

*Spiritual Letters**(Series 3, #II)*

He sat on a rock in the field, singing to the sheep. Another day, he sang Mahler to the trumpeting elephants in the zoo. As we drove through the gateway, a dog with a crippled back leg came out to meet us. Later we went down to a restaurant by the sea, sharing a meal of fish and octopus and drinking wine. *Fragments of plaster, some with reed impressions, suggested the remains of houses built of plant material—palm fronds, he thought—and plaster.* From the street below, the old actress could be seen standing at the mirror framed in lights, preparing for the evening performance. The boy's limbs now affected by the medication, he found that he could move only with difficulty; so his mother helped him to walk the short distance to the hospital. After a long night of drinking his friend returned home, and removed several eggs from the refrigerator for juggling. A single sandal-print impressed in the pavement, rapidly filling with rainwater. On the floor of his bedroom he had arranged his clothes in pile after pile.

(For Carl Rakosi)