



From the beginning, the heat was unbearable. Too many people. Too much energy. It felt like you'd break the moment you move. But you still moved, afraid of being left behind, afraid of standing in the cold. They've always taught you to move with the fire lest the cold kills you. But after years of burning, you stopped, "I'd rather die than burn out." Risked standing still, ice carpeted your skin—it was exhilarating. You then realized, "this is where I belong," letting the blizzard consume you.



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"The glory of the Infinite reveals itself through what it is capable of doing in the witness." (Emmanuel Levinas)