

There's a new spot I found here. A safe one to do some repairing. It's quiet. Before the others in me awaken, I take out my pocket mirror and 35mm, camera that is, I document every color as far as my eye can see. For the longest time, I thought the reflected shatters were in my own ship's body. Now I see the jagged edges are only in the perspective. Repaired is a funny word. As if it best to be whole. To be with another again. Non-singular. I'd like to rewrite this story. To fall in love with what looks back. She causes me know trouble when I show her that. I'm abolishing the word pair, we will not think in vacancies nor holistic remedies, instead we float in the reeds looking for new colors. It truly was a splendid ride getting here. She got bangs and a new occupation. We caught a large thief who was on the run plucking eyebrows and telling stories of what-could-have-beens and if-onyms, we threw the thief in the canyon jail. We made one out of sticks and stones. Across from the mouth of the river, the one that once drowned me vivid, the prettiest wall I have ever seen stood. She's pale, perpendicular, smooth. For the longest time I thought it was built by man, yet I know only such beauty comes from a goddess of sorts. A dormant one perhaps. But one nonetheless. When placed against such grandeur, life's expectations dwindle before my eyes. All my thoughts of dismay of yearning of love once sought simultaneously slipped through its cracks while echoing at a pace most rapid. I fall to my knees in the shower, the water red against my back like the blush in the wall the yellow in the crevices once known so precisely so precisely I begin to call out to either the great unknown or what I've always known deep down sullen and it talks back. Sends the slightest and most varying sounds that we can produce. We are never all at once singular nor alone, no matter how desperate we strive for it. It's true we love in phases. We dissipate sometimes entirely. Yet, we are never alone for we can never be at ease fully in ourselves without the knowledge, the comfort, that something out there will always call back to us. I run back to the canyon jail and free our prisoner.