

## FIRST LOVE

Dear Gardener,

Some days I get up from bed, reach the window and catch a glimpse of grass or a couple of severed cat paws you left on the lawn for me. When I am lucky I see the obese maid wandering in the orchard. Sometimes she cries. Sometimes she talks to herself. I think she likes romance. It's quite a sight. Mainly I've just been busy taking care of myself and doing the couple consulting stuff. I have received many patients in the last month and a half. Some are really desperate: broken marriages, abortions. It made me think I want to volunteer for abused women (truly). Thinking of you becomes the most pleasing activity of the day. And I hope you like thinking of me too. You are a great gardener and a beautiful man. I hope the Jasmine will smell as deeply as it did last spring.

Yours, Landlord.