Something to be desired

A story must be written absent of judgment, as a photo. Cropped and wholly true. A part in the bigger trust. Why we make our own ways. Why we scatter into each our every cave. Have it that we mattered, only the familiar figure is consistent in the grain. Who says inspiration can’t be a dull affair?

Absent symptoms, reticent synonyms, when my nails grow long and the shovel hits rocks, I’ll resist. This is no quiet language. No thing to lie subtly. Nor is it any actual incendiary to keep the heart alive for this time, as merely being member has no inherent matter. We’re already so tired of the leveling, we wear.

Were wolves to miss us in their hinter, I think we wouldn’t know.

And so, come every winter, dissolves the snow.