It’s rather wonderful, I think
when Friends are made of pen and ink,
a piece of paper, blue or white
And someone decides that she will write.
To someone she has never seen
who lives where she has never been
A pen becomes a magic wand
Two strangers begin to correspond.
Two strangers long, but soon good
Friends, Just note how their last letter ends.
How pleasant on important news
Two Friends quite Far apart
Can gladden each other’s heart,
Can nourish each other’s mind
with goodly thoughts in letters kind it’s truly wonderful I think.

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