rupts my accustomed leisure And ruffles my ties.
I don't know even now quite how it began.
You must meet my wife, my Anne.
One thousand whims to which I give in.
Since her smallest tear turns me ashen.

Never dreamed that I could live in
completely demented, contented a fashion. So
b

sun-like, so winning, So unlike a wife. I do think that I'm be-
gin-nung to show signs of life.
Don't ask me how at my age one still can
grow—

If you met my wife,

You'd know.

DÉSIRÉE: Dear Fredrik, I'm just longing to meet her. Sometime.