

Giverny, August 10, 2018

My dearest,

Thank you so much for your letter. It was such a joy to receive your lovely lines earlier this week. As you can imagine, my days here are filled with endless meetings. Since we have been apart, it is always a particular delight to have the local Facteur, such a kind man, hand me your letter with a knowing smile. And now it shall be my pleasure to return the favour and send him your way. I promise he will find you.

Today I wish to write to you about water. Water eludes me...slips between my fingers. And even so! It leaves traces, spots, on my hands that are quite slow to dry and have to be wiped. Water escapes me and yet marks me, and there is nothing I can do about it. Ideologically it is the same thing: it eludes me, eludes all definition, but in my mind and on this sheet leaves traces, formless marks. Still I love the living sound of my plant when I water it. The hiss and suck of agua pulled through the soil by gravity, the sweat that appears on the clay pot, the unwrinkling of the leaves.

Remember that morning the raindrops were fighting like dogs & cats, tree bark black with damp pane rain pain? Silver streams running down the screens full of light. It was raining all over France. A cool rain falling through warm unmoving air. Together with me recall: the sky of Paris, that giant autumn crocus. We went shopping for hearts at flower girl's booth: they were blue and they opened up in the water. It began to rain in our room. The rain is no respecter of persons.

We are made of mostly water and water calls to water. Water does not resist. Water flows. When you plunge your hand into it, all you feel is a caress. Water is not a solid wall. It will not stop you. But water always goes where it wants to go, and nothing in the end can stand against it. Water is patient.

Let's meet by the water.

Love,