

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!*

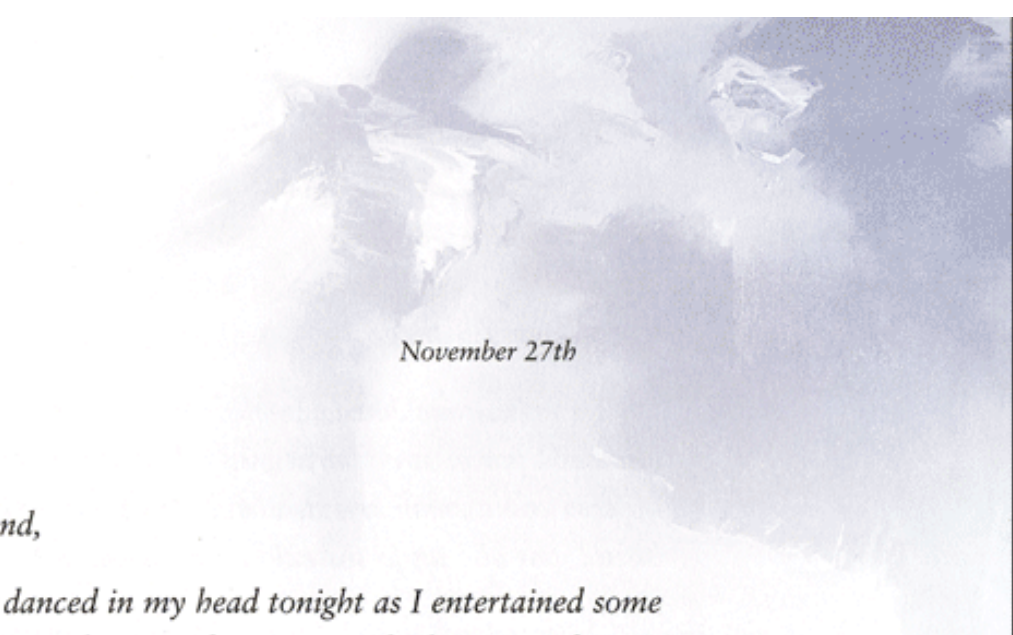
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*November 27th*

*My dearest Friend,*

*Traces of Spain danced in my head tonight as I entertained some friends from Barcelona. Their Catalonian 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?*

