



HE WRITES again from London:

*You've fallen a bit quiet over there. Not to complain,  
but you must entertain your model.*

He sends me pictures, I can't show you.

Or, perhaps I can...

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We meet again at Starbucks.

This time he's wearing a black wool coat.

We talk about fantasy. He says he has none.

He says he has something to tell me,  
but he can't tell me yet.

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HE WRITES:

*Meet me at the northwest corner of Worth and  
Church Street at 10:25 pm.*

HE WRITES:

*You have to trust me, if you're expecting me to trust you,  
a strange 46 year old woman met on the Internet,  
who won't even tell me her goddamn name,  
let alone her phone number.*

It's 7 degrees out, and snowing.

He's wearing only socks and underwear.

He says, 'The brave are in front of the camera,  
the cowards, behind it.'

A man shouts from the parking lot:

'Hey lady! Take the picture already!'

Last night he explodes for me.

I'm sorry, this is all I can show you.

How was he able to capture this  
liquid moment, now frozen.

A culmination of desire,  
precision and luck.

What I'm looking for....

I want to see every detail,  
every hair, every line.

