

I
get it
now. I get why
you and I can never
interact. I don't know why
I didn't see it before. I had burned
you. Tortured you. I made forest fires
when your rivers turned into oceans of
isolation. I tried so hard to mitigate the
flames. Tried so hard to get to the sea.
But I was drowning while you began to
pour yourself into her. How foolish
of me. Thinking fires could
swim just because water
could boil.

--Laura Rosen