

## **Distance**

*Sunday, 2017/03/12*

The strings of a violin. A beat of a piano. A melody  
of lung and heart.

My arms crossed. My voice silent.

Listen.

Having waited a respectable period, and having established ourselves, what value has our further waiting? Has your public persona taken enough time from your actual persona? Or will we march in this parade of root beer floats forever?

This distance has me in a strange place. A peculiar vulnerability, having my heart in public, dealing with other peoples' problems, employing rouse and ruse to walk our (my) situation through the time of changes personal and impersonal, private and public. It's disconcerting and on-putting and off-putting, comfort and discomfort, familiar and unfamiliar.

So  $\phi$ ,  $\phi$ , love,  $\lambda$ , strange love,  $\phi\lambda$ .

The disposable intellect balancing over feet as hands that grasp the matters of art and life to integrate art and life and awareness with force and energy and strength of character. The awareness of character necessary to another art of life, a pursuit of life, this life. A sense of my invariants, my character, my strengths and capacities and wishes and aspirations and ambitions.

Dearest Gwyneth,

If you're asking to come, the answer remains as always, yes, yes, a thousand times, yes.

Catch me here, catch me there. Have no fear of it! What's the worst that could happen? To be caught with a chest full of squirrels rather than eyes full of tears. Who knows which it will be. Both?

All I know is that it needs to be like that. A bit off customary.

All my love,

John

I just formed my first subconscious, frustrated, “Gwyneth  
It’s an upgrade from a mental vacuum. Yeaye, me. By  
time I formulate the record, the memory of how or why  
is gone. Not fair, to be sure. Just is. Better than nothing.  
Rather a reckoning.