

Choked, drowning, smothered in emotion.

Try to find the words, but they don't exist.

A sonder, an essence, a STATE OF BEING.

A rusting bronze bell in an abandoned courtyard – grass between the slabs.

A nostalgia, or a silver memory, but maybe just a coffee-fueled nirvana.

An emptiness that fills like an overeager boiling saucepan.

A stunning lack of motivation and an overabundance of the kind of itch that only those who have hated and cried at the same time can understand.

Smash the table, kick the chair, tear the cable.

Scream at the crowd and scream at yourself.

Toss the gauntlet, but keep the towel.

Build these paper walls, write it all down.

Burn it.

Burn it to the ground.