A FEELING (NAUSEA)

And, how does it feel? To define things which can never be had.

To point a finger and designate a thingness, as opposed to another.

A dingy perimeter all about the body, only defined by everything, shouting, from the edges. Whoever called a star a star was not thinking of a wheel of iron grinding down on itself, of nothing but an engine; whoever said that light was light was only thinking of themselves. What is not light also spreads—a comfort—a cradle—a holding, it might just say, “Here, all this space, just for you,” and then retire to an agnostic slumber. It is strange—and incongruent what people define things by.

In a battle to escape the pain of the eventual, a finger points to reshuffle bodies—you first.

Then tries to hold that body responsible for returning to tell, what really happens when the last of a body scatters like the fringes of laughter.