

Others are always surprised when you touch them. Your fingers are ice cold, and your grace a frozen landscape. A castle of ice on a liquid nitrogen lake. The cold light is always a shock to the expectant warmth and burning of grace. Bleeding silver does not help the rumor that your wings are dipped in metal. People fancy that they are like daggers and you don't care enough to prove them wrong. Who cares about petty things that small minds think? An uninformed opinion is useless to you.

Others say you are cold, that you have no emotion. When they compliment you, they call you mature, efficient, and no-nonsense. When they don't, they call you deadpan with no ability to "read the atmosphere".

You want to say that you do have emotions, that they are intense, and wild and so much so—too much so, that it's overwhelming. You want to say that there are no adequate words to express the emotions you feel, when you feel them, and people mistaken that silence for stoicism. The emotions are so much—too much, that you drown, you don't know how to process it to make it okay so you don't.

Without the eloquence to translate your thoughts to action and words, all you can do is frown to show your displeasure and abruptly leave.

Those words make you upset, especially in that order.