

he wrote to her  
one day we will never meet again.  
it will be over.  
i can move on without having to think  
about you walking  
on the beach  
making full use of your body  
in an intolerable spectacle of moonlight  
and beautiful cruelty  
but today  
is not tonight.  
the anima owns the ocean announcing it  
with waves and creation.  
he did not understand fluid dynamics  
he just moved numbers  
around on the chalkboard  
while he did not know  
he was being moved  
in them.  
the last i heard of his neurosis  
it had not finished the raft  
the last i heard of his anima  
she said tourists were not real.

one day we will never meet.  
wf.h.  
2025