

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

Bis Milla

6/11/73

My Dearest Beloved Husband,

Just sitting here wondering how many more times will I have to find words to comfort you from behind those walls or on that damn phone that keep cutting off. But I love you and whether you are here or there I'll try to comfort you.

There one thing I don't understand about Allah and with you being put through changes like this I understand less. However I have faith in my ability to do things, I have faith in you, and a few comrades. The struggle doesn't stop here it goes on and it up to us to deal with whether or not we're going to let these pigs do this to us.

Because you and I are in love with each other it become painful and seem unbearable at times so we become subjective and feeling very down about things. Don't forget my love we're still revolutionaries and that "The price of Freedom is high, but the Beauty lies in those willing to give their lives for it." We're not in this alone there are others who are ~~separated~~ separated from their love ones. It's inhumane to do this to people but it's a cold-blooded reality of what these purges are like. When you say that it seems that the whole world is

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Against us. It seems that way because if you check it out. dig our enemy. he all over earth and he's now trying to control other planets. But the enemy will not triumph forever we know this. There are going to be setbacks in our lives but we got to keep pushing.

I'd like to take your pains, and you take mine. But what good would it do? It wouldn't give you peace of mind because the pains are the pore.

If the frustrations I encounter means ~~that~~ your freedom then it's worth it. I love you deeply.

Always yours
Malika