

THE DISCUSSION

She is my dearest darling & beloved. Except for one thing in our life together, everything is perfect, as usual. It's not an important thing, though; what lies between us is this one particular poem I happen to have written. It needs to be a bit more logical, it seems, she says. So I go back to the poem a few hours after our discussion and see that our difference is not so much a difference of logic or poetic structure as a real difference of opinion. We discuss this some more over cocktails, and a smoke; and I see her becoming red in the face and with tears beginning; and I realize then that the problem is not at all technical, this poem is a specific criticism of her—that the problem is and always was philosophical, and that she is not my dearest darling & beloved anymore, that she is in fact nothing less than my worst enemy; and that I hate her. That night, in bed, I explain this to her in a careful, rational manner; and, screeching and weeping, she agrees with me with regard to this particular perception; that the problem is not this poem, the problem is a general philosophical disagreement rather than anything technical. And then, since we see eye to eye again on this particular matter, she again becomes my dearest darling & beloved.