



I wrote this after years here, not for the ones who imprisoned me or even for the designers, I'm not sure why, I'm sure for no one. No one will find this packet of letters in these roots but I write anyway because I haven't had the pleasure of writing for a long time.

My prison is made out of trees, so as you read it may be overgrown, even unrecognizable. This prison is a garden, huge, tall trees of all the same type planted in a loose, rectangular grid. Undergrowth has been suppressed by pebbles, except where ivy creep up in the shadows of trees and grow into their branches. This network of trunks in rows and enlarging squares resembles a legion of columns supporting a huge rectangular room. If I start in the center, which is an open clearing, like a plaza lacking townspeople, and walk in any given direction, the trees grow closer and closer together, planted tighter and tighter until they eventually form a defacto fence. This vague boundary is the wall that makes me a prisoner.

I assume that the people who left me in this garden thought that the relative exposure and the monotony of the grid-forest would be a punishment. They built me only a kind of half shelter, a roof with open walls that lets the wind in. It takes the place of four trees in the grid in a corner of the garden, four posts were placed instead of trees and a roof spread between. It gets wet there when it rains, but it's easy enough to carry my sleeping mat a mile or so into the trees, where it's more than dense enough to keep me completely dry. They might have predicted that the subjection to weather would erode me, but after the war, all I wanted was to be in fresh air.

Similarly, I assume that my enemies thought that leaving me alone for all these years would be an agony but by the time that they captured me, after years of warfare, all those who I would have longed to share a garden with, were already gone. People were still fighting on our side but it was a second wave, I was a figurehead to them and few really knew me or even how it had all begun.

They didn't know that all I wanted was clean air and time to watch the clouds. They gave me that and I have followed the clouds deliberately each day. They pass with great, inhuman progression. Humid forms, like us, but the clouds transition without emotion or narrative of

any kind. White, dull white, cream, bright white, gray, dark gray underbellies of rain. No cloud has a model form and so none can be deformed or broken.

I assume that the people who left me here believed that giving me bland food each day would be a slow proof of domination but in fact they saw to my survival while I sat watching clouds. No one had seen to my survival for years. My survival was something I had to spend all day actively preserving and now my enemies, those who had hunted me, care for me.

I assume they imagined that being caged and fed through a slot in the forest wall like a domesticated animal would demean me over time but I find it has not. I was already demeaned by all that I had done and felt and lost. What I still don't know is if I've become more or less human while watching the clouds progress. A cold clean feeling fills me when I watch the clouds and I feel inhuman but I also feel happy.

They saved my life, that's what I'm saying.

I'll place this letter in the nook of this tree, which makes a kind of natural cavity. Maybe someday it will be found and they'll know that they failed.

There's something curious here, about the people who designed it, because this needn't have been a beautiful place.