

*Sensitive

She cried in the dark before. ¶

Hidden under the heavy black and waves of softness that concealed her streams. -

She thought herself a genius the first time she did it. But the streams and the feeling hardened the softness and in turn the darkness.

A hard dark is not as nice as a soft one, she noticed.

So she learned true genius. The first time she swallowed the ball of nails, held together by various glues and tapes and feeling feelings. Sharp and slimy. They began in her eyes then found home in her throat. She thought she was going to choke! But she swallowed and swallowed and swallowed again until there were no nails and glues and tape and feeling tapes and feelings to swallow anymore.

After the first, it became second nature.

The familiar scratches and aches and bruises left stayed behind. The glues that threaten threatened to shut her up forever and forever were no more than a thick glass that she chugged. She would swallow and swallow and swallow again. And when she begins began to ponder why she swallows swallowed at all she swallows swallowed even harder. She forgot how to stop swallowing and she forgot how to vomit them out with fury and vengeance and feeling into pure-blissed light so all would see and feel the feeling concoction of their creation.

Hilingna nat. Ambeseet.

She hasn't had to swallow hadn't swallowed in months. She misses missed its urge. She wonders wondered where the nails and glues and tapes and feeling feelings went and when she could trace their scratches and burns instead of the terribly hollow vessel whose scars forgot feeling ¶

The thing about feeling is it creeps up, near silent and masked with calm. It never truly left, if only she remembered to feel feeling. It was there, in the scars outlines of feeling-forgotten scars of the terribly hollow vessel.

Feeling never left.

The scars that she swore forgot Hold All held all Hold all.

So when feeling creeps out roved, she refused her temptation. She scrounged her seized the vessel by the neck like a madman and told commanded it to forget what it thought it knew because it knows nothing but feeling. I pulled all the stops like a terrible two deep in tantrum. I screamed and throw things and refused to allow it to refuse. I screamed and screamed and screamed until the vessel was only feeling and refused to be anything more. ¶

It thanked me. Told me it learned knew nothing beyond feeling. She told it to learn to unlearn and learned learn to refuse the desire to refuse. Told me it learned it to learn to only home house softness and feeling. Told me it swallows it to swallow them no longer but objects eject them from all parts and tells them to go be Felt! She screamed and screamed and screamed until the vessel was only feeling and refused to be anything more.

When the nails and glues and tapes and feeling come we feelings come they accept them and thank them and let them out and hope they to find salvation in waves of soft light.