

I think I've been gone for a while now.
Not entirely, not forever,
Just gone.

Like the smell of clothes after they've been washed,
The cold wind in August,
Time.

I've been learning about black holes.
I think they excite me somehow.

Because, as you get closer,
Time speeds up.
All the while, it looks to others as though you're slowing, slowing, stopped.
Is life just a black hole pretending to know me?

~Quinn