the first - "You are past
praying for,"
But it's plain I'm not past being
preyed on.

E.L.

NB

In haste

E.L.