

Yeah, I wrote something. (And yeah, it's kinda long).

**There's absolutely nothing urgent on these pages,** (about a childhood afternoon that I'll never be able to explain). It's also a bit about you.

It would be impractical (and weird) to tell you this story over the music and the throng of everyone else hoping to get your attention, while you (very elegantly) distribute our liquid drug dosages. Plus, I'm leaving town, soon, for a while.

It's truly been my pleasure to occasionally be within your orbit. You're clearly gifted, and really very lovely to be around. Your smile alone lights the room.

I don't need to relive my life, or bore you with tall tales and bullshit. Linnea, I could swear on my hands that I've shattered every commandment - all ten of them - with many sins layered throughout. But wasting your time (or lying to you) would be the greatest crime that I could never commit.

Hope to see you again.  
Warmly,

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And you're still here! Thank you.  
OK, so here goes:

**I had, (what I always thought would be),** a "once-in-a lifetime" experience when I was eight years old. A hot June day, splashing around for hours in the family swimming pool. I got out and ran, soaking wet, past rosebushes and into the laundry room to get a warm beach towel from the clothes dryer. Wet feet on bare tiles, I slipped face-first, smacking my forehead, hard. I passed-out for a moment, and my young life 'flashed before my eyes'. A high-speed film sequence, with countless scenes of my life, played all at once. It fascinated me.

I remember stumbling back outside in a thick, giddy haze. My ears still ringing but also, feeling so deeply at peace. The walk back to the pool felt an eternity, the sun burning my shoulders. I spread out on the warm concrete by the deep end, away from everyone, away from where my brothers were still swimming. Away from my father reading in the shade, away from Mum gardening. I didn't tell anyone about what had just happened. They'd over-react, and I knew they wouldn't understand it in the way I saw it. I didn't have the vocabulary to explain it anyway. So I kept it to myself as a weird secret.

I spent the rest of the afternoon alone, walking around the property, staring at the grass, the trees, the vegetable garden, the baby carrots, the prickly cucumber vines, the radishes. Everything suddenly more vibrant and beautiful and full of life. Linnea, all these images – I can't explain it – immediately rushed back to me when I met you that first time, months ago. I went dizzy the instant I saw your face. (No, I hadn't yet been drinking). But I had to sit down and put my head between my knees because I felt that I was about to pass-out.

It was the second time my life flashed before me. Your smile, maybe the dance in your eyes, something about you. The totality of you or just one strand of your hair. I really don't know what it was. The "you" of you, your presence jolted me. I don't know what any of this means, (or even if it does at all), but you brought me back to a day when I was a child.

You brought back the flowers and the rosebushes that my Mom was pruning with her shears that day. I could see the dark soil stains on the fingertips of her gardening gloves. I saw the radishes growing in the late-day sunshine.

I've never truly outgrown my childhood. I know, vividly, that I've always seen and felt and tasted my world differently since those brief moments when I was a kid alone with my thoughts in the laundry room, and the only other time I've had this enormous rush was the precise moment when I first saw you.

My head was heavy with my life when I met you and the complete truth is that you are the most beautiful woman I know. I can describe you, that's easy, but I will never be able to explain what I feel when I look at you.

Thank you for reading this.