



## 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