

And I am falling from the face of the earth, but the world is nothing more than a desktop globe with colorful countries and painted meridian lines. Charming, but hollow.

Hollow: a heart that echoes. A promise offering reassurances without meaning. Hollow, like a nation asleep, forgotten, its soul eroded until nothing remains but the ghost of what once was.

The gaping hole of grief. Dark. Damp. Listen—the voice, your own voice, calling again and again, growing faint, until it too is lost to the hollow. In that blackness, no one knows what to say anyway. As if, by some unwritten rule, if you don't speak your name, you shout 'echo.' Maybe there are two kinds of people: those who say their name and those who speak into their hands 'echo.' Echo!

Back outside. Hold the fragile remnants of the past up to your ear, hoping to hear the ocean in the echo. Something. Anything. The curved walls cradle secrets and their breath condenses—a warm mist against the cold, abandoned habitat. A footnote in architecture, sealing the gap between the seashell and your apricot ears.

Without shifting, you find yourself at the waves' break. Water curls around your feet, the foam retreating, and you don't move, but the sand beneath you shifts. And aren't we always in a constant state of motion anyway?

Momentum barreling to crash. Ready to leap into the next wave, still braced somewhere between a sprint and a stand-still. Each wave feels uncharted, the next coordinates unknown.

Longitude: an axis for those adrift. Pathways traced like palm lines across the hands of humanity, stretching across the earth, indifferent to the divisions below. An arc between moments. A rhythm crossing borders the eye cannot see.

Latitude: Curving through lands, mapping the distance between known and unknown, tracing boundaries you never thought to see. A sliver of space—narrow, yet infinite—like the space between two breaths held too long, waiting. But for what?

Look how far we've moved from the center, how close we are to the edge.

From here, on the edge, full of fear, the world is hollow.