





Dear F---,

Today my desire for you is palpable. I don't know if the fact that I can practically smell you, that you in the brilliant morning light of spring is so present in my mind as to transport me nearly to you, if this is what is filling me with such longing.

Or, is it the intense longing which brings you to the forefront of my mind and senses?



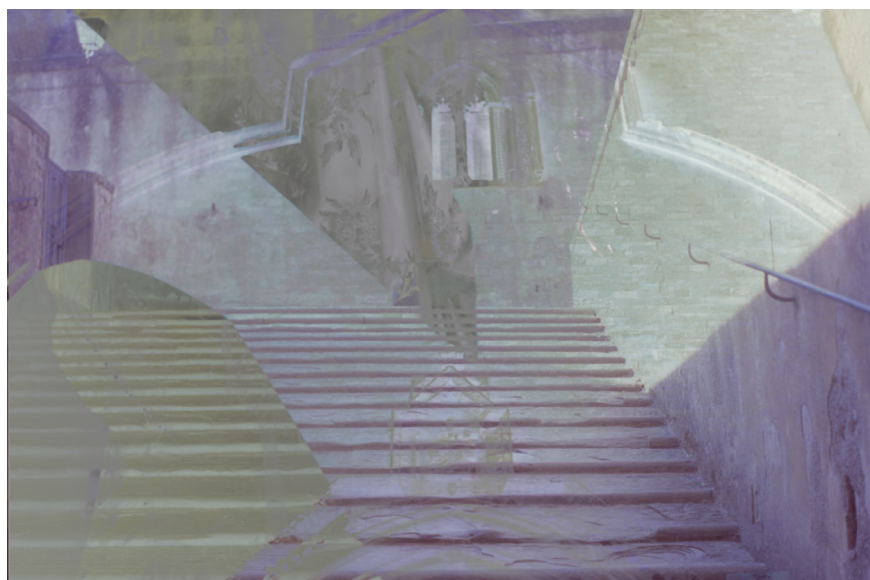




All I know is that the morning sun here makes me think about the morning sun on you, makes me want to be with you right now, in that glorious spring glare.

I remember living on Via del Moro and how the sun would shine down that street, a straight shot along the whole way. It was as if the sun was emanating from where the road dead ends into the piazza by the river. The light seemed to cut down into the street. It would be so bright, so seemingly focused that there was not a single shadow on the whole of the lane, except trailing the back of the person walking in front of you. How dark and ominous that shadow would always be. When you would finally arrive in the piazza you would be almost blinded by sun, pouring down from the sky and reflecting up from the river.







Someday, someday, someday, right?

Will I ever see you again?



I always end up writing about the light, don't I? It's that damn light.

I've just never gotten over the first time I really saw how you looked in that pink winter glow at the end of the day.



All of my love and longing,

-e