


I NEVER THOUGHT MY MOST PRECIOUSLY GUARDED GIFT COULD BE A BURDEN. IT MADE ME FEEL TERRIBLE. I'M SO SORRY. BUT I'M SO ANGRY TOO. YOU ASKED FOR THE FULL TOUR AND I TRIED TO GIVE YOU THE SAME KEYS AS YOU GAVE ME TO YOUR ATTICS AND CELLARS, BUT THEN YOU BACKED AWAY AND SAID NO, NO, NO! I GUESS YOU NEEDED A HAVEN, AND I NO LONGER SEEMED SAFE TO YOU BECAUSE I SHOWED YOU THE CRACKS IN THE WALLS AND THE RAGGED CHILDREN MANNING MY GATES.

BUT THOSE WHO TRULY SEE ME KNOW THAT WHAT MAKES ME SHINE SOMETIMES, WHAT CONSTITUTES MY GLORY AND MY STRENGTH, IS HOW I HOLD THIS CASTLE ANYWAY. HOW I UNFURL THE BANNERS IN GREETING OF EVERY DAWN AND GATHER THE FLOCK AND BAR THE DOORS TO PROTECT THEM WHEN STORMS RAGE THROUGH. IF I DIDN'T HURT SO HARD I COULD DO NO HEALING, IF I DIDN'T NEED SO DESPERATELY I COULD SHOW NO COMPASSION. JOY AND WHOLENESS ARE NOT GAINED FROM DRIVING OUT OUR DEMONS AT THE GATE. THAT ONLY NECESSITATES CLOSED DOORS, LOCKS AND CONSTANT VIGILANCE. OUR TASK IS TO TEACH THEM TO LIVE, AND OURSELVES TO LIVE WITH THEM, TO EMBRALE THEIR POWERS AND LET GO OF THEIR FEARS.

I GET SO SICK OF MYSELF FOR NEEDING YOUR GAZE. FOR FEELING INVISIBLE IN A ROOM FULL OF PEOPLE WHEN YOU DON'T SEE ME. I NEED YOU TO TELL ME WHAT SPACE THERE IS FOR ME IN YOUR LIFE. I NEED TO REGAIN MY BEARINGS IN THAT SPACE AND SEE IF I CAN LIVE THERE. AS IT'S BEEN, I FEEL LIKE MY FIRE BURNS TO HOT FOR YOU AND YOU PULL BACK IN FEAR AND I CAN'T BEAR IT, AND SPARKS FLY OUT AND SINGE THOSE WHO SEEK ME FOR WARMTH. I WANT TO BE HEAT AND SHELTER FOR YOU TOO, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE BALANCE OF FUEL AND AIR AND CONTAINMENT STONES QUITE RIGHT. AND I'M NO GOOD AT BEING A SMALL FIRE, JUST GLOWING COALS. IF THAT'S ALL YOU NEED THEN THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH. IT'S JUST NOT ME.

SO I'VE BEEN TRYING TO STEP AWAY, TO LET YOU DEFINE THE SPACE. AND IF IT'S SO SMALL THAT I CAN'T BREATHE IN IT I WILL TAKE MY BOWS AND WAVE AND WISH YOU LUCK. YOU NEED THE WORLD AND IT NEEDS YOUR GLORY. WITH HEART AND SOUL I WANTED TO BE IN YOUR WORLD AND GIVE YOU A KEY TO MINE. I STILL DO. BUT NO MATTER. I KNOW I WILL INEVITABLY SMILE TO THINK THAT YOU ARE OUT AND ABOUT SOMEWHERE, TRAMPING THE FIELDS AND PLANTING BEAUTY EVERYWHERE YOU TURN YOUR DIRTY FACE. I'LL BE DOING THE SAME. I SMELL SPRING.





# unsung unsent 4am

SHIT. I AM TERRIFIED. I MAY HAVE SAID TOO MUCH THIS TIME AND BROKEN THE BRIDGE I MOST WANTED TO BUILD. ONE CHIP TOO MANY ON THE SPHINX' NOSE. YET IT FEELS NECESSARY. I'M A STARFISH I CAN RE-GROW ARMS IF I HAVE TO. A CLEAN CUT IS BETTER THAN ENDLESS, DULL POUNDING ON JAGGED ROCKS. TRYING NOT TO LOVE YOU WAS LAUGHABLE. I ALREADY LOVED YOU WITH THE FEEDBACK OF A BROTHER IN ARMS. THE TENDER PATIENCE OF A FRIEND. THE TOWER AND THE SIGNAL FIRE WERE BUILT AND WELL-TENDED. UNCOCKING AND POURING IN MY DESIRE WAS ADDING OIL AND FLINT SPARK. WHOOOOSH, OUCH.

I SUPPOSE WE BOTH FELT SAFE BECAUSE OF THE WOLF. THERE AREN'T MANY CREATURES I CAN RUN WITH, BUT SHE IS ONE. SHE WAS OUR MEETING AND OUR SHIELD. I WOULD NEVER ASK TO BE FIRST IN YOUR LIFE, AS YOU CAN'T BE IN MINE. BUT I DREAMED WE COULD HUNT TOGETHER AND TEND THE TREES. LAUGH AT THE MOON. WOULD YOU EVEN WANT TO BE FIRST? I GOT THE IDEA THAT THE REASON YOU FELT SAFE WANDERING INTO MY FOREST WAS BECAUSE YOU FELT NO RISK OF EVER HAVING TO BE ITS KEEPER AND PROTECTOR. YOU'RE MORE A RANGER WHO TENDS WHILE YOU WALK AND CAMP AND WALK AGAIN, PICKING UP STICKS AND HUMMING YOUR STRANGE SONGS.

THERE ARE CONVERSATIONS I HAVE HAD WITH YOU AND THE WOLF THAT ON SOME LEVEL FEEL ABSURD TO ME. WHEN YOU TELL ME HOW YOU GET SO UNSURE. HOW IT HURTS TO HAVE YOUR DESIRE SEEM SO CASUALLY REJECTED WHEN IT BURNS SO HOT IT CONSUMES YOU. WHEN THE WOLF DRAWS ME THE MAP FROM HER CORNER. BECAUSE I'M STARING INTO A GIANT MIRROR WHERE YOU ACT MY PART WHILE THE WOLF STANDS IN FOR YOU. BECAUSE IT IS UTTERLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE TO ME THAT ANYONE COULD SEE YOU, SMELL YOU, TOUCH YOU, WANT YOU, HAVE YOU AND NOT BURN. NOT ACHÉ, NOT YEARN, NOT NEED, NOT THRUM WITH THE VIBRATION OF THE CHORD FROM THE MIND TO THE HEART TO THE PIT OF THE STOMACH.

BUT THEN I HAVE TO ADMIT TO MYSELF THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE IN MY LIFE WHO LOOK AT ME AND YOU AND US AND WONDER THE SAME. AND LIKE YOU I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO WALK AWAY AS LONG AS THERE WHERE STILL SCRAPS FALLING FROM THE TABLE. I WANTED SO DESPERATELY TO SIT ACROSS FROM YOU. I'VE BEEN SO TERRIFIED OF LOSING EVERYTHING, HAVING ONLY YOUR IMPRINT IN THE MOSS WHERE YOU LAST SLEPT AND THE ECHOES OF YOUR SINGING. I WAS CONCEITED AND THOUGHT I COULD BE AT YOUR LEFT SIDE AT THE TABLE. YOUR LEFT HAND MAN, THEN MAYBE JUST NEAR THE TOP. THEN JUST AT THE TABLE. I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS SO FULL, SO MANY BODIES CRAMMED ONTO BENCHES AND CLINGING TO CHAIRS. IT TOOK A DEATH FOR ME TO SEE IT.

