

Wednesday.

Beloved Wife,

I am learning to deal with our pain it doesn't make it easier nor take it away just makes me more determined. When you ask "what's it to me," it hurts for every thing that happens with/to you and Ronnie + Papa are every thing to me. When I read your letter it messed me up for awhile, and I said to myself again, where is the humanism that separates us from the online? I sit here feeling helpless unable to take away your loneliness nor comfort you in times of stress. In the last six months you've gone through a lot of changes, under great pressure yet you've stood up. They say the hardest steel comes from the hottest fire and gold from the furnace, you my love are pure gold molded in the image of the revolutionary Black women. If there was a hundred like you Babylon would be shook to its foundations. What do you think about riding them subways and buses always doing something for other's or trying to do something for yourself. The rewards have not been so great somewhere its got to balance out. When I see the pain in your face I see the suffering of a race who has known no peace, no home and I ask myself why? Does Allah interceed in the affairs of men or aid's the oppressed and down trodden? The online seem to get all the breaks. Today I was thinking how some dudes get a job, buy a home and raise a family and never know that people are suffering outside of reading about it or seeing it on TV, to them it's abstract while to us it is reality. Yet even under this I could'nt choose it for that life because it's not the way. A few moments of kissing you is like old wine strong and mellow goes right to my heart. Holding you close the softness of you ^{smiles} ~~some~~ very glad that you're my woman. There

are things I would like to say about like making love to you but I'll save it for another time, write now I want to share the poem Joanne wrote for us with you.

Love is Contraband in hell
Cause love is an acid that eats away bars
But you + me + tomorrow
Hold hands and make vows
That struggle will multiply
The hacksaw has two blades
The sword has two edges
The shotgun has two barrels
We are pregnant with freedom
We are a conspiracy
We will be a team

I love you very deeply Malika and the road of our life has been full of pits, somewhere it must clear up so we'll go forth helping each other other the pits until we reach a ground where we can settle and know some peace. Faith is our key in each other and the people. Have I ever told you that I really enjoyed making love with you.

Love Always
Nikh