

Introduction

The following letters and notebook entries were found near a small cave at the bottom of a bluff, mysteriously protected by the elements; it was not long after a fatal small-engine plane crash off the coast of Ibiza, Spain. Word had it that there had been a prominent family traveling to the mainland, along with a last-minute passenger, an American woman, who had hitched a ride.

I'd been vacationing with my family, and was walking alone on a remote beach when I stumbled and twisted my ankle. I found some rocks near a cave directly under a cliff, and sat down. As I reached for my ankle, my hand came upon a bundle of papers wedged tightly between some rocks. They had been tied together and wrapped in plastic. I opened the contents: letters, in English; and among the letters were pages from what

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looked like a personal journal. It must have been invisible to the rescue workers, so I reported this finding to the authorities, who were strangely uninterested, and suggested that I contact the woman's family myself since I was also an American; besides, they seemed more concerned about the Spanish family that perished than some poor, unfortunate tourist. When I returned to the states, I called the contact number several times and had no response, then tried by mail but heard nothing until recently. Her mother and father were already dead and the brother wasn't interested in her letters, as he knew (and cared) very little about her. He said I could keep them, or do whatever I wanted with them.

This apathy really irked me. After long consideration, I decided to publish the papers, hoping that somehow the young man to whom she wrote the unmailed letters might



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realize that he had been the object of her very poetic affection for quite some time; either he never knew about the letters, or has placed her memory somewhere in the long-faded past. Perhaps he did know but did nothing. It's all very vague, and by the references in her letters they were written around 1990 or so. Ten years can feel like an eternity when you're carrying around undelivered words.

I do not wish to accomplish anything for myself; consider me the mail carrier. I feel an obligation to pay tribute to the love and passion with which this woman – thirty-nine years old when she died – expressed her feelings. The world can be a hard, cold place sometimes, and I find myself turning the pages of her letters to remind myself that desire and longing and romance are always just around the corner, and come from unexpected places and events.

Here are the letters. I call them "Letters to a Love Unsung," because obviously these two star-crossed lovers never had the chance to reunite. Or perhaps she was on her way to find him and show him what she had written. Otherwise, why would she have kept

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them so long and brought them with her to Spain so many years later? So, if you're in need of a good hearttug, you'll enjoy them. Otherwise, consider them a fairly decent work of romantic fiction.

*Ana Luca
Pacific Grove, California
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Barcelona 2 a.m.
October 9th

Dear Friend,

You're somewhere in France. Germany awaits. You're on the road. It's late, and you're asleep, alone in the cold, dark night, and you are probably dreaming. Your future, your destiny, your love, happiness... all within your reach.

Have I told you what beautiful hands you have? The hands of a creator – fine, soft, sensitive. Hold them out in front of your dreamy, round, verdant eyes. Caress them with your vision. Press them to your heart and say, "I will become exactly who I am. I will create a life filled with joy and peace, and as many smiles as there are waves in the sea, rippling in the orange and blue sunset of my dreams..." and dream, my dear friend, dream of me, of the memory of our first glance...



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October 26th

My dearest Friend,

Tonight the moon had half a face, thin, like paper, sliced directly down the center with razor-sharp precision. I wondered where its other half had gone. Like my heart, still visible, though really split apart. Somehow, half of me is shaded too, behind a million stars, waiting, waxing, waning, still alone in the dark night, in this beautiful solitude. Peace surrounds me. Oceans of musical mist penetrate the mid-night glow. Time is no longer counted in hours or days – but by movement. And every step we take draws us closer, deeper, until my heart could burst with light.

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But as the night grew impatient, the half-moon tilted counter-clockwise, downward; and when I wasn't looking, it lost the will to hang itself straight in the heavenly sky. What did it fear? What force extended its power to the moon? Are you tugging at its might, its smile, reaching for a safe harbor, pulling me along with it, toward your starless sky?

November 8th

Dear Friend,

Threats of war cloud my already misty vision, and chills of cold shiver me to the bone. Guns. Bombs. I cannot fathom the sound. Thousands of deafened soldiers swarm the desert sand like flies to a carcass, and with one hot day too many, could melt into a jell of lead and steel.

How close we are to death – how far from our true purpose. Sometimes that tiny sliver of an inch, or second, creates enough source, fire, to light up even the Dark Ages! Although many have tried, we can never create Utopia until the Earth is gone...



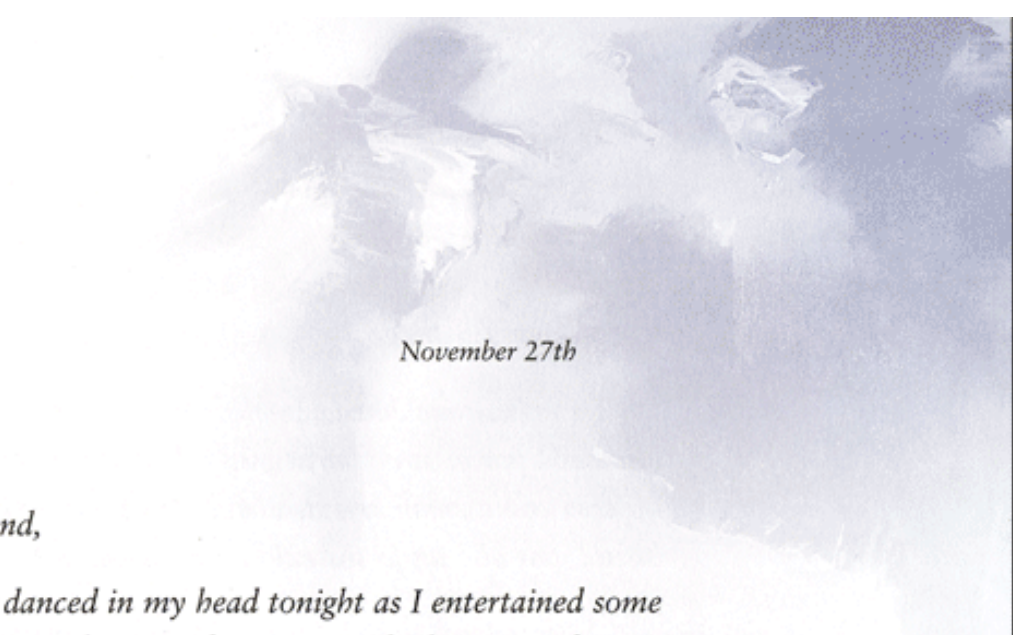
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...And so I set you free. Release the chains of my longing, unlock the secret fantasies you have inspired, and unleash my heart. I can no longer serve illusion.

Neither can my country. You cannot gather flowers from dry soil!



November 27th

My dearest Friend,

Traces of Spain danced in my head tonight as I entertained some friends from Barcelona. Their Catalanian attitude, humor, and taste differ from yours – I know. But still, they sound like you; they talk, laugh, live closer to your reality than mine. Oh, how I long to return to the warmth of your soul language, the sweetness of your sun-ripened



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fruits, the early morning rhythm of your arm-flinging dance.

Teach me how to dance, to love, in Iberian tempo. Introduce me to your form, color, mood, more subtle than the morning mist, yet just as inspiring. I offer you a simple, willing heart. Would you, brave yet cautious soul, be too proud to accept my complete surrender? Oh, nothing less. I know your kind: inseparable from heart and harmony; your sense of love perfection is clear, as distinct as red or gold. But nature matures red into rust, and gold into green. What color are we now?