

To my darling Pipino,

I hope this letter finds you well and well-adjusted to your new happenstance. You are missed here at home as well as in social circles. I have received so many inquiries as to your absence that it has been difficult keeping the topic of polite conversation on anything but you and your exciting exploits. You have so many clients that are not entirely sure where to go for their artistic needs. It turns out that the void you have left in the cultural community amongst us is quite sizable. Who ever would have thought you had such a stake in the market? I wish I had; we could have adjusted your pricing model. Anyway, that is beside the point. I certainly hope you are still honing your craft, whatever it is you are doing. It is quite the bankable skillset.

I have found it quite strange lately though, that no matter how many times I am forced to hear your name brought up in conversation, that I have absolutely no clue what it is you are even doing. People ask what you are doing to earn money, how much you had saved before you left, where you have purchased accommodations, and I have absolutely no way to answer their concerns. It makes a woman feel a bit foolish to not be able to talk of her own daughter. Word has not quite spread as I had hoped, partly due to your father's efforts to keep it all quiet and all, his management of his reputation so obsessive that it is quite the thing to see. We still are receiving many letters from suitors hoping to win your hand. Honestly, every day is like looking at a picture of what could have been and I must admit that I find it all rather depressing.

Anyway, I certainly hope you can perhaps send me a letter with a little update as to your current situation. You would not believe the lengths I had to go to find someone who would be willing to seek out where your new studio is located after my first letter was returned to me. I am a bit worried as to the part of the city you decided to settle in in that regard, and I worry that you have already squandered your savings to settle for something so low. I cannot help but picture you painting in some dusty hovel somewhere without any light. Art is a hard sell amongst the destitute so I worry you have fallen into rather dire straits.

Now, I know how we ended things. Your father has no knowledge of this letter and I expect that to continue. That Ilyigu or Langston or whatever name he is using today, that fellow is a cunning man whose candor I respect enough to reflect on some aspects of the way things have been between us. Should you need help or should you reach a point where things become a bit too difficult to handle on your own, know that I intend to step in where I can. All I ask is that you keep me informed about your life. As fraught as your feelings have been toward me, my maternal side compels me to do these things and find a way to stay connected. Life is too short, Pipino. Let us not waste any more of it doing damage to one another.

That being said, I look forward to future correspondence. Try not to die out in the world doing whatever it is you are doing before then.

Yours,
Nonomi Nomi