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26 January 2016

Booker,

The easiest part of this is the missing you. It isn't that complicated; my body remembers the minutiae that my mind often overlooks. You come to me in flashes of sensation: the weight of your hands on my thighs in the middle of a staff meeting, the swell of your lower lip and the exquisite curve of your smile as I am standing in line for coffee. The sound of your laughter or my own name from your mouth resonating in all the quiet parts of me.

It is that dismal time of year, when the sky remains a solid block of grey, not the soft dove-grey of dawn, or the pale white-blue grey that comes after the storm, but a deep, dense, somewhat menacing grey - the kind that feels like it will swallow you whole if you let it. It is the kind of grey that makes you feel wholly insignificant if you allow it to. When you add the loneliness of the ~~coast~~^{west} and the bone-shaking cold of these coastal

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mornings, it all seems to be a little too much to bear. But if I have learned anything in this life, it's that we are all much stronger than we choose to believe we are... And that spring is always just around the corner. I am waiting (im)patiently for the spring, for sunshine and snow, for the warmth. For you. No matter what may be said in anger, or frustration, or pain - never forget or doubt that you are loved and missed in infinite ways.

Do you ever look at your family and wonder how you ever came from them? I don't think my sister and I will have any sort of relationship for much longer, due to everything coming to a head concerning the past. It's a weird thing; the thought that she may not be a part of my life and vice versa. Do I still have the right to see the kids? I mean... I don't have a lot of family left. Kelsey and her family are, like, 2/3 of that. I don't know how to stop that from happening.

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I can't just say that none of it ever happened. Although, that doesn't mean that there isn't a dark part of me that doesn't consider it sometimes. I miss having a family sometimes. I miss the noise and the absolute chaos of the Cavanaugh and Marlowe Family Junctions. I don't think about it a lot, but that doesn't mean the ache isn't still there.

I'm enclosing photos in this letter - ones of Lily, of you and bug together, of she and your mother. I have copies of them all in my office - reminders of a good day. I hope they're that for you, too, honey. I really do. You need more of those good days, and I plan to make as many of those for you as possible in the future. The road trip is a very good start, I think.

I've been attending group therapy two times a week, along with an additional private session. That's a lot of sharing, you know? Well, I don't always share in group, but I do participate, which is still taxing. But I'm sticking

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with it, not just for me, but for you, too, for us. I meant it when I said that there wasn't room enough for us both to have unchecked issues. I'm working on mine, I really am. I'm trying hard. I don't know how to talk to you about it, any of it, so I just sent. I don't think that's a very good way to do that, but I don't know how else to handle it.

I wish you were here tonight. - I could use a good Booker hug. I guess we have a lot of those to make up for, though in my mind I have hugged and kissed you a thousand times, and never left your side. So that's where I'll remain - by your side, loving you, always. I will see you again soon, baby, but until then, be safe and be well. I love you x

P.S.

Are sexy letters
considered "porn"?

I can't remember

-:- ☺ ☺

Love,

Kathleen

