

I rambled in a fiery wake

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Excerpts from a lost vacation.



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I met fire in (form of) man once. The starkness set my skin to burning; left it raw. I was beautiful, simmering, waking to that gaunt bliss often expressed in photographs. Yet, in time, the love ate away. Careful not to be devoured, I welcomed hesitation into the room of frailty, until it, too, was no more.

Perpetuum mobile, perpetual motion. Humans alight, with prickled skin and lustful tastes. Wheat fields, joined by gravel limbs, joined by scraped throats; quivering lungs; rough hewn spirits. Youth, joined to adulthood by tenuous fingers of sun and passion and brevity. Pop! and it is gone, non-existing.

Sifting, that is the action: what we do in the face of beauty too poignant for us to bear. And, the more we sift, the lighter we become, much like the memories between our fingers, so that we are but a breath and the memories a slight tint, the after scent of a candle, the lingering feeling of bathwater.

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