

It is my fate to only write one story.

Again and again I place the words down until I reach the end of the page.

yet, every time, beyond the margin, one sentence away, there still lies the promise of what I want to say.

I tell myself - if you can describe things well enough, place words accurately enough or capture it enough - then, finally, I will arrive at a truth.

it is the myth I live by -

from a story, I can describe a world as if it makes sense

an author to nothing

writing sentences that break under their own sentiments

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sunlight watches over my shoulder,
warmly looking into the floor