

TO CATE

I heard you play the flute last night.

It was so sweet ...

Both your playing and the sound.

Sure, you missed a few notes.

And your breath control isn't what it used to be.

But you haven't played in so long.

You haven't seriously played since you started hating us.

Or pulling away.

Or growing independent.

Or growing up.

(I honestly don't know how to characterize these last few years –
Other than they've been filled with pain and hardness)

That's why hearing the flute last evening was so very beautiful.

Yes, you play very nicely.

But it wasn't just the sweetness of the sound I love.

It was more the reminder of gentler, more loving times.

And in those strains of "Eine Kleine ..." I felt a warmth creep over me,
Surround me,

And I was in love with you again.