

My dear Coifárë,

I have read through your letter several times now. I thank you for your kind concern, and for your friendship, which means a great deal to me, as undeserving as I am. It is I who owe you an apology for my rudeness and graceless conduct. I can offer no reasonable excuse, as I have no wish to burden you with my affairs (or my battles, if you prefer), and particularly not when I lack the capacity to do so freely or concisely. In present circumstances, I feel it would be beyond the bounds of propriety to call on you directly - however I do hope I will see you again this season, and perhaps we might continue our interrupted conversation.

Thank you also for reminding me of last year's collaboration. Of course if circumstances were to permit, I would be very pleased to return in the future to properly admire its development. Perhaps instead you may have some occasion in the future to visit my estates. Each season has its own attractions - I am told that the wildflowers have been spectacular this past spring, particularly the ground laurel in the north woods.

With affection and most sincere regard,

Lamont