



Dear *F----*,

I've missed you. I've thought about you often these days-
have you thought about me?







I think about you often, even before these days, if we are
being truthful.
I suppose you already knew that.



I suppose you don't *think*, so much, do you? You just *are*.

Growing up my mother always told me to *just be*.
I've never understood what that meant.

If you could think, what would you think about? What would you enjoy contemplating? Would you luxuriate in reminiscing, or curiously watch all of the movement that you facilitated? Would you worry about all of us within you?

I hope you wouldn't. We will all be fine.





I have worried, often, about the movement and energy that I always found coursing through you. While I found it, most of the time, exhilarating, there would be moments that were too much. I'd rush home then, collapse on the couch, wrap up in blankets with closed eyes so clear all of the noise, and movement, and color, and texture out of my being. Take a deep breath. Then I could carry on.

You don't have that luxury, though, do you? You can't ever hide. You must be, always.





I remember one night, talking with R very late, wondering if you ever got to be alone. She said she believed there must come a time in every night where you were alone with yourself. I didn't believe that could be.

I hope she was correct. I hope you get a moment to yourself.



Anyway, I miss you.
I just wanted you to know.

-e.

