# TO ANGIE, ON HER BIRTHDAY

Another year is ours, and evermore,
Its pleasures shared may henceforth be enjoyed.
Reborn as memories—Time's precious ore,
And mined at will for treasures unalloyed.

Whose gems of simple joys and shining veins,
Of happiness are crafted with a will,
As golden links in Life's enduring chains,
To bind our hearts together closer still.

Let free your soul, my Love, from all regret,
The year that's gone left fortunes in its trace,
Those happy days we shared shall now beget,
Rich memories, the coming years to grace.

This life we share is thus our wealth entire,
And Time, the only guard that we require.

—Athens, Greece; 14 January 1969

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