

To call what I am feeling a ‘crush’ feels **inexact**. It is not puppy love. It is not new relationship energy. It is not lust. It is an uncontrollable **romantic desire**.

It is not grounded in our friendship or my attraction to her. It is more of an obsession. A pang. A **wildness** of the heart that is **as frightening as it is pleasant**.

It is an unmoored, unmooring thing, drawing me ever upwards in lazy, undirected arcs almost — **almost** — against my will, **ever closer to the sun**.

Six tales of love. Six tales of need, of desire, of how to live with the ones you cannot live without. Sawtooth may be a nothing town in a flyover state, but those that live there are no less real for it. They bear all the same emotions as anyone else, have all the same needs.

Scott-Clary

A Wildness of the Heart

Limerent Object
and other stories

Madison Scott-Clary

“I’m struck by how, after finishing the collection, it feels like I’ve witnessed a ritual”
Rob MacWolf

A Wildness of the Heart