

Q&A

I.

Listen.

The last thing I would ever want for you is to die gladly. I do not want you to look at Nothing's gnashing teeth, its smooth sweet charm, its dripping deceit, and hold out your hands. I want those open palms to slap, those white-knuckled fists to punch. Oh, how easy it is to create nothing in your life. (To die alone.) Oh, how sad it is to never fear. (You know, that pounding heartbeat which tremors your fingertips, which your mother so beautifully mistakes for love.) Would you wish to leave quietly, never fighting for one last dance with life?

II.

I want every moment to never know doubt. Walk barefoot down busy streets knowing every skyline is the faultless result of some godly, clumsy hand, each skyscraper and mountain peak a rogue heartbeat. This sculptor, like us, has never had much of an attention span when it comes to practicality. We do not give much thought to the idea of being remembered, so long as there is something left to which we might return. So long as there is something.

Can't you see that I'm still dizzy?

Dani Cooke

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