

The letters speak for all lovers in so far as they are a testament to the invisible world of love past and present.

Desperate Love:
A Ghost Story Told through Letters
By Frank Kyle

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11768.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

DESPERATE

LOVE

*A Ghost Story
Told through Letters*

FRANK KYLE

Copyright © 2022 Frank Kyle

ISBN: 978-1-64719-534-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2022

Also by Frank Kyle

Christopher Thomas Smith's Excursion into the Interdict Zone

Christine's Philosophical Journey – San Diego

Christine's Philosophical Journey – Paris

Transcending the Abrahamic Religions

*The Sun Also Rises
And the Post-Narrative Condition*

Freddy's Freaky American Life

Su Casa Es Mi Casa

Her Quest

Gringo

Tatiana

Introduction

What you have before you is the correspondence shared by Emily Wilson and Jason Blake that lasted from September 1982 to February 1991. Emily and Jason met at the University of Albuquerque where they both worked in the tutorial program. At the time, both were students. Jason was a graduate student studying philosophy at the University of New Mexico. Emily was an undergraduate student studying psychology at the University of Albuquerque and later at the University of New Mexico. Their relationship consisted of two life streams that intermingled occasionally, usually only briefly over a period of a decade. The letters give only an incomplete portrait of their relationship because whenever fate brought them together, they wrote less or not at all and because the letters reflect the interior of their relationship, rather than describe the brief times they shared together.

In the beginning Emily and Jason were simply close friends—fellow workers and students who enjoyed talking and sharing ideas. The catalyst that took their relationship from a bond of friendship to that of love was Jason's emotional collapse in the winter of 1982, which would also cause Jason to quit his job at the U of A, leave his studies at UNM and migrate with his young family, his wife, Catherine, and his daughter, Katie, to the small town Greeley, Colorado, where he felt he could more easily continue his studies without the pressure and distractions of a larger city. That is when the letter correspondence began. The correspondence and the relationship ended in the spring of 1992 when Emily met the man she would marry. At that time she returned to Jason the letters he had written her, letters he thought no longer existed.

Thirty years after the last letter was written Jason came upon the letters Emily had returned to him. They had been stuffed into a large brown envelop and forgotten. Looking at the envelope, even before reading the letters, memories came flooding back. Jason was shaken as nostalgia, sweet and melancholy, swept through him. It was not so much a wish that the relationship had continued as a longing for a time past, a different time of life, a time of life when every aspect of life was strongly felt. It was a time of storm and stress, sometimes unbearable, but never did a moment pass without it being fully lived and fully felt. He then thought of the letters

Emily had written to him. He had not been so careful with her letters. He searched through file folders, boxes of papers, a shoe box full of photos and miscellany, a metal box stuffed with more photos, letters, and old essays, collecting what letters he could find. What he had found of her correspondence was incomplete, only ten letters, but sufficient enough to reveal the Emily he had known. Jason then decided to organize the letters in a single chronological work. It was like putting a puzzle together, pieces of time and experience that now existed only as fragments of memory.

Reconstructing the past drew him into it and for a month or so he left the present behind and existed in the dream world of time past. He became a ghost living among the shades of a world that time had left behind. His journey into the past was a melancholy because it was a place that no longer existed and would never exist again. Many of the people he knew then were dead. Others were no longer a part of his life. They had moved on as he had and disappeared in the sweep of time. We die a little each year he thought because we change and in doing so leave a part of ourselves behind. And those friends and loved ones who die take a part of us to their grave.

The thought came to Jason that the letters should be published. He suspected immediately that perhaps he sought to achieve from the letters what he never achieved through his own attempts at becoming a writer, an ambition he gave up not long after becoming a teacher. The letters contain fragments of his efforts as a writer: poems, a short story, excerpts from a novel, concluding with a vignette and a strange essay that are tributes not only to his mother and Emily but to all women. Perhaps it was vanity that suggested the idea to him, but there were better reasons as well.

Emily could have thrown away the letters and left no trace of the relationship, but she did not. Letters preserve, briefly and concretely, moments from the passing days, months, and years lovers spend together and apart. And when lovers die those letters are usually discarded or destroyed. It is the loss of those experiences that moved Jason. Lives are shared and then one day not a trace is left. Emily's and Jason's letters preserve the experience of love shared differently by all lovers. The letters speak for all lovers in so far as they are a testament to the invisible world of love past and present; for love is like the wind, felt but not easily seen except for those whom it touches. Love is tragic because it is inherently

momentary. It gives the greatest value to that which one day will be taken away forever.

The letters impressed upon Jason that ordinary people live extraordinary lives. His and Emily's relationship was unique, as are all such relationships. Unique as it was, however, their relationship was typical of other loving relationships, some enduring a lifetime, others enduring only a brief time. The value of the letters is that they reveal the extraordinary character of lives that might at first be seen as unremarkable. Jason came to believe, perhaps because of the intensity of his relationship with Emily, that there is nothing unremarkable about human life, though he also believed that taking life for granted is not uncommon. To him, each life becomes remarkable once attention is paid to the fact that humans exist in self-conscious awareness. And that love can become a catalyst that instills in lovers an intense awareness of themselves and the world about them. Self-conscious awareness is reflected most vividly and profoundly in the works of artists. When self-conscious awareness is shared in a loving relationship, lovers achieve cosmic uniqueness that is to be found only on our planet. Our species along with all the other species of the Earth exists nowhere else in the Universe. Jason came to believe that love not only enchants relationships but permeates every aspect of the lives of lovers in such a way that love becomes a seventh sense that reveals the world and the human condition in the unique light of shared feeling.

Very few loving relationships are recorded. Together lovers have little reason to write. Separated they call one another on the telephone. Illicitly in love, lovers fear their letters as evidence of their wrongdoing. Distance and circumstances separated Emily and Jason. It was only a few months after having fallen in love, Jason left Albuquerque and Emily behind, and during the many years that followed Jason and Emily were rarely together except through their words, words that Emily so carefully preserved. These words reveal that which has the substance of light. It is there and yet it is not there; when the source of light is absent, the light disappears from view. There is something so ephemeral and insubstantial about love. Love can be seen from the outside only briefly in the everyday acts of love, acts that immediately slip from sight into the invisible realm of memory. These letters are a testament not merely to the love Emily and Jason shared but to the love so many people share, love expressed through

acts of kindness, devotion, and gratitude. They are as well a testament to the ephemeral quality of human life itself, which is as much feeling and thought as physical existence.

To those who knew Emily, she was one of the most important persons in their lives. Yet to Jason, Emily's life was lived among shadows. She was like the moon, bringing light to a dark world, yet like the moon she herself dwelled in darkness hidden from others. One could not share her life without its mystery revealing the mystery of one's own life, yet like the moon she went unnoticed except by those who loved her. Jason did not want Emily to disappear. He did not want her memory to wane into eternal absence. Perhaps the compilation of the letters was his way of preventing her from once again receding from his own life. He thought it strange that nowhere else had the emotional and intellectual interior of his life been so vividly preserved. It was more than that. He simply did not want her and the love they shared to disappear as it would have without the letters.

Short stories and long poems sent to Emily are not included because they would have digressed too far from the correspondence itself. However, shorter poems, one short story, and a vignette are included. Jason also sent Emily chapters of a novel he was working on during their correspondence, and a few of these are included. These writings will give some of idea of the creative writing the two shared. Jason's literary ambitions came to naught, but really his writing did not fail because his audience was always Emily.

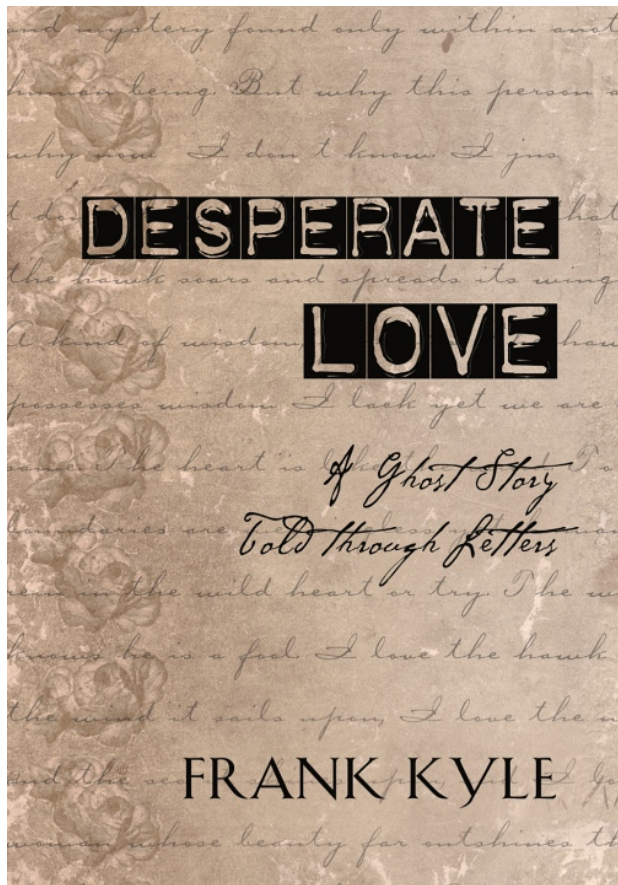
Jason never published the letters. He realized that Emily was a ghost from his past that for him existed only in memory. He believed that publishing the letters would interject them into the present where they did not belong. He was saddened by his choice because the letters preserved a part of his life. He did not want the entirety of his life to simply vanish after he was gone. His motivation, however, was not simply egoistic. He had known many people during his life that he cared deeply about, who were now gone, whose existence continued only in the memory of people like him. And once they were gone, there would be little or no trace of their having lived.

He recalled photographs his mother had shown him of people she had known during her Texas childhood. At the time she showed him the

photographs, most were already gone. They existed only in the photos and in her memory. Other people her age might remember them, but what Jason's mother remembered were shared unique moments. And now she was gone along with the generation she had been a part of. Jason knew that what the letters preserved were unique moments in his and Emily's lives. Yet, even if the letters were published, eventually time would catch up with them as well. Ultimately, nothing endures the sweep of time. He also understood that what motivated him to publish the letters was nostalgia, not just for Emily but for everything and everyone who had been a part of his long life.

Once he had taken what information he wanted from the letters, he destroyed them. After he was gone, they would exist only in a computer data storage device. That thought disturbed him, but should not have. Even if the letters had been published, the time they describe would no longer exist in the felt memory of human consciousness—that which gives life to memories.*

* And who am I that I would know so much? I will confess. I am the author, and Jason and Emily are my creations. And who is Frank Kyle, then? He is my messenger.



The letters speak for all lovers in so far as they are a testament to the invisible world of love past and present.

Desperate Love:
A Ghost Story Told through Letters
By Frank Kyle

Order the book from the publisher BookLocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/11768.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**