

High Knocks

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Under the noise of constructions

Much more airy here beside the open windows than not. How lovely and skin-cooling this passing wind is! A sweet benefit of living high in the sky. Mind is a lot less stiff now. How I yearn for a break from this darkness—for an image! In my daydreams, I piece together a map of this view, but it fulfills me very little. Listen: Could you kindly paint in words the very bustling world that circles past these windows?

*...The rest of this story should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the story)*