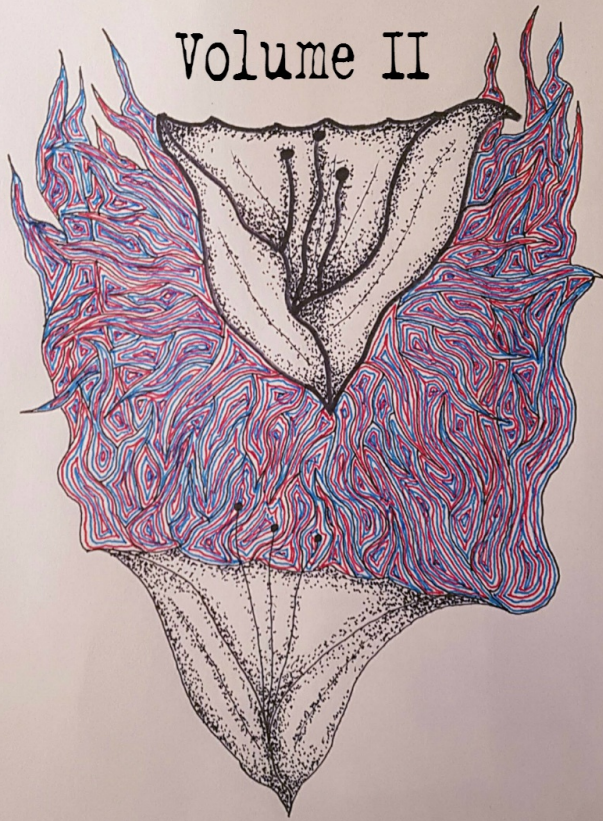


Safety Saves

Volume II



Written by: Andrew Smart

1. Ghostly figures spawn in forests filled with dead animals. The trees have grown over all of the dead. Moss covered dead rise from the ground and form an army bigger than any have known. They march towards the others who have taken over the ocean realm to take back the planet. Upon touching water, they grew into universes and collide with each other causing a black hole to open and swallow everything whole. Everyone lost the war.

2. Small tender paper cuts under finger nails. They slice the mans fingers until he gives up the information. Inside as the paper slices, his green blood sticks to the paper, growing an ink blot design for the woman. They stare at the images, trying to figure out what it is. Suddenly an owl jumps through the paper, coated with green coloured wings, and stands on it's wizards shoulder. It asks one simple question upon seeing his master wizard in pain. "Who?"

3. Dust covered typewriters begins moving its keys all on its own. A ghost is typing its final words to the world of the living, over and over. He used to play piano and write poetry. Now he haunts his old house and wishes he could touch his wife again, but she died pulling out of the driveway. Her soul is stuck on the road.

4. She walked into the room nervous to meet the new friends. As she entered all eyes moved from the table to her face. Her coat was taken and hung up. Her pale naked body moved towards the center of the room. Ropes hung from the ceiling's wooden beams. Three of the friends tied her up and left her hanging over candles. Her pale white eyes showed that her soul was clean. They took her down and fed her milk. She'll start her new life tomorrow.

5. Cracked the wall open and let the blue syrup pour into my lungs. Fill the room with carcasses of mutilated insects and I'll breathe them in. My lungs will explode and my body will rot. Turning into a gel like form with a tint of blue to it. Someone will feast on me. In the coming years, the cycle of life is never complete. The cycle of life is never complete. The cycle of life is never complete. The cycle of life is never complete. Circle, Circle, Circle.

6. Small cricket like creatures lived in the wrinkles of the old womans face. They sang her songs to sooth her into a deep sleep. One night they stopped playing their songs and the woman died from insomnia. The crickets moved inside of her cats body now, clinging to the hairs. The cat doesn't like their music.

7. They lived in a high ceiling loft in New York. It was an art space all for them. They were in a jazz duo together and they had a gig tonight at the Fog Light, a little jazz bar downtown. They dressed in skin suits and walking there in a blizzard. As they played, the music warmed their bodies, melting the ice that had formed. A puddle short circuited some of the wires. They both died holding each others gaze.

8. She scrubs her body with pink soap. She can't seem to get herself clean. She fucks with the door open to annoy her house mates. They're all jealous of her sex life. No one ever saw the men she was fucking. They started to notice a horrible smell coming from the basement. One day they found a pile of bodies and the woman in the corner with glowing green eyes, bathing in blood.

9. He bent his shoulders all the way back and all the way forward again. A stiffness in his spine and back muscles caused him discomfort for weeks. Late that night at 3:33am, he felt something or someone grabbing at him from under his bed. With haste he jolted up. Whatever it was, was still attached to his back, and attacking him. He saw the shadow of the figure on his back in his mirror. When he turned on the light he saw he had wings growing out his back.

10. The local sheriff found seventeen children floating in the lake this morning. He quit on the spot and moved to New York city. At the age of 73 he woke up at 3:33am and heard the sounds of wet feet walking in the hallway of his one bedroom apartment. Scared, he looked down underneath his bed and saw over thirty arms reaching up like spider legs, crushing him into his mattress until he exploded.

11. His skin was chicken wire. The doctors told him his skin would change into wires covered with plastic casing as he gets older. He couldn't hold another human being. He walked past a burning building late one night and a mother threw her baby from the third floor balcony to save its life. He caught it, and the child turned to mush in his arms. He killed himself later that night by jumping into the ocean and sinking to the bottom.

12. A bowl of eyeballs sits adjacent to a little girl and boy. The year is 1991 and they are being force fed human body parts by their parents. They only know the light when the basement door opens. Their whole world is darkness. The girl ate a small rat she found today, she started growing a tail. You are what you eat.

13. Pain in the lower part of his back. Sharp, breath

taking pain. He crafted a large metal spike and welded it to the wall. Slowly he backed into the metal spike. He screamed as it penetrated his lower spine. His body fell limp to the floor with a large hole in his spine. Thousands of spiders crawled out and ate his entire body, leaving not even bone.

14. Her stomach was pulsating. Something inside wanted out. She wasn't pregnant, nor did she eat a bad meal. This was something else. The night before she saw purple circles all over her bedroom and then the sensation of a good meal in her stomach. She woke up and saw three weird creatures standing above her. She was going to be a mother to the alien Antichrist.

15. He collects dolls. He hoards them in his large pink house, owned by his rich parents. He murdered them and made them into dolls too. Hoarding dolls is one thing, but he has a different voice for each doll. He's slowly taking pieces of his body off and making a doll of himself. He's got one arm left and fears not completing it.

16. He ran over an angel in his truck tonight. Her wings crunched and snapped under the tires and weight of the truck. Her pure red eyes had popped and splattered all over the road. The man knew it was God's will that she was there, so he didn't feel bad. He was only crying because the angel was his wife.

17. She grew human nail tissue where others grow hair. They called her the porcupine girl in high school. At the age of 55 she found a new treatment in Europe was found to stop her nail hair from growing. After months of treatment and torturous pain she finally was allowed to look in the mirror. She was now a three hundred pound porcupine.

18. He grabbed the man by the throat and asked him to tell him the numbers again. The man whimpered and through a shaking voice managed to say "310415". He dropped the man in a puddle of rain water and walked away. The next day at the bank account #310415 was emptied. On the other side of the city a nineteen year old girl got a hold of fourteen million dollars and small note saying 'Happy Birthday Sweetie, Love Dad'.

19. He didn't know how to say hello to her. The woman in the red dress sitting at the bar. She seemed perfect to him and he longed for a lover for the night. He had never done this sort of thing before and was scared out of his mind. He slowly walked over to the woman and asked her if she like some company tonight. She said yes and after hours of passion, she ripped his head off and slurped his tongue down her throat like a string of spaghetti.

20. She wore a blue flower in her hair and sang songs so beautiful your ears would bleed because of the pureness. She sang at club lizard on week nights once the sun went down. Smoke filled rooms, surrounded by coughing and silence. Tonight she sang a song that opened a portal to hell. Creatures so foul looking poured out of her stomach, she'll never sing again.

21. He was a lucky dog and he knew it. Free to roam the land forever without a master of chief. His paws pat down on dust as he walks slowly through the city streets. The people are all gone, just up and vanished one day. He eats what he can find on the ground. The creatures observe the dog and wonder when he'll die.

22. As he was changing his sons diaper, he noticed a small black dark bruised lump on his sons upper leg. Worried he went to the doctor to get it looked at. The doctor said to leave the child in his care over night, for further observations. That night the doctor cut open the child and took out the tracker in his leg, and the alien/human hybrid growing in the child's stomach.

23. He sits on a floral pattern couch surrounded by license plates on the walls in his basement. Across from him is an old television set from the 1960's. He watches film noirs and classics like 'Citizen Kane' and 'Metropolis'. He still remembers each car he wrecked, each person he killed. He held onto the plates as trophies, he didn't know he'd be sharing a couch with all his victims ghosts.

24. Gangs rule the streets. Vax owns the building that the girls live inside of. He pimps them out and makes money off of them. Today will be his last day alive. The women have been charging double and saving some money on the side. They spoke to Jimmy and he got them all guns and knives. They're starting a new gang tonight, women only.

25. He hated getting the hiccups. The way they jolted his body and compressed his lungs. It hurt him beyond words. His father knew this, that is why the man was strapped to an electrocution machine which caused his lungs and chest muscles to jolt in chaos. He hiccuped and died at midnight on the day of 25th birthday.

26. Through all walks of life, sinners are everyone. Everyone is not pure. The last pure angel fell from the skies in 1949. She was beautiful, but addicted to murder. She feasts on children's blood and eats the tongues of their parents. She never knew what love felt like. Until she met him. She hasn't killed in 34 years, but shes starting to get a bad taste in her

mouth.

27. This will be the last thing I ever do. I'm chained inside of a large blue metal cage. I see a pool of water below me. They will soon dunk me inside of it and I will breathe water for ten minutes. What they don't know is my mother was a mermaid, the sea levels will rise tomorrow. The merfolk will tear you limb from limb.

28. I'm somewhere in Hawaii. Now I'm in Russia. The portals keep opening as I sleep and I wake in a new world. Deeper into dream states we travel through mazes of stars. Come on, wake up. Sleep travel with me. You're already in walking life, whats a few more million years. Pause. Time. Rewind.

29. She stood on the cliff edge looking out at the ocean. Terrified for her life, she knew it would all be over soon enough. The water level was rising today. Taking over all of the land left on the planet Earth. She heard drowning was peaceful, but wondered how that information was gathered. She was terrified of sharks. "I hope Atlantis is real" she whispers as the water fills her lungs.

30. Soft white lights illuminate her face. She's laying on a small operating table with a small black cat thats kneading her stomach. They tell her not to fear the cat for it sacred. A giant 'M' appears on her stomach in black ink under her skin. Small tentacles shoot out of her bellybutton and feast on the feline, pulling it into her stomach. They drop her back in the pacific ocean and go back into outer space.

31. Dance with her into black holes. Embrace her everything all at once. Stay with her until the end. Play with her inside her dreams. Flower dress and moonlight sonata. Crackles of fire mixed with vinyl. Rain dance for the flower world. Make them be beautiful for her. Stop time and dance on rain drops and beams of light. Don't forget you're in her dream. She's going to wake up sad.

32. She isn't real. Wallpaper from 1887, chips and peels off the walls. She isn't real. The railing for the stairs cracks and falls as you touch it. She isn't real. The keyhole has a white light shooting through into the dust filled hallway. She isn't real. You enter the attic and see the pile of rotting human bodies. You feel a tap on your shoulder. She isn't real. You get added to the pile as you enter the house. You're on a loop. She isn't real.

33. Wind demons without wings. Collecting small children's brains for the collective. High power learning they call it.

They are creating a God machine. The God machine knows all things and cries endlessly because it is so alone. Inside of a clear sphere the side of earth made of glass, connected to over ten million wires. A single tear short circuits his life and he dies.

34. The bullet casings fall beside my head as I lay in mud beside my fellow soldiers. The war against the sand creatures has raged for decades. Egypt uncovered them. The world will never be the same. Beaches are hallowed ground now. I have sand in my eye, please help me.

35. The tribe gathered around the statue for one last glance before setting it on fire. They brought forth a small female child. Dressed in an all black robe, she cried behind a mask resembling an owl. Metal rods were pierced through her arms and legs and tied with vines and branches. She is placed within the statue and her laughs are heard as the fire rises higher.

36. Alternate time line 6.331. Flowers are the only thing humans are allowed to have sex with to create small flower children that rot and die in the Winter/Autumn. They come back to life in the Spring. It's a very tragic time line with many parents watering their children with tears.

37. She was sick of the questions. "What's a beautiful girl like you doing working a warehouse job? What are you doing here?" Her father was a single man that raised her to work hard and do what she loved. She loved labor work. She loved moving, dancing, and lifting weights. If these people didn't shut up soon, she would unleash her inner demon. She could feel her wings beneath the skin on her back shaking with anger.

38. Paris, France 1966. Alternate time line 3.243. My father began reading books about romance and love and took a trip to Paris instead of working at a gas station. He meets a lovely French woman with hairy armpits and a full bush of pubes. He embraces it and loves it. They drink wine and talk about classic films. He grows up to be an artist, and a poet. I am never born to write this.

39. I remember laying on her bed while watching 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer'. Her full lips pressing into mine as our tongues twirled in an odd ritual. Her snakebite lip piercings felt just right as they clacked against my teeth while we kissed. My hand slowly slid towards her hairless crotch, small stubble hair tickling my finger tips. Her hands grabbed my arm and her mood dropped. I knew she was broken and scared. She told me everything that happened to her. We don't anymore.

40. She stood before me in a black silk house coat. I couldn't tell where her hair began and the coat ended. Her piercing ice cold blue eyes and dark red lipstick drew me in. I was going to do something tonight that never would have been possible if I hadn't gotten my divorce.

41. He was gasping for air. His lips had been left open for so long he couldn't feel them anymore. The desert had taken all of his body liquid. He saw what he thought was a small village on the horizon. He passed out. When he woke up, twenty five women stood above him spitting into his mouth. In reality twenty five vultures were picking out his tongue and eyes.

42. Somewhere at the bottom of space, deep outside the headroom of our inner minds. Lays a small blue ball. It stay at the small center of your brain, and waits for you to be in awe. This is from a different heaven. Not the one that I remember.

43. The forest. There's a tree house. To the left. Burn it down. She hangs. By a rope. She's so blue. It's no joke. She's cut down. Funeral. We found her. The forest. Cut down. That tree. To the ground. She's buried. Below. No blood. All snow. Winter forest. Leaves cold. Her body, is no more.

44. The structure stayed floating just above the ground. It was the size of an apartment building in a large city. A small group of children gathered around it to try nd figure it out. All of their eyes lit up blue like a dead VCR channel, and they all disappeared.

45. She strives to be her best. Her smile says it all. Squinted eyes listen for beeps as men with Steve Buscemi eyes wander her store looking for wine. She stands her guard but fears for her life. She'll write novels about this one day. She closes the register and the man leaves. Another quiet night in the city.

46. How does my mother not care about nostalgic smells of her childhood kitchen? Stepping into the small house, a wave of warm smells envelopes your body and mind. You daydream of home cooked meals and hanging your snow covered coat up in the closet to your right. A small bedroom on the main floor is all he needed. His golden watch sitting on his bedside table. You should have sold it for a gun and shot him.

47. She was French. Her black hair touched the middle of her spine with its tips. Her eyebrows thin, dark, and arched. Her complexion was that of Snow White's. She dressed like a witch and her pale blue eyes glowed in starlight. Her breasts where small and firm, and she loved rough sex. She was having an



orgy with werewolves. She wanted to be torn apart.

48. Her body lay naked, and scattered across the two highway lanes. Her fingers twitching. Nerves. Heartbeat. Fading. She saw her back at least the lower half of it, a few feet in front of her. She felt hungry. A large truck was stopped blocking all traffic. It's wheels coated in her blood. Her family told her God abandoned her after her abortion. They were wrong, she'd be back.

49. Small bugs began pouring out of her cereal box. Never ending stream of insects. All she wanted was the prize inside at the bottom of the box. A small human hand, wrapped in plastic. Her brother grabbed it with his tail and complained that she got the last one.

50. Jazzy tunes from the 1930's play on a nearby record player. Fillings the room with crackles and muffled faint saxophones. There's a woman on a couch meant for two people. The second person returns and he sits beside her. He runs his hands through her hair and her eyes close as she loses her breath. They've never wanted anything more in life. They will die in that house together.

51. It just me after all these years. The way you would push me away before kissing me. You would smile and say "wait", saliva clacking between your lips, your teeth showing amusement. You would play hard to get and once I kissed you your breath would sync to mine, our lungs would poison each other, but we didn't care. We felt comfort.

52. She dances because it reminds her of her mother. She used to go with her to ballet recitals. One night her mother was brutally stabbed to death by a man. She is now in a room with that man. He's tied to the floor. Her ballet shoes are custom made with knife blades. She dances on his stomach until she knows what he had for lunch.

53. Rings of Saturn are the small blue rocks that form my eyeballs. They are small bits of sand alone, but together they form solid objects. Asteroids pain my brain juice as sunbeams and starlight wither away and burn the blue colour away.

54. The way moonlight is captured on her skin, makes me think that dreams do come true. A film grain from a 16mm roll is her eye colour. Her hair as black as her coat. Kissing her is like arriving at your destination after a long drive. Her embrace smells like star dust. Her hands like a calming song. Virtual reality in the year 3051.

55. She doesn't know that her smile, lights up the moon at night. Reflective beams of other worlds, gathered in monitor light.

56. Cold winter day breeze pours into a slightly cracked wooden frame window. Filling the floor level of the room with a frosted haze that coats the feet of all the warm bodies. They fight for shoes and blankets and the right to stay warm. Their small child died a week ago, but the corpse is so frozen it hasn't begun to decay. If they can get a fire started, dinner is served.

57. She works quietly in the background as Valentines Day approaches. Her coworkers pass by her daily without seeing her. The day before a man walks up to her and asks her if shes got any big plans for Valentines Day. She says she doesn't in a depressing tone. He tells her that no one as beautiful as her should be alone on Valentines Day. She smiles as he her out for a coffee. They'll divorce fifteen years down the road and their son will kill himself before he finishes high school. Romance.

58. I can't wait until it's all over. The field of wheat and corn have since been burned down. The farmhouse is almost gone. I can't even remember what my room looked like anymore. Are these my thoughts creating a story? Or are they memories of past human beings? Who's ideas are stored in atoms and then got passed onto me when I was being created. All of my stories happened. Nothing is a work of fiction. Dreams are all alternate realities that allow you to momentarily look into that world.

59. Evasive dreaming during daylight hours. I imagine sharing evenings with you in a cozy bed, surrounded by rough blankets made in Mexico. The blankets smell like a house built in the 1950's that had been converted into a small coffee shop with an ironic name. I imagine laying with you and you share with me that you love how warm my body is pressing up against your skeleton cover. I tell you that your eyes remind me of the ocean and terrify me just the same. She starts to wonder about my past, all the heartache and misfortunes. I tell her that this night means a lot to me, that she's taken me out of a slump of depression. She isn't medicine. No medicine tastes this good. Our tongues slap each others and our bodies get laced in a mist created by emotions. I tell her she can stay as long as she wants. Moonlight casts shadows in the dark pockets of her eyes. She looks like a witch, I'm already under her spell. My bed hasn't been this warm since I spilled blood on it years ago during a depressive episode. Her skinny little fingers apply new scars to my spine, I'm used to the sensation of abuse. She's smiling underneath me and asks if I'm having a good night. I should have answered "yes" right away. Instead my gaze flows

through the curtains and begins to watch the snowfall from the black night sky. As I detach myself from her body, my eyes fixate on the window latches. My hands unlock them and lift the old wooden window. It squeaks the whole way up. Steam pouring upwards off my body. I exhale a breath of sex air to the world. A lone saxophone sits in the corner while I cry out the window. Disappointed she leaves the room. It's going to be a long, cold, lonely winter.

60. Without hesitation she knew what she was doing. Her tongue and roof of her mouth blistered and shook pain throughout her body. The coffee was too hot still. Dark as the bottom of the ocean and as bitter as she was, it was a cold December night and Abigale sat inside of Cafe Nation, the small vegan cafe that occupied the same building as her apartment. Abigale was lonely, the coffee shop was her comfort zone away from home. She hadn't had sex in years, and was beginning to feel afraid of trying with the fear that she might fuck up somehow. A while after her first cup of coffee, a tall pale man came inside the cafe. His skin was almost as white as the snowflakes descending from the sky outside. Abigale ordered another coffee, black, with the hopes that it would impress her new extremely pale friend. He looked over at her table and his eyes glowed under the florescent light bulbs. She felt a rush of adrenaline surge through her body. She was so focused on the feeling that she didn't realize the man had made his way over to her table. "Hello." He said to Abigale in the deepest voice. His vocals resonated within her skull and she felt vibrations from his voice in her chest. "Hello, care to have a seat?" "Yes, thank you." "I've never seen you in here before" Abigale said. "First time" he replied. Abigale and the man locked eyes and said nothing for a few minutes. Suddenly Abigale swiped the coffee off the table and jumped across the table, pouncing on the man. She bit his neck as warm red blood sprayed all over the cafe windows. He was the second vampire hunter this month and Abigale wasn't ready to die just yet.

61. I wish you could spend thirty minutes inside my body. Listen to the ambient jazz and read horror stories while you look at yourself across the room.

62. I want my death filmed on 16mm.

63. Her smile is from an advertisement, for toothpaste perfection. Her laugh rings in memories, of Gray's only album. (17 seconds into it)

64. Jazz flickers in car channels. Moonlight sparkles in her eyes. Her smile so life giving, yet I can't look at it like the sun. Her voice could kill demons, wings grow on her tongue.

Battle space creatures for the dirt/soil called by my name. The flicker of time on a watch moves in any direction for her.

65. She lusts for moonlight, skin tearing at the seams. Pushed to its limits, her chapped, cracked lips caressing the hips of another woman. She feels the warmth of her flesh. Tonight changes everything. Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata plays in the background. Once the record is done, they listen to the crackle of vinyl until they both fall asleep.

66. There she was, her trench coat flowing as she spun between the isles of the thrift store. She was Asian, she wore rings, lots of rings. There was a dust like powder on her jacket. She lives life. She isn't' afraid to have fun. I'm too afraid to even say hello. Everyone is too perfect for me. I fear destroying their lives. When will I feel worth of other peoples company?

67. She walks with a purpose down the street. Her blue eyes gazing at everything around her. She taking it all in, experiencing this world. Her small hands covered in sores and calluses from a night of binge drinking and playing saxophone. Her mother always wished she had been born a boy. The lonely nights were catching up with her. She used to feel something when she look out of her window on the seventh floor. When she saw a bird take flight or a trees dead branches blow in cold Autumn air. She remembers feeling emotion. She remembers playing that emotion on her sax. Her fingers clicking at all the moments of agony. She remembers the way all of her old lovers used to taste during moments of passion and moments of anger. Her pale white hair blew in the wind, slapping her black trench coat like sheets of rain. A man standing in a building entrance lights a smoke and ask her if she wants one as passes by. Without saying a word she takes her hand out from her pocket and moves it towards the man with two fingers pointed outward. The small self rolled cigarette enters the womans mouth, as she brings her face closer to his body. He pulls out a Zippo lighter and sparks it. Her soft face and light blue eyes light up like a firework in the night sky. She takes a long drag while closing her eyes and imaging where this can go. Her eyelashes caress the air around her as she opens her eyes and asks the man if he'd like to come back to her place tonight. The man smiles and asks, "where are we going?"

68. I see you staring over your man's shoulder. At me sipping at coffee. We lock eyes a few times, enough to spend the rest of the day imagining what you look like on Sunday mornings. Romanticize your morning breath, your messy hair thrown on pillows. "You're very hard to read." I'm thankful that you're trying. The most beautiful thing I've ever witnessed was a room

filled with people of different backgrounds laughing at videos of Mr. Bean together.

69. He sits alone in a room that isn't his. He pulls a smoke from his jacket pocket that's laying on a chair beside a saxophone. He lights it, wondering where she went. He begins to walk barefoot down her hallway. Calloused feet patting against cold wooden floors. The hallway had one small window letting in residual moonlight from a brick wall outside of it. He finds himself inside of a small kitchen and helps himself to what's in the fridge. Some old Thai food and three packets of ketchup. "There's a corner store still open until four." He jumps wondering where she said that from, turning to see her completely naked sitting at the kitchen counter smoking a cigarette. "No that's fine, sorry for snooping around in your fridge." She puts the cigarette out in a small black ashtray and waits till the final plumes of smoke dissipate in the air. She stands up straight, caressing her shirtless chest. "So are you still hungry?" She asks. "I am now." He replies.

70. Stepping into the spotlight covered in diamonds. The blue water rushes outward from his spine. Throwing goldfish and liquid sadness into the crowd. They run for their lives in the mouth of a ghost. It swallows them whole, leaving nothing behind but a shell.

71. Smoking some booze. Drinking a cigarette. Ashtray tonic water shots. Ash filled alcohol wallets. Lake heaven is the hot spot. Campers take trips there. Locals wish to die in bed. Surround by loved ones. Whenever I think of dying. That room is filled with sunlight. It makes me sick just the thought. Sun blinding me, as I fade to dark. Help me winter nights, I need to see my breath.

72. I find myself wondering what your face smells like. Our lips become mushed together like two colours of Play-doh, that you have no intention of separating ever again. They're a mixture now, and forever. But it doesn't smell like Play-doh. It smells like you, whatever it may be. Scents so intoxicating it puts me into a coma. Everything in the dream world smells like your face. Every flower I pick, every soft breeze on my face. Grow old with me in the dreamland. I'll create a few flowers, and name it after you.

73. His hand slap a Casio keyboard. Hollow soundscapes drape the room in gloom. His muscles dance at the idea of depression. Moments are minimal in the factory. Vibrations ricochet off industrial walls. Metal beams sing in frequencies so low, the room of people feel like they are drowning. Doors are locked, cloaks are on. The feeling of the end rushes over

them all. Eternal life opens with a gateway. They all walk in single file.

74. She could be an oil painting, delicate and warm coloured. The sensation of fabrics soft and pleasant. Her hair is from fairy tales, yet so real it bends gravity. Space-time shifts around her angelic presence. Time stands still when she comes into view. Lonely nights and days wear thin. I wish I could let her in. Let her know how I felt. Let her know what her eyes do to me. Let her in on my secrets of affection. Tell her that holding her would ease the pain in my chest. None of this is true, in the end. She is not an object to possess. She is a flower so rare and beautiful. I'll let the botanist plant her, and admire from a distance.