



Whilst lazing about in bed this morning, drifting in that half-sleep, I was listening to the introduction to a radio interview with [Geraldine Brooks](#).<sup>Â</sup> I conflated her introduction with an earlier story about cancer survivors, and imagined that Mrs. Brooks was herself battling cancer.<sup>Â</sup> I was sitting in a barn with her, up on Marth'a Vineyard, and as she spoke I watched the wisps of *vaporum animae* or was it *vitalis vaporum* slipping from her lips.<sup>Â</sup> I did not want to see her go, nor did I want to see that essence be lost.<sup>Â</sup> I pulled her towards me and held her tight to me as that mist drifted into my own nostrils.