

I'll be good to you, I don't want to defeat or hate you or prove anything or take vengeance; I have these love feelings for you and I'll ## let them run. They'll even run and jump on you when I'm asleep, when I'm not looking at you. I don't expect you to be a brilliant genius or a great entertainer, even though in your letters you've been both of these. My main concern will be to try to make you relaxed and welcome beyond welcome. and so if I clown a bit or act the dolt, that's so you can too. you know, you can chase things away by acting too carefully over them. shit, everything takes care of itself, even shit.

• yes, I can kiss a girl with cigar breath.

"bad Marlon Brandes & girls full of silicone..."

you get off some great lines, Jean B.

is it really going to happen? am I going to meet you at the airport early that morning? am I going to drive you on in? will I park up front and ### will we walk up the walk together, me carrying your suitcase? and will I open the door and will you walk into my place in the middle of the morning? will you be there? how much more crazy luck and gamble can two people ask? and will we have all these days ahead of us? how can the walls be so good and the cities and the airplanes and the dogs and the bushes? and the love? the love.

is - liked your drawings - esp. the
one you did while looking in
the mirror. it made me
feel very near you.

