

My white knuckle year of unpainted boardrooms. My coworkers heads jutting up from behind their computers like graves. All wearing black, or in clothes the company sold them. Me looking down and seeing I look the same. My hand going thin and transparent in the light.

I raise it high above me to get someone's attention. Dogs are barking but no one looks my way. I shake my hand and it comes apart above me. I've become a well kept secret, a shredded document. I giggle as I see parts of me floating to the floor. Memories piling up: old friend's apartments, embarrassing parties, and rock & roll [concerts](#). I've been all over the place so many times before now.

Now I'm fully dissolving, I'm salt in your coffee. You spit me onto the desk and I'm a scalding hysterical mess. The manager isn't happy but I just can't stop laughing. I laugh and laugh as she tries to cup me in her hands. She brings me to her lips but there's nothing I don't burn. I'm angry, liquid laughter, as black as a bosses' heart.

The fire alarm starts ringing and the sprinklers all turn on. They flush me down a drain and I'm swallowed by the ocean. Brahman rejoinder. Completing The You Testament. There's only one mountain left to climb now and it never stops [rising](#).

I packed myself up and moved again. I'm back to being out of the box.

