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04 February 2016

Dear Booker,  
I don't know if we are really speaking to each other as you read this. As I write it, things are unclear between us as far as what comes next. I hope we are, though. I hope we've found our place with each other again, and that we're working on things. I know that I love you and I know that I don't want to be without you.

"Some other time, man or woman, traveler,  
later, when I am not alive,  
look here, look for me  
between stone and ocean,  
in the light storming  
through the foam.  
Look here, look for me,  
for here I will return, without saying a thing,  
without voice, without mouth, pure,  
here I will return to be the churning  
of the water, of  
its unbroken heart,  
here, I will be discovered and lost:  
here, I will, perhaps, be stone and silence."  
(Pablo Neruda)

I was reading through a collection of Neruda and I was reminded of this poem and how much it reminds me of you. I don't know if it is the marine imagery or if it is the echo of resiliency but it reminds me of you.

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I know that we didn't talk about the holiday, but I wanted to send something anyway. You'll be home soon anyway, which will be its own reason to celebrate.

Keep yourself safe and I hope to talk with you soon. I love you.

Love you,  
Kathryn