

*'A Conquest'*  
**SIMON FUJIWARA**

20.02.2020 - 04.04.2020

My Dear Friend,

I have thought of you very often and the reason I did not write sooner is that I did not want to write empty phrases. Like you, I live a life of great material privilege and nothing of consequence seems to happen to me. Yet, a hollowness echoes about my soul. By day I am listless and wan and as the sun retires, I seek solace in the most reckless and degenerate forms of moonlight entertainment. In punishment I am justly bestowed with a contagion fit for these lewd exploits. Cupid's disease, Spanish disease or to speak its name with a tongue devoid of fantasy: Syphilis. It has been made known to me that these tiny, wicked creatures have long run unbridled through my anatomy, ravaging and despoiling me. Had I not seen the error of my ways, sought council and abandoned my wanton behaviors, I would early be locked in the mad house in a glittering fever dream.

And yet, in those short days upon that raft of delirium I would spot an isle and approach with weapons drawn in trepidation, only to find myself surrounded by sounds and sweet airs that gave delight to my senses and did not hurt. Sometimes a thousand gleaming images would descend and blanket my person and the clouds would part to reveal riches ready to drop upon me that, when I waked I cried to dream again. It is in this waking state, dear friend, that you will find me, freed from these dazzling shackles by a well-meaning physician. With mercy I am now cleansed of my invisible foe, yet I find myself secretly longing for that raucous jeopardy of which I am now bereft.

Dear friend, pity me, mock me or delight in my delusions but pray indulge me briefly with your good ear. For is there no part of you that shares my longing for a time not long ago when the world was filled with wonder?

Yours Truly,

Simon Alexander Fujiwara