Longer than winter but less mechanical than sex.

A river slowly ripping a hole in its own shirt of ice. Something that keeps breathing until it outgrows its own cage of bones.

Imagine the sound of wind around a single wire.

Imagine the sound snow would make falling inside an amphitheater with no audience, followed by a sudden fear of heights.

Flight is for actual heroes. Truthfully, most of us can’t tolerate that kind of loneliness, and most of what comes after is just an endless huffing about in the stadium lights.

I came into this world like every normal apple with an untreatable longing.

Did I always know what I was? I’ll tell you what, I knew what I wasn’t.