

DEAR OLD FRIEND

291 words - 1508 characters

Dear Old Friend,

What happened to us? I miss you! It's been...five, no ten, no almost 15 years since our last meeting!

There was a time when this lack of contact would have been inconceivable. Only a few days could pass before I felt the void of your absence. Then there would be a phone call at 1 AM because I *had* to read you the poem shaking the foundation of my knowledge, my existence. And you would feel it, too.

Or you would play me your new favorite song over the phone. And I would be willing to bend my musical boundaries - *right then and there* - no questions asked!

We never lived in the same city at the same time, but we made it work. There were phone calls and answering machine messages and crazy packages in the mail and there was Greyhound and Amtrak and sometimes even a borrowed car. When we were together, we would walk around and eat lots of snacks and talk about music and books we loved and hated and it was a part of what turned us into the people who we are now.

But sometimes it makes me sad because I think, "*Who* are you now? *Where* are you now? Do you remember me often? Did it make a difference to you, too?"

There is still so little I know about life and living. But it does something to me when I think about how impossible it seemed all those years ago to live without you - yet we are strangers now and I calmly accept that fact.

I think about how change is inevitable and how it's rarely as insurmountable and tragic as it seems at first.

Sincerely,

The Letter Box Project