

FAN MAIL (after Silver Horse)

*“There’s no studying, no scholarly thinking having to do with **love**, but there’s a great deal of...nights you can’t **remember** at all.” - John R. Haule on Rumi*

Dear Jessica,

No one writes **love letters** anymore. I couldn’t until, like, **Twenty Twenty Three—the Solar Eclipse—when one heavenly body moves into the shadow of another heavenly body.** Today.

I want this to be simple. **Tax Day** was complicated enough & **yesterday. Today** it’s just as **Yoko** said—*I can run on the ground in the springtime, now. **Awaken healing energy through the tao***

is a good book with a great dedication, I want to share with you: ***without my wife Maneewan, and my son Max, the book would have been academic—for their gifts, my gratitude and love.***

Like **Yoko’s one thousand suns** or **John’s New York City shirt**—I ask you to read this text as if it is already true, you believe in it, and it’s turned on for the next hour.

By the light of this bulb picture Alan **Watts**, in misty Marin—not far from where you went—**back to Bolinas to resurrect the silly dream.** Where it was said:

He had transformed over the years from serious intellectual to a joyous spontaneous lover of life.

The distinction makes me laugh—I’ve touched joy so often lately, it’s stupid.

To exist in the **state of love**, that is to **be love**, is really an **act of remembrance—I had forgotten** until recently. It is **very funny and it is very obvious.**

When I come in my mind to a stream that’s running gently.

Would mean **the world** if this reads like the **water in your canvases** when I visited your studio **in Los Angeles**

I usually stay away from being carried away

Yet when I see **Yoko’s face** in them—I am reminded of much **larger doses of psilocybin.** How every time—the sudden **‘realization’** I am Asian, till ripples in **egoless oblivion** of how the distinction makes me laugh and of **my wonderful mother.**

(after all is said and done the 2 of us are really 1)

We cling to the **separateness of form**

most just before we permit ourselves to **merge**, don't/we? *When I come in my dream to a house I've never seen before/I have a tendency to look for the exit door.* Isn't it that way with lovers and isn't it that way with letters? Like

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the occasional skinny '**I**' of independence is crucial formal dress—for fan mail.

But one day...

Dear,

It'll be (just like) starting over

heavenly body/**shadow**/heavenly body

I agree we don't have a lot to **believe** in **now** Jessica, but I no longer believe in **astrology**. I'd like to **remember love** more than commit to system—even planetary when I am in that *deep blue sky*.

Well, it wasn't so bad, you know.

when this letter fell too—when I revealed to all of you, it *has no wings*.

Because **these days I imagine** there are ears for us E ars?
on the souls of my 4 feet when we walk. **Listen**, I hear we are understanding **devotion**—more and more daily—on some I even wake up and resurrect that **silly dream** again.

I am open to **remembering** even when

I never know, I never know

LMV to JDH - springtime 2023