

Message from Provence

Kate, you say the days
drain over you like
silt, night is wild with
cold. Woman, that's no
way to spend your youth.

I'm higher in the
mountains now, small town
the air as clear as
breath. Every step's a
journey into light.

Come south Kate. Here the
days burst into you
like fires, night's a shy
beast swallowing its
tail. *La vie est belle.*

ANN YORK