

13 Riverside Walk
Airton
Skipton
BD23 4AF

25/10/1992

Tales from an Iterant
Jobber Letter 13.

Dear Reader,

It means so much to me when you call and today was no exception. First to hear your dulcet voice is for my heart an aerobic exercise, the pulse quickens and the blood courses through my veins – the result voila, one happy individual – so please Karen don't give all your love to Smoky, save a little for me!

Your call also prompted me to set aside my boring old work and reach for the airmail paper, hence this letter, besides I promised you I would send you some photos and it wouldn't do to send them without an accompanying letter. I must admit though that I took the opportunity to take a drive through Settle to Arncliffe and Stainesforth (where Dr Wood misbehaved with his virgins, remember?) to finish off a roll of film especially as the snows had melted and I wanted to catch the last vestiges of the Autumn tints before the leaves disappeared.

In my previous letter I told you that I miss you. How much and in what way I'm about to unfold notwithstanding my useless attempt over the phone. Firstly, I miss your physical being – your heavenly body, the scent of your hair – so fresh and clean – sans perfume. The gaze of your hazel eyes, how they light up and shine when you're happy – your nose – your pink little ears, such a tempting morsel to nibble and nuzzle – your mouth, your beautiful mouth that can transform me instantly with a smile - your lips, those cherry lips that form your mouth so passionate one moment and the next so tender, so sweet. Yes, I think I miss those most – they that showered me with loving kisses – your face , a face without artificiality, one that mirrors your inner self – true, kind and beautiful. I miss the warmth of your naked body close to mine of a morning, our tete-a-tetes, our shared cups of coffee. I miss those endearing arms that embraced me. I miss the touch of those delectable orbs, how soft, tender and silky they felt. I miss the inner core of you when we made love, I miss your legs entwined about me but most of all I miss our shared togetherness – all these make the whole, the one I ache and yearn for – you Now you have just an inkling of how much I miss you.

Hey! do you smell burning. I'd better desist before the page bursts into flame or do you think it could rival Madonna's new book?

I hope you like the photos and I hope they would evoke a few fond memories for you. I'm really looking forward to February when we'll see each other again. Edgar phoned when I returned from my drive and asked if he could stay Monday and Tuesday so I haven't even got those two days to myself now but I shall still have to do some work. And now tonight when I stretch out my arms across the bed to feel for you I know you won't be there *but perhaps* when you've read this letter you'll stretch out to me and we can hold hands across the ocean, in spirit anyway. Take care and know that I'm thinking of you always.