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Justin Peake

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into the size of five tiny blue capsules. I know you must find that hard to believe, but it's true—just five blue capsules and a glass of water, equal in dietary goodness to a plate of steaming hot eggs, bacon, grits and sausage. He handed me the meal on a plastic slab, assuring me that it was as fresh as a newly-slaughtered chicken. My delicious breakfast was over in two large gulps. I left a clean plate.

I complimented the old doctor's cooking, forgetting to tell him how much better it was than Mrs. Warden's gruel. He and his assistant Thomas were even nice enough to escort me back to my room and tuck me into bed. Before they left, I fell into one of the most dreamless sleeps I'd had in years.



October 30

—Justin Peake

Outside the window and just past the metal bars, a tiny honey-colored butterfly flies by my face, then another. I wish you could see them tumble together so beautifully. Puffs of air sometimes brush them against the grass as they move across the yard towards the fence. Then a real gust sweeps them up—five feet, ten feet, twenty feet—until they become two tiny globes in the sky. I squint to see them for another thirty or forty seconds until they disappear into a cloud, maybe the sun. They are gone. I wait for them to come back, but after a few minutes I give up looking and turn to stare at you.

They probably like it better out there, don't you think? Two butterflies and Wife.

November 6

This morning I woke up early to work on your sculpture. It is now three feet