

Dear F---,

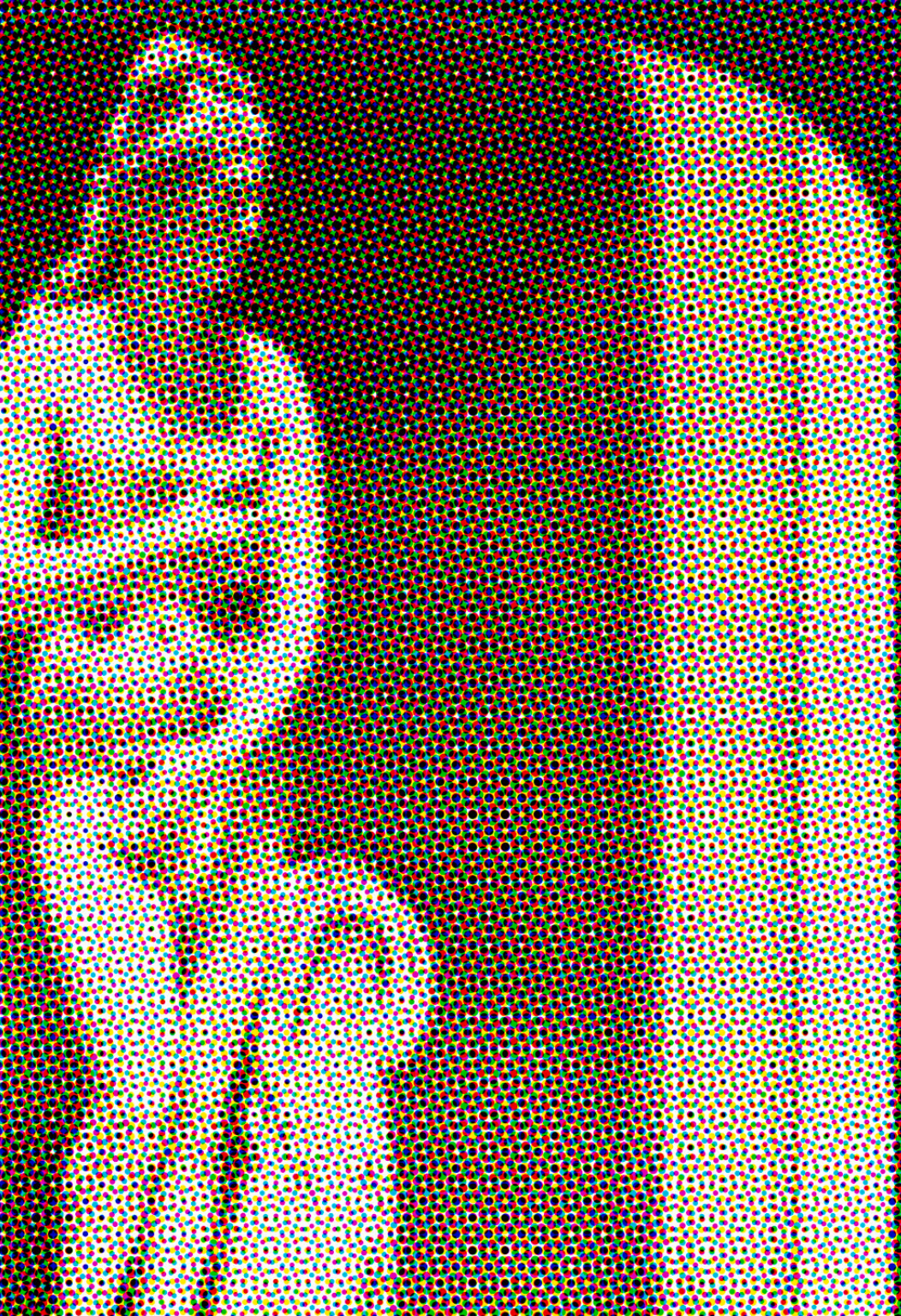
I came across an old photo of you today. It's one I didn't take, but I have it saved anyway.

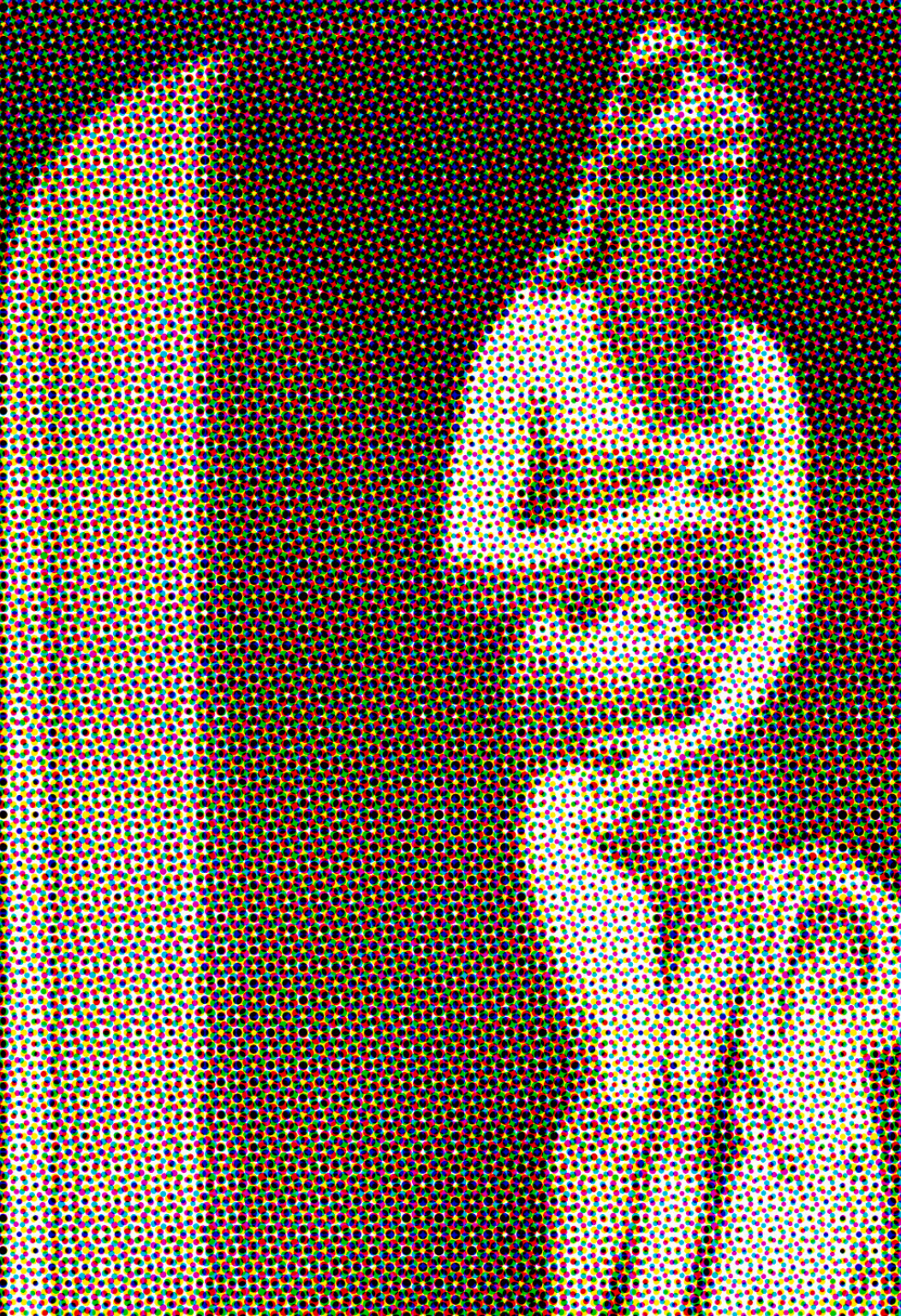
While staring at it I realized I wasn't sure of anything in the photograph. I couldn't recognize the place the photographer stood in relation to you. There was a wave of horror that rolled down my spine upon this discovery. Is it really an image of you? I can't quite recognize you in it.

But it must be you, yes?

What right do I have to say that I love you if I cannot tell, if I'm not certain that it's you in this photograph?

Who knows how many more photographs I might not recognize you in?

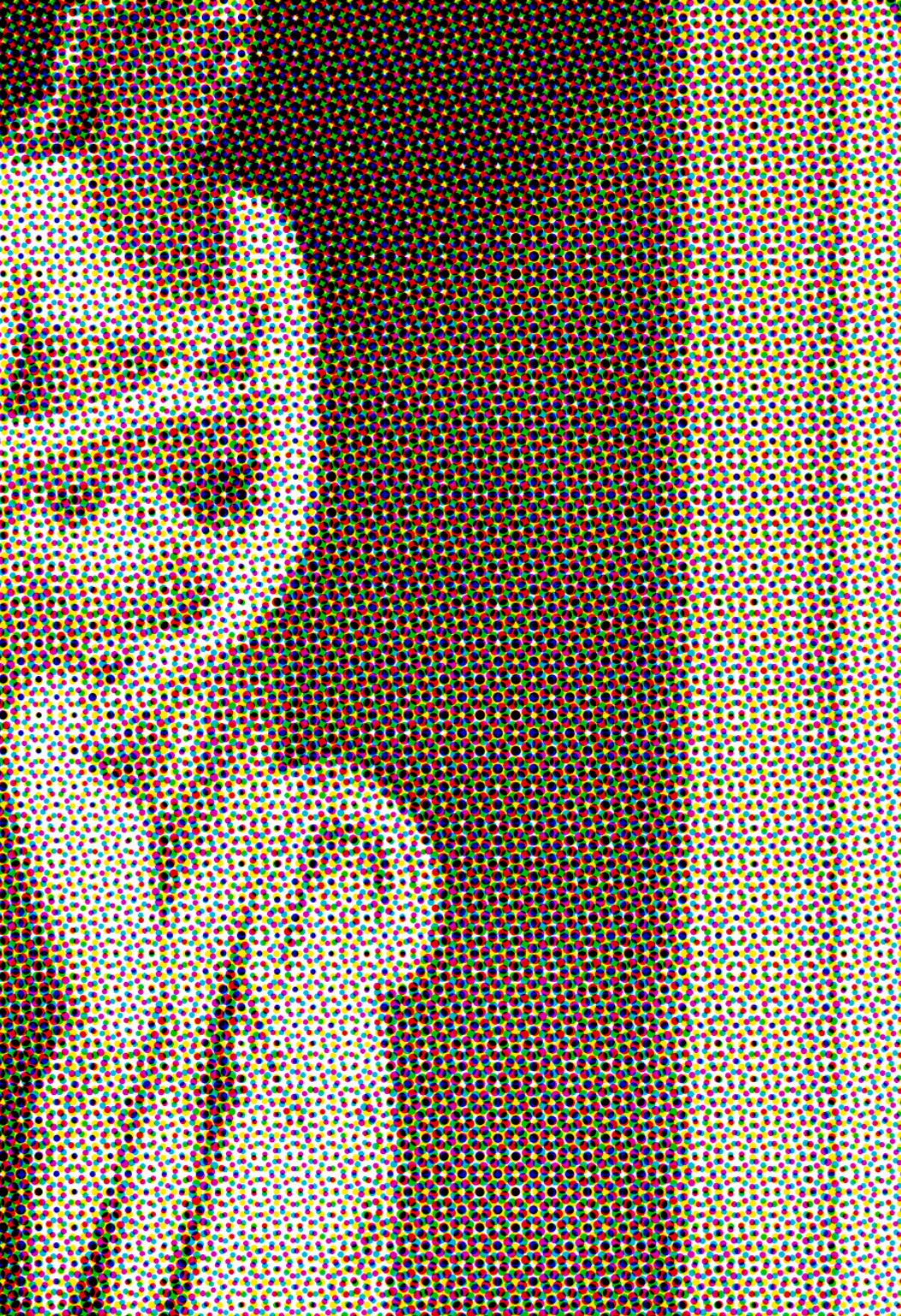


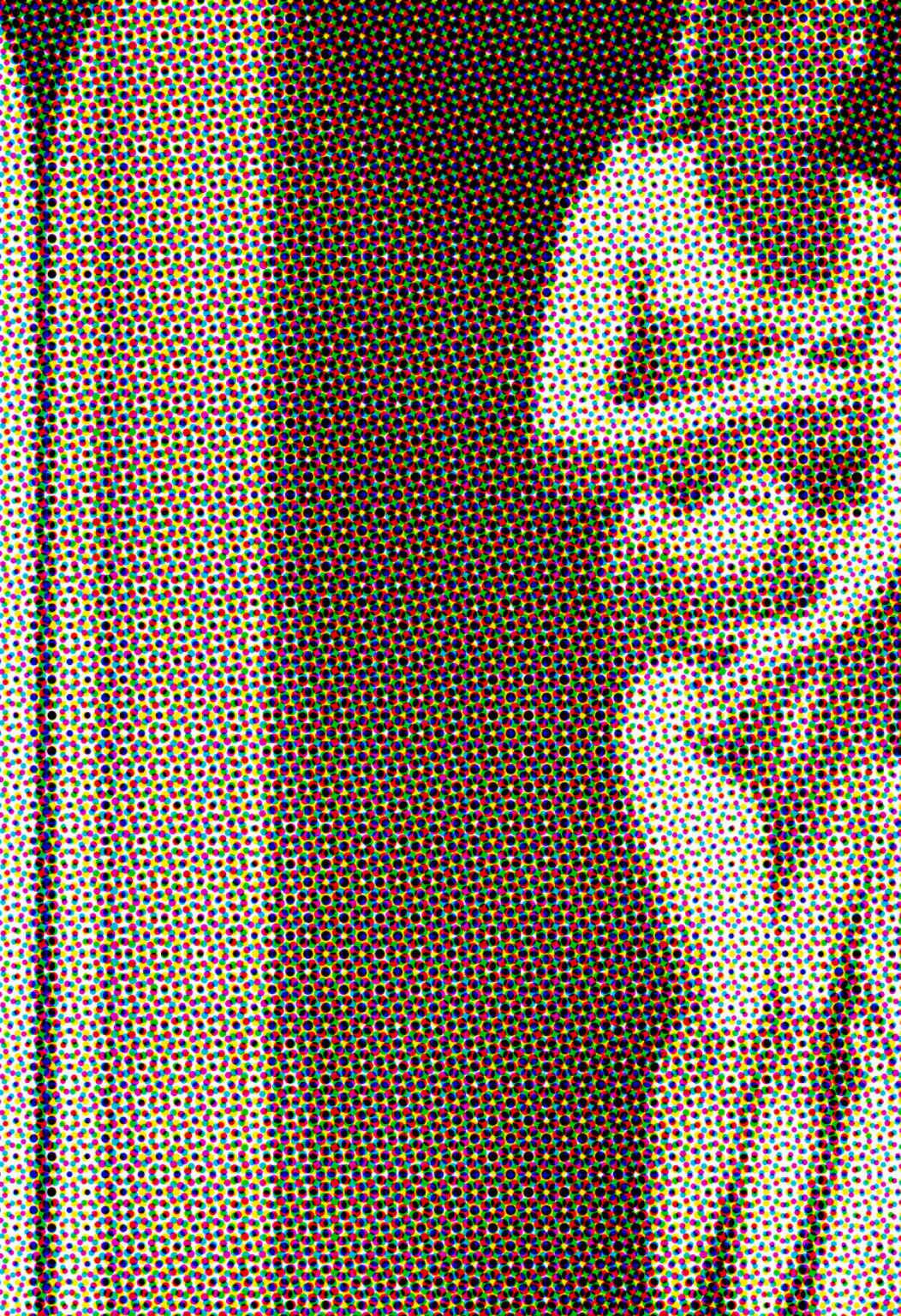


You're slipping now, I can feel you, but
I don't know you like I used to.

I can't close my eyes or look at a photograph and know everything in that initial instant of gazing. I know you're out there, but you seem to have floated away.

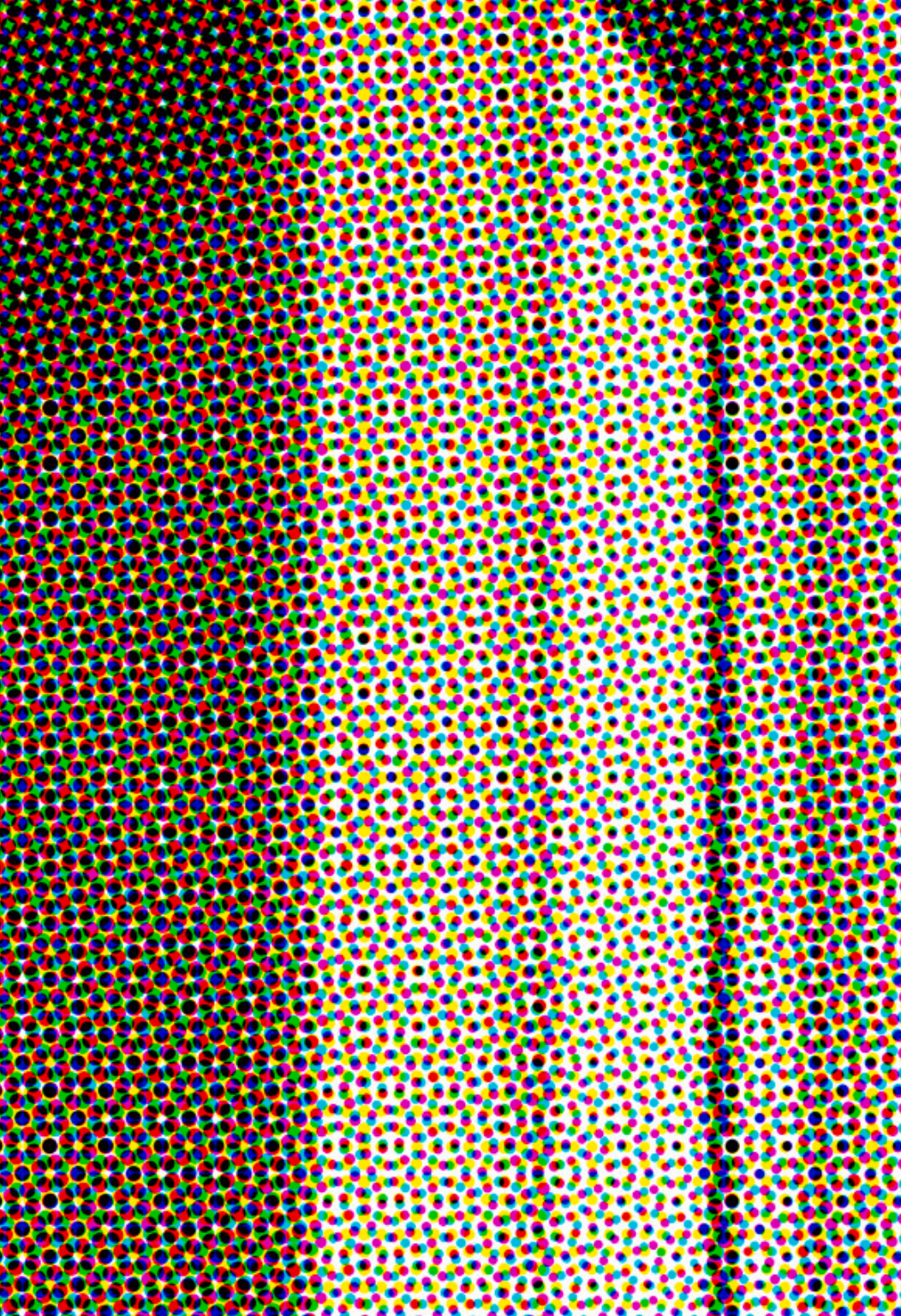
All that's left when I close my eyes is impressions,
brief moments, barely perceptible emotions.





I'd like to think that this is just a chance to know you
afresh, to come to you without that undiscernible muck
that I drag behind me whenever I'm with you.





Where have you gone?

-e

