

*Picture a shirt in your closet. Imagine wearing that shirt.  
Walking down the street, the wind is warm and the shirt flaps in delight.  
You feel its arms around yours and you thank its softness in subjugation.  
Floating down from the trees above, cherry blossom petals caress your cheeks and  
eyelids and nestle in your cleavage.  
The sun is sinking too.*