

Dear So and So and So and So.

I want to tell you something. Something important. I want you to know that I made this for you. About you. Because of you. Even though you are not here. The premise is the distance. The shape of air between two bodies. The compaction of time. The unreality of space. The permeability of absence. The interchangeability of sun and shadow. I am with you. I project myself. Also I return. The premise is distance. The distance between two bodies. The leaving. That one leaves, yet is never gone. I am with you. I know how it is. You leave. I leave. He left. She left. Even now I am leaving. Resolving into dew. The premise is the sky. That I look up at the big sky. The same sky. The sheltering sky. The clouds that float above us in the space between nothing and less nothing.

I want to tell you something. Something important. Will you read this? Are you reading it now? When is now? Where is we? What is the difference between presence and past? This was the first year. This is the first year. This will be the first year. Just as you looked I looked. Just as you. I. I am not waiting. I am watching. I see the gathering twilight. I hear the sparrow on the sill. Such a short time to be here. I am not watching. I am waiting. Marking time. You are not coming back. I've been staring at the sky for so long. You are not coming back. I set the dish of milk out for you. You are not coming back. You never left. You were never here. I am trying to tell you something. That this is about you. That it will always be about you. Even when you are not here.

I love you more than one more day.

Cynthia.

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