I am thinking of my letters as tricksters. As messengers in great ignorance of what the message contains they draw and draw off your attention. I apologize for my hastiness. If I have the time, I will try to speak of the space in between my letters, the gaps and silences that I write as passageways.

Facing this use of language, I find myself entangled within my very own words, trying to unravel them in such a way that they may contain your response. You understand that I will not let you go, that I will make you reappear as the one I am writing to. In order to become my own writing, to remain in my writing, to have no face, to have no voice. Maybe, in reading these letters, you might start hearing your voice growing faint.