

Girl Floating

the wind blows strong,
but the chill doesn't bite.
the air must move around me,
no, that's not right.

the force is going through my body.
i feel it, but it's strange,
it blows unscathed.
my particles don't stop it or rearrange.

instead, pieces of me float away.
i can tell i'm not complete.
i'm only certain i am moving
across the barren concrete.

i hear the words you say,
but the noise echoes outside of me.
i'm not really here, you know,
floating away is where i'll be.

~ Aster