On the way there, a pair of surprised wings flapped, and that was it. You walk there, alone. It’s a tall building made entirely of cracks, always swaying but never falling. The sun, a thousand times over, slides through those cracks. In that play of light a backwards gravity rules: the house is anchored to the sky, and things fall up. You turn around there. You mourn there. You look at truths usually hidden. The roles I secretly have float up, and hang like skulls in an old cabin on an exotic island. A childlike sun surrounds the disgusting trophies. These are calm woods.