

May 3, 1991  
Negul, Jamaica  
Friday Morning

Malika -

I had hoped with all my heart  
I'd have letters galore from my friend  
but no such luck. So I'm sending  
out this plea. Write.

Well my dear conjurer friend  
what ever magic you've brought into  
my life is the sweetest magic  
I've ever tasted. Conjuror woman  
you've been on my mind since I  
got here. And after reading Flower's  
manuscript Another good being blues  
I've almost felt you here with me.

Malika... The magic is  
on. Everything I couldn't imagine is  
happening with the writing. It's just  
coming. My spirits are in heaven.  
The juices are flowing. The story is even  
getting good to me. I like the love

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that's happening. Never noticed it so much while home.

The environment here is rich. The gossiping trees. Food in the yard. And on the salt air. And the loneliness. Malibu... the sweet sol. loneliness.

Of course juggling Attractions remain apart of the game.

My crib is smallish. A one room church house / school room kinda of place... sweetly new and 'modern' for lack of a better term. A wooden church ceiling 2 beds / table / dresser ect. windows and a terrace that's very private.

I want to thank you for all your support. Thanks and girl... Please, please keep the mo'ie working. It's in our words. All that we say and feel we should be / we can be. Being here makes everyday I've ever lived worthwhile. I'd do it all again if I could feel the way I'm feeling at this very moment.

Stay on your path it's a Ritious

one.

How's it going? Just remember it worth while... The dream is real you will feel it soon. Tread the water cause the shore and view is tremendous.

I'm writing, woman. sweetly, of course everytime I think about the sweetness of it, I wonder if I'll wake and the dream will be over.

But you've got the mag's working on me. I can feel it. Keep it going please mam.

I'm listening to god. It's working. Can't imagine what being home will be like. won't think much about it now. Concentrating on chapters. moving the characters along. They're talking sweet.

I'm coming up on my period. guess that's why I'm writing you too. you always love talking about your period.

I've had my morning walk

A little something to eat, had, A  
senses evening early morning. My house  
is clear from spending the day yesterday  
on it. Food was prepared for me.

I have picked and cooked some greens.  
I have lizzards and spiders and mosquitos  
The mosquitos eat me the spiders eat them  
and lizzards eat the spiders. we're all  
happy.

How's school? we sure need it in our  
lines. And we must be novelist.  
Must, Must, Must. The gods  
have said so.

Gonna try to remember to bring  
Flowers' manuscript home for you to  
read. No. in on first thought. You'll  
read it when you're here.

Malika I have lived and went  
to heaven.

Come taste the spirit the  
first moment you can't resist Any  
longer. As you know I'll be home  
5/24 - 6/24.

So... what happening?

Hope you feel like telling me  
Write me now. Don't consider  
when you might see me cause  
life does happen when you have  
other plans.

My # (809) 957-4106 - Try  
to reach me if need -- leave  
message ... I'll call collect.

Toshua / Guardian Angel ...

Malika - stay strong. Respect.

See you soon my darling.

Joyce

P.S.

Hi Sosie. I love you.

And give Bob my best

Give the  
stamps to  
Sosie for me.

A new name for the husband's  
mister. Hi mister Bob.

Love to  
Sula for  
me.