[letter: on the nature of camping at the margins (5 years later)]

Kevin Phan
Dear Andy,

I've felt loose gravel rock beneath my feet like the tide. Undulant tentacles of weeping willows have frightened me. I've heard the soft complaints of seabirds who dimmed the sun. When sleep was shallow I gathered no grains of rest. I thought every bulb burst was to photograph my shame. To cling, Andy, to cling to nothing is what I want & love those things that time will bury soon.

I am trying to learn to love. I am learning to love our sun: a spasmodic filament pulsing on a bright red stem. Monks, too, I love & blue plums & bay leaves in cheap tins. I have committed mantras to my heart & sung. If I can love miniature wind storms & fresh cow flop odors & wild greens & evergreens... Or when I say hello. Hello
spiny dogfish, feather boa kelp, red sea urchins, rhinoceros auklets... I know we'll share the earth as our true home.

Autumn's eyeless ghosts creak high in flight & my supermarket potatoes grow eyes & fall asleep. I rest my head on a starry blue pillow at the fragile margins of autumn & when the wind rocks the trees in her arms... I hear each leaf unstitch—botched heart shapes clatter down & enter the stream. I'm entering, too. It's filling up. The stream more leaves than stream every moment. I glisten.

Andy, you can come find me here, at the river's margin hiding inside colorful leaf mounds, the piles gently heaving up & down with the storms of my sorrow & laughter