



*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*



BACK



NEXT

*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?*

