

Took several deep breaths without throwing up once. Call that a success. We rest the bodies that resent us. The consumed must eat something more than morsels. Crumbs of affection can't salivate all glands. Yet, we find ourselves withered from that process. Realize there's nothing to hunt when you're the target. Realize that we don't taste as good alone as we thought. Realize that can't be true. We're looking for better traveling. Easier paths. Less violence within. Take ease at this. For what's to come. Nail clippings, split ends, sweat drippings. Make it a three course meal. You're filling on your own. We have got to the point. The white caps. The hard red. Two thousand feet above our heads. We look and stare back.