

Dear F---,

How are you today? Sorry my writing has slowed; I find myself trudging slowly through the heavy suspension of daily life. The minutiae seem to stretch further and further with each passing day; there is a horrifying malleability to the tedium.

I'm afraid it will wrap itself around me, particularly on the cool spring afternoons where time passes without any substantive scaffolding.



You've been here for so long; do you know these feelings, too? When time doesn't appear to move, and you're whole being is awash in a drowsy bewilderment?

I never feel this way when I'm with you, I must confess.





One of those endless summer's years ago, I remember heading to cross the old bridge and seeing the crowds of people moving ahead of me. I saw myself as part of the great flow of people, my eyes reached out ahead of my body, over the crowd, and I could see how I was being swept in the current with them, with you. In that moment I could nearly see the invisible threads that connected all of us and that glittering energy that throbbed beneath, animating everything- me, the crowds, the history, the buildings, the stones that absorbed and still absorb the endless movement that surrounds you.

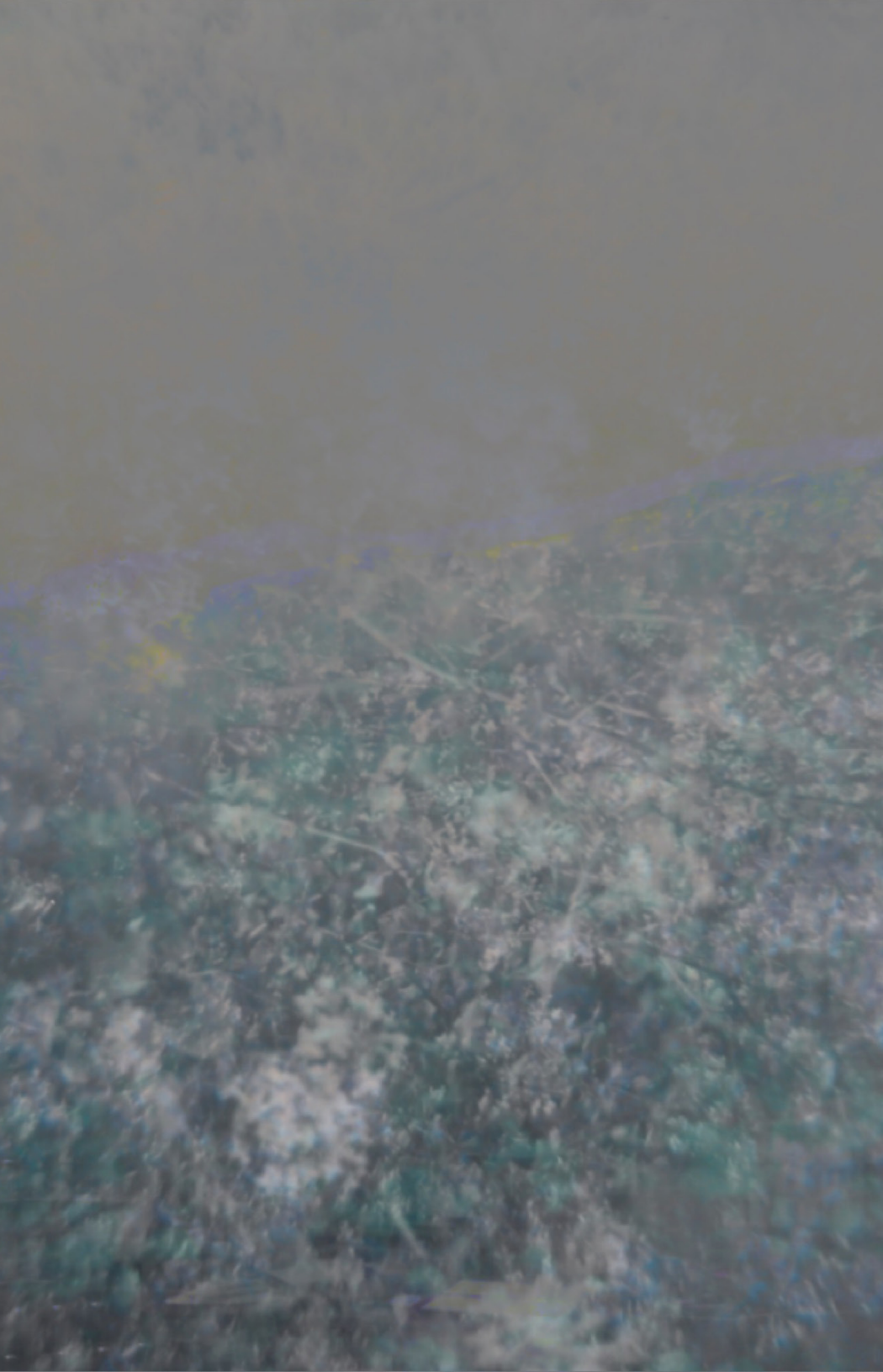


Is there a part of you that hasn't been touched by human hands?

Does this exhaust you?

When I think back on it now I realize that electric shimmer was just your spirit
beating, breathing.

I wasn't imagining it; it was you.





I'm tired these days. I hope when I see you again I'll be able to muster the energy that I used to greet you with.

You deserve it.

-e

