

Dear C.,

I'm just writing to you because you make me happy.

I had fun listening to all the babies in the movie theater with you today.

When we met, you talked so fast. You told me horrible stories about your family. You talked all the way through "Do the Right Thing." I loved it because I knew you were telling me everything.

You are the only thing in this city that gives me calmness. You know so much about everything you've been a part of. You never put any pressure on me. I feel like some of the ways you are nice and understanding were invented just for me. I didn't know that could happen.

I hope we're together for a long while, but it's strange for me to think about that because I sometimes equate that with staying the same. But one thing I love about you is that every time I see you, you look a little different; things feel a little different.

I love you.

You can only eat what's on your shirt,

A.