

A Hole Filled With Words

My humanity — died on the way to a coffee shop in San Francisco. It took the last train out of my subconscious after hearing about yet another death of someone I loved. That makes four now. The train ran off the tracks before I had the chance to feel something. But I caught a glimpse of buried memory. The cold blanket draped on her body. The voicemails of missed years. The last funeral I didn't attend because my humanity was diagnosed with cancer and covid and excuses. We all knew this was coming. But it was embarrassing that my humanity could go at a time like this. And now there's a hole filled with words so deep they might never be spoken. Press 5 to hear how the wrench left in me cannot be transcribed.