

## Four

Dear D

You are the storm in my coffee cup. I know you feel like a weather from another planet having been pushed by accident to circle around planet Earth. But don't worry, you're doing a good job. I love how your eyes begin to shine like sunbeams as soon as you see something you really like to eat. I am not as hungry as you are, but I am glad someone eats all that I can't. I like your dark hair and your long and slender feet. I think you would be a great ballet dancer and I wish it hadn't only been women to tell you so, to approve of your delicate movements. However, I like your ways anyway. I like that you hold your phone as if it's a very tiny person to whom you have to get very close in order to be able to listen. I got your calls before it ever could have come to my mind that I would have to wait for them. You made me wonder whether dependence was a basic need for human beings, just like its opposite.

## Love Letters

Dear K

When you answer the messages I send you at three o'clock in the morning right away, with more attention than they demand, you make me feel like I'm wrapped in that Rosemarie Trockel lamb's wool piece. I never expected the world to contain a place as orange as that, plus access to it. When I tell you about things I do, which actually aren't funny but make you laugh, I start believing my life is funnier than I myself so far have taken it to be. Your laughter often comes as a surprise, for me and for you. You are one of the few people I know over the age of ten for whom surprise still invades their face naturally. I love that our conversations are flat, with slight elevations. I like that spending time with you has a flow, though sometimes it doesn't. I like that you don't talk very much, but with a calm voice. I even like your paintings, though I think they are childish and too simple, but anyway, sometimes I feel that way, too. I love to reread your messages before I go to bed. When you look at me in that very empty way, I'd very much love to do sports with you.

## to People

Dear T

Your curly hair looks very soft, like a wildflower that has a high sensitivity to changes made within its immediate environment. I like when your energy runs into a river of monologues, but I also enjoy when it stops going that way. I can imagine you sitting in a café in Milano, watching your own reflection in the mirror, and the white behind it with the same kind of attention, as long as the mirrors around you are handing it back to you. And right after that, you get up and leave, and finally buy a vacuum cleaner, actually make a good deal with someone you are eventually going to work for. I think you are the smooth operator. Once in a while I'd like to sing a Doris Day song with you while we watch drones fly over water. *Dream a Little Dream of Me.*

## That Possibly

Dear E

I am happy that you have learned to text me back when I message you about important things. I know that with you, ideas often remain ideas and never turn into some other state of being. But I enjoy the airy sphere you live in and I admire that everyone is treated so well when entering it. I wish everyone could live in your realm of polite ideas, at least for a gap year. I know that you're trying to practice as much of them as you can in the world around you, being too stubborn to fail. I would love to be a child in your kindergarten for a day, but only for a day. I like that brown pullover on you and I appreciate that there isn't any more black and white in your life than in the carpet in your living room. I think you have a big heart and a big understanding, big enough to host the world in it, including me. I like that you actually do listen carefully, no matter who you are talking to.

## Exist