

Dear P.

Please forgive me if I am late. It seems that everything takes so much longer than expected these days. I have been fumbling around, stalling in fact. I am trying to unpick all our threads. There are so many. Every time I pull one away, I find another that seems vital, urgent even. You spoke of this search for fragile violence, for something that holds things together loosely. I feel I have become loosely put together. Like all these parts seem to fall out of me. Do you know this feeling? I wondered how we could make this become our thing, how we could find a way to make things loose and at the same time strong. Threads became actual threads. Strands of fabric strewn across my floor. Abandoned, then recollected. Something physical that reflected these thoughts. It always humours me to think how material I am, how bound up in materials I am, even though I try to convince myself I can live without it.

I hold in my hand one of these threads. I have been holding onto it tightly, wrapping it around my finger. These threads, as you know, are more than material, they are our bond. Hence why I keep hold of them so tightly. I hope you appreciate that my conversations with you are always intended to remain private, intimate. These threads, both material and not are what ties me to these conversations. What allows me to maintain our bond. And I wish to protect this bond. To bask in its echoes in fact. A bond this strong is hard to break. It speaks in the steps we take and the words we say, but most of all in the means of examining the smallest of details from the day.

I recently bought two new coffee mugs, for when we next share coffee and cake. They are nothing special really, but they had been calling to me on my daily walks, and I thought, what fun it would be to have something we could use as ours, only ours. Your invite to me triggered this response. Two mugs just for us. We could carry them with us wherever we go. Keep them as private islands of connection. Were another person to ask why, we could simply say, to cherish a connection wherever we are. And we are wherever we are. Distance cannot be said to do much if we carry one another to each place we go. I think of this bond, the bond an object can become, as a form of stitching, of sewing together the threads. The threads in our conversations. The words which flash in and out of existence but remain. With these objects I do not need worry that our exchanges are lost. My melancholy is broken. My memory made active.

Tell me how are your water bottles? Are your chairs ready for uncertain visitors? It came as a shock to me to see those chairs. Not least because, as I am sure I told you, I too had been scheming chairs whose legs were shortened. I wonder if you knew all along about this, if somehow our connection spoke without a word being uttered. A closeness of thought. Another thread. How inviting these chairs seem. They ask not to be sat on but to be cared for, to be looked after, to be repaired. Funny too, how if you take something that seems so common, so accessible, and make the smallest of changes, we become more alert to its nature, to its use, and to its history. How many bodies have already sat in those chairs? Drank from your bottles? How their history changes as we change, how their form allows them to hold our bodies, and our stories.

To remind myself of this I have been working on my visualisation techniques lately. Returning to the sewing room. It used to be so empty. Now it has a beautiful old sewing machine and table, and all the threads await me. In the process I see myself, sitting in one of your chairs, and carefully stitching a long, estranged, circle of torn cloths. I think it means I want to sew the world. I know you will understand what I mean by this. To repair, or reconstitute, all the broken fragile remains that lie upon the ground. You are always here. There. In the visualisation. I know this. I know that.

Oh, the days tick away. There is so little noise too. I miss the messiness of the conversation. The messiness of the process. The messiness of it all, to be honest.

You must forgive me for the staccato thoughts. I feel I have lost so much time, and I am already late, or slow at least. I want to be short. To just update you. To tell you that I am hard at work, sewing. What was the German word for it? Nähen? Which is also close to closeness, our closeness. Well this is my task now. The task which I fear I will never complete. For the time it goes on. I am becoming the white rabbit. Drenched in pink liquid. But I have had a revelation. The threads are alive! And now I must, I must, furiously sew them together.

I will show you next time, during the high tides, over coffee and cake, in our new mugs, at Eiscafe.

with love

J x