

SAM CHEUK

Love Letter #18: 07.07.06

At the beach yesterday was the spitting image of her daughter. There was a certain wistful comfort bridging her likeness to those hypnotic scenes you must preserve against your wily forgetfulness. You know you have a habit of indulging in that which pains you but this is more, filled with an unfettered joy when you are transported again into her bedroom that late morning when E and she were sitting on the floor as if by a campfire, the two hunched over the jewelry boxes deliberating on earrings E would wear that day, that late morning day after the night you first kissed her mother, when she first weighed you with secrets from those same boxes, when you first held her on the hard mattress sleepless, her ear pressed against the groundswell of your chest, when your right arm purpled under the weight of her head, the weight of coming dawn. Or that one chilly evening on the bat tour when E snuggled tight in her mother's lap, efforted a grin as her tiny body shook, that little movie star, while her mother wrapped her tweed coat around them inattentive to the camera's hungry eye.

