

Letter - February 9, 2003

My Lady,

9 Feb 2003

How is the girl of my dreams today? I want you to be extra careful - I don't worry often but so many bad things are happening right now. Lisa is disturbing, she is one of my favorite people. Yes, give Al one of the plane tickets, this has got to be scary enough for them, I don't want her riding back all alone. Ten years ago I didn't know that the word aneurysm existed, now I know way too much about it - it makes me vacillate between wishing I had become a doctor, and wishing I had a more "live for today" attitude.

I'm too old for med-school, so let's plan a little more living. Valentine's Day simply isn't going to happen - we may as well admit it - just too much is getting in the way. Mardi Gras is out too, I open my mouth and offered to host Pat and his crew. Besides, I like Mardi Gras - Pat and I may only still be college kids in our hearts, but I don't want to let go of that. "You're only young once, but you can be immature forever", as we like to say - well, for one weekend a year anyway.

But April Fools Day has a ring to it - many people think me a fool anyway - and when it comes to you they are exactly right.

I'm thinking Phoenix - that big place near the mountain - the fancy one with all of the stone courtyards. I feel like being pampered for a bit, and suspect that you might be feeling the need too. Yes, I can see it, late in the morning we'll walk hand in hand down to the lobby. I'll kiss you good-bye and head for the golf course. You go to that Spa place where they do your fingers, your toes, your hair, and that green mud thing that you like so well - then after golf I'll stop in for a massage.

We'll have a couple of glasses of scotch and watch the sunset in that balcony bar, the one only couples like. For dinner I think Italian, I'll eat veggies for lunch. Then on to that courtyard where the band plays the soft slow music. We'll dance beneath the stars, chat, and sip wine until we decide to do something else.

Oh yes, on this cold and rainy morning I've talked myself right into this. I want to see sunshine, I want to be outside, I want to be warm. I could use some of that "Africa Hot" I sometimes talk about. I want to wake up naked on top of the covers with the windows open and a warm breeze fluttering the curtains. I want to reach over to hug you and

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wonder where you are until I smell the coffee. I want to wear nothing but my old worn khaki shorts and flip flops until ten o'clock and spend the morning talking with you about what we're going to do, what we've done, how you feel about something, how I feel about something, about somebody, about the news, about sports, about fashion, about most anything at all - as long as it's with you.

Whoa -- I'm getting carried away here. Don't worry, it's just my mind rebelling against sweaters, jackets, drafts, chills, and heating bills - I'll get over it - I always do. But I'm going to push a bit harder this week, I want you to get a new red dress and something from a lingerie shop - surprise me - you always do.

Love,
Wayne