AN ALCOVE IN THE FOREST

On my way there, two wings applaud. That is all. Startled, I carry on. I fancy I am alone. Above me, I see an aged building loved by infinite fissures. The building perpetually leans toward the ground yet never fully hears the grass’ whispers. The incandescent sun magnifies as it seeps through the fractured façade. The solar playground breeds an inverse gravity: the walls begin at the heavens, extending downward—whatever falls, falls upward. Here, I should probably turn around. Here, I can mourn freely. Here I dare to peek through my fingers, glimpsing ancient proverbs long ago hidden in boxes. All of my past roles, buried in shame, rise from my throat like bile—here. They solidify and hang from the branches around me, a new species of Spanish moss: the smothered skulls of extinguished Aztecs. A cherubic innocence permeates the decadent spoils. How gentle is the forest.