

My Dear,

My jaw hurts from keeping my mouth shut. Oh, the need to scream without being able to. I'm frightened you might slip away if I tell you what I'm feeling, so I'm concealing what I'm longing to say with silence and nervous laughter.

Can you hear the ocean?

I wish nothing more than to be recognized by you. To be read. To be understood. Yet there is also a thrill to being mysterious. Is ambiguity dangerous or liberating?

I've learned that fluidity grows from small movements slowly becoming larger and larger. Force only creates violence. It hurts. When you and I speak, we often start in syncopation, off-beat - but after some gentle back and forth, our rhythms align and flow.

Let's sit here, feel the breeze and talk.

I will be here on Wednesday, June 27th at half past seven in the evening.

I miss you and eagerly wait to see you.

Faithfully yours,

Robert