

Tom Verlaine, The Scientist Writes A Letter

(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