

7/9/73

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As Salome Alabian,
My Dearest Husband,

I'm sitting here, thinking of you
and a few other comrades at 1:54 in
the morning. I started writing you earlier
to-day or should I say yesterday, however
the things on my mind didn't flow freely
so I'm trying it again.

I'm thinking deeply about how sensitive
you are about things that I consider
petty but maybe important to you
like the goatee for example, and I wonder
why? What really ran through your mind
when I made that statement about your
goatee? Did my not remembering may
you go off into a thing about my feelings
for you? You never ask me why I love
you? Do you know? When I first met you
whether you had a goatee or what none
you was best important to me. To love
you is not loving you for your appearance, the
way you make love or the way you hop.
I love you because you are a man, a black
man, a revolutionary, the thing that so many
cling to but are not. Every woman wants
to love a man but not every woman meet
a real man. They meet those who talk rhetoric,
those who compromise on their principles, those
who cover them with material values, those
who put her upon false pedestal.

Perhaps it's a good thing that you never
had to many love affairs. Just like men
sometimes damage sisters, sisters have
a tendency to damage brothers by projecting

false images of what a man is all about.
Things that are important to me about you maybe some sisters would think was crazy - how ~~for~~ you think a sister would react if I told her that I love my man "killer eyes" or that I love his gray hair because it mean more than just a head of gray hair; or how I love to watch him think or just observe the look on his face when he stood in the floor practicing with his tool.

To love you for what they have made you is to love you - because I know that those killer eyes ~~are not meant for the~~ only mean death to your enemy, ~~and to love~~ you as my husband, has to take on a different meaning to us because they won't allow us to live as ~~husband~~ ^{husband} and wife should live.

I think of how when I first met you I wanted to give you the true love of a woman so do for you become very special, because here was a man who hadn't been damaged by false love affairs. Sexually maybe I didn't share like I wanted to because my life had been damaged sexually by "brothers"

you made me feel needed. I have this love for men anyway and to love a man to love you, means giving, of course I love to be loved.

It frustrated me when I can't give to you all. Cooking doesn't have any special meaning now, my breasts ache with a longing to be touch by your hands, I

love to share the joy of having two sons
with you. I love to tell little Nick how
our love produce a baby, how our love
produce a baby.

I think of how painful it must be for
you to really love a woman for the first
time and yet not being able to share it
fully.

And the police so cold that they could
not feel the pain of our love that day
that we had the short visit? They say
love can move mountains maybe one
will kill the monster.

I'm remembering your favorite song "The
first time ever I saw your face". Once
when I was on Anderson I sat down and
I start writing about how strange you come
into my life. While I'm writing I wonder
myself why I said what I did about that
goatee. When I first saw you, you
had on that beige jacket and this hat
pull down over your head. Look like a
bun but I knew you were no ordinary
nigger - with those killer eyes and that
baby move. Then the stairway, and popping
to you at G's house. Nicky doesn't know
how he'd made me start disliking him
during those days. He really put me up
tight when he would come and chase you
away. I don't think he understood yet that
I love you then and it has grown when will
they learn? I remember how I argued with
Nicky because he asked how could I give
up our relationship for some nigger that

I didn't know? It's funny how people
never really understood how I love. Do
you understand it? That's what's important
to me.

Dearest Husband, Comrade, Black Man
and Revolutionary I love you now I
loved you then I love you forever, and
always

your joyful wife
Malika

You promised that you'd return
and yet the journey grows longer
Sometime my faith grows weak

I go into myself to renew my
strength

For I know if I fall or lose
the faith

you may never return