

Hey,

I've been wanting to write, I just had to catch my breath before I did so.
Where are you? I can't smell you or taste you. I am also not sure, if I am able to taste anymore.
They say this virus makes you lose your taste. I hope that's not true—
your sweat is the best thing I've ever tasted.
Poets translating poets—an open tab from I'm not sure when, plural enough to get me writing to the many
(not the few)

World,

I haven't seen you lately [And when I do I have been conditioned to feel an air of panic]

I've been trying to reach you through—
time rather than space—asynchronous messages
left toy cars under a bridge, notes written with chalk on the pavement and hidden riddles in the supermarket
aisles.

I've been trying to reach you through—
synchronicity,
smoke signals, smoke and mirrors, or just smoke, cigarettes as timekeepers that I share with you smoke:
the momentary clarity that comes when time falls apart.

What are you doing now?
while we talk on the phone I'm submerged in another body—one of water. For me it's 9 in the morning—
midday— and for you it is 6 in the evening but we have decided to synchronise.
I look at my chest lifting with every breath, negotiating floating for a moment and when it's empty, it drops
back into the abyss of the bathtub only to repeat the action. I sit sideways and open my mouth. I kiss my
hand the same way we used to practice kissing at school before we ever kissed anyone. I miss you you
know

Your eyes, your hair, your mouths, and hands, legs and leg hair, shoulders, ribcages, bellies and butt cracks,
ears and smears,

standing sitting walking, talking laughing shouting signing pushing lifting waiting loitering littering spitting
shrugging pausing eyeing drinking eating touching dancing flirting and laughing more listening not listening
and meeting—Skins! In proximity to each other, around, on top, inside of, by, with and for each other

I touch you when I touch the surfaces you've touched.

How does affection travel?

Through cables and cameras, flowers chalk and cake, kites and particles, through postal services, text speak
through wheels in motion, by road and (not so much, even though it still happens) through planes. In time.
You arrived just yesterday

On the only airplane that went over my window

I've spent hours cycling trying to spot you, but you are nowhere to be found—not even in wiffs of fried
chicken and weed.

These days I go somewhere, cause when there is no one there is nowhere and when there is nowhere to go
then Everywhere is somewhere to go and then maybe I will see you—that would be
Nice to see you!—you but not just—you—and all the potential of futurity you hold.

I've been trying to reach you through—
Sounds and stories

I read my book out loud just in case you are listening and I hum to you most of the day—intimacy leaking
through non-linguistic utterances of low volume: ticklish. On my lips. Ticklish in my ribs when I breathe cause
you might be breathing—We exhaled at the same time I think—I felt it.

I'm not sure how we are going to get out of this one. I want you as much as I am scared of you. Hopefully we
can look back to this and laugh, that once, the collective body was together in time but never closer than 2
meters apart.

One can hope nothing more than to see you soon.

Forever yours,