

## LETTERS UNSEEN

I don't know why, but for some reason I barely even glanced at the letters Isabella handed me. I never read them. Not for more than a decade. Anyway, here they are, unedited. Some of what she wrote makes no sense, and very little of it sounds like her at all, as if someone other than Isabella did the actual writing. Read on, and you will see what I mean.

March 15th, 2009 [Sunday] Dear Dave,  
I just got off some of the most hilarious conversation with you.  
My sides still hurt.

As it stands, I'll be out of here Friday. I'm hoping you'll be able to pick me up Friday afternoon. On our way through. I figure if nothing else, it will be a hilarious trip.

I am looking forward to your visit tomorrow. I kinda wish that you could camp out until Friday. But its cold and would probably be difficult for you. Maybe sometime we can go camping together. My experience in camping has [been], up until this point, very limited. In fact, it might not be the best idea since (and this is the only time I will admit this) I AM A WIMP. Camping to me is 3-star hotel!

I can't believe I'm stuck here until Friday. WTF! I have very little patience left for these people, they're rules and theyre general bullshit. I have no fucking clue what I am going to do this week, especially to make time go by faster.

I seriously can't wait to get a big fucking hug from you.

Oh dude, a man just walked in here with piss down his front and he smells. SMELLS I say. My kitty litter box is cleaner smelling.

Ugh. Okay, happy thoughts.

1. I get to leave Friday.
2. I get to see you tomorrow
3. Pepsi, dude.
4. I love you. (Please note you rank under Pepsi :-)
5. There is always City of Angels and the lovefull madness we had there.

I'm going to try and get a call into you right now. I could use a laugh or two. Friday is long way a way.

Yours, Bella

March 16, 09 Dearest One,

Tomorrow is St. Patrick's day and I own nothing green. Unless of course I cheat and just claim my eyes. Tomorrow is also Tuesday. One day closer. To you, to us... to you and I.

I want time to go faster, but at the same time, savour every ache as the make me want your more, and make me miss you more. I know that this ache will be sated and that these aches, finally requited, will be all that more precious

Your small touches, stolin those weeks ago, already give me a small reminder of how you make me feel. As if every inch of my body was being stroked by your fingertips, stopping in some places to make me shudder, stopping in others to make me thrust about & moan in ecstasy. You rise to the occasion - always willing and always waiting - but never for too long. I am here, yours for the taking.

I am ever so impatient to feel you inside of me. The closest that two people can be. That is where I want to feel you - inside me, through me, becoming one with me.

I'm drifting off to sleep for the night and once again wearing the shirt you gave me. I imagine that it is you wrapped around me as I drift off to sleep. My hand eventually having to pleasure myself for some sort of release. Catch & release over & over again.

I remain yours, Bella

March 17, 09

I have awoken to find myself alone, grasping to return to that state where you are next to me, holding me, enveloping me in your arms.

I only open my eyes a peek for fear of allowing too much reality rush in and lose the feeling forever. Friday just seems to be taking forever.

I only wish I had forever to be with you. I feel like so much time has been wasted in a world that can neither understand or appreciate what we have. So much time wasted and I grasp for more moments, The more I grasp, the more slips through my fingers and quicker. I try to clutch onto what we have and chase after what escapes, the faster it goes

I want so badly to stop time, if only for a few brief. A few hours to just play and explore. A few hours to memorize your face and permanently engrain it in my brain. Never to forget, always to remember.

I love you! Bella

03-17-09

Dear Baby,

Watching the boobtube w/ the rest of the loonies that are still awake watching the ever-stimulating Bus of Love w/ Bret Micheals. Gag.

One day closer to getting out of here and I am working hard at not watching the clock, which is really difficult. The only solace I am going to bed w/ wet undies (I'll just have to wash them in the morning.) Thank goddess!!

It is however going to be hard going to bed alone again. But I thought of something else that made me sad: after this weekend I will be alone in bed again. I don't know how I am going to deal with that (unless of course you kick like a mule during the night.) How am I going to cope?

Bad dreams - tattoo locations, trying to find you in NYC, going on stage w/ a guitar (and I don't play.) in a cab with a drag queen and street performer.

3-18-09

I am not having a good morning. Quite bad actually. I didn't sleep well and rather wish that I was still asleep.

I dropped you a call, but I forgot that you had your group this morning. Sorry! I'm still waiting for a call from [Jess], which has me on pins & needles.

Drs. are in session. Maybe when they call me in, I'll have some good news. [heart] Bella

3-18-2009

My dearest,

The closer Friday gets, the slower the time goes by. It's driving me insane with all the waiting. All I can think about is getting ahold of you Friday and all the joy and pleasure we can bring each other. I am becoming more irritated with my ex as the days go by. I just want him to leave me alone for a couple days so that I can get thoughts together, but as I am sure you know how it goes.

Which of course reminds me of the [Jess] situation which also has me irritated: why do we (you or me) want to be friends with someone who would speak so poorly of you/us and why do I feel like a show pony being paraded around for your benefit? I don't mean this to sound as harsh as it probably does, but I am just being honest. And above all, I want honesty with you.

This is turning out far more negative than I want it to. Maybe its just because everything is coming to a head. Day after tomorrow and I am supposed to be able to walk out of this place, yet I still have this horrid feeling I'm not going to see you. That would make me incredibly sad.

I should probably sign off before I say something I don't really mean. I'm just tense and can't wait to unwind a bit. Much love,  
[Bella]

3-19-2009

Dear Dave,

I just found out I won't be able to see you until late in the afternoon.

I am so sad. First, there is all the driving that I am going to help you with and apart from you. Then all the driving you will have to do. Not to mention it really puts a kink in our "plans." Our

beautiful, wondrous, sexual plans that I was really looking forward to.

8 hours until me meds that make me sleepy and bring tomorrow all that much quicker. Then I will have to start counting the hours until I only get to see you. For a few brief moments. I won't actually get you in my clutches until we leave Lompoc and start back up to LA.

It is so terribly wrong! I should just get to see you! I should just get to wrap my arms around you, give you a big kiss and go from there. None of this other complicated crap. None of it.

I just want to love you! And I still have to stand by my words - if its worth it its worth fighting for.

“For a tree's branches to reach to heaven, it's roots must reach to hell.”

— —

Our conversation has been strained with other complications you don't want to be with me. I guess I can't argue since I have nothing to offer you right now but my love. And for whatever reason - you don't think you deserve it or maybe you just don't love me - you want to end that part of our relationship. So I only have this left to say.

You are beautiful - all of you. You will always be.  
You to me are the only one. I will love you. Forever.

[Bella]