

Dearest,

I feel certain I am going mad again. I feel we can't go through another of those terrible times. And I shan't recover this time. I begin to hear voices, and I can't concentrate. So I am doing what seems the best thing to do. You have given me the greatest possible happiness.

You have been in every way all that anyone could be. I don't think two people could have been happier till this terrible disease came. I can't fight any longer. I know that I am spoiling your life, that without me you could work. And you will I know.

You see I can't even write this properly. I can't read. What I want to say is I owe all the happiness of my life to you. You have been entirely patient with me and incredibly good. I want to say that — everybody knows it. If anybody could have saved me it would have been you.

Everything has gone from me but the certainty of your goodness. I can't go on spoiling your life any longer.

I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been.

— **Virginia Woolf**, final letter to her husband, Leonard

Dearest,

I feel certain I am going mad again.

we will go through terrible times. And recover. I begin to hear your voice, and can't concentrate. So I am doing what seems

will give me the greatest possible happiness.

I don't think two people could have been happier with this disease. I know that without you I can't properly feel.

What I want to say is You have

saved me.

Everything has gone from me

but the certainty of your goodness.

— **Hanif Willis-Abdurraqib**, an erasure of Virginia Woolf's suicide letter to her husband, Leonard

