

For Priya.



A N I M P R I N T O F O N E

A HEARTWOVEN LETTER

A Letter *for* Priya

On the occasion of Priya's celebration.



WRITTEN BY MAYA · MMXXVI

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Edition of one





Twelve years in.

PLATE I · A PHOTOGRAPH OF PRIYA

*"Some words are kept for years, until the day
they're given."*

DEDICATION

*For Priya — kept across three apartments,
given on the day.*

A NOTE BEFORE READING

*This book holds a letter, three photographs, and several
pages for whatever comes next.*

Read it slowly. There is no hurry.

Dear Priya,

I 'M WRITING THIS ON MY KITCHEN FLOOR AT
11:47 PM WITH A GLASS OF WINE THAT'S
PROBABLY TOO CHEAP FOR THE OCCASION. The
chipped blue IKEA bowl is sitting next to me — you
know the one. From our Fishtown apartment, back when
you thought I'd never pass English comp and I thought
you'd never stop apologizing for existing.

You left it behind when we moved out. Said you didn't need it. I kept it anyway, though I couldn't tell you why at the time. It's been with me through Bushwick, through Brooklyn, through the breakup move where I almost threw it in the donation pile, through last year's decluttering phase when I held it over the trash can for a full minute. I never could do it.

There are things I'm supposed to say in this letter. I've read the templates on what a maid of honor should write, and they all sound like someone giving a TED Talk about love. I don't want to give a TED Talk. I want to tell you some things I don't say out loud very often.

You laugh louder when Devin is in the room. You don't even know you do this. I first noticed it at that awful brunch place in Old City with the server who acted like we'd personally ruined her morning. You laughed at something Devin said and it was bigger than your old laugh, less careful. I thought, oh. There she is.

You stopped apologizing for the wrong things. Remember when you used to say sorry for crying? For being tired? For existing too loudly in your own life? You don't do that anymore. I noticed it last March when we were on the phone and I sat in my car in a Wegmans parking lot afterward and cried — not sad crying, just the overwhelming kind when you realize someone you love has finally figured out how to take up the space they deserve.

I'm not losing you tomorrow. I know you've been worried about that in some quiet way because I know you, and because I've been worried about it too. But Priya, I have kept a chipped bowl across three apartments and one terrible relationship. I am not the kind of person who lets go of the important things.

Devin is good for you. More than that — he sees you the way you actually are, not the smaller version you used to think you had to be. Hold onto that. Hold onto him.

I love you. Go get married. And when you get back from wherever you're going for your honeymoon, come get this bowl. It's time for it to come home.

Yours,

Maya

A F T E R

And the bowl, at last, found its way home.





The bowl that wouldn't be thrown away.

PLATE II · A KEEPSAKE





All the autumns.

PLATE III · THE TWO OF US

FOR THE OCCASION

Written for Priya, by Maya.
To be folded, given, and read on the day.

A B O U T T H I S E D I T I O N

This letter was set in Cormorant Garamond and bound by hand, made for one occasion and one person. Heartwoven is an imprint of one — every book here is the only one of its kind.

SIGNATURES

Signed by {{SENDER}}.

AN IMPRINT OF ONE



"The words you couldn't find, set in type and bound in cloth."

Heartwoven makes one book at a time — written for one person, by one person, on one occasion. Every volume is an edition of one or two: a letter that deserved to be kept, made into an object that can be held.

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One book at a time.

For one person.

On one occasion.

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