

# 55 words #3

*by* Bobbi Lurie

Yes, my reaction was tentative. But absent of armor, filled with the wildness, the inner sensibility of brilliance. Such loneliness inside my failed life! Mute with longing, tired of trying. Such weathered fabrics...

I took myself out of it like a library book, turned the pages as if it was someone else's long drawn-out story.

