

Dear Frederic,

*Lesle Lewis*

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Is this free will or a truck backing up?

I stab at your musical heart.

I dare you to love me now.

Because we cultivate an openness to multiplicity and refuse to deny by selection, all the bad apples add up, but so do the good ones.

What a parallax to swim in!

It looks like white flowers all over the green ground and youth all over the bathroom floor.

It's snow and gray hair.

How is this not like we knew this was our last day and we looked around and saw this?

We are so humbled, fumbled, bumbled, and crumbled every afternoon.

The clouds hold long dull meetings, and a tall armless mood pokes her head through again, then drifts off to move a large stone, to put away boards, to paint a table, to cut its legs down.

The brain can't stand an empty space so it finds things and tortures them.

Yes, we will be glad to get back to our reading.

No, not all the answers are in the house.