

You must feel a little like Job stuck in the hospital during a hurricane. Like come on, what gives? And a hurricane too? I'm happy to visit the hospital if you're up for visitors, or do you need books? I probably can't get to you until the subways are more under control. Can I do anything for your mom?

We are all rooting for you.

**M.** Sarah,

I can't tell you how much your note means to me.

Today was mostly breathing exercises and limping and coming off of the opiates. Strange dreams with lots of focus on skin texture. My uncle has flown in from Israel – he gave me some acupuncture which unblocked a very preverbal chunk of fear and rage – I felt like I was a prophet channeling my tumor.

It would be great if you visited the hospital. It would be nice to spare you the childhood chemo ward (which is horrific) and the least functional part of my day and see you in the afternoon. Bring me a book and inscribe it! Reading is good. Writing is about all I have.

Start

*A breath.*

**S.** After the hurricane, I was madly baking at home (luckily we had power) and creating apartment-wide scavenger hunts to entertain the children.

On Halloween, Max sent me a photo of himself from the hospital, dressed as –

**M.** Yabadabadoo –

**W.** Wilma Flintstone, with full makeup, and his chemo port visible above his animal pelt. It was captioned:

**M.** Space age chemo for a Stone Age lady.

*S visits M.*

- M.** The tattoo artist finishes, and picks the boy up, very gently like an angel helping another angel. She offers him a compact mirror gently like an angel offering a compact mirror to another angel. He smiles and begins to check it out.

*Something extravagant and silent happens.*

- S.** Then the boy says:

- M.** "It's dope. I really love it in this light."

End